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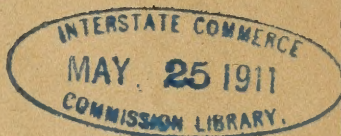


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# The Railroad Man's Magazine

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## COMPLETE INDEX

FOR

## VOLUME XIV

February to May, 1911.

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1911







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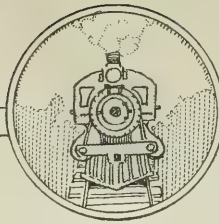
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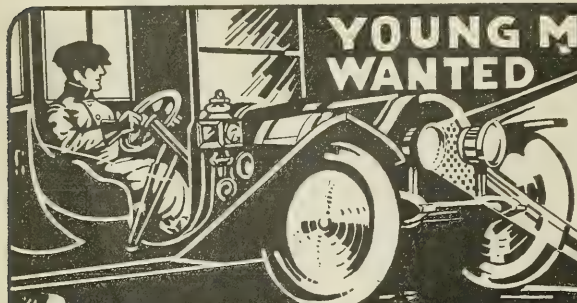
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Our Own Fire-proof Building.



# Tone

That's where the Victor-Victrola is pre-eminent.

You might be able to build a cabinet that outwardly would resemble a Victor-Victrola. You might even copy the inside construction and details, if they were not protected by patents. But there is no copying the superior Victor-Victrola tone-quality.

That represents years of patient experiment—with various woods, with different proportions, with numerous vibratory surfaces—and it is simply astonishing how slight a variation in size, in shape, in position, produces discord instead of harmony.

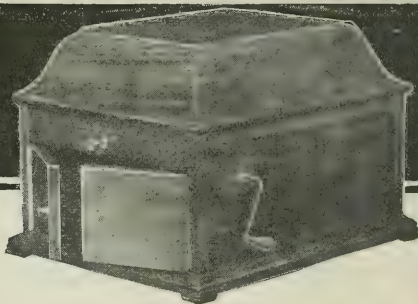
No, the Victor-Victrola tone can't be equaled! Even though the eye could take in every detail of construction, there is still that same indescribable "something" which makes the Stradivarius supreme among violins, which gives to the Victor-Victrola such a wonderfully sweet, clear and mellow tone as was never known before.

Hear the Victor-Victrola today at the nearest Victor dealer's—you'll spend a delightful half-hour and come away with a greater love for music and a more thorough appreciation of this superb instrument.

**Victor Talking Machine Co.  
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.**

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal  
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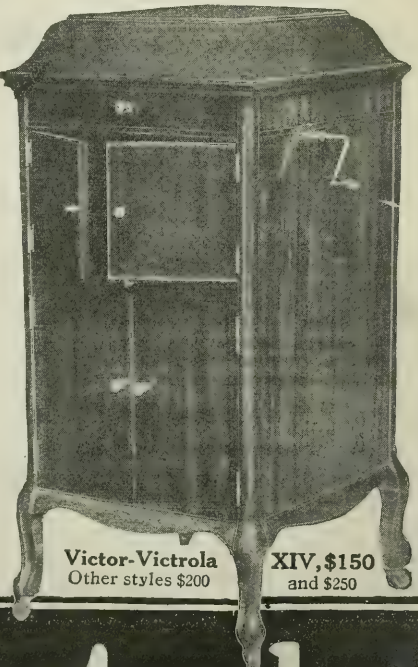
To get best results, use only  
Victor Needles on Victor Records.



**Victor-Victrola X, \$75**



**Victor-Victrola XI, \$100**



**Victor-Victrola**  
Other styles \$200

**XIV, \$150**  
and \$250

# Victor-Victrola

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

*In answering this advertisement it is desirable that you mention THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE.*



# ENLIST AS LOCAL AGENT

## for the Fast-Working, Fast-Selling

# Oliver Typewriter!



The battle lines of the Oliver Typewriter forces are forming for another campaign of conquest. The triumphs of 1910—the most brilliant ever achieved by a great sales organization—have served to inspire to more mighty deeds in the coming year.

The roll-call of the Oliver Sales Organization shows over 15,000 men **under arms**—the most magnificent body of trained salesmen in the world.

This Sales Force, great as it is, cannot cope with the tremendous increase in business which the popularity of the Oliver Typewriter has created.

### Resident Agents Wanted in Every Town and Village

This advertisement is a call for reinforcements—to enable the Oliver Sales Force to extend its skirmish lines to all sections of the country.

The central idea of our selling system is to have—**everywhere**—a vigilant agent of the Oliver Typewriter constantly **on the ground**. Whether that agent devotes part or all of his time to the sale of the Oliver Type-

writer is left to his own discretion.

Teachers, tradesmen, doctors, ministers, lawyers, stenographers, telegraph operators, printers, mechanics—men and women in a multitude of different occupations—can succeed as Local Agents for the Oliver Typewriter. If you have the will to take up this work, we will point out the way.

## The **OLIVER** Typewriter

### The Standard Visible Writer

The Oliver Typewriter has been breaking records since the day it was placed on the market. **Efficiency** records, **speed** records, **endurance** records—it has won them in quick succession. It sets the swiftest pace in sales by giving unparalleled service.

With **several hundred less parts** than other standard typewriters, its **simplicity, strength, ease of operation, versatility and convenience** are correspondingly increased.

### “17-Cents-a-Day” Plan A Wonderful Aid to Agents

This machine, with all of its advantages, all of its time and labor-saving devices, the Local Agent can buy—and sell—for Seventeen-Cents-a-Day.

The Oliver Typewriter No. 5—the newest model—the \$100 machine—equipped with a brilliant array of new devices and conveniences, actually offered for pennies!

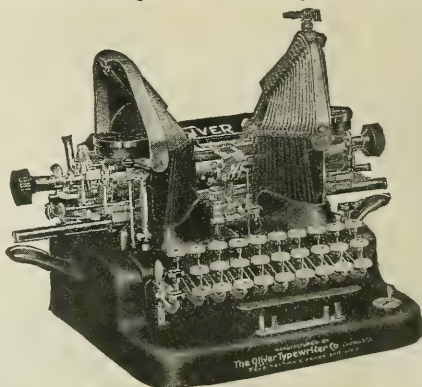
This irresistible offer enables the Local Agent to succeed right from the word “go!”

### Write for Inspiring Book, “The Rise of the Local Agent”

Read the life stories of men who rose from the Local Agency ranks to positions of great importance in the Oliver Organization—How one Local Agent is today the Typewriter King of Mexico. (Mexican Government reports

show that more Oliver Typewriters are imported than all other typewriters combined.)

These inspiring stories will open your eyes to the **big opportunities still open** for ambitious men to carry the



Oliver flag, fight for new records and reap the rewards of success.

Send a personal letter today while the **Call for Volunteers** is ringing in your ears.

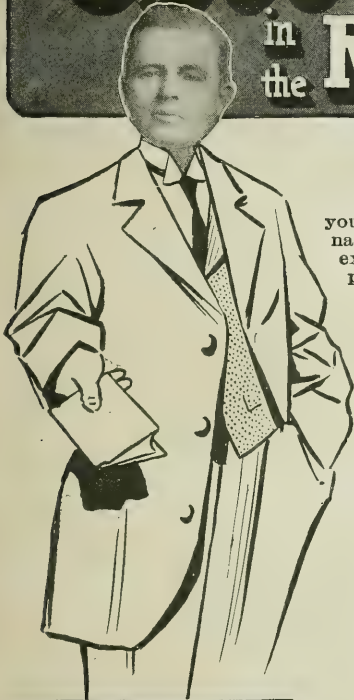
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**THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO., 214 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago**



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To each of our representatives we also give a thorough course in commercial law without cost. The instruction is indispensable to any man who wants to make his way in the business world. We teach you, free, everything you need to know to successfully meet legal problems that may arise in any business transaction. And we also furnish you free legal advice whenever you require it.

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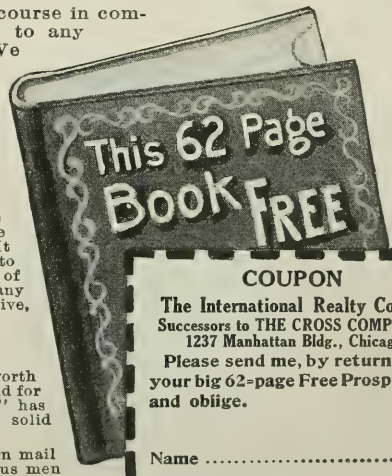
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Please send me, by return mail,  
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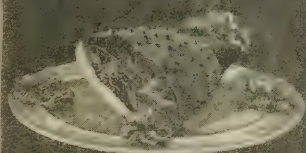
*Armour's*  
**"STAR"**  
HAMS AND  
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SAUTE HAM AND EGGS



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BAKED HAM

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

# Fine Ham is a Matchless Dish

A generation ago it took first place in the elaborate "party" suppers, and no festive occasion was complete without it.

Today you may surpass even those delicious, old-fashioned cured hams by asking for Armour's "Star" Ham.

Selected from the finest of the millions we cure yearly, slowly smoked over smouldering hickory logs until every fibre is reached, they are firm, tender, juicy and delicate.

There is no greater table economy than the purchase of a whole "Star" Ham. Kept in reserve and used from as needed it adds delightful variety to your table.

Armour's "Star" Bacon is as carefully selected and perfectly cured as are the "Star" Hams. Sliced wafer-thin, packed in glass jars, it always cooks evenly—is crisp, brown and delicious.

Also sold in the piece.

## *Armour's* "Star" Hams and Bacon



**ARMOUR AND COMPANY**  
CHICAGO



# THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XIV.

FEBRUARY, 1911.

No. 1.

## When a Railroad Man Marries.

BY WALTER GARDNER SEAVER.

HERE'S a bunch of off-duty yarns of the that-reminds-me brand, concerning the doings of some railroaders who had a weakness for playing practical jokes at weddings. In this day and generation, however, brides and grooms are pretty apt to be on the lookout for pranks, but in Mr. Seaver's stories the attempts to have fun with newlyweds didn't always work out in just the way they were planned.

The reception that Hank Mason's mother-in-law tendered the would-be merrymakers was certainly a good one on the crowd, and Walt Marsh and his bride could well afford to laugh at the efforts of their friends to give them a surprise that turned their impromptu wedding journey into such a pleasant outing.

### A Private Car Abduction, a Charivari that Missed Fire, and a Case of the Wearing of the Green that Nearly Broke Up a Wedding.



HAT'S the matter, Mike? You look down in the mouth."

"I have just read in the morning paper an account of a wreck on the Santa Fe in which Red Rooney was killed."

"Who's Red Rooney?"

"Oh, I forgot that you did not know him. Red was an Irish boy employed as a sort of messenger or errand-boy at the Iron Mountain depot and yards in Fredericktown. He was originally christened Michael Rooney, but his hair was such a flaming red that everybody took to calling

him Red. I guess that most people forgot that he ever had a Christian name."

"Well, what about that?"

"Oh, nothing much. Red got to be a wiper. Then he went out on the road, firing, and after three years and a half at that job he was made a runner. He left the Iron Mountain along in the early eighties to go out on the Santa Fe.

"While he was a kid in the yards he was the butt of everybody, and he took all the jokes that were played on him in good part. However, he nursed a particular grudge for Jerry Phalen, for Jerry rubbed it in on him pretty hard; and when Jerry's sister Kitty was married he certainly got

even. But wait till I tell you how the original trouble started. The first time that Jerry rubbed Red's fur the wrong way was one day when he came in on No. 2 from St. Louis.

"Jerry had taken his engine down to the coal-shed track where the wipers were pulling her fire while he was washing up. The division super happened along. He liked Jerry pretty well, although there was only one man on the road that was a greater practical joker than Jerry, and that was Bob McQuaide, who had come there off the Illinois Central.

"The super took as much enjoyment out of the jokes as any one, but he was constantly in hot water lest some of the jokes should happen to come his way. He knew very well that neither Jerry nor Bob cared a rusty picayune about his title, and that they would not hesitate to play a trick on the president of the road if they had a chance.

### Jerry Dyes His Dome.

"Well, the super had come along and climbed up into the cab to chat with Jerry, when Red came along. This was Jerry's chance, so he said to the super:

"I think it about time that you gave orders for Rooney to dye his hair black or some other color. As it is now, every engineer coming into the yard that happens to get a glimpse of that head, shuts her off thinking he's seen a red flag. Enginemen can't make time if they are flagged down every time they come into the yard."

"The super gravely promised that it should be attended to and that he would see that the necessary orders were given at once. Red heard the conversation, and, boy-like, he imagined that it was all straight, that he would be ordered to dye his hair as Jerry had suggested, but he then and there registered a vow that he would get even.

"The next day the station-agent handed Red a bottle and told him that the super had ordered that he must dye his hair; that as he would not wear a cap half the time, the enginemen were constantly mistaking his red head for a red flag, and were always plugging their engines as a result.

"Red imagined that to disobey the super's orders meant almost instant annihilation, for in his eyes the super was the biggest man on the road, so he took the bottle

and at the first opportunity applied it liberally. His hair turned a glossy black, and, for a while, he was rather proud of it, but when the men got to pretending they didn't know him and saying: 'Howd'y, where's Rooney?' it was not so funny.

"Several days passed and the men gradually dropped the custom of ignoring Rooney when he answered their calls. Matters went on much the same as before. One Sunday, a party of engine-runners, firemen, and wipers got a team and went out to the Little St. Francois River, about a mile and a half east of Mine La Motte station, to fish. Rooney was with them, and happy as a clam at high water.

"The party fished a while with fairly good luck. They had luncheon, and were lying on the bank smoking and telling yarns, when some one proposed that as it was such a hot afternoon that all hands take a swim.

"Red was the first to hit the water. He stood on a rock that jutted out into the stream and took a header. The others quickly followed.

"The river at this point offered about a quarter of a mile of good swimming. The water was from five to twenty feet deep. The men were soon swimming races. After a couple of hours, they resumed their clothing, and again became interested in fishing.

"According to his custom of never wearing a hat unless he was compelled to, Rooney had left his 'lid' on the bank, while the rays of the sun beat squarely on his head. None of the men noticed him for some time, until Jerry, having pulled out a bass, turned to rebait his hook, when he happened to glance at Rooney. He rubbed his eyes and then looked again. Then he let out a yell that would have wakened the seven sleepers.

### A Patriotic Pompadour.

"Rooney's hair had turned a vivid red at the roots, while the outer edges showed the dye, which either the water or the sun or perhaps the combination had turned from black to a bright green.

"Holy mackerel, boys, look at Rooney, will ye? Sure it's the loyal Irishman he is! He wears the green above the red."

"The boys looked. A howl went up as was never before heard in the woods of Madison County. Poor Rooney had no idea of the cause of the fun. He simply

had to take it as best he could. When the party struck the edge of the town, somebody hid Rooney's hat, and the gang drove down the streets singing 'The Wearing o' the Green,' with Rooney and his green hair on the seat beside the driver.

"Rooney laid it all to Jerry Phalen.

He swore that he would make him sorry for his trick. Just how he was to get even he did not know, but he smiled and joked and grimly bided his time.

"Now, Jerry was the support of a widowed mother and a sister. Kitty Phalen was as pretty a girl as ever appeared on the streets of Fredericktown. Jerry thought there never had been and never would be such another smart, bright, and witty girl as his sister Kitty.

"It came to pass that Kitty was wooed and won by a prosperous young merchant of the town. All the railroad men had a bid to the doings, of course, and Rooney was among them.

"One day, just before the wedding, he heard Jerry's mother say that they must get a cat, as the house that the newly married pair would occupy had been idle for some time, and she knew it was overrun with mice. This gave Rooney his cue.

"He procured a lot of the company letter-heads and envelopes, and, in the silence of his room, concocted a letter which he sent to every agent on the division from St. Louis to Fredericktown.

"It stated that Jerry Phalen's sister, Kitty, was to be married on a certain date, and that a good, skilful mouser would be a most acceptable wedding present.

"Each agent was instructed to put the cat in a basket, securely tied, hand it to the train baggageman on No. 1 the day before the wedding, and deadhead it through to Fredericktown. As the scrawl was written on stationery bearing the name

of the division superintendent, no one thought to examine the scrawling signature at the bottom.

"The agent at Desoto wanted to go fishing on the day before the wedding, so he sent his cat—a fine Maltese—down on No. 1 two days ahead of time. With it was



"HE WEARS THE RED ABOVE THE GREEN!"

a neat note wishing the happy pair all the felicity possible, and trusting that 'General,' as the Maltese was named, would prove an acceptable member of the family. Kitty was delighted with 'General.' They became close friends at once, and she wrote a letter of thanks to the Desoto agent.

#### Jerry Takes Charge of the "Presents."

"The next day Rooney was on hand as No. 1 came in. As luck would have it, Jerry was not going out on his run on No. 2 that day, as he was laying off one trip



on account of the wedding, and he was up-town with his brother-in-law-to-be, so that Rooney had the field all to himself. It came to pass that when the No. 1 stopped at the depot and the baggageman began handing out basket after basket, swearing viciously as he took up each one, no one thought it at all strange that Rooney should be there to receive the stuff sent to Jerry.

"Rooney had impressed a number of small boys into his service, and the baskets with their contents were carefully stored away in the sand-house until he should have occasion to use them. There were twenty-six stations between Fredericktown and St. Louis, each of which sent a cat, besides six more which came from the shops at Carondelet. All the agents had cheerfully complied with the request to send Kitty a good mouser as a wedding present, and they did so willingly because they all liked Jerry. Each basket had a card attached with the name of the donor.

#### Delivering the Goods.

"The party had assembled in the parlor of Jerry's cottage, the minister had finished tying the knot, when Rooney's brigade of sixteen small boys arrived with their consignment of cats. Each boy carried two baskets. Rooney had been busy all the afternoon. As he came in followed by the brigade marching in a column of twos, the crowd hailed them with various ejaculations.

"Rooney stepped to the center of the room and told Jerry that the baskets had arrived on No. 1 and that he had taken care of them, knowing that Jerry was busy. As each basket bore the address of a different station, he concluded that it was a lot of wedding presents and brought them over.

"Jerry and Kitty both thanked him, and Kitty went down on her knees and began untying the covers of the baskets. As basket after basket was opened, out hopped a cat wearing a green ribbon around his neck and a red one around his forepaw. Kitty thought it a good joke until she had opened three or four baskets, but then it did not seem so funny.

"Finally all the baskets were opened and there were thirty-two cats, all sizes, kinds, and conditions, each wearing a green ribbon around his neck and a red one around one of his forepaws. Roars of laughter fol-

lowed as cat after cat came into view. The felines sat a moment blinking at the light, but when each feline saw a lot of strange cats making faces at him, it was not to be endured. In about five minutes there was a free-for-all fight in full progress.

#### A Feline Fracas.

"For a while the men were betting on which cats would win and which would lose, the women were up on the chairs, and Jerry and the bridegroom were endeavoring to get rid of cats with brooms and pokers. Finally, all the cats were chased out. When quiet was restored, Rooney said to Jerry:

"Sure, Jerry, you don't seem to enjoy seeing the green above the red as much as you thought you would, eh."

"But that was Red's way of getting even for the hair-dye joke.

"Rooney went north with Bob McQuaide, who was pulling No. 4 that night, showed up at the shops at Carondelet for a day or so and then disappeared. He did not appear in Fredericktown for a month. When he did, Mr. Dunkerly, editor of the *Farmer and Miner*, interviewed him and the whole story was told.

"Kitty forgave Rooney, but he kept out of Jerry's way for a long time. Jerry would stand for anything in the way of a joke on himself, but when it came to one on his sister, it was different, and there would have been trouble for the joker if Jerry got a chance at him.

#### Marsh Meets His Affinity.

"That reminds me of the story that Walter Marsh told me of the trick that was played on him by the boys on the Illinois Central. Marsh had been firing for three years, most of the time having the 112.

"The 112 was pulling way-freight most of the time between Centralia and Cairo. In those days a way-freight was anywhere from ten to eighteen hours getting over the division, and had to take dust from everything else on the road.

"You younger chaps have no idea of the soul-wearing work that it used to be for train crews in the seventies, especially those of a local freight, when the trains were run by the time-card instead of by the wire.

"Du Quoin being the junction point of



the Cairo Short Line and the Illinois Central, was probably the most important station on the division, except possibly Carbondale. The 112 would go south one day and north the next, and it almost invariably happened that they would be laid out at Du Quoin from thirty minutes to two hours.

"A pretty girl lived near the depot. She was about eighteen, and it was not long before Walter spied her. He began to sit up and take notice and soon concluded that he would like to get acquainted with her.

"Walter was a fine looking young fellow, strong as an ox, and afraid of nobody. He was fairly well educated and a great lover of books. The girl had similar tastes. Well, when you get fire and tow in close proximity the chances are good for a blaze, and Walter finally concluded that this was the girl that he would like to make Mrs. Marsh.

#### Wedding-Bells for Two.

"He finally managed to summon up sufficient nerve to pop, and was accepted. The engagement was short, for Walter was a saving sort of an individual, and already had a snug little nest egg in the bank. When he passed his examination and was given an engine, he concluded that there was no need to wait longer.

"At that time the Cairo Short Line trains were pulled from St. Louis to Du Quoin by a St. Louis, Alton and Terre Haute engine, and by an Illinois Central engine from Du Quoin to Cairo. Walter had been given this plug passenger run, doubling the road between Du Quoin and Cairo so that his layover came at Du Quoin, which was all to the good so far as he was concerned. In the seventies, Cairo, though a flourishing city, was a good place to stay away from owing to malaria.

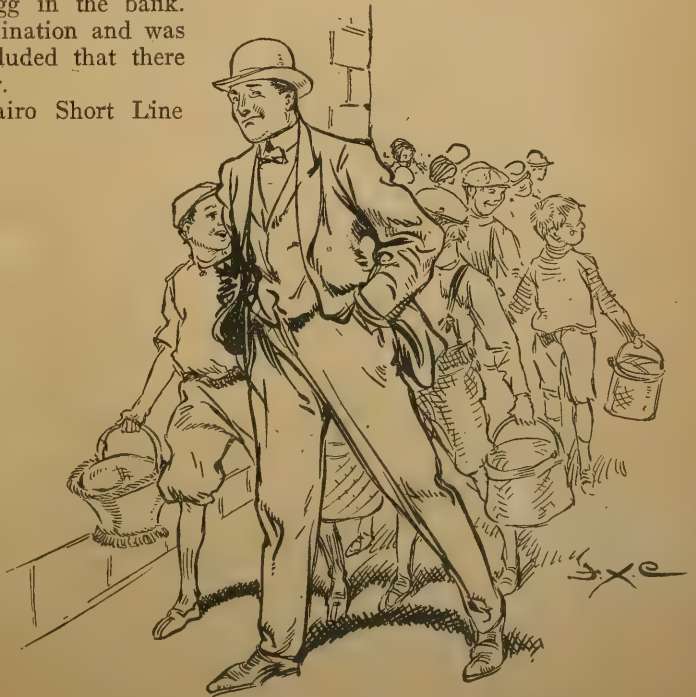
"The wedding-day arrived, and the boys got busy. It would establish a bad precedent if any of

the crowd were allowed to marry without some sort of a trick being played, but for once the ingenuity of the gang was at a loss. They knew that Walt was up to all the jokes usually played and that he would be on the watch.

"At this time, word came that the general manager was at St. Louis, and was coming down the line in his private car, running special. A committee invaded the super's office and he received them affably, wondering what was up that a delegation of the men should be calling upon him. Bob Wade, who had been Walter's engineer, and who was largely responsible for his creditable showing on his examination for a runner, was the spokesman.

#### Framing Up a Frolic.

"In a few words, he reminded the super that Walter was to be married that evening, and, in order to maintain the time-honored custom of the division, it was necessary that the event should not be allowed to pass without some trick being played upon the bridegroom, and, also, that they had come to him for help. The super did not show the relief he felt when he learned



"ROONEY HAD BEEN BUSY ALL THE AFTERNOON."

what the boys wanted, and was quite ready to promise his assistance.

"A wire was sent to the general manager's private secretary and in return the super got a message signed by the general manager saying that he wanted Marsh and no one else to pull him over the division.

"Walter was married at nine o'clock. While the guests were at supper, a message came ordering Marsh to pull the general manager's special to Cairo, leaving Du Quoin at eleven o'clock.

"There was no help for it. The rules required that a man should be on his engine an hour before leaving time, and as it was just ten o'clock, Walter had to skip. His bride broke down when she heard the news, but realizing that this was what she must expect as a railroader's wife, she took it calmly. As she kissed him good-by, she promised that she would be at the depot before the train pulled out.

"But the little woman was reckoning without her host. She did not yet know the length to which that crowd would go

to play a joke. Walter had hardly disappeared when a carriage drove up and she was told that all her friends would accompany her to the depot.

"In the meantime, the special had arrived considerably ahead of time and the super soon put the general manager wise. The general manager said he would go a step further. Entering his car, he woke his wife whom he put in possession of the facts, and the two planned to abduct the bride and take her to Cairo.

### Kidnaped in a Private Car.

"Under pretense that he wanted her to meet his wife, Mrs. Marsh was taken into the car. The signal was given. Marsh had been straining his eyes through the dim light of the lanterns to see his bride. She was not visible. A broken-hearted bridegroom pulled the throttle that night.

"Mrs. Marsh was somewhat frightened when the train began to move and the general manager's wife consoled her, saying it was too bad, that they must have forgotten that she was aboard. They had a spare stateroom on the car and would make her as comfortable as possible, and she could surprise her husband by meeting him at the St. Charles in Cairo, instead of on the platform at Du Quoin.

"The general manager's wife was much taken with the bride, and it was not long until the two women were on as friendly a footing as though one's husband was not the head of the operating department and the other's an engine-runner. The friendship there formed lasted for life, with the result that when the general manager left the road to go to another, Marsh went with him.

"Walter's fireman found that his chief was not as cordial as usual that night. He had little to say beyond a few words about the engine. The special pulled into Cairo and ran down the Ohio levee to the St. Charles, where it stopped, and Walter swung down to make his usual inspection of his engine.



WALTER WAS FRIGHTENED TO A FRAZZLE.





"HANK WAS NOT THERE. THAT MUCH WAS CERTAIN."

"He had bent down to feel the boxes of the truck wheels, when a pair of soft arms were thrown around his neck, and he turned to see his bride.

"Walker was frightened to a frazzle at first, but he soon got his bearings.

"The general manager hurried up, accompanied by his wife, whom he introduced to Marsh, greasy and black from his run, and she insisted on shaking his hand regardless of the grime which he furtively endeavored to remove with a bunch of waste. The general manager told Marsh that the special would remain in Cairo for two or three days and that he should pull him back.

"In the meantime, as he had reserved rooms for the party at the St. Charles, he insisted that Mr. and Mrs. Marsh accept the hospitality of himself and wife while in Cairo.

"When Marsh pulled into Du Quoin on the return trip both women were in the cab. As he helped them to alight and the jokers saw the general manager's wife climbing down from the engine, they came to the conclusion that the prank they had played on Marsh was not so excruciatingly funny after all.

"After that it was Marsh who was called on to pull the general manager whenever

he went over the road on a special, and when the president and directors made their annual tour of inspection, Marsh was at the throttle, so he came to know the road from Cairo to Chicago and from Centralia to Dubuque as probably no other runner knew it. Marsh liked these special runs, for the general manager rarely traveled at night. When the general manager's wife accompanied him, Mrs. Marsh was not far away.

"You remember Hank Mason, 'Stove-pipe Hank,' as the boys dubbed him? Well, Hank was undecided for a long time whether it were best to commit suicide or matrimony, and finally he concluded he would try matrimony.

"Now, Hank was known as a woman-hater. At any rate, he would always fight shy of any entertainment where he expected to find petticoats in evidence, and how he managed to do his courting without any of the gang catching on, was a puzzle. The first that any of us knew of it, was when the priest read the banns in the Catholic Church one Sunday morning in May. They were to be married early in June. Because Hank had kept the thing so quiet, we resolved that he should get all that was coming to him.

"We discussed all sorts of tricks and

plans, but they were discarded one after another as not being tough enough to suit us. Then Billy Brown, who was pulling a fast freight and hoping for a passenger run when the new train went on, proposed that we wait until late on the night of the wedding, when we would go to the house, rout Hank out by saying he was wanted at the roundhouse on important business, and then lock him up in the storeroom or the sand-house until morning.

"We picked our men carefully, but, as none of them were invited to the wedding, we had no means of knowing what was going on.

"We were only a freight division and the passenger crews ran through. No. 4 passed going north at about 10.45 P.M. We were watching the house at the time, so she pulled in and out without any of us happening to be at the depot.

"About 11.30 the last light in Hank's home was extinguished and the house of the bride's mother, where the wedding took place, was as dark as a stack of black cats. This was our cue to get busy, so we stole softly into the yard, stepping carefully on the grass beside the walk so as to make no noise, and we rang the bell with a vim so that we could hear it echoing plainly clear out in the street.

"An upstairs window was thrown up and a night-capped head was thrust out, while a feminine voice, trembling with anger, inquired what was wanted.

"We told her that Hank was needed at the roundhouse on important business, and that he would be detained only a few minutes. She said that Hank was not there; that he had gone north on No. 4, and that we knew it. She slammed down the window with a crash that did not speak well for the temper of Hank's new mama.

"Now we were too old birds to be caught with any such chaff as that. We rang the bell again, but there was no response.

"We consulted as to the possibility of mother-in-law telling the truth, and finally decided that she was bluffing. Again we rang the bell, and again no answer.

"We concluded that Hank imagined that we were up to some trick and had determined to fool us.

"We rang the bell again.

"This time we had a response—but not what any of us expected.

"As the window was raised, some of us stepped back and looked up while others remained at the door gazing upward.

"A basin of dish-water was pitched out and caught, full in the face, every one of the gang that stood by the door. This was too much. Hank had to come out now if we pulled the house down, so we set up an infernal jingling at the bell and pounding on the door until the old lady came down with a rifle and opened the door wide enough to poke the muzzle through the crack.

"The gun was not loaded, though none of us knew that at the time. Nevertheless, some seized the barrel while others forced open the door. The old lady was so mad that she was fairly speechless.

"We told her that we had come for Hank on important business and that as we had not received civil treatment in response to a civil question, he had to come now, and, if unwillingly, we would take him by force. Some of the men ran up-stairs, but there was no one in the house but the old lady and the servant girl, who had crawled under the bed.

"Hank was not there. That much was certain. We began to think the old lady had told us the truth, so we went over to the depot. The night operator said that Hank and his wife had gone north on No. 4, and he thought the whole town must have been there, for such hugging and kissing and crying had been going on as he had never seen before.

"We asked why Hank had gone so suddenly, and he said that an order had come that evening for him to report at the shops to take one of the new engines and a passenger run. Immediately on receiving the order, Hank had reserved berths on the Pullman by wire, and the newlyweds had hurried off together.

"For once the laugh was on us."

Some people punch their own tickets for Glory, but the Conductor knows where to put 'em off.—The Hind Shack.



# BLUFFING THROUGH FOR ABEL.

BY ROBERT FULKERSON HOFFMAN.

## The Great Railroad Heart Beats Even in the Working of the Wrecking Crane.

"**M**OTHER, dear, I am bringing Abel home. He sleeps the dreamless sleep."

That was all of it. Just one of the tender, throbbing, aching bits of human life which, now and again, strive momentarily for softer speech in the harsh utterance of a busy commercial wire, then sink away deep in the great sea of silence with the things that are done.

It went pulsing silently out of the night and loneliness of a deep bowl of the high country, one little, bitter, tender draft welling from the brimming cup of the mountain's loneliness. It went throbbing, pulsing over the big divides and deep through the dark gorges; down over the shelving plains and across the wide prairies; far upward, outward, downward in insensate waves trembling through the interspaces of absolute cold and darkness of the world until, it must be, the Great Heart of the universe was touched and moved with the pity of it.

In isolated places of the brown, night-brooding world its fleeting passage laid a momentary hush in the hearts of those who listened at the wires. The repeaters took it up and passed it on, "Mother . . . Abel . . . Home," until finally it came tangibly to earth again, a yellow, moistened sheet spread in a yellower glow of lamplight, under the shaking hands of the silver-haired mother who bent above it.

"Dear child," she whispered, when she had folded it away with none there to see or listen, "dear, brave little sister! She is bringing my Abel home—asleep."

Brave little sister! Brave, happy little Edith Strong! In lowering months of apprehension, long before this night when the

last word of dread lay final and irrevocable in the yellow sheen of light beneath the mother-eyes, Edith, but fairly grown a woman, had laughed and hoped against hope while the stealthy blight settled deep and deeper on her brother's face.

When at length the hateful fact that he was vitally ill; that he must withdraw from the tense daily leadership in the despatcher's office where he had grown from boy to man and master-mind, could no longer be denied, Edith, undaunted and smiling still, had planned the far trip to the high country.

Together they had come into the quaint life mixture of the old and new in Del Sur. Together they had dwelt there for a time, while the hopeful, prayerful little mother in the quiet home far eastward waited, dreaming her mother-dreams of her first-born son, her Abel, returned, restored.

After their establishment in one of the modest adobe houses which seemed to blink sleepily through barred windows with a look of preternatural wisdom and repose, the wide blue sky of New Mexico seemed to some of Del Sur's hardy railroad boys to take on a deeper blue—the blue of Edith's eyes, perhaps.

The sun shone none the less brightly than before, gilding the gnarled and twisted trunks of small cedars in the plaza upon which the adobe square looked out, penetrating among the flowers and small eucalyptus of their own small *patios* and softening the dark and cool seclusion of the adobe itself.

Little by little, "Strong's" had become a restful sort of rallying place for those who were at the end of the division. When Abel was feeling fit for a journey by mule-drawn street-car across town to the tracks, a stal-

wart bodyguard of one or two from among the layovers accompanied them.

When he had wearied of the thrill and chatter of the wires in the despatcher's office, or when the resonant roar of the Limited—climbing eastward in the pride of its resistless strength—swept his soul with a reflex wave of the sense of his own helplessness until his own name seemed to come throbbing back, "A-bel, A-bel, Abel Strong," in loud and bitter irony from the engine's voicing—then, when he sank under that more than passing weakness, and could bear no more of the intimate touch of the busy life which he had helped to create, always some stalwart veteran of the rail was at hand to accompany them on the joggling return journey across town to the rest and seclusion of the old adobe.

Thus, pouring out the rich flood of good fellowship, giving prodigally of their boundless strength, drawing from him his despairing weakness and giving him back a hope, they lifted him upon the fiery wings of the story of their daily doings and let him down gently into the forgetfulness of sleep. In half apology for showing the softer side, they had come to call all this "Bluffing through for Abel."

Gradually it had narrowed down, this grouping of kindly "bluffers" against death, until big Ben Childreth found himself more frequently alone with Edith and Abel, and found that he was measuring his telling of his doings of the day upon the engine, not only by its visible uplift upon Abel, but, as well, by the quality of the light which he was able to discern in the eyes of Edith.

Now all this was ended. The grim messenger would brook no further parley or delay. Silently he had come into the little adobe and claimed his hostage. Unresistingly the weary soul of Abel had passed out with him in the night. When the brilliant sun came smiling into the little dwelling in the morning, one bright ray fell upon the quiet, upturned face mutely asking the eternal unanswered question:

"Whither—why?"

It may well be that Adam of old gathered up sorrowingly into his arms his slain son, and consummated earth's first burial in the far, deep shelter of the mountains. In them is a brooding silence, a mother-sense of earth which steals away abashed from the garish light of the naked plains, even as one sore-smitten who "could not bear the sickening light of day."

Be that as it may, to silent and secluded Del Sur the messenger had come and the message had gone pulsing forth. Abel was coming home.

In the steady, windless patter of a belated summer rain, the Limited halted in the darkness of Del Sur and gathered him up tenderly again into the far-reaching arms of the hurrying world from which he had come. Ben Childreth, mounted in the cab of the Limited's engine, sat stifling in his heart that other, never-dying question which had come, late, to water the very roots and tendrils of his life; to well up to his lips, trembling upon the verge of utterance; and to be suddenly sealed beyond speech by the passing of Abel.

With his engine newly coupled to the solid line of sleepers and two accessory cars bringing up the rear, he sat looking with brooding, questioning eyes through the shimmering curtain of rain in the motionless shaft of white light which the headlight turned questioningly upon the heights ahead. Before his mind's eyes two faces flitted, vanished, came again and again in that glistening field of light, glad and smiling, weak and despairing, hoping again against hope—the still and placid face in the baggage-car and the face of the sober-hued little figure in the middle coach.

"Ah, well!" he muttered, rousing to intent alertness as the little air-whistle piped its shrill treble in the cab, "we must bluff it a little farther for Abel—bluff it through. Then—maybe—some time—who knows?"

Who knows what lies ever so little beyond—who? How could he know that the opening touch of his throttle against the dark mountain's resistance in the moment following was but the real beginning of the "bluff" for Abel's sake?

He wheeled them away masterfully through the engine's tumultuous assault upon the mountain, speared the crowding night with his brilliant blade of light, and tossed the darkness back into the deeper recesses while he soared guardedly down the steeps beyond the crest, ran out of the fringe of the drenching rain, and rushed across the sodden plain.

Once in the brief span of that pulsing, vivid working hour he felt the sag of a mud-soaked tie as the engine recoiled from its fierce lurch upon it; and once a spurt of muddy, tepid water, tossed quick and high from its concealment under the softened track, struck, spattering, full upon his



cheek and trickled down with the clammy feel of thickening blood.

He was thinking—but what matter now what he was thinking? He was doing a man's big average best with all of the varied elements of the strength that was in him, and the train was curling and swishing like a sharp-driven lash across the back of the sullen plain.

Was the track too soft?—Was it rail-spread, broken flange, or sheer inertia from excessive speed in the jealous guarding of the Limited's precious seconds? Did the fleeting faces in the headlight's glare distract him ever so little from the mental map of the track ahead?

Who knows?

Like a sharp-driven lash, the train curled into the big reverse curve between the Twin Buttes. Like a lash it snapped free of the rails at its whipping rear, and essayed to straighten itself in quick access from rear to front—a tumbling, irregular line of overturned coaches in the ditch.

The massive, loaded tender held upon its way, wrenching the coupling free at the rear. With the engine, still open-throttled and laboring fiercely as the brakes clapped down in quick response to the opened train-line, it ran safely ahead a grudging, grinding length or two, another double length, with heavy, slowing exhaust, then stopped with sudden lurch as Ben thrust the throttle shut.

A quick column of pent-up steam broke from the dome, hisping in big whisperings the astonishment of the wide, dark plains. It rasped the crowding darkness and stammered into the horror of the night for a few moments, while Childreth gazed in wide-eyed stupefaction at his fireman reeling from the shock of his impact with the boiler-head. Then it broke off suddenly, and in the silence rose the multiplex voice of disaster from the train.

"What?" demanded the fireman, somewhat dazedly.

"I didn't say anything!" replied Childreth. And then he continued:

"Oh, hell—H-e-l-l boy, they're—they're in the ditch! I ditched them, and didn't have the decent luck to go with them! Come on! Quick! She'll burn in this rising wind!"

At a single bound, he leaped from the gangway and ran back to the overturned train. From the distorted combination-car which had made the first deadly plunge at

the rear, smoke was already rising in a dull and covert light. From it were creeping, one by one, in the order of their strength and shock, conductor, flagman, late-sitting tourist, porter. In the dim interior from which they crept lay the still form of Abel—its narrow dwelling-place pressed down and closely covered by broad-bent plates of steeled concrete flooring.

None of these were for Childreth's present care. Straight to the middle coach he ran and leaped upon its upturned side. He ran half its length upon the treacherous, slippery slant and, dropping to his knees, drove his gloved fists through the double-glass and ripped out the impeding sashes like bits of tinder. He thrust his head down through the opening and shouted amid the mumbling babel of half-waking cries:

"Edith! Edith! Edith Strong!"

A huddled little figure crept up to him along the slant of the floor, and then the blanched face, the blue eyes, the red-gold hair of Edith rose under his hand and he caught her up greedily and drew her to a rest upon the window-ledge.

"What does it mean, Mr. Childreth? This door—this! Why, mercy! It is a window! Oh, my poor Abel! Where is he? Where is he?" she gasped as her senses cleared to the import of the sounds about her.

"Steady, little girl, steady!" replied Childreth, catching up a blanket from the cluttered mass in the berth within and dropping it as a mantle about her. "Abel is with the boys. They will take care of him."

"Oh, I must go to him—I must—I must!" she cried, struggling helplessly in his big grasp as he lifted her out.

"No; not now. You could not, now, you know," said Childreth steadily, as though his right to command had been the accepted order of things from the beginning of time. "The boys are with him, and we will bring him to you, all in good time, never fear. Now you are going with me."

He gathered her up in his arms and, slipping down to the earth, ran with her to the engine, lifted her to the gangway, and seated her, close-wrapped and huddled, upon the fireman's box.

He leaped again to the ground, closed the open train-line, and was speeding the engine away toward the staring red eye of the station-light deeper down ahead among the buttes before his passenger's dulled senses could grasp the full significance of the lurid

glow that was growing redder at the rear of the ditched train.

Presently he bore her in under the unwinking light of the semaphore and delivered her into the mothering hands of the station-agent's wife, who calmed her rising fears and cuddled her down in the white bed in the room above the chattering instrument which was dinning out Childreth's clear call for help.

Closing his brief, full call upon Del Sur for wrecker and relief trains, Childreth said over the flashing wire:

Tell Lively, undertaker, come sure with outfit complete for Abel Strong, same as wearing left Del Sur. Suit, box, fixings. Got to be done right here if anything's missing. Yohy, wrecker, chuck bale white waste in tackle-car. Tell roundhouse send man run my engine back Del Sur.

Then he backed rapidly away to the wreck and plunged into the further work of rescue.

"If anything's missing," the despatcher took time to snap out in his hurried preparations at Del Sur; "there'll be lots of it missing! What's he talking about? Well, send it! Send all of it. Childreth generally knows what he's talking about, but I'm cussed if I do in this."

So the sinister wrecker came fighting up over the mountain, and after it came the relief train to rush down through the night toward the glowing pile among the buttes. For Yohy, the wreckmaster, the task proved an easy one. From every view-point the wreck was very bad—complete.

With water-soaked blanket, mud-pad, and some buckets of water from the tender after Ben Childreth's return, a part of the red shell of the combination-car body had been fought clear of the clutch of the flames. It lay there, a charred and jagged mass, yet covering the secrets which it held. All else ahead was fire-swept and licked clean by the flames, with little left but the trucks piled and canted upon the torn-up track and the steel skeletons of the sleepers lying distorted in the ditch.

So, first gathering the cowering groups of half-clad passengers into the relief train, the wrecker swung its big boom out over the combination-car and lifted.

It lifted carefully, gently, as it had never before lifted, because there were none among the watchers who did not know the precious salvage sought, and because Ben Childreth,

for the once forgetting the autocracy of the wreckmaster, was standing big and stern beside him, saying:

"Easy, Yohy! Steady! E-a-s-y!"

And Yohy, without resentment, echoed it to the derrick-man:

"Hoist light! Whoap! Hoist light!"

The charred shell gave, rose, wavered in the flaring torchlight, and swung clear. Exposed lay the fire-proofed flooring, still bound together in the clutter of the wreck. Beneath it—

The big derrick-boom, freed of its first reprisal, swung back and grappled again. The broad-bent flooring lifted—"easy, light, easy"—until its pitiful secret lay bare to the wavering light of the torches.

In silence the friendly watchers gathered closer. They looked speechlessly upon the quiet, unmarred face. Then, stooping as one man, they lifted the shattered dwelling-place upon which disaster had laid a hand so gentle. They bore it slowly, steadily away and into the tackle-car. When they had safely gained that seclusion, Lively, the undertaker, first recovered speech.

"Well, that beats me," said he in awed accents. "It sure does beat me. But," rallying with professional interest, "it still is a neat case."

"But—but," whispered Yohy hoarsely, "what in the name of mercy will you tell that little girl waiting over yonder? What can you tell her, Ben?" he questioned helplessly of Childreth.

"We'll be ready by the time the relief train gets a clearance from the doctors," replied Childreth with sudden fierceness. "We've bluffed this thing through for Abel too far and too long to give him the go-by now! We'll see him through to the finish. Go ahead to your track-clearing, Yohy. We'll get along."

"I feared there would be something—something—worse than this," he forced out brokenly, and thrust the bale of cotton-waste aside with his foot. "Did you bring it all, Lively—the box—?"

"Yes," said Lively, and pointed to a darkened corner of the rough-strewn car.

"Come, then," answered Childreth steadily. "Let's get to it."

Swiftly and silently they labored until Abel's quiet repose seemed to lack nothing of its former state. Then they closed his new and narrow hermitage and bore him away—out of the tackle-car into the baggage-car of the waiting relief train.



There Childreth shed his overalls and donned his coat.

"I'm going east," he said briefly, in response to the trainmaster's questioning glance. "I'll take my 'hearing' when I come back."

Presently the sorry, hurrying work of the surgeons in first—or final—aid had passed its busy climax to the point where the train might safely be put in motion. Yohy had cleared and spiked the torn-up track, and just when the first gray of dawn was showing above the mountain the relief train began dropping down toward the red light shining low among the buttes, where Edith Strong slept fitfully and waited. They took her on, and took orders for the short return trip over the mountain to Del Sur as the nearest point for outfitting the depleted travel-stores of the uninjured and caring for those who had fared worse.

Beside her sat Ben Childreth, a calm and able comforter. When he had completed and repeated his reassurance that all was well with Abel, she came again insistently to her first eager questioning, anguished and distraught:

"He is not—harmed? You saw him? He is not harmed?"

"Not a hair of his head!" repeated Ben in literal truth. "I saw him. You shall see when we get to Del Sur.

"Now let's talk some about you," he pursued with calm candor, "and me. You see, when a fellow has doings like that back yonder with his train," he continued, indicating with a backward jerk of his thumb the deadly spot which they were steadily leaving, "he generally is allowed a sort of vacation right afterward. Shock and, oh, things like that," he concluded vaguely.

"Coming like it has, this way, altogether, as you might say, I'm a sight minded to ride back east with you and Abel. Seems like he might like it, and I hope you won't give me no orders to the contrary. Would it seem agreeable to you to have me ride along—just for company like?"

The ready tears welled to her eyes and overflowed as she turned her face to the gray barrens beyond the window. He saw her shoulders heave with a stifled sob. Then he spoke again:

"Looks like I can't keep on my own time at all, this trip. Man's got no business venturing out on anybody else's time, without he has orders. Don't cry that way. I wasn't meaning to hurt you."

"Oh, no, no! It is not that!" she said. Without turning, she slipped her hand down until it rested in the open palm of Childreth at her side. His hand slowly closed upon it while he sat thrilling at the soft weight of it in a silence which asked nothing of words.

When that day the Limited started anew from Del Sur, Childreth, for the first time in many a month, was a passenger in one of its sleepers instead of being the moving spirit at its head.

When, three days later, he stood silently beside Edith while the mother looked upon the peaceful face of her son, returned but not restored, far out in the mountains the engines were battling fiercely, roaringly, at their tasks. In and through and under it all, the great railroad heart was beating, pulsing in masterful unison with the heart of Childreth, and through him touching with a gentler touch the stricken hearts of them with whom he stood.

Turning away silently at length, the mother gave a gentle clasp to each of them who waited there. In her eyes lay the deep peace of resignation. In her heart lay the knowledge from no spoken word that God, in His mysterious way, had sent to her a son even in that hour when He had called away her first-born son to that country to which ere long she, too, must journey.

Long since she journeyed thither, and if now you should chance upon Del Sur and, further, chance upon Edith and Ben Childreth dwelling there, in one brief reading of the peace of their faces it would be clear to you that with them all is well.



# THE MAN OF THE SURVEY.

BY J. EDWARD HUNGERFORD.

Written for "The Railroad Man's Magazine."



ITH field-glass and transit and compass  
and rod,  
With level and plumb-bob and chain;  
With technical phrases  
And grit that amazes,  
With hustle and muscle and brain;  
You will find him a-plugging for all he is worth,  
A-cutting and slashing his way;  
Anywhere 'neath the sun  
Where there're rails to be run,  
This man of the railroad survey.

His course leads through desert and jungle and swamp,  
O'er mountain and river and vale,  
From Havana to Nome  
And from China to Rome  
He's mapping out paths for the rail;  
And he cares not a rap what the hardships may be,  
How rocky and thorny the way;  
With his transit and bob  
He's the man on the job,  
This boss of the railroad survey.

He is laying out "tangents" and "curves" and "grades,"  
And marking each move with a stake;  
And he's "snaking" his chain  
Over mountain and plain,  
Through bramble and brier and brake;  
Oh, his fights are not won with a saber and gun,  
He follows no flag to the fray;  
But he merits much praise  
For the part that he plays,  
This man of the railroad survey.




# Europe's Most Famous Run.

BY ROBERT H. ROGERS.

THERE is always a singular fascination for American railroad men in speculating on just how the work which they do is performed in countries other than our own. It is, of course, appreciated, although in a vague sort of way, that fast time is made on railroads in foreign lands, but just how this is brought about, and the conditions operating for and against, are largely unknown quantities.

As the accredited representative of *THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE*, Mr. Rogers spent many weeks abroad in the study of the essentially practical side of railroading, both on the road and in the shops, and his observations on the foot-plate of the costly De Glehn locomotive, at the head of the Paris-Calais boat train, explain how miles are made to coincide with minutes in France.

**The Locomotive Which Pulls the Fast French Express Maintains an Average Speed of Fifty-Six Miles an Hour, Which Beats Similar American Records.**

 **D**URING a recent trip to Europe I was favored in being allowed to analyze for *THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE* the performance of some of the most important trains in both England and France. These observations were from a special point of vantage—the foot-plate of the passenger locomotive—and not the least interesting feature of my travels was the opportunity afforded to study roundhouse procedure, which necessarily plays a vital part in the success of these remarkable runs.

It is a mighty hard job to secure a permit to ride an engine in foreign countries—a much more difficult undertaking, in fact, than to obtain the same favor from our own motive-power management. On railroads of the United States, if the general manager is sufficiently impressed by the logic of the reasons advanced, he will hand you the necessary letter to show the engineer, and that is all there is to it; but on the other side things are different.

If you want to ride in the cab of a locomotive, you must direct your plea to a much more exalted personage than a mere general manager. When I presented what ordinarily would be construed as excellent credentials to the official whom we would term master mechanic, he was appalled at the temerity embodied in the request.

This was in France, not so very long ago, and I wanted to watch from an intimate view-point the run of the famous Paris-Calais boat-train of the Northern Railway. In fact, I had crossed the turbulent channel from England for that express purpose, and did not propose to be denied my quest; but when they told me that I would have to see the *directeur général*, or the *ingénieur en chef*, I knew that I had something ahead.

But I found him to be a fine fellow, and, best of all, he spoke English. He was pleased to know that the fame of his phenomenally fast train had spread overseas to us, and particularly with such an appeal that a special investigation appeared in order. Accordingly, after about an hour's

pleasant talk, I left him, with a document which practically endowed me with the freedom of the railroad's entire mechanical department.

This story is to tell you plainly just how the run is made; what kind of engine handles it, and, primarily, how the engine itself was handled. You will ride along with me, to all intent and purpose, and you will be interested, no doubt, because the annihilation of miles by minutes remains the same problem, whether the solution is attempted on the New York Central or by the *Chemin de Fer du Nord*.

### 185 Miles in 195 Minutes.

Before proceeding with this, however, it may be well to briefly review the conditions pertaining to what I firmly believe to be the most difficult run in the world, at least from the standpoint of practical reasoning.

In the first place, the distance from Paris to Calais is 185 miles, and the train is composed of at least ten cars, or carriages, with a total weight behind the tender of from 300 to 350 tons. On one occasion the time was made with a train of 400 tons weight. The schedule calls for the run to be made in 200 minutes, with no deduction for a regular stop at Amiens, which never falls short of five minutes, thus reducing the real running proposition to 185 miles in 195 minutes, and making the speed from start to finish average fifty-six miles per hour.

To American engineers and firemen there is no doubt a peculiar appeal in the consideration of these figures, and they can certainly appreciate the fact that to get over any road on such time as given requires not only adequate power, but the quintessence of skill in handling it; the saving of every possible second, from the drop of the guard's flag in Paris to the stop-block in Calais; in other words, an engineer and fireman in charge who are past masters of their trade.

On roads in the United States where the length of run approximates to this, the average speed, including stops, is considerably less. That of the Baltimore and Ohio's "Royal Blue Limited" is 47.1 miles per hour, while the New Haven's five-hour trains between New York and Boston make 46.4 miles per hour, and the Pennsylvania's fast trains between Jersey City and Washington average 47 miles per hour.

All of the above runs are about 230 miles, and the average speed for the three roads

named, in connection with their limited trains, is a fraction less than 47 miles per hour.

The Paris-Calais boat-train has 45 miles less distance to cover, but maintains an average speed of 56 miles per hour—a considerably higher average than that of the nearest parallel runs which American railroads have on regular schedules.

I was much more interested over the prospect of studying this French engine-crew under actual service conditions than I was in the locomotive, because I had come to realize that in foreign countries—and I know that this is contrary to the general impression entertained in the United States—as much dependence is placed on the skill of the men as in the efficiency of the engine.

The latter, however, in this connection embodied points in construction so utterly at variance with American ideas that a short description becomes necessary.

For the last twenty-five years in France there has been a systematic and continuous effort to produce locomotives to meet the needs of its railroads, and the practise has crystallized into a type, for passenger service, which has been adopted by all important railroads of that country.

### Not Like an American Locomotive.

This type began its development on the Northern Railway—*Chemin de Fer du Nord*—in 1895, when M. du Bousquet consulted with A. G. De Glehn, a prominent designer and builder, concerning a method to increase the capacity of a 4-4-0 engine without increasing its total weight.

The cooperation of these able authorities resulted in the production of a type of locomotive widely known as the "Du Bousquet-De Glehn." This construction has proved most satisfactory, and now no passenger locomotives with separate tenders are built in France of any other type. There are nearly two thousand engines of this class in service on the continent of Europe, and they have even been experimented with by the Pennsylvania Railroad, in the instance of a single engine which it purchased in 1904.

So much for its origin, and now to briefly consider the De Glehn construction. Fundamentally it is a compound, and in my mind's eye I can see a smile of derision on the part of our engineer friends when they read this. I am well aware of the fact that the compound principle is not viewed



with any great favor by railroad men in this country, and I know that there have been many good reasons for their prejudice; but this is a different kind of compound—one on a principle which must be admired, even by the most radical non-compound man. These are the essential features in its design:

#### Novelties in Design.

There are four cylinders; the low pressure, between the frames and underneath the smoke-box, coupled to the leading driving-wheel axle, which is cranked, and the high pressure or outside cylinders, which are set somewhat farther back and coupled to the rear driving-wheels by crank-pins, the same as in American practise. This general cylinder arrangement thus divides the strains of the cylinders upon the axles, and the cylinders upon the frames at the same time balancing the reciprocating or moving parts.

Each cylinder has its own valve-gear, the high and low pressure valves being connected to separate reversing screws, which, however, may be coupled together in their operation from the cab. This renders it possible to change the ratio of expansion between the cylinders, and it also divides the work which each valve-gear has to perform.

A starting valve admits boiler steam to the low-pressure cylinders, and opens the high-pressure exhaust to the atmosphere. The valve is controlled from the cab, and allows either the high or the low pressure cylinders to be used alone in the case of a breakdown, in addition to increasing the starting power of the engine.

This was the weird contrivance which I viewed with curiosity, not unmixed with some apprehension as it backed against the long string of carriages in the great station of the Northern Railroad.

To an American railroader no more curious arrangement of detail could possibly be imagined than that embodied in this singular locomotive. Especially this was prominent in connection with the cab interior, where at least one hour's hard study on the part of a smart mechanic would be required before anything performing similar functions at home could be even recognized, to say nothing of being operated.

In the first place, the engineer, or *mechanicien*, "drove" from the left side;

the reversing-gear was of the screw type, with its wheel mounted exactly as the steering-wheel of an automobile, and the two independent cut-off wheels for the high pressure and the low pressure valve-gears were similarly arranged, both being susceptible of the finest adjustment.

The throttle lever did not pull out, as in our practise, but down. In other words, the throttle-stem rotated in its stuffing-box, and the movement of the lever was parallel with the face of the boiler-butt.

The engine was equipped with the Westinghouse brake—about the only familiar object, by the way, which I recognized at first glance. Of course, the parts we use were all there, and many others besides, which, although embodying the same underlying principles, were at utter variance with our practise; so much so, in fact, that I was glad it was not myself who was to roll this train from under that titanic shed.

#### Some Unfamiliar Machinery.

Among the unfamiliar and indeed unknown accessories was a vacuum-gage, intended to indicate the smoke-box vacuum. This is not used on American locomotives, but in my opinion it is soundly based on common sense, and is worthy of consideration. It indicates any decrease in the nominal vacuum induced by the exhaust, and a decrease means a leak somewhere in the front end, which may be either steam-pipe joints, a rivet loose or dropped out, or a loose smoke-box door. At all events, it affords a clue to the cause of an engine suddenly starting to steam poorly. I liked that gage very much.

Another unfamiliarity was the speed-recording gage. This is said to be a very necessary accompaniment, because the maximum speed, by legal mandate, must never exceed seventy-five miles per hour, and the gage, which is driven from one of the engine-truck axles, contains a tape on which the speed is faithfully recorded, and which is carefully scrutinized after each trip.

I rather thought that the seventy-five-miles-an-hour proposition was largely a joke. If a man can make that kind of time he should receive a prize, instead of being fined, which becomes the procedure when the tape indicates that the limit has been overstepped.

It is safe to say, however, that very few fines are assessed, because, as smart as the De Glehn compound undoubtedly is, it would tax her to knock this off for long.

### No Pilot, Bell, or Headlight.

There were no gage-cocks in evidence, but the engine had two water-glasses, one intended to check the other. The injectors and checks were mounted on the back head of the boiler, but the delivery of the water did not occur from the checks to the region of the boiler directly over the crown-sheet, it being piped ahead into the boiler-barrel.

The variable exhaust-nozzle was another feature which has fallen into utter disrepute in this country. With this De Glehn, however, it was arranged to be entirely under the control of the engineer, and was constantly operated by him dependent upon the varying requirements of the service.

Odd as this wonderful locomotive appeared at first glance, with its absence of the familiar pilot, bell, and headlight, this gradually gave way to admiration for the elegance of its general design, and the light and beautiful proportion of its parts. It was spotlessly clean. The big 78-inch drivers looked extremely frail, and the highly polished Walschaert valve-gear appeared far too delicate for its hard service.

Cumbersome parts are not necessary in the instance of the De Glehn type, because there is as nearly an exact distribution of stresses as can possibly be attained in any mechanism. I should say that the movement of a fine watch is the nearest possible comparison in this regard.

The actual weights of parts, far less than similar ones in our own practise, will well illustrate this contention. For instance, that of the cross-heads is only 238 pounds each; the high-pressure piston, 100 pounds; the low-pressure piston, 242 pounds; the high-pressure main rod, 278 pounds; and the low-pressure main rod, 425 pounds. The entire weight of the engine, in working order, without the tender, is approximately but seventy tons.

### Few Cab Comforts.

I was hospitably and politely received by Engineer Artaud and Fireman Leduc, whose names appeared on small, highly polished brass plates on either side of the cab interior. At least, I suppose I was so

received, as the gestures which accompanied the speech of welcome certainly implied friendliness.

As we were at a mutual disadvantage in not understanding one another's language, it became necessary to converse in grimaces, and these grew to be quite expressive before we saw Paris again that night.

Before we pulled out, I realized that I was to have a rather uncomfortable ride on that engine. The cab, such as it was, had no seats to begin with, not even one for the engineer, because on the left side where he stood, the controlling mechanism took up all of the available room. Various ash-pan damper regulators, etc., occupied the right-hand side, but I finally managed to wedge myself to a point of vantage in their midst, from where I could command a view of the track through the circular glass window in the front or wind-sheet.

These cabs are an utter abomination. The wind howls through them as through an abandoned barn. I recall that I wasted an even box of matches, which are mighty scarce in France, in trying to light one cigar, and this would probably have been the fate of another had not the fireman come to the rescue with a piece of wire which, in the meantime, he had heated in the fire-box.

They say over there that the engineers and firemen themselves are to blame for these cabs; that those of American design have been tried, and the men did not want them. They like to do their work standing up, and there is certainly enough of it to do to keep them in that position.

### Adjusting the Cut-Off.

We made a flying start from the *gare du Nord*, as there was a switch-engine somewhere on the hind end which pushed gamely until we were about a mile down the road, and the fast-speeding De Glehn had commenced to settle into her stride.

That yard, by the way, was crowded with incoming suburban trains, switch-engines, and what not, and it seemed very odd to me to note an apparent disregard of all yard-limit rules to which I had been so much accustomed. This engineer pushed the engine to her top-notch speed from the time when the switch-engine let go. His grindstone handle arrangement of throttle-lever was gradually turned down to the limit and left there. I never saw it touched again



until the solitary stop was made at Amiens, eighty miles from Paris.

It was explained to me afterward that this high initial speed was necessary on account of having to make a run for the hill, a rather stiff gradient, for this fast train, of fifty feet to the mile, which begins near St. Denis, four miles from the *gare du Nord*, and continues some eighteen miles to Survilliers. This rise, and another from Criel to Cannes, constitute practically the only up-grades between Paris and Calais, although there are two quite sharp humps just before reaching the latter terminus.

### A Master-Hand at the Throttle.

While getting the throttle wide open, and satisfying himself that no slip existed in connection with the big drivers, the engineer became busy in adjusting the expansible valve-gear for each of the two sets of cylinders. As nearly as I could judge, after a rapid conversion of the metric system into its English equivalent, the cut-off in the high-pressure cylinders was at about forty-eight per cent of the stroke, and in the low-pressure about sixty-two per cent.

I will never forget the wild dash for that hill, and the way she climbed over the eighteen miles of it. We were going, per speed recorder, sixty-five miles an hour when we flew by St. Denis, and just twenty-one minutes later the squeaky little whistle apprised the inhabitants of Survilliers that the Northern limited was in their midst.

I never saw an engine more skilfully handled than this one was throughout the balance of the run, which was all the more interesting in view of the general complexity of the mechanism at the engineer's hand. He had not only the throttle, air-brake, sander, whistle and injectors to handle; but in addition, the variable exhaust-nozzle, which was always reduced somewhat on an ascending grade, and the independent valve-gears for high and low-pressure cylinders, which I have mentioned, and which had to be adjusted to meet the changing conditions of track and grades.

The French engineer did not change these continually, but even took time when we were running on a level to indicate with his hand that we were coming to a hill, and with a piece of chalk would give some idea of its rate and length. He kept close watch on the gage showing the receiver pressure of the steam after passing from the high-

pressure cylinders toward the low pressure, and kept it usually at about seventy-three pounds.

But for my misfortune in not understanding the language this very intelligent man would have made clear his reasons for everything he did. I can only say that, having the facilities at his command, he adjusted this compound to its work, and was in a position to get out of it all that the boiler could supply.

Certainly the game of running this locomotive was skilfully played. The work impressed me as would a violin in the hands of an artist. This engineer had more strings to his instrument than those handling other types of engines. He did not appear to be of any higher grade of intellectual development than the locomotive runners of other countries, but he had a good machine, was well trained, and was truly interested in his work.

The engine used for fuel a very good grade of gas coal, with which was mixed fourteen per cent of briquettes. These measure 7x11x5 inches, and half a dozen of them were kept lying on the deck in front of the fire-door. Several times on the run these were thrown in while going down hill in order to reserve the best fuel for taking an up-grade beyond.

The actual firing I thought was rather heavy. It varied from three to seven scoops of coal at from four to six minutes' intervals. Most of the coal was put very close under the door, with only an occasional scoopful thrown into the front corners of the fire-box. At intervals of about twenty minutes the fire was raked ahead with a double hook. Although the smoke-box of the engine was absolutely devoid of netting, or a spark-arresting device of any description, there was no smoke worth mentioning when the throttle was open, and in returning at night I noticed there were but very few sparks.

### Premiums for Saving Coal.

Very high premiums are paid to engineers and firemen on French railways for saving fuel. Fines are also imposed if they exceed the supply allotted for a run. In fact, the premiums and fine system prevails throughout their work. It was evident that this crew was personally interested in the pile of coal on the tender, and they handled it as if it was their own.

This was another new experience for me, and it did not seem to be done for my benefit, either. I noticed that the fireman watched the engineer very closely, and usually waited for a motion of his hand before putting in a fire or using the hook.

Steam was not allowed to blow off at the safety-valve of this engine, except once, when the engineer, to show me the effect of the variable exhaust-nozzle, purposely allowed the pressure to drop to 200 pounds. He then by means of the hand-wheel in the cab decreased the size of the exhaust, whereupon the pressure mounted immediately to the blowing off point, 213 pounds, but the speed of the locomotive was retarded to a very appreciable extent.

The engineer pointed to the coal in the tender, shrugged his shoulders, and quickly restored the nozzle to its proper opening. They don't let coal be blown away through the pop-valve in that country.

### We Arrive on Time.

It would be impossible within the confines of this article to touch upon the picturesque side of this truly great run against time. I considered the hopelessness of that task even when this splendid locomotive was eating up the miles over the running grounds from Cannes into Amiens, where, with a slightly descending grade the speed-recording gage hung steadfastly to what in English would be seventy-two miles an hour.

Of the trio who held forth in that uncomfortable cab, there was one at least who appreciated the beautiful panorama through which we sped. Words can scarcely describe the varying succession of ideal summer landscape, which only France can produce, and which smiled with a fleeting glance upon us through the sunlight of that glorious day in June.

The quaintly-gowned women who lowered the crossing gates, and waved in unconscious admiration to the space-annihilating monster on which we rode, seemed curiously to blend with the prevailing scheme of oddity and unreality, which greeted me on every hand. It appeared, indeed, as though everything was reversed, and yet the fact remained undeniable that the results were there.

The train pulled into Amiens punctual to the minute. The run from Paris, eighty miles, had been turned off in eighty-five

minutes, and we still had 115 minutes remaining to cover the 105 miles which separated us from the sea.

Monsieur Artaud tried his best to get out of that city in less than the five minutes allotted time, but not even his versatility could prevail against the time-honored ponderosity of continental station methods. He had no engine bell to ring as a reminder to the conductor, but he tooted the whistle persuasively, and afforded other unmistakable evidences of his desire to be gone.

I improved the opportunity while we were standing in that historic place to feel around the driving-boxes and bearings of the De Glehn, as an American railroader always will, no matter what his environment may be, but everything was all right. There was not a suggestion of heating anywhere; in fact, she was as cold as though she had never started.

I was the only one who felt the bearings on this engine, because in this admirable construction no anxiety need be entertained in regard to proper lubrication. The driving-boxes are oiled from the cab, while the valves and cylinders are supplied by a positive lubricating pump, driven by a connection to the valve motion.

This pump is placed on the left running-board (engineer's side), where it does its work very effectively. From the pump small copper pipes lead to the valves, to the cylinders, and in some instances to the piston-rods.

### They Have Their Troubles.

We departed from Amiens one minute late, but it was of little moment. The fastest sustained speed was made between Amiens and Etaples, fifty-nine miles of level or gently-descending grade, which the De Glehn turned off in fifty-five minutes, a rate, without undue effort, of more than sixty-four miles an hour, with the further consideration that it was performed from a dead stop. I thought that this engine did her best, if there was any choice, on this particular portion of the run, but after passing through Etaples we experienced some little trouble.

It is an old claim, in our own country, at least, that no matter how well everything may go for a time, there must be some disquieting feature before the stop-block is reached. It appears that this is just as binding in France, for the air-sanding de-



vice gave out just when we needed it the most, between Boulogne and Calais, where in two short, but rather stiff hills have to be surmounted, and on this day the rail was none too good, although the weather was ideal.

M. Artaud betrayed considerable uneasiness, when after repeated efforts, he failed to get the sand under his big drivers, but nothing could be done until Calais was reached, and the damp sand cleaned out of the box and traps.

Fortunately no time was lost on this account, but a much more serious matter, which became apparent about the same time, was a sudden drop in the boiler pressure, which heretofore had remained approximately at 200 pounds.

### Getting Her Right.

This proved to be an instance where the variable exhaust-nozzle failed to stimulate the fire, because the fireman had in some way lost it. Several of us have in the past been in the same predicament, and it can no doubt be readily appreciated how quick it all happens, but it don't want to happen too often on a run where 185 miles has to be reeled off in 195 minutes.

Monsieur Artaud, however, promptly usurped the fireman's office when his ever-observant eye noted the pointer on the gage fluttering uncertainly about the 170-pound mark. (The reader will understand, of course, that no such indications were on the gage, the metric system being converted by the author throughout the entire article into its English equivalent for the sake of more ready understanding.)

He motioned for his assistant to assume the lookout ahead, and by dexterous use of the fire hook and shovel in a very few minutes restored matters to their normal basis. I touched my hat to him, and pointed to the steam-gage, which again had mounted to nearly the maximum pressure, and he smiled clear through to the end of the run.

So long as the train arrived on time I was really glad that the bad luck occurred with the sander, because it gave me an interesting opportunity to study the handling of a running repair job in a foreign country.

It is down hill and level directly into Calais, and when the first fresh whiff of the channel came stealing into the perfume

of the flower-bedecked gardens, through which on either hand we flew like a meteor, the engineer began his preparations to bring the speeding train to a stop. The throttle was first closed, and then the valve-gears were dropped slowly into full travel. Both injectors were put to work, and the variable exhaust-nozzle enlarged to its maximum opening.

In the meantime the fireman was doing his best to have the fire in condition for easy cleaning on arrival at the ash-pit. No coal was thrown into the fire-box during the last ten miles of the run. The fire was, however, frequently raked over and leveled, so when the stop was finally made it had burned down to a uniform depth of no more than eight or ten inches over the grate, and the steam pressure, hitherto so essential, had dropped to 150 pounds.

I thought how much more sensible this procedure was, and how much more community of interest with the terminal force at Calais was thereby displayed than is ordinarily exhibited in the United States, where an engine too frequently comes in with a fire-box full of fire and dirt, in such a condition that to clean it properly requires sometimes a full three-quarters of an hour. I saw this fire cleaned in less than ten minutes, after which, so far as that detail was concerned, the engine could have started immediately on the return trip to Paris.

The roundhouse foreman met us at the station (*Calais-gare maritime*), in fact, before the engine was cut off, and anxiously inquired what work was needed to be done before the return trip. Another admirable arrangement in the instance of an important train! I am afraid that our own hard-worked foremen are far too busy for any such thing as that.

### He Watched the Repairs.

So far as having the sander repaired, which was all there was to report, M. Artaud personally saw that this was attended to. Instead of leaving the engine when he landed it on the shop track, which he had a perfect right to do, he chased her up while the fire was being cleaned, and followed her into what we would call the roundhouse, only it is square in that country.

Not until he satisfied himself that the box had been thoroughly cleaned and re-

plenished with dry sand, and through a test became convinced that the sander operated properly did he go for his dinner, for which he had just twenty minutes.

The run back was not nearly so fast, but it was replete with interest. The weather changed somewhat unfavorably before we pulled out, and when night finally closed in to the accompaniment of a dreary drizzle of rain at St. Just, about fifty miles from Paris, the absence of the headlight made the prospect ahead dark, indeed.

Nevertheless, through that Stygian darkness this great mechanical creation sped unerringly towards its goal. It made no difference whether the cab, with an utter absence of light, except when vaguely illuminated by the occasional opening of the fire-door was inexpressibly black, the realization was present that the same master-hand controlled, as well as though the bright sun were shining, that bewildering array of levers, screw-gears, and what not, and as the miles were left behind, coincident with the minutes a trustful dependence on this engineer gradually stole upon me.

I could not but help looking on the guiding hand of this iron and steel avalanche in admiration almost akin to reverence. Through that strident discord of speed the knowledge was ever present that a trained eye pierced the night, and that behind it was the intuition to serve when even vision failed.

It was not so much the appeal of the mile-a-minute, but the tribute from one who knew, to the nerve which dared, the courage which executed, and none the less the judgment which restrained.

The train was five minutes late leaving St. Just, and the engine crew were alarmed

over the prospect of further delay, but no such unpleasant contingency materialized. The line was singularly clear that night.

The winking green eyes of the semaphore in the "all clear" position gleamed cheerfully through the drizzling rain, and as with undiminished speed we sped through the great freight yards at Criel a dozen high-balls from as many side-tracked freights proclaimed mutely that they were in to clear.

Presently the sky-line ahead became suffused with the glow of Paris, the city of light, and the arc lamps twinkled hospitably over the flats as the engineer closed his throttle for the last time. The minute-hand on the great clock in the *gare du Nord* was straight up and down on the stroke of nine, and its chimes rang musically as the big drivers settled into their last turn under the cavernous train-shed.

I recall that as the patrons of the train passed the engine to seek the street-cars or the cabs, they gazed at it with a curious stare. It is no wonder, because there are very few engines like that in this world, and I have been in a position to know.

The running skill of this engineer, and that of his fireman as well, tells of years of conscientious effort on the part of the whole department of the *Chemin de Fer du Nord*, of which M. du Bousquet was at the head. It offers most valuable evidence of the value of cash premiums for meritorious work, and constitutes a practise which we may well study to advantage. Above all other things it shows that machinery is but a part of the whole, and that the training, the encouragement, and, more vital than all, the interest of the men operating it, is the all-important part.

## MOVING A HUGE ELEVATOR.

THE Santa Fe right-of-way was the scene of the biggest job of elevator moving ever attempted in this or any other country. When you consider the moving of a building 128 feet long, and 82 feet wide, and 151 feet high a distance of about seven hundred feet and setting it upon new foundations, you will realize that the feat is well worth recording.

To make room for new switch-tracks, the huge old elevator at Argentine, Mo., capable of housing four hundred thousand bushels of grain was moved to a new location. The building being over eighty feet wide, it was necessary to construct several runways, and the length of the building made many points in the underpinning to be sup-

ported. The length and weight made it practically impossible to place under the building a set of girders sufficiently stiff to carry the load along without racking the structure, so that care was taken to build up a good track for the two hundred steel rollers. The track was composed of steel railroad rails, three rails being used in each runway, giving each roller three points of support.

It required over two weeks of constant labor to do the preliminary work of blocking-up and building the track on which the structure should roll along, yet so perfectly was the work carried out that the building moved smoothly forward with but a single team of horses as the motive power.—*Santa Fe Employes' Magazine.*





# Observations of a Country Station-Agent.

BY J. E. SMITH.

## No. 33—Chauncy Tells of the Causes That Made Him Swear Off on New Year's Day and of the Casualties That Made Him Swear On Again.

**I** LOOKED in on Chauncy at the ticket-office a few mornings ago. Usually when I visit Chauncy, I show an appreciation of his warm cordiality by sitting on his typewriter, or by occupying his cushion chair and resting my feet on the open pages of his ticket book. Often I recline full or half length on his table, but I seldom do this unless I have hob-nails in my shoes, or unless he has a number of tariffs, some correspondence, or an assortment of ticket stubs that I can pull off on the floor when I leave.

It is only by these little tokens that he appreciates my visits.

I do not know how it is in other offices where the commerce of man is carried on, but, on railroads, no man can go into an office for any purpose without crowding close upon the official occupant.

You would think a trainman—merely citing an instance—would address a telegraph operator through the window, would you not?

Guess again, Polonius.

You can have "PRIVATE" printed on the office-door in letters one foot long and in rich vermilion and you can throw in a black skull and cross-bones for good measure, and the trainman, with oil and grease and train dirt all over him, will push by the window, bolt into the office and sit down on the telegraph-table, engineer on one side, conductor on the other, and the head brakeman occupying the only chair.

From these points of vantage, the whole crew tells the operator what they think of the despatcher in tones loud enough to be heard out at the coal-house.

This arrangement makes the operator a sort of slinking accomplice—bearded in his den, caught with the goods on, and no way of escape.

These thoughtful criticisms cannot be conveyed to the operator in a mild voice through the ticket window. In fact, in a railroad office no business can be satisfactorily transacted through the window. Everything must be delivered hand to hand, close range, wrist lock, bar arm and half Nelson—or there is no force to it.

So I bolted into Chauncy's office with the usual railroad abandon.

Chauncy met me with a murderous look.

The battalion halted with the right wing resting on the office safe.



I FILLED CHAUNCY'S NOSTRILS WITH THE AROMATIC SPICE OF THE SELECTED LEAF.

"Tell me," I half gasped, "is the body concealed in the basement?"

"Never mind the body," growled Chauncy, "Sherlock Gulk will attend to those details. I thought that door was locked and bolted, but I see it wasn't. Sometimes when I see 'em pass the window, I can leap over there in time to clamp it fast, but that accursed chair was in the way and I lost out by one second."

"Will you have a cigar?" I asked timidly.

"No—no!" protested Chauncy, wildly waving me off with both hands. "Don't do that! Put 'em away! Not for me! I quit 'em first of January! Don't light that here! Don't let me see it! I can't stand to smell the smoke! It makes me wild!"

"Have you been five days without a cigar?" I asked dubiously.

"Yes, five days—five weeks—five years—five centuries—"

Chauncy groaned and doubled over in his chair with his face in his hands.

He was in the throes of combat. He was throwing off the yoke of bondage. He was in the titanic struggle to liberate himself from an evil habit.

I could give him no aid. All I could do was to stand passively by until the crisis of

the agony had passed. I lit a cigar and puffed in his direction intermittent whiffs of the fragrant Havana fill. When a man struggles, he should have something with which to struggle. That is what makes a real man. If he conquers too easily it is not worth the effort.

I filled Chauncy's nostrils with the aromatic spice of the selected leaf.

I watched him squirm.

Then I shifted to the ticket window and leaned against the counter and beat a tattoo on the ticket dater.

When an outsider gains access to a ticket office, the first friendly thing that he does is to toy with the ticket dater. Usually he stamps the unprotected type a few times, after which he turns the thumb screws. I did both of these.

"Don't do that!" yelled Chauncy, comi-



ing to life again. "Don't monkey with the dater. See what you have done!"

Chauncy stamped a piece of clip and held it up for my inspection.

"What date is to-day? January five! See what you did! You changed the date to July four! Suppose I hadn't seen you! Suppose I had sold a lot of tickets. They are limited to date, you understand. See how you would mix the conductor and the auditor. They would come back at me and I would have to explain. What could I say?"

Chauncy searched my childlike face with a fierce scrutiny—but no visible answer.

"If you go over there and sit down I'll get you a pack of card tickets to play with," he continued disgustedly. "They are numbered in order, you know, and you can muss them up. That's fully as entertaining as playing with the dater or sitting on the typewriter."

I sat down, but with brazen front. I have been among railroaders some years, and the fierce glance, the reproving gesture, and the reprimanding word do not add a single pulse beat or the faintest blush.

"Broke off any other bad habits than smoking?"

I asked after a bit, with a sort of languid interest.

"I quit swearing, also," growled Chauncy.

"What! No more profanity?"

"Not from me, believe me. I reasoned it all out. Why should a man permit himself to be a slave of a lot of mean habits? Why ruin the health by tobacco and the mind by ugly words? Why does a man want to use profanity, anyway?"

"Search me," I replied. "I can use it without wanting to."

"A man uses profanity," Chauncy

went on with the deliberate wisdom of the last court, "as a low and vulgar substitute for decent words. The free and easy swearer forgets, after a time, a large part of his native language. He qualifies everything with an oath. Exit adjectives! Then when he is unexpectedly called into a seemly and decorous conversation, he finds he is a blank. He hasn't the goods. He cannot deliver. He turns turtle."

"What's that got to do with railroad-ing?" I asked innocently. "They seem to get trains over the road on about as spotted a vocabulary as ever adulterated the atmosphere."

"That's the train service. My duties are with the public and call for polish and good breeding. In short—a gentleman. Can you grasp that?"

I went after it, but muffed the ball. The Charley horse or the sun got in my eyes.

"Don't get the angle," I apologized feebly. "Do people recognize you? Did you quit anything else?"

"I have," said Chauncy solemnly. "I have quit showing irritation. I have quit showing that streak of ugliness and bad



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temper that is in almost every man. 'Smile, and the world smiles with you.' Ever hear that one? That's me!"

Chauncy's face lighted up with a smile, sickly but virtuous. He stood and proudly pointed to himself as the paragon of uprightness.

"That's me!"

I started to slink out. "This holy temple is no place for me," I explained.

"Hold a moment," protested Chauncy, laying a detaining hand. "I bunched 'em all, threw 'em overboard." He made a larboard sweep of the arms. "Since January one, I am a changed individual—a regenerated man!"

"What," I cried. "No more Burgunda? No more of the exquisite boquet of the yuba-yola, the fermenti of old Kaintuck, or the brew of Milwauk? Everything to the discord? Do I get it right?"

"You do," said Chauncy. "You get the situation with one comprehensive grasp."

I held up four fingers and tapped them off deliberately. "Smoking, swearing, drinking, and ill-temper. Anything else?"

Chauncy shook his head.

"How about lying and short-changing the public?"

"Not guilty!" snorted Chauncy. "It isn't the ticket agent that lies—it is the public that misunderstands. When you tell a passenger all about a connection, he forgets in an hour or so whether you said A.M. or P.M. If everything isn't just as he thinks it should be, he knows you have lied to him, even if he can't remember a word that was told him. As for short-changing, a passenger will walk away from your ticket window and leave his change on your counter. The agent calls to him, then whistles, then yells, then turns in the general alarm to attract the departing patron, who will finally be steered back to rake in his change, and will not even bestow a single grateful look on the agent who engineered the comeback. If the agent should forget to put the change before the passenger, or underputs, the passenger bawls him out as a highway robber, a daylight bandit, a bold marauder. Police!"

"Sad, indeed, that one should be so misunderstood," I said, with doubtful sympathy. "Wouldn't it have been better to have taken laudanum and made a hasty exit from this cruel world? Without the nerve to do this, why try to reform? Why not plunge deeper in villainy and degrada-

tion? Why do you seek to lead a better life when the odds are against you? My boy, you have started in the wrong direction. You should smoke more, drink more, swear more, lie, steal, and justify the faith of the public. Have a cigar?"

Chauncy waved aside the proffer with a J. Cæsar disdain.

"Strange, isn't it," he said, "when a man's friends find he has deserted the crooked paths, how they trouble themselves to lead him back. When I smoked, you never came in here with cigars. If there were any free offerings they were from me to you. When you find I've quit 'em, you hand 'em out as freely as John D. Oilfellow does advice. To the rear with you, Lucifer!"

"Will you tell me what brought about the reformation?" I asked. "Is there a woman in it? Or is it just a fool caprice of January the first?"

"A little of both," replied Chauncy. "Mostly the latter. The thirtieth of December was the witching day. Three little incidents happened to me on that day. They came in rapid succession and they were trivial within themselves, but they set me thinking so seriously that I determined with the new year, it was me for the straight and narrow.

"Going back a little. Has it ever occurred to you that while all of us have many acquaintances, only a few of them are real friends? Friends that are like brothers? There are only from two to five for every man. You know Jim Parker up-town? Jim is one of the nearest. I say anything to Jim; ditto Jim to me. I was always a welcome guest at his home. I go there, we open a bottle, touch off a Havana, and lament the shortcomings of humankind in one convivial and congenial wail that does both of us a lot of good.

"We view everything in about the same light. We have the same tastes, the same politics, the same line of religion, the same d—n dis—Excuse me! a slip of the tongue—the same dismal outlook on what is and what is to be, so we find solid enjoyment in each other's company.

"Jim's wife is the little lady of the land. She is not an assertive, talkative woman with an insinuating presence. She has that pleasing reserve, that smiling diffidence, that bewitching toleration, that encourage the vanity of man and make him look upon her as the princess of womankind.



"She was always glad to have me come to the house and spend an evening with Jim. She thought I was a gentleman—"

"A what?" I cried in amazement.

"A gentleman," retorted Chauncy. "She thought I was a gentleman."

"Poor ignorant creature—"

"Please do not interrupt me," said Chauncy. "I make no claims, understand. I grant she was mistaken, but she thought

"Jim's lusty 'Hallo' came back at me.

"Now, when you chasten a friend, soft words have no value. I wanted to hand him a classic rebuke. 'Hallo!' called Jim again.

"This I learned afterward:

"Jim's mouth was full of collar-buttons. He was changing shirts. After the second 'hallo,' he handed the receiver to his wife. 'See what he wants,' said Jim.



"YOU'VE GOT YOUR NERVE WITH YOU, TO STICK THAT UGLY MUG OF YOURS UP TO THAT TICKET WINDOW."

it, and that was the situation up to 2 P.M. of the afternoon of the 30th of December.

"Going back a few months into the past for a connecting incident, I will confide to you that a certain deadhead with a plausible story put one over on me, and it cost me ten dollars. It was such a scientific touch that I put Jim next to it. When I learned that, in spite of my friendly admonition, Jim had fallen for the same imposition, I was somewhat irritated with him for placing so light a value on my, well-meaning advice. So I proceeded to chasten him.

"He was at home and I got him on the phone.

"Then I interjected myself into the plot. "Say," I yelled ferociously, 'you're a fool! That was a fine way to do after me putting you next! If I hadn't any more sense than you got I'd—'

"That was as far as I got.

"A cry of a woman's voice came to my ear, a cry of offense and injury. It was Jim's wife. I fired that broadside of billingsgate directly at her—as gentle a little lady as ever lived.

"I suppose Jim bounced over to the telephone and came back at me with some thunder. Anyway, I wasn't there. I hung up and let the infernal machine ring. I did not want to communicate with any one for a

time. My first impulse was to lie out of it and prove an alibi. Then I resolved to double the dose and hand it to Jim stronger than before, when I found the opportunity.

"It" came sooner than I expected. Jim found his way to the depot.

"The first I was aware of his presence was, in chancing to look up, I confronted him at the ticket window with a semi-pug-nastic, quizzical expression on his face.

"I gave him a hard, unafraid stare, to

"At least that was the intention.

"But Jim, always considerate and polite, had stepped aside just as I delivered that broadside, and his place at the window was taken by a lady delegate to a suffragette convention. She was a lady of classic refinement and native Mayflower piety. She gave me one horrified look, then, with tilted head and features set like stone, she swept from the place.

"Jim dug out also.

"He didn't want to be seen in my company. He hesitated at the door long enough to pull off the little pantomime of tapping himself suggestively on the head, and to say, 'Too bad—too bad!'

"I sat down and had some hard and hurried thoughts.

"Of course, I determined on an humble apology and explanation to the lady delegate. That brought me to the humiliating conclusion that my brand of offhand conversation needed setting out on the rip-track.

"I fixed the date then and there—January the first! From that day, no more evil words; nothing stronger than genteel slang.

"Maybe you think that is easy. Think again.

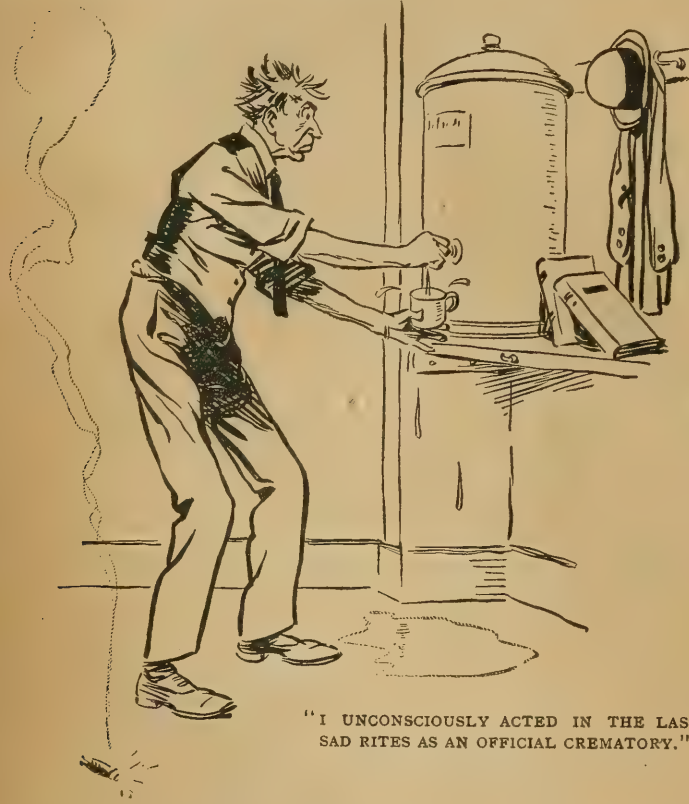
"I can't have any feelings. I can't get mad. I can't be astonished. I can't be overjoyed. I am stupefied and speechless. I sit around here in a deadly calm."

"Clam," I suggested.

"Calm," retorted Chauncy. "I said calm—c-a-l-m, meaning quiet, repose, tranquillity."

"Also," I added helpfully, "sluggish, dull-witted, addle-pated, dunder-headed."

"S'nough," cried Chauncy, raising a protesting hand. "Nobody asked your help. If I could only smoke, it would be more endurable."



show I was neither ashamed or humiliated, and bent over a bunch of tickets I was counting.

"I added a touch of bravado.

"Like cures like. Or, as Shakespeare puts it:

Take then some new infection to the eye,  
And the rank poison of the old will die.

"I boldly handed Jim another.

"'You've got your nerve with you,' said I, 'to stick that ugly mug of yours up to that ticket window.' I said it hard and strong, then looked at him in the eye.



"Why quit everything the same day?" I asked, with some curiosity. "Why not wrestle with one temptation at a time."

"What do you know about it?" asked Chauncy savagely. "Did you ever quit anything? Don't advise any one until you have put through a few resolves yourself. I quit 'em all in one bunch at one time to be done with it. Why should I want to spread the agony along on the instalment plan?"

"I quit smoking because I consumed ten cigars a day and upward. That is a strain on my resources and an irritant to my nerves. Frazzled nerves induce profanity. One is a mean accomplice of the other. When I quit one I quit all. Quit swearing at 2 P.M. Quit smoking at 3 P.M. Took my last 'bottled in bond' at 4 P.M., same day, December 30. The helpful hand and cheering mood, two days later. January 1, at 9 P.M., I was under the half-wool blankets, and at 10 I dreamed of smoking. I snorted and puffed, turned into a grasshopper engine and plunged into a tunnel and went down, down, down, through the Jurassic, Triassic, Silurian. A pterodactyl took a peck at me, and old Pluto reached for the prongs. That's the first night out on the reform route, and the scenery don't improve any the further you go.

"I told you what set me thinking about my language. You ask what gave me further pause about the weed? Listen.

"After that suffragette lady fled from the window, I, sat down in a blue funk to moralize on my degeneracy.

"Say, fellow," came a rude voice from the ticket window, 'I want some information! Hurry up! I ain't got much time to stand here! Here's how it is! If I go to Paducah, and from there to Casad Landing, and can get a packet to Heck's Ferry, and that logging road shouldn't happen to be running out of Kuttawa, how could I double back from Bowling Green to Mammoth Cave? Do you know anybody around Tompkinsville? Wonder if there's a good private boarding-house at Glasgow. Galatin is a good town, isn't it? What will the liveryman charge me to drive me over to Edmonton?'

"I got up languidly, still preoccupied with thoughts of my own, and shoved him the official guide.

"Hold on," he cried, 'I can't find anything in that book!'

"Look in the back for the index," I said.

"You're like all the rest of them! You don't want to give any information! Maybe you can't! But you don't look like you would, anyway!"

"He snorted some more ill-natured stuff, but I remained quiet.

"He made a pretense of finding something in the guide, but I knew it was a hopeless quest. After two or three minutes, he gave it up. I knew he would. Trouble was, he did not know what he wanted, neither did I. He pushed the guide toward me.

"Thank you for your trouble. Don't know how the traveling public would get along if it wasn't for the kindness of the ticket agents."

"Sarcasm was too apparent. No answer necessary from me.

"He turned away, then he came back.

"Have a cigar," he said. 'That's about the only way I can show my appreciation for your attention.'

"Maybe he thought I wouldn't take it—but I did. Not only that, but I looked it over critically to let him know I was choicy, even in the acceptance of tokens of appreciation.

"Muchblige," I grunted.

"It looked good. I bit off the end, lighted it, and tilted back so I could think more comfortably and complacently over the evil words I had previously liberated.

"All remorse is tempered, all sorrow is mollified, by the slow tasty whiffs of real Havana.

"I thought—

"All at once I got a whang that was not exactly orthodox. I pulled again, then again, but the last was still viler. I held the cigar between my fingers and gave it a reproving scrutiny. Then I tried it again. I pulled at it and chewed on it until the senses of smell and taste were grossly offended. Half smoked, I laid it aside.

"I went over to the cooler and gargled my throat. I burned a rubber band to neutralize the stench. What brand, what infernal concoction was in that cigar? What genius had conceived the idea of crossing kraut, limburger, and crude oil in an innocent Sumatra wrapper? I asked myself that fool question. With an eager curiosity, I dissected the unsmoked portion.

"Believe me, sir; but I found the full-length remains of Rameses III, consumed to about the third vertebra, embalmed in two thin shrouds of real tobacco.



J. NORMAN LYND.

"HEY—HEY—HO—HO—WELL WELL!" CACKLED THE OLD JUDGE. "YOU MUST ALWAYS SHAKE THE BOTTLE."

"That was my first thought, but on closer inspection, it turned out to be a three-inch tobacco or tomato worm gone to its reward and cunningly entombed by some devilish cigar-making wag, and, in the last act, passed to me for politeness. And I—I, sir, innocently and unconsciously acted in the last sad rites as an official crematory.

"Of course, that fellow knew the cigar contained a corpse—the ungrateful whelp.

"When a man swears himself into disgrace at two o'clock, and smokes himself into disgust at three o'clock, it's time to quit both. Isn't it, now?"

"But at four o'clock you went dry—how was that?" I asked.

"Same day—but that's another story.

"A ticket agent learns from his town paper the comings and goings of his people, and on these hints he often calls at their homes to interest them in his line.

"I read that Judge Hock was expecting to go to Florida. I called at his residence. I needed a walk and the open air to get the mummy taste out of my mouth.

"The judge is an old man with tottering step, dull ears, and defective eyes. He was glad that I called and eager to talk of the details of his contemplated trip. He led me into his dining-room, and, fumbling about the sideboard with an uncertain hand, brought forth a bottle.

"'Here it is,' he said with a chuckle, shaking an amber bottle. 'I got this when I was in Florida last winter. It's Jamaica rum—real Jamaica—very rare. Maybe a little fiery for you, but you won't mind it. You don't get anything like this very often.'

"He placed the bottle before me.

"I laid a firm hand and poised the wine-glass with a steady nerve.

"I poured out a portion of dark liquid—not brimful, understand, but a liberal measure. I took a gulp. It stung like a hornet. I threw a fandango, let out one blood-curdling Communch, and shot out the afore-said in the open grate. It was blue flames and the bottomless pit.

"The next moment the household was in an uproar.



"Hey — hey — ho — ho — well, well!" cackled the old judge. "I didn't think it was that stout! You must always shake the bottle. The fusel-oil's on top. You didn't shake it!"

"The judge's daughter appeared on the scene and took in the situation at a glance.

"I was bobbing up and down on one toe and holding both hands on my mouth.

"Water!" I gasped.

"They rushed for water.

"I cut a spread-eagle and the figure eight before the water reached me.

"What have you done, pa?" cried the girl, catching up the bottle. "Why, pa, look here!— Goodness gracious, pa! How could you do it! This is your lumbago liniment!"

"From that minute the water-wagon for me. It was an act of Providence, all those things happening to me the same afternoon, right at the swearing-off anniversary."

"Allah is great! Allah is wise!" I said with Mohammedan fervor.

That was five days ago.

To-day, I again looked in on Chauncy. It is the tenth. I was disgusted.

Festoons of smoke hung and drifted about the office walls, and he had just lighted a fresh one.

"Have a cigar with me," he exclaimed

with bravado. "There's a box of them in the safe. The best blank blank goods that ever came to this town. This is number ten for me. I stayed with it nine days. Nine days in the desert.

Nine days with naught  
But dismal thought.

"Who saved me? A woman? Yes, a woman led me out. It was Jim's wife. I told her how sorry I was, and how miserable I was! I told her of the new but joyless life!

"Give me," said she, 'the man who smokes if he likes, swears if he feels it, and fights if he must—a virile, assertive, and combative hero, who is not afraid of himself.'

"I saw it that way at once.

"Who wants a trembling weakling? That was me, see? Who calls for a molly-coddle? Was I coming to that, a molly-coddle? Heavens! it was a narrow escape."

"And the Jamaica rum?" I asked.

"H'st. It's ordered. A package will come from Covington—Covington, Kentucky—K. Y. A 'gentleman's agreement,' you have heard of that among railroaders, haven't you? They don't last much over a week. I lasted nine days! Think of that! Some quality, eh?"

## TELEPHONING FROM A MOVING TRAIN.

### Wireless Messages Are Successfully Exchanged Between English Inventor on Train and Station Operator.

**W**IRELESS telephoning from a moving train was accomplished recently for the first time with complete success, on a stretch of railway line four miles in length, between Horley and Three Bridges, on the Brighton Railway, near London, England.

Mr. Henry von Kramer, the inventor, who conducted the experiment, is an electrical engineer, trained at Munich, and now engaged in business at Birmingham. For four years he has been working out the system in his private workshop.

For the purpose of the experiment a double line of wire was laid along the sleepers between Horley and Three Bridges. One telephone apparatus was placed in the brake-van of the 2.03 P.M. train from London Bridge, the other was in the signal-box at Three Bridges.

As the train entered the circuit at Horley, Mr. von Kramer placed the receivers to his ears and conversation took place while the train was running at forty miles an hour. A railway official then took the telephone, and, talking to an inspector at Three Bridges, asked him to repeat the message.

This was satisfactorily done, and the inventor then had another successful conversation. The fact which distinguishes Mr. von Kramer's system from any other previously tried in England or America is that there is no contact by brush between the moving train and the stationary wires. The electric impulses travel between the "bridge" on the carriage and ground wires through an open-air space of eighteen inches.—*English Mechanic and World of Science.*

# VANISHING RAILROADERS.

BY JOHN W. SAUNDERS.

## The Thousand-and-One Nights' Tales of the Old Railroads as They Were Related by the Boys.

### CHAPTER I.

#### Retrospective.



CONFESS that I have long entertained an indulgent feeling toward several classes of men who are dealt hardly with by common report. These are hackmen, baggage-men, conductors of street-cars, and railroad men generally. While I am willing to admit that these fraternities contain their proportion of black sheep, I am not aware that they are in any way dangerous.

I cannot believe that the extra coat of soot so freely laid on by that extravagant colorist, public opinion, can be justified by appeal to any ordinary models. Few realize, perhaps, the extent to which they think evil of good neighbors and industrious public servants.

A railway-conductor invites a passenger to leave the car at a certain station, and learns with horror that he has insulted a village alderman returning from a metropolitan debauch. A brakeman refuses a gentleman permission to smoke in a parlor-car, and is reported for rudeness to an embryo Congressman. An engineer, running a wild engine to some wreck, refuses to take a brace of pedestrians into his cab, and he is called up to answer the complaints of some agricultural committee. Devotion to rules and instructions brings these persons before their self-constituted enemies in an unenviable light, and straightway all railway men are condemned.

I once attended a popular lecture on temperance, illustrated by numerous highly colored prints professing to represent the stomachs of drunkards.

The theory appeared to be that redness is the greatest of all evils, and the stomachs depicted became redder and redder—from the rose-colored blush attached to that bane of teetotalism, the moderate drinker, up to the rubicundity, deep and bright, discovered in a man who had died of *délirium tremens*.

At this point there still remained a stomach unaccounted for—one far redder than the rest. The intensely vivid scarlet of its center passed gradually into maroon on one-side, into purple on the other.

At length the lecturer pointed his wand toward this appalling object. The expectant audience was hushed into breathless silence. A pin might have been heard to drop.

"This, ladies and gentlemen," he uttered very slowly and deliberately, as if in enjoyment of the suspense; "this heart-rending diagram presents to you a faithful and accurate delineation of"—pausing again—"a *railroad man's* stomach!" And then, giving time only for the expiatory sounds, and for the rustle of subdued but general movement, which accompany the release of an assembly from highly wrought attention, he proceeded to denounce those persons who, by riding on railways, afforded to the attachés thereof the means of applying a hectic flush to their digestive organs.

I am not prepared to picture the effect he produced upon others; but for myself, I was sufficiently struck by the injustice of the sweeping accusation which the words conveyed, to turn with no small disgust from the glib fanatic through whose lips they passed.

From this small incident I date the origin of an involuntary regard, since confirmed by many incidents, for a worthy class who



have suffered unduly in the estimation of their fellow men. I am always ready to defend them from so silly a charge, for it should be known that no person given to excessive indulgence in any of the small vices can find employment to-day in any department of the railway service if once exposed.

There are black sheep now and then, but these are exceptions to the rule. There are traces of the divine hand of the Creator in us all. Whether we look upward or downward in society, if we will only see each other rightly, we can come to no truer conclusion than that railroad men are good fellows in the main.

Engineers and firemen are wont to sun themselves, when off duty, at the round-house, and it is not uncommon to find a score of these brave fellows gathered at a single sitting.

A majority are off duty, a few may be waiting for orders; but there is always time for a yarn, and some one to tell it. The better class of engineers begin life as apprentices in the shop, and developing into master machinists, go into the cab, familiar with every part of a locomotive, and thoroughly trained in the method of its construction.

They are regular subscribers to the various publications that issue in the interest of their branch of the service, and, as a general thing, keep themselves well informed as to current events. The fireman who goes through a severe apprenticeship with the hope of some day getting an engine of his own, is usually much attached to his engineer, and the two are generally inseparable companions.

The fireman's brasses must shine, even though food and rest have to be ignored. Both engineer and fireman become much attached to their engine. They frequently vest it with human faculties, and not infrequently expect it to give evidence of reciprocal affection. The confidence of the engineer in his locomotive is of the same character as that which binds the lover to his sweetheart.

## CHAPTER II.

### The Old Eagle Eye's Yarn.

"I USED to run a locomotive," said Jones, "on a road branching out from the C., H. and D., at Hamilton, Ohio, and running into Indiana. John Lincoln was su-

perintendent, but I've forgotten what they called the line. It was fifty years ago. Podunk was on that road, a town in Posey County, not unknown to fame. Stopping there one night, I noticed two green-looking countrymen inspecting the locomotive, and giving vent to expressions of astonishment. Finally one of them looked up to me and said:

"Stranger, are this a lokymotive?"

"Yes. Didn't you ever see one before?"

"Haven't never seed one afore. Me and Tom come down to the station to-night pupuss to see one. This is the feller, ain't he?"

"Certainly."

"What yer call that yer in now?"

"We call this the cab, and that's the driving-wheel."

"That black thing yonder's the chimney, s'pose?"

"Yes, that's the chimney."

"Be you the engineer what runs the merchine?"

"I am the engineer."

"Tom," said the fellow to his mate, after eying me closely for a few minutes, 'it don't take much of a man to be an engineer, do it?'

"That joke was on me."

"I came over from Liverpool," said Manning, when the laughter had subsided, "and gets an engine on the New York Central. A bit of an accident 'appened at the other end of the line one day; that is to say, I run my engine over a very respectable gentleman of the neighborhood. When I gits to the end of my run, seems like everybody in the town was at the depot to bother me with questions.

"I don't say what town it was, as how I don't want to offend no man's feelin's. One old gentleman 'arassed me very much, and wouldn't take no excuse, so, good-natured-like, I told him as how it was.

"I seed the old gentleman upon the line," says I, 'walking along with his hands in his pockets, about 'alf a mile ahead, quite comfortable, and I dare say thinkin' o' nothink like—certainly not of me, behind him, coming along with a couple of thousand tons at forty miles the hour. So I whistles away merrily—'

"Good Heavens!" cried my listener. 'Do you tell me that you whistled when a fellow creature was placed in circumstances of such imminent peril?'

"I made my engine whistle," I explained. 'I often speaks of the engine as if it was me, sir. I shrieked, I say, in a manner as was a caution to cats; but not a bit would the old gent get out of the way or turn his head, by which means I can't help thinking ever since that he was somehow deaf. We reversed, put our brake on, and turned off our steam, but, bless ye, it was ne'er a morsel of use, for we couldn't have pulled up under a mile at least, and just as we neared him the poor old gent turned round and threw up his arms, like this—'

"'Gracious goodness, my man,' says my listener, 'do you mean to say that you ran hover 'im?'

"'Lor' bless ye, sir, why, of course we did. We was down upon 'im in a minute, like one o'clock!'

"The crowd was awful still now till a young commercial traveler observed quite dryly:

"Yes, sir; the incident as which you have so graphically described happened to my uncle.'

"My old listener wiped the perspiration from the top of his 'ead.

"He was killed, of course?' he says.

"No. The hentie train passed over 'im, merely removing the skin from the top of his nose. The engine threw him on his back between the rails into a hollow part of the ballast. If he hadn't been deaf, he would perhaps have gone mad with the noise.'

Here's another:

"Jim Carpenter was bringing in the eastward-bound train, not long since, and stopped at Shokan. I don't know what was up; the sheriff of the town was on hand, with a posse of men and a chain, to prevent the train proceeding any farther. The chain was passed through the back end of the rear car; but before it could be fastened to anything substantial, Jim got wind of how matters stood. He threw the throttle wide open, and started the train with a thump. The effect on that posse was the same as that on the Indians who once attempted to capture a train on the Union Pacific road with a lariat."

"Some thirty-odd years ago, the down train on the Bangor and Piscataquis road was being made up at Oldtown for connection with the E. and N. A. train. A locomotive of the former line was moving quite swiftly at a short distance from the depot. My name is Jack Watford, and I was in

charge of that locomotive. A lad about seven years of age walked into the center of the track, unconscious of the approaching engine. Busy with my inside brasses at the time, and moving, as I thought, merely at a depot pace, I failed to keep an eye ahead. The locomotive came rushing along, and the bystanders, horrified at the peril of the boy, shouted wildly to him to run.

"The discovery of his peril seemed to paralyze his limbs, and terror seemed to root him to the spot. I looked out, saw the trouble, and shut off—but it was too late.

"Just as the engine reached the lad, a young man rushed from the crowd to the rescue. He seized the boy as the pilot of the locomotive was within a few feet of the spot, threw him by main force to the platform beside the rails, and with a mighty effort sprang clear of the track, apparently grazing the front of the engine as it thundered by."

"Talking about pilots," says Crotter, "that reminds me of one. Tom Jauriet was master mechanic of the Burlington, at Chicago. He was of French extraction, one of the most accomplished machinists in the country, and the inventor of many valuable improvements in the locomotive. 'Ditto' is the pet name of an engineer on the road, also of French descent. One time 'Ditto' sold two pigs to Jauriet, but never received his pay. Well, along came Jauriet's order that every engineer should pay for every pilot he broke. Oh, that was some years ago, old man!

"Two years after the sale of the pigs 'Ditto' went into Chicago with a broken pilot, and the 'old man' hinted at the pay. 'Ditto,' who was always able to pilot his own canoe, replied:

"'Me pay pilot ven you pay pig!'

"Doc, how about that fast time on the B. and M.? I heard of it when I was running into Albany."

"Well, the 'old man' came to me, and says he: 'Cap, can you make it?'

"'I kin, if the wheels'll stick on,' says I.

"'Go ahead, then,' says he, 'and I'll get on the way-car.'

"I looked behind after I let her out, and saw the tails of his coat sticking straight out, and he standing on the hind steps. When we reached the down grade the trucks came off the hind end of the last car, but we never stopped! I made it, and the old man said it was the best time I ever made on that road."



"What kept the hind end of that car up, boy?" asked Stedman.

"Well, you see, we was going so fast that the wind held her up all the way!"

"Just so," rejoined Smith; "that reminds me of our old black cat. She had twenty-two lives. She used to go down in the cellar and lick up all the old woman's cream. I thought I had her killed once or twice, but she managed to come round again."

"Which?" inquired Doc. "The old woman?"

"No, you fool! the old black cat! Well, finally I broke her to pieces one day against the cellar wall, so she couldn't come together again, and buried her in an old pile of rotten hay near where some corn and punkins were planted.

"Next spring the corn came up and the punkins got ripe. One morning the old woman went down in the cellar for her cream, and there was the black cat, licking away as if she hadn't lost a day! There was a little of the rotten hay sticking to her yet, and out of her body there protruded—"

"There what?" interrupted Doc.

"Out of her body hung a punkin-vine, and a little ways off was a punkin. Farther along on that vine was another punkin, and then another, and so on all the way out to that hay-pile!"

"Say, Smith, how fur was it to that hay-pile?"

"Well, I didn't measure, but I should judge about a mile."

Doc got down on his game leg, pulled off his cap, and said with warmth:

"Smith, that's an *infernal lie*!"

Charlie Clark, an old U. P. man, but later on the North Missouri, said they used to have Doc's match out that way.

"Jim Styles was one of the oldest engineers in the country, and one of the best of men. He had a run on the old Ohio and Mississippi. I fired for him several years, and he taught me all I know about a locomotive.

"It was common to drink at every station in those days, and some of us even went so far as to carry it in the box on the cab. Jim was very fond of his brine, and it often got the better of him. He was a widower with two children—both girls, one about eighteen, the other eight. I was a little sweet on the big one, and I believe Jim thought the road was clear, but—well, let me tell it my own way.

"We got to thinking seriously about this

brine business, and one evening the little girl asked Jim and me to go to a temperance meeting in the town where we both lived. We laughed at the idea at first; but, to humor his little pet, the father took her by the hand, and we were all soon seated in the church.

"The address was about individual influence, and, pointing right at us, he said: 'The little girl sitting on the workingman's knee in front of me, even she has influence!'

"Jim, as if acting under some sort of a spell, jumped up, put the child on the floor, and then, striking his hand against his thigh, exclaimed, 'That's true!' Then embarrassed at what he had done, took his seat, put the little girl again on his knee, and listened attentively to the speaker. Everybody was taken aback, of course, and some thought he was drunk, but I knew they would never have a chance to say that of Jim Styles again.

"Well, the meeting broke up, and a good many ladies came to kiss Jim's little girl. I pulled out a ways, for, to tell the truth, boys, I wasn't used to such scenes. After a bit, the lecturer came to Jim and asked him what made him act so in the meeting.

"'I am an engineer of the road here,' said Jim; 'and when I had the south run I used to go for my brine every night, and seldom returned sober. I had a daughter then about eighteen years old, a dutiful child with a warm and affectionate heart. She used to come after me to the beer-shop, and wait outside the door in the cold and wet until I came out, that she might conduct me home.

"'She was afraid, if left to myself, that I might fall and injure myself on the way. She caught a severe cold, poor thing, in this way; it turned to consumption, and she died. I felt her death very much, though I still went to the saloon. But, somehow or other, I never liked to go that way alone after she died, especially in the night, and, for the sake of company, I used to take with me the little girl whom you saw sitting on my knee to-night.

"'But one night,' Jim went on, 'I was walking along with the little girl, and when we got very near the saloon there was a great noise within, and my little girl shrank back and said, 'Father, don't go in!'

"'Vexed with her, I took her up in my arms and proceeded. Just as I was entering the saloon door, I felt a scalding hot tear fall from her eyes. It went to my heart.

I turned my back on the saloon. It is now three months ago, and I have never tasted a drop since.'"

### CHAPTER III.

#### When You Hit Something.

"**D**UTCH JAKE" was the railroad name of a Teutonic engineer on a certain Eastern road. "Princeton Bill" is the name of a worthy Scotchman who attends the switches at an important point on the same road. He has been there ever since the road was built.

A paralytic attack, or something of that sort, has affected the hinges of his jaw, and they work poorly. He can get up steam easy enough, but his rods are too tight. There is a heap of lost motion on the part of the jaws before he gets a word out, and when it comes, it comes with a jerk.

Dutch Jake, on the other hand, stutters; his tongue always gets in the way when he talks, especially when he is excited. Jake first met Bill when the latter was fixing a switch to let his train in. Bill attempted to tell Jake that there were some cars to take on there. The jaws struggled, the mouth was all at sea, and the tongue forgot its cunning.

Jake gazed first with awe, and, hearing no articulate sound, imagined that the switchman was ridiculing his own infirmity. Boiling with rage, he set out to reply.

"W-w-w-m-m-m—" was as far as he could get. His face red with the rushing blood, his lips kept moving, but not a word escaped.

Bill replied in the same strain, after another exhaust or two. Jake was finally emptied of this struggling sentence:

"W-w-what. i-i-in-t-t-th-hunder's m-m-mat-ter m-m-mit you?"

Bill was sure Jake was mocking him, and went for him with both hands. If the boys had not interfered, there would have been a serious fight, for both were stalwart men.

"Guernsey is an engineer on a Georgia railroad. His fireman is Joe Patty. Joe is just getting well of his injuries. They were coming in with a passenger-train, due at 7.33 P.M., when, within a mile of Hickville, Patty went to the front of the engine to oil the valves of the steam-chest; and just as he reached the bumper, a beam to which the pilot is attached, the engine came in contact with a cow. The force of the train threw

the cow upon the beam on which Patty was standing with his back to the cow, and his face fronting the cab.

"The shock threw him off his feet, but, having a firm grasp upon a brace, he held on with the tenacity of a drowning man. He succeeded in maintaining his grip with one hand until, with the use of his other, he regained his position.

"The cow, in the meantime, had fallen off into the ditch, dead. Patty's right shoulder and breast were badly bruised, and the palm of his right hand cut entirely across.

"I call that some ride, even for an old-time engine," said Bill Simkins, who told it.

"I think I can beat it," said Steve Curry, "with one of the most thrilling railroad incidents on record. It was literally a ride for life. It occurred in Oregon, between Portland and Salem.

"I had charge of the down train, and we approached the station at full speed, for we were some minutes behind. The road, at this point, ran through a deep cut, something more than a mile in length. Entering it, the road makes a curve, so that an engineer cannot see entirely through it.

"As we thundered along, I little thought what stirring times were upon me. We had hardly entered the cut before I saw a woman riding leisurely through it, and with perfect nonchalance, using the center of the track. She was not more than half-way through the cut, and barely a quarter of a mile ahead of me. There was no air in those days. So I whistled 'Down brakes,' and then sounded the warning.

"The woman, hearing the peculiar death-whistle of the locomotive, looked over her shoulder, and saw the train rushing at her. She did not shriek or faint, or give up all hope. Her courage was equal to the emergency. She commenced swinging her riding-whip from one shoulder of her horse to the other, thereby urging him to exert his utmost speed. The whip, and perhaps the shrieking of the steam-whistle, caused the horse to make time, but the iron monster gained on him every moment.

"The quick and nervous whistling caused the passengers to look out of the windows, and when they saw the woman, the wildest excitement ensued.

"Several jumped forward and seized the bell-rope, as if that would help. The boys at the brakes were exerting all their strength, and you bet I was doing all I knew how to stop the train.



"The woman, too, was doing her level best to make that bit of horseflesh rise an unheard-of speed, but all in vain. The locomotive kept gaining on the horse and its rider, and there seemed no further hope.

"Finally there were, perhaps, thirty feet intervening between the cow-catcher and the horse's heels, when, fortunately for the woman, she guided the fleeing horse from the track and endeavored to press him against the wall of the cut, in order that the train might pass by without injury.

"In doing this she was encouraged by Sam Winans, the conductor, who had run forward and out on the locomotive. A few moments more, and the fiery monster poked his nose past the rump of the horse. At this moment Winans threw his whole force against the animal, and held him until the train stopped. The space between the engine and the wall of the cut was very narrow, but the woman's life was saved."

"Say, give us a rest on this escape and accident business," roared Cully, of the B. and O.

"Here, too,"-joined in Baker, of the Pennsy. "Out our way we kill people by the score."

"What was the woman's name, Cutty?"

"She proved to be a Portland girl on a visit to a schoolmate at one of the smaller stations; a beautiful, dashing, spirited girl, about sixteen."

"I say, what was her name?"

"Well, her name is Mrs. Curry now."

"Whew-w! All right, John, let her out!"

Tounley, of the New York Central, said it was time for a little more romance.

"To begin at the beginning, a young lady in the city of Troy, New York, the daughter of wealthy parents, eloped with a young man named Niles, a railroad engineer, and the twain proceeded to Cleveland, Ohio. They were pursued by an infuriated brother of the young lady, and to avoid detection, after the marriage ceremony had been performed, the young lady arrayed herself in male attire.

"In this disguise, and while selling apples on the street, she passed her brother several times without being recognized. The couple went South, where Niles got an engine on a Southern road. His wife, still keeping up her disguise, shipped with him as fireman. Between Nashville and Chattanooga a shot fired by a highwayman inflicted a serious wound on the engineer, and he was taken to a hospital. His wife fol-

lowed, and to her careful nursing Niles owes his life.

"When sufficiently recovered to endure the hardships of traveling, they returned to Cleveland. A few months later gold discoveries in Canada attracted them, and the wife accompanied her husband, still in masculine garments. The vicissitudes of her career, exposed to hardships and accidents, were too severe, however, and she died after a brief illness. She wore male attire successfully for ten years. Niles, who now resides at Oshkosh, Wisconsin, is about forty years of age, and does not refer to the heroic devotion of his wife but in terms of the warmest admiration."

"When a certain party sued our company for damages," said a fireman, "engineers from all the roads were summoned to appear at the trial. Among others was Williams, our master mechanic. One of the lawyers asked the question:

"Can you get an engine up to a car without moving the car; if so, how?"

"A number of engineers answered in various ways, until it came to Williams.

"Well, sir, I should just get a couple of pinch-bars and pinch her up."

"At another time," said Malone, "there was a suit against our road—something about damages for setting fire to some hay. Billy Wilson was a witness, and what he don't know about a locomotive ain't worth knowing. Well, the lawyer for the farmer wanted to have some particular point about the engine explained. Wilson had gone over it two or three times, but couldn't get it through the lawyer. The lawyer finally confessed that he couldn't understand it.

"I'm not at all surprised," rejoined Wilson. "Anybody can become a lawyer, but it requires brains to know a locomotive."

"It was during the Fulton County Fair that this happened," said an old-time con, "and extra trains were the order of the day. Our train was the regular passenger running from Galesburg to Rushville, with orders to meet the extra passenger at Canton, then to run to Bryant for No. 20—Kimbal's freight.

"We side-tracked at Canton, and while there the telegraph operator received orders to hold the passenger for No. 20. He started out with the order, and seeing the passenger coming, thought it was Kimbal's freight. He returned, failing to deliver the order—for if it was the freight, the order was useless.

"But it was the passenger, and the operator did not discover his mistake until the passenger came up to the platform and had pulled out again. He ran after the train with the order, but, of course, it was a useless chase. We had orders to run to Bryant and 'hurry up,' and the freight had orders to 'hurry up' to Canton. Both trains were running at full speed! They met on the short curve in the timber, about three miles below Canton.

"They saw nothing of each other until separated by only fifteen rods. Chilson called for brakes, and Brooks, his fireman, jumped off. He reversed his engine, and with one foot against the boiler-head and both hands firmly grasping the throttle, he braced himself for his fate, and stood there until they struck!

"When we picked him up life was not extinct. His face was mashed and his body fearfully scalded. We carried him to a hotel, just across from the depot, and laid him on a cot in the office. The landlord complained that his house was full, but we felt that he was afraid his trade would be temporarily hurt.

"We bore the sufferer to an old vacant house, where he died in great agony in four or five hours. His conductor, baggageman, and brakeman were with him to the last.

"Both engines were smashed up, and two or three passengers were slightly bruised, but I believe the company thought poor Chilson was the greatest loss.

"Chilson refused to jump; he had often been heard to say that it was an engineer's duty to stand by his engine under all circumstances."

"I think," said Sam Wallack feelingly, "that we have as brave men, men as much devoted to duty, all about us as those who have been celebrated in prose and verse."

"Say, Doc," asks one, "what was the name of that locomotive you run on the B. and M. road, years ago? I heard that you were on that road a while."

"Why," replied Doc, "that was the old 'Ottumwa.' She had a four-foot six-inch wheel. You may talk about your rides and your fast time, but just let me tell you what happened to me once on that road.

"Well, I was put onto the Ottumwa one day, and, as the boys told me she wasn't very slow, thought I would try her a string or two. My conductor came around and says: 'This time has got to be made, and you'll have to let her out to do it.'

"So I started. She moved off quite easy, and after we got out of town I let her out a little. I had been jogging along I thought about on time when Hilton, my conductor, came over, and says he:

"'Old man, you will find by the time you get up the next grade that you won't have much time left to get to Crow's Junction.'

"So I gave her another notch, and when I got to the top of the grade I see, about a mile ahead, a good half-mile of solid beef. I took out my watch, and saw that I was forty-five minutes late.

"Says I to myself, 'Faint heart never won fair lady,' and I told my fireman to shove in some more diamonds. I gave her a little of what goes through the boiler and opened her feed-box. When we passed through the beef it was all ready for the butcher. I cut it up to order. Superintendent said I was too much of a butcher."

"You don't mean to say, Doc, that you went down the grade so fast that you killed the stock?"

"No, I don't say so, but I know the foreman of the roundhouse ordered some of the wipers to drive off that steer that stood by the coal-chute. He mistook the Ottumwa for a steer. They took eleven skins off the pilot!

"I've got to finish this packing now, boys, but that's true."

"When Doc left the road here," said Stedman, "I took his engine, the old 51. That locomotive could drink more, and do her work under it, than any critter I ever drove. But I never could get her by Jim Aiken's, at Mendota, until she had her brine. Doc had her pretty well trained. I tried her one day, working her wide open, with one hundred and fifty pounds of steam, but she stalled at Jim's sure. Couldn't get her by until we had our brine!"

"There are little incidents occurring on the road," said Charlie Cossom, "as well worth the telling as the latest murder. A little girl wandered on a track in Delaware as a freight-train of nineteen cars was approaching. As it turned the sharp top of the grade opposite St. George's, the engineer saw the child for the first time, applied the brakes, and reversed his engine. But it was too late to slacken its speed in time, and the poor baby got up and, laughing, ran to meet it.

"The engineer told the conductor that if he could jump off the engine and, running ahead, pick up the child before the en-



gine reached her, he might save her life, though he would risk his own.

"The con did so. The engine was within one foot of the child when he secured it, and they were both saved. I would not run the same risk of saving a child again, by way of experiment, for a million, for nine out of ten might not escape.

"He took the child to the lane, and she walked to her home. The honest engineer, having finished his day's run, sat down the next morning and wrote a homely letter to the father of the child, 'in order that it may be more carefully watched in future,' and thanking God 'that himself and the baby's mother slept tranquilly last night, and were spared the lifelong pangs of remorse.'"

Then Bill Donovan said:

"I formed the acquaintance of Tom Hoyle in the air, at an altitude, I should conjecture, of about five thousand feet. We were sent up as advance agents by a locomotive that subsequently retired from business, so when we returned to mother earth both employer and employment were gone.

"I was not allowed the pleasure of a formal introduction to Mr. Hoyle during that brief journey, but having been picked up in his embrace, I have always hugged the impression that he had a hold on my friendship for life. He was an English engineer, or 'driver,' as they are called there, and I had been allowed a few miles on the stoker's seat, in order to watch Hoyle at his work. He was a little over anxious to make a good display of his skill and the power of his engine, and his original ideas exploded, with the result as hinted above.

"We were carried to a farmhouse near by, where care and attention were extended. It was during this forced confinement that I learned much about driving engines. Hoyle would get his splinters arranged comfortably, and sometimes go on for hours, in this way:

"'When a man has a liking for a thing, it's as good as being clever. In a very short time I became one of the best drivers on the line. I took a pride in it, and liked it. No, I didn't know much about the engine, scientifically, as you call it; but I could put her to rights if anything went out of gear—that is to say, if there was nothing broken—but I couldn't have explained how the steam worked inside.

"'Starting an engine is just like drawing a drop of gin. You turn a handle, and off she goes; then you turn the handle the other

way, put on the brakes, and you stops her. There's not much more in it, so far. It's no good being scientific and knowing the principle of the engine inside; no good at all.

"'Fitters who know all the ins and outs of the engine make the worst of drivers. That's well known. They know too much. It's just as I've heard of a man with regard to his inside; if he knew what a complicated machine it is, he would never eat or drink, or dance, or run, or do anything, for fear of bursting something. So it is with fitters. But we who are not troubled with such thoughts, we go ahead.

"'But starting an engine is one thing, and driving of her is another. Any one, a child, almost, can turn on steam and turn it off again; but it ain't every one that can keep an engine well on the road, no more than it ain't every one who can ride a horse properly. It is much the same thing. If you gallop a horse right off for a mile or two, you take the wind out of him, and for the next mile or two you must let him trot or walk.

"'So it is with an engine. If you put too much steam on to get over the ground at a start, you exhaust the boiler, and then you'll have to crawl along till your fresh water boils up. The great thing in driving is to go steady, never to let your water get too low nor your fire too low. It's the same with a kettle. If you fill it up when it's about half empty, it soon comes to a boil again.

"'You should never make spurts unless you are detained and lose time. You should go up an incline and down an incline at the same pace. Sometimes a driver will waste his steam, and when he comes to a hill he has scarcely enough to drag him up.

"'When you're in a train that goes by fits and starts, you may be sure there is a bad driver on the engine. That kind of driving frightens passengers dreadfully. When the train, after rattling along, suddenly slacks speed when it isn't near a station—it may be in the middle of a tunnel—the passengers think there is danger. But generally it's because the driver had exhausted his steam.'

"Barney Butz, in his day—some sixty or more years ago—was the oldest locomotive engineer in the United States. He ran an engine on the Reading. In 1847 he was running an engine from Parryville to Weatherly, the 'planes' being then in

operation. The cars were drawn up to the planes by a stationary engine.

"They tell a good story of Barney's readiness in case of an emergency. One day his engine would not steam well, and he was likely to be overtaken by a passenger-train before he could reach the switch. Seeing a good-sized porker beside the track, he jumped from the engine—the train was moving slowly—seized the pig, cut its throat, and stuffed it into the furnace. The fat of the pig was better than kindling wood, and in a very short time Barney and train were out of danger."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### Hank's Last Drink.

**A**NOTHER old-time member of the club—an old eagle-eye—lit his pipe and reeled off this one:

"I was running on a Western road from, let us say, Beeville to Goldsburg. My mother lived at Beeville. At Goldsburg I had the sweetest little wife in the world, and a baby the very image of its dad. I had always had a dollar or two put by for a rainy day, and the boys spoke of me as an odd kind of a man.

"To be shut up with an engine, watching with all your eyes and heart and soul, don't make a conscientious man talkative, and I never squandered my leisure spinning yarns and listening to railway jokes in the round-house. My wife's name was Josephine, and I called her 'Joe.'

"I never belonged to any of the railway clubs, and never should if it hadn't been for Granby.

"Granby was a nephew of our division superintendent, and it's a failing with men of the road that we like to be noticed by the fellows at headquarters.

"Granby was a showy fellow, and often rode with me. He had a good opinion of me, and, so far as I know, we were good friends. Once he said to me:

"You ought to belong to the Railway Scientific Club, Hank."

"Never heard of it," said I.

"We meet once a fortnight," he replied, "and have a jolly good time. We want practical, thinking men of your sort, and I'll propose you, if you like."

"I was fond of such things, and I had ideas that I fancied might be worth something. But the engineer don't have many

nights or days to himself, and the club would have one evening a fortnight from Joe, I said.

"I will ask her. If she likes it; yes."

"Ask who?" he said.

"Joe," I said.

"If every man had asked his wife, every man's wife would have said, 'Can't spare you, my dear,' and we should have no club, at all," said Granby.

"But I made no answer. At home I told Joe. She said:

"I shall miss you, Hank; but you do love such things, and if Granby belongs to it, they must be superior men."

"I said yes, and Granby proposed me. In a few weeks I went with him to the rooms. The real business of the evening was the supper.

"I had always been a temperate man. I did not know what effect wine would have on me. After so many glasses, I wanted to talk; and after so many more, I did.

"I seemed like somebody else, the words were so ready. My ideas came out and were listened to. I made sharp hits and indulged in repartee, told stories, and even came to puns. I heard somebody say: 'Granby, by George, that's a man worth having. I thought him dull at first.' Yet I knew it was better to be quiet Hank, with his ten words an hour, than the wine-made wit I was.

"I was sure of it when, three months after, I stumbled up-stairs, to find Joe waiting for me with her baby on her breast.

"You've been deceiving me," said Joe; 'I suspected it, but wasn't sure. A scientific club couldn't smell like a barroom.'

"Which means that I do," said I.

"And look like one," said Joe as she locked herself and baby up in the spare-room.

"One night I was dressed in my Sunday suit, ready to go to the club, when Joe stood before me.

"Hank," she said, 'I never had a fault to find with you before. You've been kind and good and loving always; but I should be sorry we ever met if you go on in this way. Don't ask what I mean—you know.'

"It's only club night," I said.

"It will grow," said she.

"Then she put her arms around my neck.

"Hank," she said, 'do you think a thing so much like a bolted and strapped down demon as steam is fit to put into the hands of a drunken man? And some day,



mark my words, not only club night, but all the days of the week, will be the same. I have often heard you wonder at the feelings of an engineer who has about the same as murdered a trainful of people, and you'll know if you don't stop where you are. A steady hand and a clear head have been your blessing all these years. Don't throw them away, Hank. If you don't care for my love, don't ruin yourself.'

"My little Joe! She spoke from her heart, and I bent over and kissed her.

"Don't be afraid, child. I'll never pain you again.'

"I meant it; but at twelve o'clock that night I felt that I had forgotten my promise and my resolution.

"I couldn't get home to Joe. I made up my mind to sleep on the club sofa, and leave the place for good the next day. Already I felt my brain reel as it had never done before.

"In an hour I was in a kind of stupor. It was morning. A waiter stood ready to brush my coat. I saw a grin on his face. My heart seemed ready to burst; my hand trembled. I looked at my watch. I had only just five minutes to reach the depot!

"Joe's words came to my mind. Was I fit to take charge of an engine? I was not fit to answer. I ought to have asked some sober man. As it was, I only caught my hat and rushed away. I was just in time.

"My locomotive glistened in the sun. The cars were filling rapidly. From my seat I could hear the people bidding each other good-by, and promising to write and come again. Among them was an old gentleman I knew by sight. He was one of the shareholders. He was bidding two timid girls good-by.

"Good-by, Kitty; good-by, Luë,' I heard him say; 'don't be nervous. This is the safest train on the line, and Hank is the most careful engineer. I would not be afraid to trust any mortal to his keeping. Nothing could happen wrong with Hank at the throttle.'

"I said: 'We'll get through it somehow, and Joe shall never talk to me again. After all, it was easy enough.' I reeled as I spoke. I got the signal. We were off.

"Five hours out and five hours back again. I knew now that on the last run I should be myself again. I saw a flutter, and never guessed what it was until we had passed the down train at the wrong place. Two minutes more, and we should have

had a collision. Somebody told me, and I laughed. I heard the shareholder say respectfully:

"Of course, Hank, my boy, you know what you are about?"

"Then I was alone, and wondering whether I should go faster or slower. I did something, and the cars rushed on at a fearful rate. The same man who had spoken to me before was standing near me. I heard the question:

"How many miles an hour are we making?" I didn't know.

"I was trying to slacken the engine's speed. I could not remember what I should do. Was it this or that—faster or slower? I was playing with the engine like a child.

"Suddenly there was a horrible roar—a crash! I was flung somewhere. I was in the water. By a miracle, I was sobered, not hurt. I gained the shore. I stood upon the ground between the track and the river's edge—and gazed at my work.

"The engine was in fragments, and the cars in splinters. The dead and dying were strewn around—men and women and children, old age and youth. There were groans and shrieks of despair. The maimed cried out in pain; the uninjured bewailed their dead; and a voice, unheard by any other, was in my ear, whispering 'Murder!'

"The news had gone to Beeville, and people came thronging down to find their lost ones. Searching for an old man's daughter, I came to a place under the trees, and found five bodies lying there, all in their rigid horror—an old woman, a young one, a baby, and two tiny children. Was it fancy—was it pure fancy, born of my anguish? They looked like—they were—my mother, my wife, and my children—dead!

"How did they get on the train? What chance had brought this about? I groaned—I screamed—I clasped my hands—I tore my hair. I gazed in the good old face of her who gave me birth, on the dear features of my wife, on my innocent children. I called them by name. There was no answer—there never could be!

"Then I heard a whistle! Up the track thundered another train! Its red eyes glared upon me! I threw myself before it! I felt it crush me to atoms!

"His head is extremely hot,' said somebody.

"I opened my eyes and saw my wife.

"How do you feel?' she asked.

"I was so rejoiced and astonished by the sight of her that I could not speak at first. She repeated the question.

"I must be crushed to pieces," said I, 'for the train went over me; but I feel no pain.'

"There he goes about that train again," said my wife.

"Why, I tried to move. There was nothing the matter with me. I was in my own room. Opposite me was a crib in which my child was asleep. My wife and child were safe. Was I delirious, or what could it be?

"Joe," I cried, 'tell me what has happened.'

"It's nine o'clock," said Joe. 'You came home in such a state from the club

that I couldn't wake you. You weren't fit to manage steam, and risk people's lives, so I kept you home.'

"Joe began to cry.

"It was only a dream—only an awful dream—but I had lived through it as though it were a reality.

"Is there a Bible in the house, Joe?" I asked.

"Are we heathens?" asked Joe.

"Give it to me this moment, Joe.'

"She brought it, and I put my hand on it and took the oath. What had happened should never occur again.

"Have I kept it?

"Yes, and again, yes! And I resigned from the club. Home was the only place for me when I wasn't in the cab."

(To be continued.)

## SAW THE "IRON HOSS."

BY SNODGRASS, JUNIOR.

WHEN we got to the depo, I went around to get a look at the iron hoss. Thunderation! it wasn't no more like a hoss than a meeting-house. If I was going to describe the animule, I'd say it looked like—well, it looked like—darned if I know what it looked like, unless it was a regular he devil, snorting fire and brimstone out of his nostrils, and puffing out black smoke all around, and pantin' and he'vin' and swellin', and chaur'n' up red-hot coals like they was good. A fellow stood in a little houselike, feedin' him all the time; but the more he got the more he wanted, and the more he blowed and snorted.

After a spell, the feller caught him by the tail, and, great Jerico! he set up a yell that split the ground for more'n a mile and a half, and the next minnit I felt my legs a 'waggin', and found myself at t' other end of the string o' vehickles. I wasn't skeered, but I had three chills and a stroke of palsy in less than five minnits, and my face had a curious brownish-yeller-green-bluish color in it, which was perfectly unaccountable. "Well," says I, "comment is perfectly superfluous."

I took a seat in the wagin, or car, as they call it—a consarned long steamboat lookin' thing, with a string of pews down each side, big enough to hold about a man and a half. Just as I sat down,

the hoss hollered twice, and started off like a streak, pitchin' me head first at the stomach of a big Irishwoman, and she gave a tremenjous grunt and then ketched me by the head and crammed me under the seat; and when I got out and staggered to another seat, the cars was a jumpin' and tearing along at nigh onto forty thousand miles an hour, and everybody was bobbin' up and down like a mill saw, and every wretch of 'em had his mouth wide open and looked like they was laffin, but I couldn't hear nothin', the cars kept up such a rackit.

Bimeby they stopped all at once, and then such another laff busted out o' them passengers as I never hear'n before. Laffin' at me, too, that's what made me mad, and I was mad as *thunder*, too. I ris up, and, shakin' my fist at 'em, says I, "Ladies and gentlemen, look a-here! I'm a peaceable stranger"—and away the dern train went like smallpox was in town, jerking me down in the seat with a whack like I'd been thrown from the moon, and their cussed mouths flopped open and the fellers went to bobbin' up and down again. I put on an air of magnimous contempt like, and took no more notice of 'em, and, very naturally, went to bobbin' up and down myself.—From an old Railroad Scrap Book.





# Passes of the Past.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK CARTER.

**L**IVES of Great Men all remind us, they could ride free every time. With such precedents before us, paying fare seems but a crime. Let us, then, be up and doing, bound to get our passes back; Show the railroads that in grafting, we have never lost the knack.

—*Jingles of a Joy-Rider.*

**During the Five Years, Since the Hepburn Bill Became a Law, the Passenger Revenues of American Railroads Have Increased Fifteen Per Cent.**



**F**IVE years have elapsed since the cruel and inhuman Hepburn Law, taking a strangle hold on the railroads, compelled them to forego their pleasing practice of handing out passes to all comers, and, instead, to accept real money for the privilege of hauling the citizens of this fair land. In those five years more free-born Americans have stayed at home than in any other ten years since railroads were invented.

Staying at home aggravates, rather than stifles, *wanderlust*, yet Time mercifully mellows all sorrows. After five years, it is possible to contemplate the passing of the pass with outward composure, though not without inward emotion. Let us, then, take from the bureau-drawer the little pass that was cut off in its prime, rendered null and void, and hark back to the blessed time that lithographed formula recalls.

What delightful memories mingle with the odor of lavender flowers in which that pass is embalmed! What visions of joy-rides from coast to coast, and from lakes to gulf, it conjures up! And it was all so simple and inexpensive.

To be seen at the ticket-window in the good old days buying railroad transpor-

tation was equivalent to making public confession that you controlled no vote but your own, that you had no social aspirations, no political ambitions, and no commercial standing, for everybody who was anybody traveled on passes, and they wanted everybody else to know it.

## The Sign of the Elect.

To possess a pass was equal to a place in the four hundred. The only distinction between the common herd of the eminently respectable and the elect was that the latter carried a wallet full of annuals instead of traveling on trip-passes. One rung higher up the ladder, Pullman passes were added to the annuals. Those who really knew the ropes, also carried a dining-car frank, and cracked a joke with the porter in lieu of a tip.

In the good old days before 1906, a certain railroad out of New York City ran a Grafters' Limited. It was a special train to the State capital to accommodate pass-holders. It is said that tickets were so rare on that train that when the conductor chanced to discover a passenger with that form of transportation his hand trembled so that he punched holes in his thumb instead of the pasteboard. Then he would hurry

on to tell the flagman, the head brakeman, and the baggageman that:

"That red-headed, speckle-faced cuss in the third seat on the thumb-hand side in the smoker is ridin' on a ticket. Say, if business keeps on pickin' up this way the company ought to be able to stand a raise for us fellers."

Then the trainmen to whom these sensational disclosures were made would parade back and forth through the smoking-car to gape sidelong at the speckle-faced phenomenon, while "Peanuts" fell over his own feet in his haste to reach that gentleman's side.

Without a moment's delay, "Peanuts" proceeded to find a diamond ring right under the ticket-holder's feet, a half-interest in which, he declared with unparalleled fairness, belonged to the latter. In the excess of his desire to play fair, "Peanuts" wound up with an offer to renounce his own claim to the find for the small sum of one dollar. If the ticket-holder did not fall to that, there was the short-change racket to close a transaction in figs or literature; or, as a last resort, there was the shell game.

Oh, it was a great distinction to travel on a ticket in the old days!

### One Railroad's List.

Since it was furnished to the Interstate Commerce Commission by the Boston and Maine Railroad, in 1891, as a résumé of the various kinds of persons to which that road was in the habit of furnishing free transportation, the following may be taken as an official deadhead classification:

1. Sick, necessitous or indigent persons.
2. Gentlemen, long eminent in the public service.
3. The proprietors of large summer hotels and large boarding-houses.
4. Wives and other members of employees' families.
5. Agents of ice companies and milk contractors doing business on the line of the road.
6. The higher officers of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts.
7. Railroad commissioners of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts.
8. Members of the railroad committees of the legislatures,
9. Trustees under mortgages on the property of the corporation.
10. Complimentary passes to persons whose good will is important to the corporation and who, so long as the general practise

of the railroads remains what it now is, might justly take offense if they received from the Boston and Maine different treatment from that received from other roads.

With a free-list that ran the whole gamut from those who could not pay to those who did not want to pay, it was almost impossible to escape railroad passes prior to 1906.

### Going the Limit.

As a matter of fact, the President of the United States, everybody connected with the Federal government, Cabinet ministers, heads of departments, Supreme Court justices, circuit judges, United States marshals, clerks of the Supreme Court, Governors, secretaries of state, auditors, treasurers, attorneys-general, State judges, members of Congress, members of Legislatures, clerks, sergeants-at-arms, doorkeepers, messengers, capitol policemen, aldermen and municipal officers of every degree, shippers and others who could influence in any way a shipment of a car-load of freight, or who thought they could influence it, together with their relatives and friends and friends of their friends, were all freely provided with passes.

An authoritative pen-picture of actual conditions is to be found in a letter written in 1894 by Second Vice-President J. T. Brooks of the Pennsylvania Railroad to Joseph H. Choate, when Mr. Choate was presiding at a convention to revise the constitution of New York. Said Mr. Brooks:

There was a time when public officials were content to receive occasionally trip-passes for themselves. They have learned to ask for passes for themselves, for members of their families and for political adherents and others. They not only ask for passes over the lines controlled by the officers to whom they apply, but they ask for passes over connecting lines to distant and remote points, good at all seasons of the year. They not only ask for trip-passes for themselves and their friends, but they ask for annuals for themselves and their friends; and no matter how many passes are granted to a single individual, if a single request is refused, the enmity of that official is aroused and his vengeance is exercised if he has an opportunity to do so. I have known a member of the Supreme Court of the United States to apply for free transportation, the money value of which in a single instance was between two hundred and three hundred dollars.

Mr. Brooks might have added that they always got them, too!



A committee of the Iowa Legislature, in an exhaustive report on passes submitted in 1882, declared that the legislative pass was regarded as a "heritage." Any interference in the enjoyment of this heritage was regarded as unwarranted presumption on the part of the railroads and was resented as such.

### When Marked "N. G."

The Chicago and Alton found this out when, in 1901, it had the effrontery to send members of the Illinois Legislature passes stamped: "Not good in compartment-cars," "Not good on the Alton Limited," "Not good locally between Chicago and Joliet."

Naturally, these galling restrictions roused indignation in the breasts of the statesmen. They immediately started an investigation of all wrecks on the Alton for the preceding six months, but thought better of it when passes commensurate with the dignity of statesmen were substituted for the offensive pasteboards.

Every once in a while an upstart railroad had to be taught its place. One such railroad in Ohio had the impudence, not to say indiscretion, to refuse a pass to the chief of police of one of the largest cities in the State. Immediately thereafter, trains passing through that city were frequently stopped and their crews were arrested for violating the ordinances against whistling, bell-ringing, exceeding the speed limit, blocking crossings, and similar crimes.

These stoppages caused so much delay and confusion that the service was demoralized. Observing this, the chief of police remarked that he "rather guessed there'd be something doing in the way of passes before long." And he was right.

One of the softest snaps Congress ever struck came about through the indiscretion of the Pennsylvania Railroad in encroaching on a public park when it built its old station in Washington. Every year an inquiry was started as to the right of the railroad to occupy a part of the government's land. This continued until the Pennsylvania came down with a liberal bunch of passes for all hands. Then an adjournment was taken until more transportation was needed.

Of course, the statesmen could not ride on all the passes thus obtained, nor could they even distribute them profitably among their constituents; so they sold a number of

them to scalpers. This income, added to their mileage allowance (and they always traveled on passes), helped out considerably.

Political bosses in Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Trenton, Newark, and New York fully appreciated the convenience of a pass as a ready means of raising cash in time of need. They, too, obtained passes in bunches, which they sold for spot cash to the scalpers.

Those who did not have even the puny pull required to land a pass on their own account, had only to apply to an alderman or member of the Legislature to get all they wanted, for, curiously enough, the aldermanic pull seemed to outreach most others. Business men and even railroad employees learned to go to the alderman for free transportation they could not obtain for themselves. In at least one notable instance, the aldermanic pull was so overworked that the railroads had to combine in self-defense to limit the number of passes issued to any one alderman in a given period.

### Some Who Wouldn't Ride Free.

On the other hand, there were a few eccentric individuals who did not appreciate the privilege of being able to bestow free rides in other people's cars. A Chicago alderman resigned in disgust, in 1902, because he was pestered to death by constituents in quest of railroad passes. He said there were never fewer than fifteen daily applicants for passes at his office, while the number not infrequently rose to forty.

But there were actually politicians who would not accept a pass.

The most remarkable case was that of Ansel Bascom, a member of the New York Legislature in 1846, who would not even accept a pass for himself from the Albany and Rochester Railroad, but returned it with a letter to the president of the road, saying that he went to Albany to represent the people, and not the Albany and Rochester Railroad; that it was part of his duty to watch the railroads to see that they did no wrong, and, in consequence, it would be a fraud on the State to take the pass.

Bascom's Spartan self-denial made him a public character for a brief season, but he soon dropped into oblivion. Think of what he might have become had he but helped himself to the good things in his way!

Still, you never can tell! In the neighboring State of Massachusetts there was a legislator who was not so self-sacrificing as Bascom, yet when he went before the people for reelection he was defeated. As he said afterward, he could not understand how it happened, "because he always got passes for all his constituents who asked for them."

### Etiquette of the Pass.

The etiquette of the pass was rigid. It varied according to the class of deadhead involved, and was to those who violated its traditions. In the first place, there was the great army of deadheads who traveled without any form of paper transportation at all. This army was made up of railroad employees in the days when it was considered bad form to work more than one consecutive week on one division at one time, and the job-hunters always made long jumps. With them the accepted formula was to take up a position near the stove at one end of the car. When the conductor came along, he was addressed as follows:

"Ever show any favors to railroad men?"

In reply to this, the conductor stared stonily at vacancy and hurried on the first pass-holder, whose transportation he lifted with an air of austere abstraction—that is, if the would-be deadhead by the stove was the real thing. In the good old days you could tell a railroad man by the cut of his jib as far as you could see him. The conductor didn't have to look at the applicant for the courtesies of the road. If he wasn't a genuine railroad man, something unpleasant occurred in the vicinity of the stove. But let us draw the veil.

### How Requests Were Worded.

For a Federal judge to ask in the first person singular for a railroad pass would not only have violated the etiquette in such cases made and provided, but it would have stained the ermine to an extent that would have kept the dry-cleaners working overtime. No, indeed! The private secretary or a clerk wrote a courtly epistle in the third person in the judge's behalf, thus:

His Honor, Judge Graft, will spend a portion of his vacation in California. He has already been kindly supplied with an annual for himself; but, if the rules of the company permit, he would be glad to have the courtesy

extended to his family of eight persons who will accompany him.

For a Governor, this form was all to the sand-dome:

His Excellency, Governor Dedhed, wishes to take a trip to the seashore with his wife, four daughters, three sons, a niece, two sisters-in-law, five maids, a valet, nurse, governess and coachman. He has been tendered a private car on the N. G. Line, but would prefer a special train over your route. Kindly send me transportation for the governor and twenty from Sockettoun to New York and return.

The way not to do it was beautifully exemplified by the prosecuting attorney in a Western State, who wrote a long, threatening letter to the president of a railroad company reminding him that he had favored the judges in his territory with annuals, whereas "I have daily to grant the favors of the law of a great State for your railroad. Your men are all liable to prosecution for running trains on Sunday, also for letting trains stop across public streets and in other ways."

### Impossible to Reckon Pass Values.

How could such a man be given a pass? Or, how could the lieutenant-governor of another State get what he wanted when he had the bad taste to write:

In appointing my committees, I have favored the railroads, believing that the interests of the state demanded it.

What possessed the chairman of a campaign committee, in asking for passes for twenty-one men to canvass the State, and hold out the hope that, in event of success, "we may be able to do you some substantial favors"?

No one ever knew, nor will any one ever know, the money value of free transportation given away by the railroads. No railroad report ever referred to the subject, possibly no railroad management has ever kept any statistics, for a contemplation thereof surely would have given the board of directors several kinds of shock.

Search all the reports of all the State railroad commissions from cover to cover, and you will not find so much as the words "passes" or "free transportation," to say nothing of any information about the quantity issued. The Interstate Commerce Commission's voluminous literature is silent on the subject.



The nearest approach to definite information from any authoritative source is to be found in such fragmentary assertions as the distribution of free transportation by the Pennsylvania Railroad to the value of a million dollars a year in the Keystone State alone; that a certain railroad in Pennsylvania distributed 2,500 passes for a single State convention; that a Western railroad president boasted that he had been able to effect a saving of a thousand dollars a day merely by regulating the issue of passes. *Not stopping, just regulating!*

It is related that a Philadelphia banker, who has been a member of the board of directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad for many years, assured a group of friends that the cost of deadhead traffic to the company from 1850 to 1906 almost equaled the aggregate cost of the tunnels under the Hudson River and the new terminal in New York City; and that the deadhead passenger, freight, and express service to Federal office-holders and their families had been not less than \$25,000,000.

In the absence of any definite statistics, the next best thing is an estimate by an expert. To secure this, I asked the president of an Eastern line, one of the pioneers in the anti-pass movement, what the deadheads used to cost the railroads of the nation.

He said that if all free transportation had been paid for, passenger revenues would have been increased fifteen per cent.

In the ten years before the Hepburn Law went into effect, the passenger revenues of all the railroads aggregated \$3,538,556,921. Fifteen per cent of this would amount to \$530,763,538, or an average of \$53,076,353 a year. This would have paid five per cent interest on an investment of \$1,061,527,060; and, no doubt, it would have been welcome, for as late as 1909 one-third of the railroads in the United States paid no dividends. To put it another way, the cost of deadhead transportation would have built

and equipped 13,269 miles of railroad at an average cost of \$40,000 a mile, which is a liberal rate.

### Every One in Five a Deadhead.

This estimate would seem to be very conservative, from the fact that, in 1905, when the deadhead was in full possession of all his perquisites, passenger revenues on all railroads aggregated \$486,420,902, while two years later, in 1907, after the rigors of the Hepburn Law had set in, they were \$574,718,578. This extraordinary jump of \$88,297,676, or eighteen per cent, in yearly earnings in so short a period would seem to indicate something more than natural increase in traffic.

This natural increase would be more than offset by the elimination of the mere joy-riders. When they had to pay for every mile they traveled, people only wandered from their firesides when driven by grim necessity, whereas traveling on passes used to be cheaper than staying at home.

It is doubtless well within bounds to say that, formerly, one passenger in every five was a deadhead. That is, in 1902, when the average number of passengers on a train was forty-two, at least eight were deadheads.

Passenger earnings, in 1909, aggregated \$578,243,601. Fifteen per cent of this sum—the amount the deadheads would have been entitled to under the old régime—would be \$86,736,540. Now, \$86,000,000 is worth saving, a fact which is generally recognized by the statesmen at Washington. At the last session of Congress, no fewer than eight bills were introduced to compel railroads to carry free, as of old, various classes of deadheads, ranging from war veterans and milkmen to insurance agents.

That makes a good start. Even with no increase in the rate of legislation, eight bills a session will soon get us all back within the free-transportation fold again.

## TELEPHONES ON THE N. Y. C. AND ST. L.

THE telephone has been substituted for the telegraph in transmitting all train orders over the Cleveland division of the Nickel Plate from Bellevue to Conneaut, 132 miles, the busiest division between Buffalo and Chicago.

With the exception of the twenty-five miles between Cleveland and South Lorain, and a short

distance in New York State, this telephone train-despatching is done over a single track. To successfully operate the large number of trains which this road handles, with the many sidings where the meeting point must be made, is not an easy undertaking. — *Railway and Locomotive Engineering.*

# IN THE SOCIAL WHIRL.

BY EMMET F. HARTE.

## Honk and Horace Invade the Inner Circle of Valhalla's Most Exclusive Set.



E couldn't get anything to suit us in Valhalla, so we sent East for our dress suits. They were an interminable time coming but — excuse me. Perhaps I'd better elucidate a little.

Certain ladies of Valhalla hobnobbed and instituted a Social Circle ere order had been restored from the chaos of getting the town started. Who was who and what was what had been determined to a gnat's eyebrow, long before the first city collector had succeeded in raking enough tax money to pay a single municipal salary.

There were teas, socials, *soirées*, *musicales*, card parties, linen showers, and receptions in honor of Miss Goldie McScad, from Chicago, etc., almost before we got the police force properly clothed in new uniforms and their beats established.

But Honk and I had naught to do with the social movement in those early days. The bright roster of the elect was as guiltless of our names as Erin is free from snakes. When they made up the Blue Book, we must have been away on our vacation. No mention was made of either of us, living or dead.

Honk has often remarked, in the snug comfort and peace and quiet of the Medicine House, how foolish it seemed to him for men to engage in such futile pastimes as tea and bridge and the vapid and innocuous wishy-wash of drawing-rooms, when no law of religion or state demanded it. Honk was always somewhat opinionated on the subject.

"The idea!" he was wont to say. "The idea, my dear Horace, is in itself ridiculous to a well-balanced mind. The truly great men of all ages, from the time when the

shaggy cave-dweller laid in wait with a boulder as big as a barrel for the megalosaurus which was to furnish him his winter meat, down to this busy day when we've harnessed and subjugated fire, water and air, the sensible ones, Horace, have never frittered away any time at tea-sipping, tiddledy-winks or tittle-tattle. There's nothing to it."

"Yet it has a devoted *clientele*," I would remark, for the sake of argument. "Society, with its ramifications and diversions, furnishes pleasant occupation for thousands of people who are more or less unhampered by brains."

However, this kind of talk was all prior to the Public Library agitation. When the time came that the doors of Society swung open just the tiniest mite, we were wedging our way in just the same as the Newriches and all the rest of the Would-be's.

To return to the Public Library. It has become the rage, as the fashion-hints column says, among towns throughout this Western country, as soon as they've spread out enough to sport a couple of side streets, to select a site, vote a fund, and then write to a man—this man resents publicity or I'd tell you his name—for ten or twenty-five thousand dollars, with which to build a square-shaped building with a dome on it, in which to store a lot of "six-best-sellers."

I do not decry this. It helps out those who sell books, those who write 'em, and those who can't afford to buy 'em. Not to mention the bricklayers and carpenters who build the building. Therefore, I'm for it, strictly.

So Valhalla decided to perpetrate a Public Library. The society women of the city promulgated the thing. A mass meeting



was held pretty soon, just to let everybody in who happened to have a dollar or two to spare, whether they had any social status or not, and enthusiasm kindled like a kitchen in which gasoline is used for motive power.

Every opportunity having its opportunist, Honk arose *en masse*, at this mass meeting and made a silver-tongued speech that would have won him the nomination by acclamation if there had been one to win. I recall that he said, in part:

"Gazing, in golden retrospect, I see again a slope of flower-flecked meadow and hear the rustling of corn-fairies' wings; I seem to sit, once more, a barefoot boy, beneath the old beech tree—or was it a chestnut—with my well-thumbed book, where the sun traced wonderful designs in light and shadow on the warm earth while I followed breathlessly the fortunes of Tom Brown at Rugby or thrilled at the quaint philosophy of Robinson Crusoe the lonely, dreaming on his desert isle.

"Once again, I walk with Æsop, prowl with Al Raschid, scout with Deerslayer or hide in Nottingham Wood, with Robin's merry men. Ah, yes, my friends—" and so on. It was great!

You could have heard a pin drop. No,

I don't mean a coupling pin, either. After he had let us down gradually, out of the upper strata where the gods gamboled and pelted one another with clouds on the pinnacle of Olympus, we held an ovation and had handshakes served in all the different styles.

Mrs. Dupont-Skaggs, Miss Dupont-Skaggs and Miss Stella Dupont-Skaggs, Mrs. Farleighbridge, Mrs. Allyn, the Misses Arbuthnot and others goo-goo-ed over Honk fit to make you mutter in your sleep.

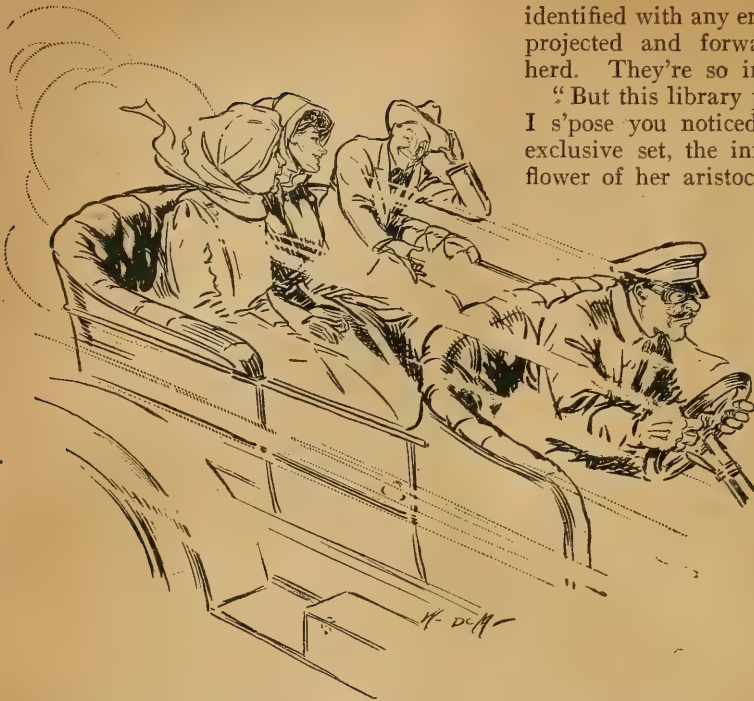
"My deah Mistah Simpson," gurgled Mrs. Farleighbridge, with a high-reach handshake that looked like "London Bridge is falling down, falling down, fall—" beg pardon! "Oh, my deah Mistah Simpson! Why haven't we met befoah? Youah address was just lovely! Just too sweet!"

Honk bowed and smirked. Then he'd straighten up to reach for somebody else's jeweled hand that was being dangled above his head. I heard one beautiful, star-eyed dame call him "Mr. Simpkins" and he stood for it. It was all some stir.

After this flutter, there was a chorus of motions, amendments, points of order and appeals from the decision of the chair. Everybody talked at once, but, by paying the closest attention, I gathered that a half



"OTHERS GOO-GOO-ED OVER HONK FIT TO MAKE YOU MUTTER IN YOUR SLEEP."



"HONK WAS HOLDING HIS HAT ON WITH ONE HAND AND CHATTING GAILY WITH THE OTHER."

dozen committees had been appointed, a permanent organization effected and that everybody who "amounted to a dang," as some rural poet has said, had been elected to an office of some kind, if only secretary to the sergeant-at-arms or third assistant vice-president *pro tem*.

Honk was high, ten, and thirty in the tournament. He was in great form throughout. It was Mr. Simpson this and Mr. Simpson that. "Our most progressive and public-spirited citizen, Mr. Simpson," was named on such-and-such a committee. Mrs. Fairleighbridge and Miss Dupont-Skaggs were also on the same committee.

The meeting was adjourned, finally, away after my regular bedtime, in a clatter of applause, clucks, cackles and coos.

An hour later, I sat in the Medicine House, comfortable and calm, enshrouded in incense that boiled and swirled from my old pipe, the veteran of many campaigns, while I listened to Honk's rhapsodies.

"I'm glad we attended the meeting," he said. "It is encouraging to know that the really nice people of the city are back of this library movement. Any sort of an undertaking stands or falls on the merits of its backing. I should not care to be

identified with any enterprise that was being projected and forwarded by the common herd. They're so irresponsible.

"But this library proposition is different. I s'pose you noticed that Valhalla's most exclusive set, the inner circle, in fact, the flower of her aristocracy were present and active in our meeting to-night—"

"Sure thing," I said. "I noticed 'em. All the ultra tut-tuts. The What-whos, from the brownstone fronts. Did you notice that Mrs. Dupont-Skaggs's diamonds. She had on the price of a library or two herself, if I'm any judge of gems."

"Yes; old Dupont-Skaggs is worth four or five millions, I guess," Honk returned airily. "But mere

money isn't all. There must be blood behind it. Blood will tell, Horace; that's one of the inexorable laws of the universe.

"Now, you could see," he continued, in a confidential tone, "that I was perfectly at home among those people. Why? What gives me my poise of manner? The fact that I come of one of the old-time Maryland families. My great grandfather was with Washington at Valley Forge. No amount of association with the *hoi polloi* will deprive me of that innate air, that peculiar well-bred distinction I possess. It's because of the blood—"

"No question about it," I agreed. "Hereditary is a well-known fact. Take me, for illustration. I have always had an unreasoning blind yearning for cherry pie. And my grandpa on my mother's side was the champion cherry pie-eater of Jasper County, Missouri, for over forty years. He—"

"Rats," said Honk. "Try to think about something else besides eating once in a while, will you? You're getting to look more like a bowl of soup every day. But, as I remarked awhile ago, there's no use denying that I'd shine in social circles, if I only took a notion to bother with it. And, after



all, it pays to mingle with the best people. A social position is actually a tangible asset. It is negotiable, just the same as salesmanship, or histrionic talent, or—or—political influence."

"Count me in on anything that's negotiable," I said. "Only, I draw the line at more than two all-night sessions a week. I've got to have my regular nine hours' sleep."

"Don't get excited," he soothed. "I'll fix it so you needn't be annoyed at all, if you say so. There's no occasion for you to plunge into the social whirl, anyhow. You're as happy now as you'll ever be."

"Don't you think it!" I declared, with unction. "I intend to butt into society just as much as you do, Lord Bayreuth. And just let me catch you trying to queer me. Just let me!"

I shook a menacing forefinger at him. He snorted and went to bed.

There was all kinds of work cut out for Honk pretty soon. The swell dames trotted the long legs off him running errands for them. To a man up a tree, he had all the appearance of a man that was being flimflammed out of a lot of free service. He was corresponding secretary, ward boss, go-between, and I don't know what all. But it got to be a common sight to see him buttonholed on the corner of Paradise Avenue and Eden Boulevard by three or four pink-gowned periwinkles in a dark-blue auto, while they sprayed him with a few smiles and soft soap, and at the same time deftly unloaded a dray-load of chores on him.

Nobody, it seemed, could accomplish so much or had such a quick grasp of details as Mr. Simpson—or Simpkins.

He broke right in, socially, though. On one occasion he spent an entire forenoon, informally, at the palatial yellow - pressed -

brick habitat of the Dupont-Skaggses on Chalcedony Drive, going over a set of blueprints with Mrs. Van Smythe and the Misses Arbuthnot.

Then another time he was seen in Mrs. Fairleighbridge's motor-car whirling along Paradise Road at forty-an hour or so—the Fairleighbridges were millionaires, you know—and Honk was holding his hat on with one hand and chatting gaily with the other. That is, he was emphasizing a point with an eloquent gesture, you know.

As a result of all this activity and industry, the business was all fixed up in short order like a charm. The popular subscription was subscribed and collected, the endowment or donation, or whatever Mr. C.—I almost told his name—calls it, had been paid over in actual cash, the site selected, the architect's plans approved, and the actual work of building was under way. The C.—I mean Valhalla Public Library—was not altogether vapor. It was a sure-



enough thing of steel and stone. I could have said brick and wood to better advantage, maybe, but steel and stone has a more *chic* ring to it.

During this time, Honk had rubbed elbows and hobnobbed with the ultra-select sufficiently to brush off considerable polish with his coat-sleeve. He had the altitudinous hand-shake as pat as five diamonds before the draw, and he was a small-talker from Foolishville. Oh, la, la!

I came in for a sort of subsidiary part in the plot—like the actor that hollers his lines from the wings. They noticed me whenever they couldn't get past me without it, and I was recognized, perfunctorily, by a nod and chirp, or grunt, as the case happened to be, every now and then. I was Honk—Mr. Simpkins's friend, ahem!

We were both elated and nervous, therefore, when the card came that stated briefly that the presence of Mr. Simpson and friend was desired at Mrs. Dupont-Skaggs's blow-out on Thursday evening at eight. Dancing and refreshments.

"Can't we send a present and not go?" I asked timidly.

"Numskull!" cried Honk. "No! My word! Send a present! What would you send? A wreath of flowers or a silver butter-knife, I reckon! No, my son, we will go in person. And we will be the observed of all observers."

"Well, all right," I said. "I've got sixty dollars saved up. I was going to buy me a new pump-gun with it, but I'll have to sink it in a new suit, I guess. There's a swell pearl-gray, two-button sack in Goldbaum's window. It's marked down from eighty-five dollars to fifty-five dollars."

"No, no!" sighed Honk, sorrowfully. "You must have a dress suit. You understand what a dress suit is, don't you? Plain black, you know, with—er—tails to the coat. A dress suit is imperative, you know. But maybe you wouldn't care to go, after you think it over? Do you think you would—er—old chap?"

"You bet I'll care to go, bah Jove!" I said. "I intend to go if I have to soak my watch. I'm not going to lose out on this. Not on your Tuxedo! Huh! I should say not!"

That Honk was not jubilant over my decision was plain to the naked eye. He liked my cooking, but I didn't look good to him at the piano. Society had gone to Honk's head.

"What do they talk about in society, generally?" I asked. "Or do they?"

"The usual topics are of an intellectual nature," he said. "Science, art, literature; and then there's travel, and events that happen in the world at large. The field is broad."

"Good," I said. "They can't shunt me into a siding on any of them topics, I'll bet you."

Thursday evening dawned—rolled around, I mean, not dawned. It was beautifully calm and weather-perfect. Honk and I, in brand-new dress suits, preened ourselves before our diminutive mirror and stood around to keep from spoiling the creases in our trousers. Honk had insisted on having a carriage to take us out, although I took the stand that walking was still plentiful. He only gave in after ascertaining that no carriage was to be had. We walked.

We allowed ourselves plenty of time. It was a matter of ten or a dozen blocks that we had to stroll. I mentioned taking a cane; but Honk wasn't absolutely sure about canes, so, to be on the safe side, he tabooed it. He was certain about cigarettes, though, so we smoked as we strolled.

They were having a newsboys' annual fête and moving-picture picnic in the park as we passed. Each newsboy was empowered to bring along what near relatives he happened to have—fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, and little indigent cousins, if any—so they had a whacking old crowd.

"I see the whoop-la, as you call 'em, are out in force to-night," I remarked.

"The *hoi polloi*," he corrected. "Yes. And it's no more than right that they should be allowed these simple pleasures. Their idea of a good time never extends beyond a full feed, anyhow."

"Tread lightly," I warned him. "You're on sacred ground."

This was true, inasmuch as we had neglected our regular meals in the excitement of dressing and discussion for the Dupont-Skaggs function. Honk said, when I mentioned this fact to him at sundown, that we would eat when we got there, but that didn't satisfy my hunger only for the time being.

The long tables in the park, groaning with substantial things for the delectation of the inner man, held forth a powerful appeal to me, and I passed them by with the greatest reluctance. The mix-odors of such humble dietetic standbys as fried chicken,



baked beans, cucumber pickles, canteloupes, *et cetera*, seemed to penetrate even Honk's armor, for I noticed him sniffing and I am certain he moistened his lips as we passed that picnic by.

The Dupont-Skaggs mansion was aglow with light. A uniformed and be-buttoned person met us at the door. We were whisked

"Oh, you Bricktop!" I said. "Oh, you candy kid!"—and, just then, somebody plucked at my sleeve. It was Honk, dragging me onward somewhat arbitrarily. I stood for that sort of thing for about fifty feet.

"Well, what was it you wanted to show me?" I asked. "I'm not going to prance



"WELL, WHAT'S THE LATEST NEWS FROM THE FRONT?"

into a side-chamber, relieved of those adjuncts of apparel not considered necessary indoors, and railroaded right through into the main waiting-room.

I, for one, became wobbly at once. Being the cynosure of all eyes always did upset me. I don't know how Honk felt, but I looked around on what seemed to me was a wall of eyes set in glowering faces. We were hemmed in. I gulped and the room reeled. Then I caught sight of a familiar face and was saved.

It was Bricktop Winslow, standing near the arcade connecting the vestibule with the main saloon, or whatever they called it. I lit on the man with outstretched hand. He didn't loosen up much. I thought his grin was kind of anemic, and I know him as well as I know my own name, too. He played left field in Sister's ball-team. It gave me a good husky bracing-up to see him there, for I certainly hoped I could get away with anything he could.

around with you all night, am I? I'm going to hunt a place to sit down, creases or no creases."

"You made a bad break shaking hands with Bricktop," Honk whispered. "Of course you and I know him quite well and all that, but he don't expect us, as guests here, to shake hands and visit with him like you did. He's the butler, Horace. It isn't considered good form to hug and kiss the butler at an affair like this, just because you happen to know him."

"Heavens, Pauline!" I said, struck dumb with horror.

Then we went on over to report to Mrs. Dupont-Skaggs, who was checking in everybody as they arrived. Right off the bat, I don't believe she knew us. At least she put up her magnifying-glass-on-a-stick and puzzled quite a bit before she could place us.

After she had, I thought she acted sore at me about something; didn't offer me the

highball of greeting or anything, no more than a rabbit.

She ditched us as soon as possible; me, at the first grade-crossing, where I was unloaded alongside a lantern-jawed old maid whose moniker I failed to catch, and Honk around the next curve onto somebody else.

I settled myself for a long heart-to-heart. I felt sure that this Miss Old-Girl I'd drawn would turn out an intellectual wonder for she was anything but pretty. But she disappointed me.

"Well, what's the latest news from the front?" I began, in a bright, sprightly manner.

"Which?" she inquired blankly.

"Science, literature, art," I said. "Come on with 'em. I'm a regular shark with the whole works. If you don't believe it, knock me a few flies and see if I muf 'em."

"Why, the man's been drinking," she murmured to herself, but loud enough to be heard in the adjoining room. "Excuse me, please," she said. "I wish to speak to momma a moment. Wait here."

I waited fifteen or twenty minutes. She didn't return, so I strolled off, thinking to amuse myself with a little harmless sight-seeing until the supper bell rang. Bricktop had disappeared. I came upon Honk presently. He may have been enjoying himself but he didn't look it.

He had fallen into the clutches of a widowish-looking woman with a gold tooth, and she had him herded in a corner, with a rose already pinned to his coat. He almost tore a shoe off getting away from her when he saw me. He left the lady pouting.

"Horace!" he muttered, wildly. "Pretend you have some kind of an important communication for me, or something. I believe that woman over there has matrimonial designs, the way she acts."

Always willing to succor a sucker in trouble, I led him away, with an arm over his shoulder, mysteriously, while I repeated that stirring, martial poem, "The Charge of the Light Brigade," in his ear. At a safe distance I changed the subject.

"When are we going to eat?" I demanded. "I'm getting weak and faint. I'll be hungry enough to eat the tongues out of my shoes in a minute."

"Be patient," he said. "Can't you see that I'm starving, too? But there'll be a collation served, now, pretty soon, I'm almost certain. I'd give a dollar for a small chew, right now, myself."

After that, I wandered around like a chicken with its head off, for the best part of an hour. I didn't know anybody and didn't want to. Nobody seemed to be making any preparations to eat. To tell the truth, the prospects for sustenance looked remote, the band having just started to grind out a waltz, and a dozen couples were floating about in the dreamy mazes. You can't dance and eat at the same time; neither can man live by dancing alone.

I whiled away another hour, communing with myself, and then I noticed a vivacious group composed of Mrs. Dupont-Skaggs, the Misses Arbuthnot and four or five masculine members of the Amalgamated Association for the Promotion of Small-Talk, and, as they seemed to be having the original rip-snort of a time, I sidled up, inconsequentially, to listen.

It was my chance, I thought, to surfeit myself on an intellectual treat.

The gist of their confab was—what do you think? What color suit a chauffeur should wear, to best harmonize with a clay-colored car trimmed in seal-brown! And wasn't Mr. Sigismund DeQuincy altogether too attentive to Mrs. Parkinson-Crowley! Wasn't that a line of thought to wrinkle your dome? Oy, oy, oy!

At that moment, my brain convulsed like one of these penny-in-the-slot machines and an idea dropped out. I would make a sneak out of there, slip down to the Owlet Restaurant, throw in a couple of sandwiches and half a cream-pie and, thus fortified, would return to stick it out. I'm no quitter.

Before doing this, however, I took a cursory look for Honk, poor slave of convention that he was. I thought I'd drop him a casual hint. I thought perhaps he might suggest some tidbit, like a boiled egg or a few tamales, that I might smuggle in to him when I came back. But he'd dropped out of sight for a moment. I couldn't find him anywhere.

I located my hat with the assistance of a polite attendant, made a soft-shoe sidle for a side door, and ducked. Three blocks down the street an odor assailed my nostrils. I sniffed and a rush of saliva flooded my mouth; some of it even drooled from the corners. It was the unmistakable fragrance of fried chicken.

I followed my nose and described an air-line to the proletarian picnic in the park. A dozen *hoi polloi* recognized me with welcoming shouts and made room for me



at their table. Once there, I needed no one to tell me what to do. A long, long time afterward I looked up. The cheerful patter of talk and the clink-clink of cutlery and glasses and the steady champ of busy teeth had given way to a hush of expectation.

A tall figure, in evening dress, arose at the end of an adjacent table, with the drum-



AT THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE, I STARTED GUILTILY.

stick of a chicken in one hand and a bottle of ginger ale in the other.

"My friends," he said impressively. "Gazing in golden retrospect, I see again a slope of flower-flecked meadow and hear the rustling of corn-fairies' wings—"

His back was to me but I could hear him distinctly. At the sound of his voice, I started, guiltily, almost dropping the baked apple I was eating.

The clock was just striking twelve when I wound up, at the Medicine House, all in, but happy. Honk blew in a few minutes later. He was humming a rag-time tune and he had bread crumbs on his frontispiece.

"Well," he said briskly. "This is a great world, isn't it? Have a good time to-night, Horace?"

"Well, things began to liven up about ten-thirty," I said. "As soon as I got my feet under the table, I was all right. Before that, it was a bit dull, if anything, didn't you think?"

"I don't know how I happened to miss you," he said. "I looked for you, all over. You must have been hiding out in a palm-nook somewhere, when I left, or else you'd gone."

"How'd you like that fried chicken?" I asked. "And those baked beans? Yum, yum!"

"Eh?" he croaked.

"Yep," I continued. "I was over at the next table when you made your speech."

"The dickens you was!" was all the comment he felt equal to, at that time.

No one ever got a freight train over a heavy grade by standing on the back platform of the caboose pushing against the atmosphere.

—Diary of a Switchman.

# Up Against It.

BY ARNO DOSCH.

**A**LTHOUGH wrecks become fewer every day and double-tracking and efficient block systems have practically wiped out the head-on smash, more than one throttle-handler has secretly made up his mind just what he will do when a catastrophe looms up ahead.

Whatever these intentions may be, however, things often work out differently when the crash comes; and the engineer who stays to give her the big hole and jerk over the reverse lever—in nine chances out of ten is the very man who so carefully planned just how he was going to make his getaway.

Mr. Dosch gives us some stories of engineers who didn't jump. Some persons may call them heroes, while others may accuse them of staying because they had to, but whether they died at the throttle or lived to tell the tale, we are all pretty apt to feel that they deserve the benefit of the doubt.

## Varied Experiences of Some Eagle-Eyes Who Took Their Chances with Death in the Cab and Stayed with Their Locomotives Through Wreck and Destruction.

**J**UMP! Frank, jump!"

The words came sharp and clear like an order, but in a voice that trembled with the need of haste. Chapman turned sharply, his face burning red in the glare of the fire-box. Above him, jaw set, stood Fred Boswick, his engineer, working with quick, cool decision at the air.

"What's up?"

The brakes were already setting, and a convulsive jar passed through the train that fairly shook the words from his mouth, but Boswick seemed rooted. Every nerve, every thought, was centered on the work before him. Except for his quick hands, he had not moved. He had summoned all the accumulated knowledge of years to his aid, and there seemed but one purpose left in his life—to bring the train to a standstill in the least possible time. His mouth opened and he again roared at his fireman:

"Jump, fool!"

Then Chapman realized that the great

moment had come. Like nearly every one who rides in an engine-cab, he had felt that it would be his turn some day to be mixed up in a head-on collision, and that day was now upon him.

He cast a quick glance down the track, and saw running wild toward them four steel flat-cars loaded with ties. That was enough for him. Without thinking where he would land, he leaped instinctively and rolled over and over down the embankment.

### When Boswick Faced the Music.

Still Boswick did not jump. His hands were busy and his eyes were fixed on the flying freight-cars.

The dreaded moment had also arrived for him. He had always been sure that he would jump, but this had come upon him so quickly that he could only save his life at the expense of perhaps a score of those who rode behind. Time passed too fast to think, but—he stayed!



The next instant the heavily loaded cars struck the engine and turned it into a scrap-heap. Behind were five coaches full of passengers, and they escaped uninjured, but in the crumpled cab, between the boiler and the tender, they found Boswick's body. He had saved the lives of more than a hundred persons by facing the music.

The passengers that day on the Valley route along Long Island Sound knew only that the engineer had been killed. No one told them he had died like a hero, but when the story got to the roundhouse, every one understood exactly what had happened. They were all talking about it when the old engineer spoke up.

"These fellows who get killed," he began, "can't expect anything else. It's liable to come to any of us. If we let go as soon as we see what's up, the passengers get piled, and if we stay, it's the end of us.

#### Nerve That Is Nerve.

"I don't know how the rest of you feel about it, but I tell you I don't want to choose. If it's got to be a head-on, give me time to set the brakes and get away. But there have been some who came through alive when they hadn't really any right to expect it. Now, there was Bill Ulmer—"

We all stopped to listen, because we knew the old engineer's stories were true and could be verified by the company if any one were so particular as to go that far. He always gave dates and exact locations.

"It happened three years ago last July," he went on, "two days before the Fourth, I remember. Bill had the Buffalo Express on the New York division of the Pennsylvania, and like as not he's got it yet. In those days he had with him Frank McEvilla, one of those fellows who always has an eye out for trouble, and generally meets it half-way.

"I've been over the run, and I know just about how it happened. They were making the bend below Sunbury, and they were doing a good clip, too. Bill isn't the kind to waste any time on curves. He was making it nicely, as I understand it, when some one backed a freight out on the main line from a siding. As far as I heard, nobody noticed Bill until he stuck his pilot under the buggy and turned her up on her nose.

"Of course Frank saw it first—count on him!—and as soon as he figured out what

was going to happen, he yelled, 'Come on, Bill, we're goners!' and went over an embankment that no one who wasn't in a hurry would have tackled. But Bill didn't jump. He had a chance, all right, but it was a case of ducking right out or staying to shoot on the air. He gave her one good jolt that shook some of the speed out of her, and then she hit the buggy. But she only knocked about five cars off the rails, and went into the ditch.

"Right about here you fellows are thinking that Bill had taken his last trip, now aren't you? And you expect to hear about Frank drilling up the track bright as a dollar. That's where you're wrong.

"When they found Frank he was just exactly where he lit on the top of his head, with his neck broken, while Bill came climbing out through the roof of the cab as if nothing had touched him."

"Like Henry Hildebrand," one of the others commented.

"Who's he?" asked the old engineer. "I never heard of him."

The old engineer is always suspicious of any one whose name is new to him.

"He's the fellow who piled up a train at Terra Cotta, down near Washington, on the B. and O., just before New Year's Day four years ago."

"I heard of the wreck," admitted the old engineer, "but I don't recollect this Hildebrand."

So we had to take the story with the weight of all his suspicions against it.

#### Plowing Through a Passenger.

"He had a dead train," the story-teller began, "and was bringing it into the yard in a fog. They say it gets pretty bad winter nights along the Potomac—thick white fog, and you can't see a thing. At any rate, Hildebrand said he couldn't see the danger-signal, and I guess he didn't. According to orders, he had everything his own way clear through Terra Cotta, and was sneaking past without a word when it happened. The first thing he knew, the tail-end of a passenger jumped up out of the fog right into his face.

"He was in the same fix as those other fellows. He might have jumped if he'd had a mind to, but he wasn't built that way, and by the time the air was on it was too late. In these cases there's just about a second, and you've got to move quick.

"It was a bad mix-up. They were all light coaches on the passenger, and when Hildebrand hit the rear car he just about split it from end to end, and then began tramping over the passengers. I don't want anything like it in mine. It may sound peculiar, but Henry saw the whole thing. Somehow nothing touched his side of the cab, and he rode right through the wreck and was not even scratched. All the time he was pulling on the reverse lever like mad.

### Too Much for Hildebrand.

"What I started to tell you about was the way Hildebrand went through without getting hurt, but he came pretty near ending up in the bughouse. For a while I guess he was pretty dippy. You see, he was fixed so he couldn't help watching what was happening, and there were some mighty tough goings-on. The passengers were jammed between the seats and scattered around the floor, and he plowed through them as if they were cordwood. Excuse me, I don't want anything like that.

"When he had about chewed the second car in two, he could see a little girl down at the front end. She was scared to death, but somehow hadn't been much hurt. When she saw the engine coming she fell against the door and screamed. By this time the air was getting in its work, or the little girl would have gone under too. But he stopped her just in time.

"Now, that may sound pretty tall, but they tell me that they found him hanging out of the cab window and yelling down at the little girl: 'I won't hurt you! I won't hurt you!' Then he got down and tried to lift the drivers off the bodies. He was absolutely batty for a couple of hours, and then somebody came along and put him under arrest. That made him so mad he got all right again."

### Root Rescues Hinckley.

The old engineer had thought of a story, and was so anxious to tell it he could hardly wait for the end.

"That's nothing," he broke in. "I don't know anything about your friend Hildebrand, but there have been others I know about who have stuck by the cab when it wasn't any joke, and they could have left it any time they pleased. It's when you're able to leave that it's hard work to stick.

"I misdoubt you're all too young to remember much about it, but, let's see, it wasn't more than twelve or fifteen years ago. It was the summer of the big fires in Minnesota. All the summers were that way, but this had the biggest fires of the lot.

"I remember one town that lost five hundred and another a thousand, and it was bad all the way through. Some places they had railroads, and others they didn't. Where they didn't they got burned. That was just about the way of it.

"I had a freight run on the St. Paul and Duluth, and if I hadn't piled up a couple of empties on a siding I'd have been at the throttle myself. But it was Jim Root who did it. You go up there anywhere right now, and you'll find out. He saved every mother's son and every kid and woman in Hinckley, Minnesota, but you ought to have seen him when they brought him out.

"Up in that country it gets so dry in the summer all it needs is a spark in the grass anywhere and the whole landscape gets afire. That summer it kept the settlers on the move. They'd chase out of town just ahead of the fire and no more than make the nearest lake, when like as not the air would get so dry it would lick up all the water and they'd have to bury themselves in the mud. Maybe you think I'm stretching it a little, but those lakes are all shallow, and it doesn't take much to dry them out.

### Appeals for Help.

"I was ahead of Jim Root until he passed me at the siding, so he got the first word of the trouble at Hinckley. The operator there had sent out a call for help, and the orders were for the first train to make Hinckley without stops.

"The boys told me about the run afterward. The woods were on fire on both sides, and by the time they got into the clearing around Hinckley they had to chase down the sides of the train, throwing water on the spots that were burning.

"Jim ran the engine and baggage-car into a clump of woods which weren't touched yet, and went back to the platform for a minute, but as soon as he turned his back the woods caught fire, and before he could climb on again the cab was burning and the baggage-car was beginning to smoke.

"Just then the con gave him the hand, and there wasn't any time to waste. The orders were to keep going, but there wasn't



a chance of getting through. He remembered a little lake back about five miles, so he decided to try for it.

### Through a Fiery Furnace.

"The flames were leaping through the trees all along, but there wasn't anything else to do. Talk about your scalding, now here was something.

"Jim said the fire got so close he almost breathed it. He shut his eyes, but the heat seared his lids, and the skin on his blistered hands curled up in crisps.

"Why, the train itself just about burned up running, and all that saved Jim was some fellow who had sense enough to stand by the tank and douse him with water.

"Maybe they weren't glad when they struck the lake. Some of them had to be carried out of the cars and rolled into the water."

"How about Root?" some one asked.

"He was all in. Couldn't move. But a couple of them threw him into the lake, and after it was over they sent him to the hospital."

"Took nerve all right," commented some one who was anxious to get a story off his chest. "I remember seeing a fellow do a thing of a somewhat different kind that took a lot of nerve, too. His name was Arthur Towne, and he used to have a passenger run on the Southern Railway out of Washington. I was firing for him. One day we got stalled at a junction down the line a piece.

### A Race with Death.

"There wasn't anything to do except wait for orders, so we strolled over to the dispatcher's office to loaf, foolishly leaving the train on the main line with one of the coaches standing over the switch where the branch came in.

"First thing we knew, we heard something chugging toward us on the other track. We both made a jump for it, but Towne yelled back to me to look out for the switch.

"It was a nice piece of work, but I was glad enough to be where I was. Towne began clawing away to back into clear, and the harder he clawed the nearer he got to the danger himself. The other train was pulling toward him, but the distance was so short it looked as if there was bound to be a collision.

"It got to a point finally where there

wasn't any time left at all, but Towne stuck to his seat and kept feeding her steam.

"Jump!" I yelled at him, but he only gave her another jerk, waved his hand at me, and I had just enough sense left to throw the switch, letting the other train run in ahead of us. She just scraped the pilot."

"That was going some, all right," laughed the old engineer, "but I'm going to tell you a story that's got it beat a mile.

### When Seig Went Back.

"It's one thing to act when you've got to. You're in it, and that's all there is to it. But there was August Seig. He was well out of it, but that didn't make any difference. He went back.

"Maybe it was eight years ago. Anyhow, it was in the middle of summer when he had a train-load going down the Jersey coast. It was a heavy train—a dozen cars or more—and his schedule was fast. So he used to worry his fireman to keep the fire-box roaring.

"This was a Saturday, and she was loaded to the steps. Seig kept it up about the steam until they started, and just as soon as they began to pick up speed, when somehow or other the cab caught fire and began to blaze up pretty fiercely.

"Seig lost his head, and the both of them let go of everything and started back over the tender. You know how a fellow will act when he goes to pieces. Seig was the worst case I ever heard of. He got as far as the smoker, and in a moment all the passengers realized that they were racing over the country with nobody in the cab.

"It was as ridiculous a situation as I ever heard of, but it was more than that. As soon as that crowd found out what was up they began to growl, and Seig was soon facing an angry mob. That brought him to his senses. He seemed to wake up as from a dream, they said. You see, there was a train of fourteen cars behind, and they were picking up speed every moment.

### Called Himself a Coward.

"As soon as he came to his senses, he turned and ran forward for all he was worth. Of course, the crowd in the smoker thought he was trying to get away from them, so they ran after him. They chased him to the tender, and there they saw something that makes me shiver to think about it.

"There was Seig, without even his hands over his face, climbing right into the cab that was all flames and smoke.

"At first the crowd didn't know what to make of it. All they could see was his back, but I would have given a lot to have seen his face. It isn't every one of us that's got the nerve to do a thing like that. When they saw him walk into that cab they couldn't help understanding. Anybody could see the flames were so hot they were bound to kill.

"Then the train began to slow down, and

in less than a minute it was practically stopped. A couple of fellows jumped in to rescue him, but they only found an unconscious body hanging to the throttle. They dragged him out quick and soused him with water, but it wasn't any use.

"And what do you think that engineer said about himself? They laid him down alongside the track, and just before he died he opened his eyes and whispered: 'Coward!' Said it of himself. But I'm willing to bet that there wasn't anybody in that crowd that agreed with him."

## COLLISION STARTED THE AIR-BRAKE.

### George Westinghouse Discloses the Story of the Origin of His Great Invention and Its Ultimate Perfection.

**G**EORGE WESTINGHOUSE, inventor of the air-brake, the most revolutionary device in railroad improvements, recently told the members of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers the origin of its discovery and perfection.

Its conception, Mr. Westinghouse said, resulted first from an accident and second from the chance that led two young women to canvass his subscription to an engineering magazine, in which was recited the use of compressed air in the driving of Mount Ceniz tunnel.

The accident was a collision of two freight-trains between Schenectady and Troy, in 1866, which delayed for two hours a train in which Mr. Westinghouse was a passenger. Had the freight-trains been equipped with brakes of sufficient power, thought Mr. Westinghouse, the collision could have been avoided, and immediately he set to work to develop such a brake.

An inventor, named Ambler, already had perfected a chain-brake which was operated by the revolving of a windlass in the engine, the chain thus being taken up and the brake-levers of each car thus operated. To Mr. Westinghouse came the idea of exchanging the windlass for a cylinder beneath the locomotive, the piston of which should be of extraordinary length and connected with Mr. Ambler's chain, so that the drawing in of the piston by the application of steam from the locomotive would give a more accurate control of the brakes than was possible with the windlass device.

But experiments showed quickly that the piston could not be made long enough to operate the chain on more than four or five cars, and Mr. Westinghouse overcame this difficulty by placing a cylinder beneath each car with a flexible pipe connecting each one to the locomotive for its supply of steam. The effort failed because it was found impossible to transmit the steam.

It was then that Mr. Westinghouse saw the article on compressed air, and in the use of this medium instantly saw a solution to his difficulties.

An apparatus employing compressed air instead of steam was built at once, and a Steubenville, Ohio, accommodation-train of the Panhandle Railroad was equipped with the device. On its first test the engineer, as his train emerged from the tunnel near the Union Station in Pittsburgh, saw a wagon on the tracks, and the value of the new brake was demonstrated instantly by the short distance in which the train was halted in time to avoid an accident.

Many experiments were made by various railroads, and, in 1869, several of these had their running stock equipped with the new brake; but once more the inventor was to face and overcome an obstacle. It developed that it took too long to set and release the brakes, and that in the event of a break in the train, the rear section would be without brakes. The first automatic air-brake grew out of the need to provide against this contingency.





# WHEN WESLEY CAME BACK.

BY LILLIAN BENNET-THOMPSON.

## He Was There with a Wallop for His Boyhood Enemy Which Settled Some Old and New Scores.



THE happiest days of my life, Dick," said Wesley, throwing one leg over the arm of his chair, "the very happiest. Nothing to do but have a good time—swim, play ball, go fishing—say, that was a bully trout-stream, the best in the county, do you know it?"

I did not know it, and said so. As I had never been to Youngville, the little up-State village where Wesley had spent his boyhood, I failed to see why he should expect me to be familiar with its piscatorial advantages. At the same time, I came pretty near questioning my good friend's veracity.

His father had been something of a martinet, from all accounts, and had kept the boy's nose pretty close to the grindstone. But Wesley had evidently forgotten the chores incident to his early career, and I decided not to remind him.

"I should like to see the old place again—like it a lot," he went on. "It would be worth while to take a dip in the 'ole swimmin'-hole.' I used to go down there of a summer afternoon as often as I could sneak away; and then go home and get whaled for it.

"What whopping melons old Billings did grow in his big melon-patch, to be sure! We fellows had to run the gantlet of four dogs and Billings's shotgun, but we got the melons just the same. Nice old fellow, Billings; he enjoyed the fun as much as we did, and never bore malice.

"He wasn't a bit like Menness. I remember we used to call him Meanness. Of all the cantankerous old cusses—why, he was so close he'd pinch a penny until the Indian whooped. One afternoon Tim

Billings and I climbed a tree in the orchard and annexed a few apples.

"There was a big baseball game coming off in the afternoon; I was going to pitch and Timmy to catch. We'd bet a lot of money on that game—as much as ten cents apiece; and we thought an apple or two would just about put us in good condition to win.

"Well, somehow Menness found out we were there, and he came sneaking down and caught us up the tree. He called us young thieves and hardened reprobates, to try to rob a poor man, and then some more complimentary names, and requested us to come down. We naturally declined; and then he called his dog, a big black-and-white mongrel with a strain of bull in him, and set him to watch at the foot of the tree.

"That ugly brute kept us up there until long after dark that night. We were nearly dead when we got down; and worse yet, our team had lost the game, because we didn't show up.

"It nearly broke my heart when I had to pay that ten-cent bet, and I made up my mind I'd get even with Menness. But dad sent me away to school right after that, and I never did get a chance to square up with him."

There was a reminiscent light in Wesley's eyes. He leaned back in his chair.

"I'd sure like to climb that big Northern Spy tree again, fill my pockets with apples, and eat and eat and eat," Wesley continued dreamily. "On a moonlight night, with the sough of the wind through the branches, a few congenial spirits, and—"

"And a 'stomach-ache the next day," I interrupted crossly.

Strange what a glorified radiance the

perspective of age lends to youth! I was perfectly well aware that Wesley's early days had not been all milk and honey.

A boy on a farm had usually a few duties to perform in addition to thinking up plausible excuses to account for his hair being soaking wet on an afternoon when he is supposed to be hoeing potatoes.

"Is anything going on to-morrow?" Wesley asked suddenly.

"Not that I know of," I said.

"Then we'll just run up to Youngville for a week," said Wesley. "I'm tired of chasing the elusive dollar, and I think a rest would do you good, Dick."

I regarded him doubtfully.

"Do you mean it?" I asked.

"I do," said he decidedly.

With Wesley, the conception of an idea, however wild, meant that it would be carried through to the bitter end, as I knew from long experience. I sighed as I realized that for the next week I should probably have to submit to being dragged about to visit places in which I had no possible interest, and to listen to Wesley's enthusiastic apostrophes on them.

So, as I went to pack the bags—this task always devolved upon me, as Wesley was quite likely to put his shoes upon the bosom of his dress-shirt, and our Chinese servant still adhered to Oriental ideas regarding the component parts of a gentleman's wardrobe—I was not the most happy person in the world.

Wesley, however, was as cheerful as I had ever seen him, and kept running in to regale me with puerile anecdotes of the good old days on the farm.

I went to bed in a fit of the sulks, which was not improved by having to rise at break of dawn to catch the train for Youngbridge, in order to make connections with the way-train that ran over the new branch road through Youngville.

During the half-mile drive from the station to the Youngville House, a pilgrimage accomplished in a dilapidated surrey, drawn by a decrepit rackabones, I was in a perpetual state of terror lest the bottom of our conveyance should drop out and deposit us and our belongings in the dusty road.

We arrived without mishap, however, about two o'clock in the afternoon, and were shown to rooms on the second floor of the hotel. I say "hotel," because that is what every one called it, although it more nearly resembled a converted barn

than anything else I could bring to mind. I am firmly convinced that the proprietor ran the place for his health; it certainly could not have been for that of his guests. He was anything but a philanthropist.

Still, the weather was fine, and we could spend most of our time out of doors, which was some consolation.

We had luncheon in the dining-room. That is, I did. Wesley was so anxious to get out and see the town that he couldn't eat and didn't want me to. He grudged me everything I put into my mouth, watching my busy knife and fork until I politely requested him to otherwise occupy himself, when, with an injured air, he fell to drumming on the table with a vinegar cruet.

As soon as I had finished, which I did as quickly as possible, he arose with a sigh of relief, and announced his intention of proceeding at once to "the old place." Accordingly, we sallied forth, Wesley keeping up a running fire of comment.

"This is the main street, Dick; they've had it macadamized since I was here," he informed me. "That must be the new town hall and the jail. And see those big stores—my! how the place has grown!"

We turned down a side street, bordered with rather cheap-looking frame houses. Wesley looked them over disapprovingly.

"I don't like those," he said. "When I was a boy, this was Woods Lane, all bordered with grand old oaks and elms. They've cut down all the trees and made it look like property in a land-improvement scheme. It's an infernal shame! The men who destroyed those trees ought to be tarred and feathered!"

The rest of the afternoon was simply piling Pelion upon Ossa, Wesley's comments becoming more and more caustic. The climax was reached when he discovered that the old farm had been cut up into miserable little thirty-foot lots, upon which more of the squat, frame cottages had been erected; and that the site of the "ole swimmin'-hole" was occupied by a large and odoriferous tannery.

We committed the indiscretion of getting to windward of this, and beat a hasty retreat. I was obliged to confess that it was worse than Wesley's pipe.

As we walked back toward the hotel, taking another route, Wesley was very quiet; but now and then he burst into vigorous denunciations of the vandals who had changed a beautiful country village



into a small and mean imitation of a city suburb.

I could understand exactly how he felt, having experienced something of the same feeling when I visited my birthplace in New York city, and found that the house had been converted into a populous "double-decker" tenement.

Only the Billings farm remained of all the well-remembered places that had been dear to him. The Menness place had not been altered either, he said. Indeed, there seemed little doubt of it.

I was inclined to believe it an offshoot of the original ark. The house appeared to be in a state of innocuous desuetude, and there were alarming indications that the whole thing was likely to fall apart at any time.

But the little white farmhouse of Josiah Billings, set in the midst of its emerald meadows and woods, looked quiet and restful, that one harmonious note in the discordant whole.

It was getting toward sundown, and the shadows were lengthening on the grass. Wesley's face wore a tired and disappointed look, as we stood at the gate and looked over the white palings.

"There are just two people I want to see, Dick," he said presently. "Josiah Billings and Dr. Kellogg. And then I want to get out of this place; it makes me sick. Suppose we go in and see Billings now? Hallo! I believe that's he!"

He flung open the gate, and hurried to meet a white-haired old man, who was coming down the path toward us. I followed more slowly.

"Not little Jacky Wesley!" Billings was exclaiming, as I reached them. "Well, I swan! Well, well!"

"And this is Mr. Reynolds, my friend and business associate, Mr. Billings," said Wesley.

I shook hands with Billings, who declared that any friend of Jack Wesley's was a friend of his, too.

"Come in—come in and set awhile on the porch," urged the old man. "It must be all of twenty year since I seen you, Jack. Well, well!" He turned and led the way up to the house.

"Come back to see the old place, have you, eh?" he said, when we had settled ourselves comfortably, and Wesley had inquired after Timmy and various other one-time intimates. "Well, it ain't what it

used to be, I can tell you that." He shook his head sadly.

"I don't know when I've had such a shock," Wesley said seriously. "I came back here, as you say, to see the old place, to renew old associations and old friendships. And I find a miserable second-rate town; all the associations dead and buried or outraged—and you and Dr. Kellogg the only friends left.

"I'm going back to-morrow. I meant to stay a week or more, but one afternoon of this"—he waved his hand contemptuously in the direction of the town—"is enough. I want to see the doctor to-night. Does he still live in the same place?"

"Yes; but I doubt you'll see him, Jack," answered Billings. "There's smallpox in the lower part of the town and over at Youngbridge, and he's pretty busy. You'd best go to his house along about dinner time, if you want to catch him."

"Well, I'll wait until after dark," said Wesley. "I don't want to see any more of the place than I can help. This farm of yours is like a green oasis in a desert of 'own-your-own home' atrocities.

"Thank Heaven, there's one place that's big enough to breathe in—where you can't look from your dining-room into your neighbor's kitchen and see what he's going to have for dinner!"

"But there won't be much longer, son." The old man's voice was very low. He sat back in his chair, his head sunk on his breast, his unseeing eyes fixed straight ahead.

Wesley turned like a flash and stared at him.

"What's that?" he demanded.

"To-morrow'll see the last of it. Ten o'clock in the mornin'."

"Explain!" commanded Wesley peremptorily.

"There ain't much to explain," Billings said mournfully. "We had a bad season about three year ago, and I had to put a mortgage on the place. Squire Daudel took it. I meant to pay it off, but I couldn't manage it, somehow.

"Then, a piece back, the squire's son got took bad, and they had to send him out West. The squire, he wants to go out and join him, so he foreclosed on the mortgage. And the sale's to-morrow mornin'—ten o'clock in the mornin'."

"Can't you buy the place in?" Wesley asked.

Billings shook his head.

"Timmy, he scraped the money together and sent me enough to cover the mortgage," he said. "It didn't come till the posters of the sale was up. But I did figure on buyin' the place in, till Sam Menness come by yesterday and told me *he* was goin' to take a hand."

"Sam Menness?—What's he got to do with it?"

"Everythin'. He wants the land to put up some more of them shacks. He says he'll have it—and I guess he will."

"Where will he get the money?" inquired Wesley. "That house of his looks as if he didn't have a dollar in the world."

Billings laughed harshly.

"That's just his cussed closeness," he said. "Menness—he's about the hull town now. Owns the tannery—owns most of them things he calls houses; coops, I say. Made a bar'l of money in lumber. Cut down all the hard-wood. And if he wants the place, I reckon he'll git it."

"But you can run the price up," I suggested hopefully. "You can make him pay a good round sum over and above the mortgage."

"And then, somehow, when I met Billings's reproachful eyes, I felt heartily ashamed of myself.

"You don't s'pose it's the money I care about, do you?" he asked sorrowfully. "No; it's the place I want—my home. I was born in this house, and I want to die here. It's the only home I've ever had. My dad built it, and brought ma here when he married her.

"My Timmy was born here, too, and my wife died in that up-stairs front room. Seems like I can't get used to the idea of Menness tearin' it down. I—I'm an old fool, I guess. But—but—" The old man's voice trembled and broke; he bowed his head in his withered hands.

"Would a few thousands be of any use, Mr. Billings?" asked Wesley gently; and I could see that he was deeply moved by the old man's grief. "My money's pretty well tied up just now, but you're welcome to all I have."

Billings put out one hand, groped for Wesley's, and wrung it convulsively.

"God bless ye, Jack!" he whispered huskily. "You always was a good boy. But it ain't no use. If 'twas anybody but Menness—but it's him. And what he wants, he'll have.

"What you and me could put up wouldn't be a drop in the bucket. He could double anythin' we bid and never feel it." Down went the white head again.

Wesley stood up and put one hand on the shaking shoulder.

"Don't you worry, Mr. Billings," he said. "Leave it to me. You shall keep your place. Just you make your bid in the morning, and leave Menness to me. I'll attend to him."

"Ah, boy, you can't do anythin'. He's hard—hard as a rock. I went to see him, and begged him to leave me the farm. I won't need it but just a little while longer. But—I might have saved my time and my pride."

"Well, I'll attend to him," repeated Wesley. "And now I guess we'll be getting along. Don't you worry. It will be all right."

For an instant the faded blue eyes brightened. Then the light died out of them, and they grew dull and hopeless again.

We said good-by to the poor old chap and walked away in the deepening twilight. Wesley was very quiet; and for my part, the wounded, stricken expression in Billings's eyes haunted me.

"I'm going over to see the doctor now, Dick," said Wesley presently. "I won't bother you to come; it must be a bit stupid for you here. I'll join you at the hotel this evening. Amuse yourself as you like."

I was very glad to be excused from going to the doctor's, and walked back to the hotel alone. My "amusement" consisted of sitting out on the porch after dinner and smoking, until the mosquitoes drove me up to my room, where I dug a book out of my grip and read until Wesley came in at about eleven o'clock.

"The dirty scoundrel!" were his first words, as he banged the door behind him.

"Who? Kellogg?" I inquired.

"No, you fool; Menness," he snapped.

"I had the whole story from the doctor. It seems that Billings's place is near enough to that sweet-smelling tannery to make the land valuable to Menness. He wants to put up a lot more of those dinky houses for his men. He made Billings an offer, and got sore when the old chap refused it—swore he'd get the place, and Billings swore he shouldn't. They almost came to blows, and Menness has got it in for Billings.



"So he wants the land, but he wants his revenge, too, on the man who dared to stand against him. He won't be satisfied until he gets Billings's place—the last landmark, and breaks the poor old fellow's heart.

"But he hasn't got it yet; and he won't—not by a jugful! I haven't forgotten the black-and-white mongrel and that ten-cent bet yet, Dick."

Of course, I wanted to know what he intended to do about it; but Wesley suddenly became mysterious; and taking out his meerschaum and a deck of cards, gave himself up to the enjoyment of a smoke and a game of solitaire.

I stood the reek of that awful tobacco as long as I could, and then retired in good order to my own bedroom. For the sake of coolness, we left the connecting door open, and the last I heard of Wesley was:

"Where in thunder is that queen of clubs?" Then a gleeful chuckle and "Menness didn't take Jack Wesley into his calculations. Too bad! Too bad!"

I slept badly that night, but toward morning I fell into an uneasy slumber and dreamed that Wesley was in jail, whither he had been transported for assaulting Menness with an enormous meerschaum pipe.

It was after nine when I awoke, and sang out to Wesley. Receiving no answer, I concluded that he had gone to "attend to Menness's case."

I shaved and dressed, and strolled into his room, thinking I would wait there until he returned and have my breakfast with him. What was my dismay, therefore, to find him still in bed and asleep! And the sale was set for ten o'clock!

I rushed to the bedside, seized him by the shoulder and shook him violently.

"Lemme be!" he muttered drowsily.

"Jack!" I cried. "Get up! It's five minutes to ten!"

"Well, what of it?" he demanded irritably. "Can't you let a fellow alone?"

"But the sale—"

"To the deuce with the sale! Get out!"

"But, aren't you—"

"No, I'm not! Confound you, Dick, can't you let a fellow sleep?"

Thoroughly disgusted, I turned away from the bed and walked to the window. Never before had I known Jack Wesley to break a promise.

He had assured Billings that he would save the farm from Menness—and he was

sound asleep in bed! Indignation burned hot within me.

I looked up and down the street, seeking inspiration for the scathing arraignment I felt he deserved. Not finding any, I drew upon my imagination.

"Aren't you going to get up at all to-day?" I inquired severely. I felt this a good start.

A grunt from the bed was the only answer I received, and in a rage I flung out of the room and betook myself to the porch.

It could not have been twenty minutes later when the colored man who acted as bell-boy and general factotum came out with the message that Mr. Wesley was waiting for me in the dining-room, and would I kindly step in.

Wesley greeted me with a cheerful good morning, quite as if he were seeing me for the first time that day, asked how I had slept and announced with a glance at his watch that it was half after ten, and that we had thirty minutes in which to catch our train.

"The sale should be over by this time," he added. "I wonder if I can find out anything about it?"

He rose suddenly from the table and left the room. Five minutes later he was back, smiling broadly.

"Get a move on, Dick," he said, as he swallowed the remainder of his cup of coffee. "We haven't any too much time for that train."

"What about Billings?" I ventured.

"No time to talk about him now. I've ordered the carriage to take us to the station. You don't want any more omelet. Hurry up!"

In silence I went up-stairs and brought down the grips, while Wesley paid the bill at the desk, and then we got into the same ruin that had conveyed us to the hotel and started for the station.

A little way down the street a crowd had collected, almost blocking the roadway. Two or three deputies were keeping it in check, and the sheriff, revolver in hand, was planted in the center of the lawn, with the air of one who has taken up permanent quarters.

He kept the weapon pointed at a tall, gaunt man, who danced and gesticulated in the doorway of the house. One tumble-down pillar of the porch was adorned with a highly decorative red and white sign,

which bore the somewhat startling legend: "Smallpox."

"Why, that's the Menness place!" I exclaimed, as my eye took in the scene, although the full meaning of it escaped me.

"And that's Menness doing a two-step in the doorway," chuckled Wesley.

"I ain't got it, I tell ye! I ain't!" belated the frantic dancer, running out on the porch and then running back again to the shelter of the doorway.

"Don't you dare come out ag'in!" the sheriff bawled back at him, waving his gun menacingly.

"I'll have the law on ye!" screamed Menness. "I'll show ye! I ain't got it! Jest you wait! I ain't got it!"

"No, you haven't, for a fact," observed Wesley thoughtfully. "I expect Billings is glad of it, too. Hurry up, Phœbus"—this to the driver—"we want to catch that train, not the smallpox." The driver clucked to his horse, and the ancient relic moved along a little faster.

"You know something about this business, Jack!" I accused him. "Out with it."

"Sure I do," admitted Wesley cheerfully. "Why not?"

"But I don't," I said pointedly.

"I'm aware of that," said he. "And I hope nobody else does," he added grimly. "Oh, by the way, Dick, Billings bought in the farm. I got the news from a kid who was at the sale, and I thought you'd like to know."

"Where was Menness all the time?" I asked.

"Home. The sheriff attended to that. I expect I'm a common malefactor, Dick," he continued unexpectedly. "But after what I heard from Billings and Kellogg, and after seeing Youngville, I felt that Menness ought to have his comb cut, and I appointed myself a committee of one to perform the operation. Apparently, the situation called for heroic measures, but I turned the trick with a telephone message."

"A telephone message?"

"Yes. To the board of health—and they obligingly did the rest. Vile town, isn't it?"

"Well?" said I. Wesley's habit of telling me the tail-end of a story and leaving me to fill in the blanks has always been peculiarly annoying. Probably that is the reason he does it.

"Oh, yes," he went on after a moment. "I forgot I hadn't told you about it. You see, it occurred to me that Menness ought

not to be allowed at that sale to-day. I might have prevented his attending by going up to his house and sitting on his head until it was over, or by potting him through the window with a shotgun.

"I think the town would have given me a vote of thanks for the latter method; but the sheriff might have wanted explanations, and we should have missed our train.

"So I contented myself with advising the health board that there was a well-developed case of smallpox in the Menness mansion; and that, while I had quarantined the afflicted party, I felt, in the interests of public safety, no one should be permitted to leave the premises.

"An officer of the board went up there last night, tacked a sign on the house, and instructed the sheriff to see that my orders were carried out. From what I heard and saw back there, I should gather that Menness was somewhat peeved at being compelled to remain indoors."

"Well, of all nerve—but why should the board of health pay any attention to what you said?"

"Well the fact is, Dick, I believe I got mixed in my identity over the telephone, and told them I was Dr. Kellogg. You see, he is acting as diagnostician for the health authorities, and what he says goes. He is a pretty well-known man, and they don't trouble to have their own physician make an examination after he has once seen the case.

"He went to Youngbridge last night after I had talked with him, and he told me to leave no stone unturned to help Billings. He can prove an alibi on the telephone-call, so Menness can't make any trouble for him."

"But why didn't Menness send for the inspector and prove there was no smallpox in the house?" I wanted to know.

"Probably he did. In fact, I'm quite sure he did. But the inspector was busy down at the lower end of town this morning, and it probably took some time to locate him. I don't believe he hurried, anyway. He doesn't appear to have arrived on the scene as yet."

Wesley was silent until we had taken our seats in the train and the landscape was slipping past the windows. Then he turned to me, and a grin of unalloyed delight overspread his face.

"Dick," he said, slowly, "I believe I'm about square with Menness on that ten-cent bet!"




# Real Railroad Perils.

BY TOM JACKSON.

**R**AILROADERS, as well as lion tamers and hunters of big game, can tell a good yarn now and then about mix-ups with wild animals. The days when buffaloes blocked the right-of-way and grizzlies sharpened their teeth on engine pilots has passed, but occasionally we hear of a wild-cat or a panther causing some rapid foot-work that wasn't included in the running orders of a train crew.

The possum that chewed a hole in Foreman O'Brien's thumb, while more of a pet than a peril, called forth such a battle from Dennis, the night watchman, that Mr. Jackson has given us his sad history along with the tales of his more formidable brothers of the woods, who furnished certain trainmen as much excitement in two minutes as the average city man runs into in a lifetime.

## Hair-Raisers That Were Unexpectedly Sprung on Some Western Railroaders by a Prowling Possum, a Wounded Bob-Cat, and a Ravenous Mountain Lion.

 **S**OME boys, get busy. Seventeen's only an hour and a half late and we have that much time to kill, so we may as well take it easy," said Marsh, putting a glowing coal to his pipe and assuming the indolent posture of ease.

"That means this gang will be until after daylight cutting up 17," Norris grumbled.

"Shut up, you lazy hoghead. You'd be kicking if you was ordered out to your own funeral," said Watson.

"I don't know about that," said Spence. "Seems to me that Norris wouldn't be in very good shape to kick if the undertaker had done his work properly."

"Huh, that's a cheerful subject that you gazabos have lighted on," said Dempsey, who had just come in after the caller had visited his domicile. "Talk about undertakers when you can't talk about anything else. It's dead sure that none of the gang here will be playing possum when the undertaker comes after him."

"Speaking of possum reminds me," said Marsh, "about—"

"Oh, dat possum meat, am good for to eat," Watson chanted.

"Dry up, will you, Watson," said Dempsey. "It's about time for Marsh to make a spell, so let him go on."

"Oh, all right. If he can get a story out of a possum, he's a Jim dandy."

"Well, as I was going to say," Marsh proceeded as though no interruption had occurred, "it was when I was running on the Cairo division of the Illinois Central, between Centralia and Cairo.

### Planning a Possum Hunt.

"Some of the boys had been talking for quite a while about getting up a possum hunt, but as none of the crowd had ever been out after possums so far it had resulted merely in talk.

"One evening we corralled an old darkie who had come down to the roundhouse from one of the boarding-houses with a

couple of lunch buckets for two of the boys who were going out shortly and one of the boys sang out:

"Say, Ned, you old black rascal, do you know of any good possum hunting around here?"

"'Deed I does, gemman! An' I'se gwine wid two udder culled gemman arter possums to-morrow night."

"Well, the long and short of it was, we then and there made a deal with the old darkey to go out with a party of us as a guide. He was reluctant at first as the darkies in that section were chary about taking strangers to the haunts of the possum, just as fishermen often endeavor to keep the knowledge of the best fishing-grounds to themselves, but finally his objections were overcome by the promise of two dollars for his services and the possums captured, if any, were to be his property.

"Upon these conditions he agreed to get the consent of the 'two udder culled gemman' for our crowd to form a part of the congregation.

"Just as luck would have it the next afternoon I got orders to pull an extra north, though by rights my lay-over extended to the day following. Now, ordinarily I would not have kicked at this chance to swell my pay-check, but I had never been on a possum hunt and I had heard so much about it and the fun that we would have, that I hustled around to see if I could not get a substitute.

### A Beefsteak Bruise.

"I slyly procured a piece of raw beef that had considerable blood still in it, and this I placed in the palm of my left hand, then bandaged it lightly so that a little pressure would cause a bloody stain to appear on the bandage.

"The extra list was light and the only man available was Jack Davis. Now Jack was a good runner, though he had not long been set up and had not yet a regular engine; but O'Brien, the roundhouse foreman, who also acted as engine despatcher, for some reason had it in for Jack as big as a wolf, and he would never order him out if there was any chance to get another runner or to compel one of the regulars to double out. Jack knew this as did all the rest of the gang, but we couldn't help ourselves.

"O'Brien didn't have any great amount

of use for me because I lost no opportunity to show my contempt for him, while at the same time playing safe so that he could not get an edge on me. I knew that any request to let me off that run would not go, hence the raw beef stunt.

### He Fooled the Foreman.

"Well, I moseyed down to the roundhouse a little more than an hour before leaving time and monkeyed around until I caught O'Brien's eye.

"What's the matter with your flipper?" he asked.

"Oh, I managed to get it pinched while setting up wedges," I answered.

"Well, I'm sorry, but that train of perishable freight has got to move and move lively, so I don't see but you will have to pull it. There's no other engine available."

"That's all right, O'Brien," I said. "You haven't heard any wail from me?"

"No, but I expected to."

"Expectations are not always realized, you know."

"I swung up on the footboard of the old one-twelve. Her lever was down in the forward corner so I took hold of the throttle with my bandaged left hand. I pulled her open, and then shut her off, letting a yelp out of me that could be heard clear out on the Ohio levee.

"What's the matter?" O'Brien shouted, as he came arunning.

"I can't take this run out. My hand is too sore," I answered and turned the palm of my bandaged hand so that he could see it.

"Say, that bandage was a beaut. The whole of the bandage covering the palm of my hand was stained a bright red and a few little drops trickled down. I groaned and fussed while O'Brien swore.

"Now I had already put Jack Davis wise, and he came sauntering in just as I sank back on the cushion as though overcome with pain.

"Hallo, O'Brien," he said, "anything doing?"

"Marsh has managed to cripple himself so he can't take the one-twelve out and I guess you'll have to take her."

"All right, send the boy up to my boarding-house for the grub-can."

"Never mind," I said, anxious to get out of the way before O'Brien tumbled to the little stunt that I had pulled off. "Mine is in the box. Use it."

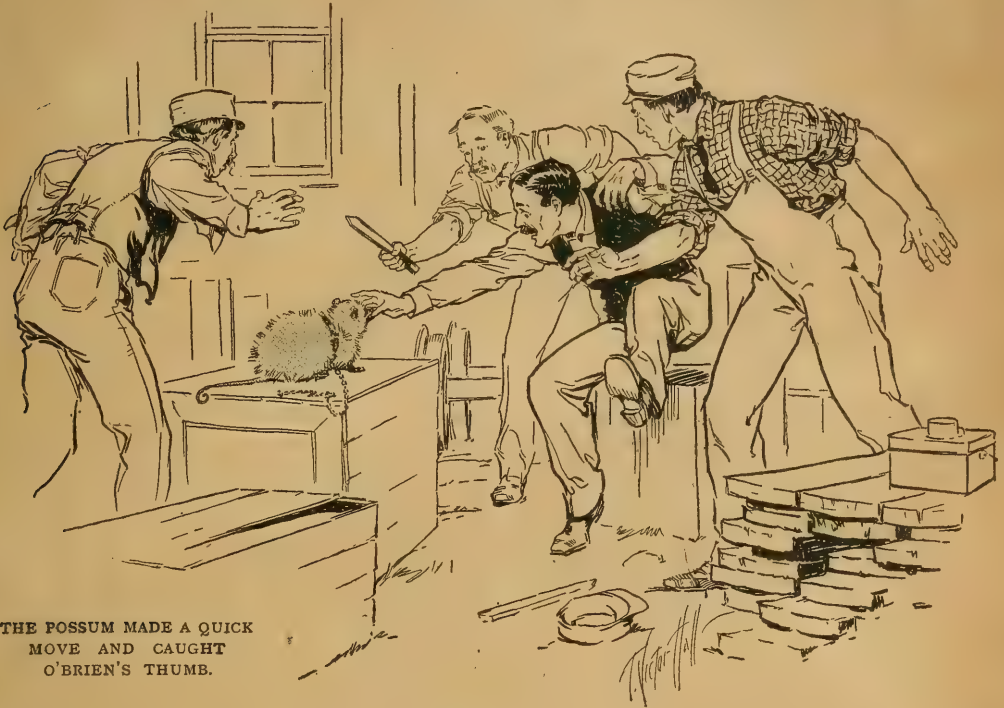


"So, groaning and staggering and gritting my teeth as though in the most exquisite pain, I managed to get out of the roundhouse and around the first convenient corner. Then I straightened up but I still held on to my bandaged raw beef. I kept close to my room until the boys came for me to go on the possum hunt and they insisted

ground with a thump and the dogs began to worry it, but that possum never moved.

"One of the darkies hunted around until he got a heavy stick and this he laid across the possum's neck until Mr. Possum was duly defunct.

"We then proceeded to tramp farther into the woods and in about half an hour had



THE POSSUM MADE A QUICK  
MOVE AND CAUGHT  
O'BRIEN'S THUMB.

that for the sake of appearances I must hang on to my sore hand.

"We went down to the Ohio levee and got into a couple of skiffs and the darkies pulled across the river to the Kentucky side. The land here was low and covered with a growth of scrub with here and there some good-sized trees and was under water at every rise in the river, not being protected by the levee by that time.

"For three mortal hours we tramped through that scrub before the dogs, a couple of yellow and black, long-eared hounds, let out a yelp. About eleven o'clock they set up a howl around a small tree or rather a good-sized sapling, about six inches through at the butt.

"It was a pawpaw-tree and we could see a whitish lump well up toward the top. The three darkies shook the sapling viciously and finally a round furry ball hit the

treed and bagged another possum. Then we tramped some more. It was just getting light when the third possum was brought down. He was a whale of a fellow, almost as big as the other two combined, and for some reason the darkies concluded to take him home alive.

"We persuaded Ned to let us take the possum to the roundhouse on the positive assurance that we would return the animal in good order.

"We had some difficulty in securing Mr. Possum, but this was finally accomplished by means of a dog-chain and a metal dog-collar, which we fastened around the body of the animal.

"For some time Mr. Possum played dead, but finally seemed to conclude that it was not a paying game and showed a decided disposition to fight. In a few hours he was anything but the mild-tem-

pered animal we had always supposed him to be.

"O'Brien was one of these fellows who are always happiest when they are hectoring or browbeating somebody or teasing an animal. He had all kinds of fun with Mr. Possum for a time, punching him in the ribs and otherwise tickling him until the beast would curl back his lips and show his teeth in an angry snarl.

"All this was nuts for O'Brien and he spent the greater part of the day teasing the brute. Finally the possum made a quick move and caught O'Brien's right thumb firmly between his teeth. Now a possum's teeth are much like those of a rat and when they do take hold they hang like a bull-dog.

"Back of the roundhouse was an old, dilapidated picket fence. These pickets were the square sticks so often seen in fences of this kind, and, as one of these happened to be lying near, the boys thrust its pointed end into the possum's jaws to force him to open up, but his grip was so tight the stick was broken off in the first attempt.

"Another picket was thrust still farther between the little animal's teeth and the thumb finally released, but O'Brien, in his impatience, hastily jerked his hand away and the sharp incisors of the brute ripped his thumb, from root to tip, as smoothly and nicely as any person could have done it with a knife.

#### Dodging the Death Sentence.

"Ostensibly the gang sympathized deeply with O'Brien, but deep down in their hearts all were glad that he had met with his 'comeupance.' As O'Brien swore death to the possum, a hasty council of war was held by the boys.

"All of us were determined that the possum should be allowed to live because of the good he had done, so a purse, amounting to something like four or five dollars, was made up among the crowd and turned over to Ned as the price of the animal, with the distinct understanding, however, that he should declare to O'Brien that he had killed and eaten him.

"The following day when I took the one-twelve on the northbound run, securely fastened in a box which was hidden under the coal in the tender was Mr. Possum.

"As soon as we pulled out the fireman uncovered the box which rested on the running-board.

"When we got to Centralia it was about ten o'clock at night, and, for safe keeping, we put the box containing the possum in a narrow passageway that led from the machine-shop to the engine-house.

"The belt for the transmission of power ran through this passage at one side and the other was just about three or four feet wide. The box was placed back of and under the belt where it would be out of the way.

"I had just finished washing up, after doing a little tinkering around the engine, when we heard the most infernal racket from the vicinity of the machine-shop that had ever been heard in that section and we all hurried to see what in Sam Hill had broken loose. There had been a couple of pistol shots, followed by a hammering and banging as though some one were trying to beat down the wall with a maul.

#### Dennis's Demon.

"Dennis McCarren had not long since arrived from the old country, and his first steady employment after arriving in Centralia was that of night watchman around the machine-shop and power-house, having, among other duties, that of looking after the fires under the stationary boilers.

"Now we had overlooked Dennis in our calculations and, in fact, I do not think that it had occurred to any of us that he might never have seen a possum and was unaware of the harmless nature of the animal, nor that the effect of a sudden meeting might be disastrous.

"We hurried to the passageway as quickly as possible, but before we got there Dennis stepped through the door and shouted:

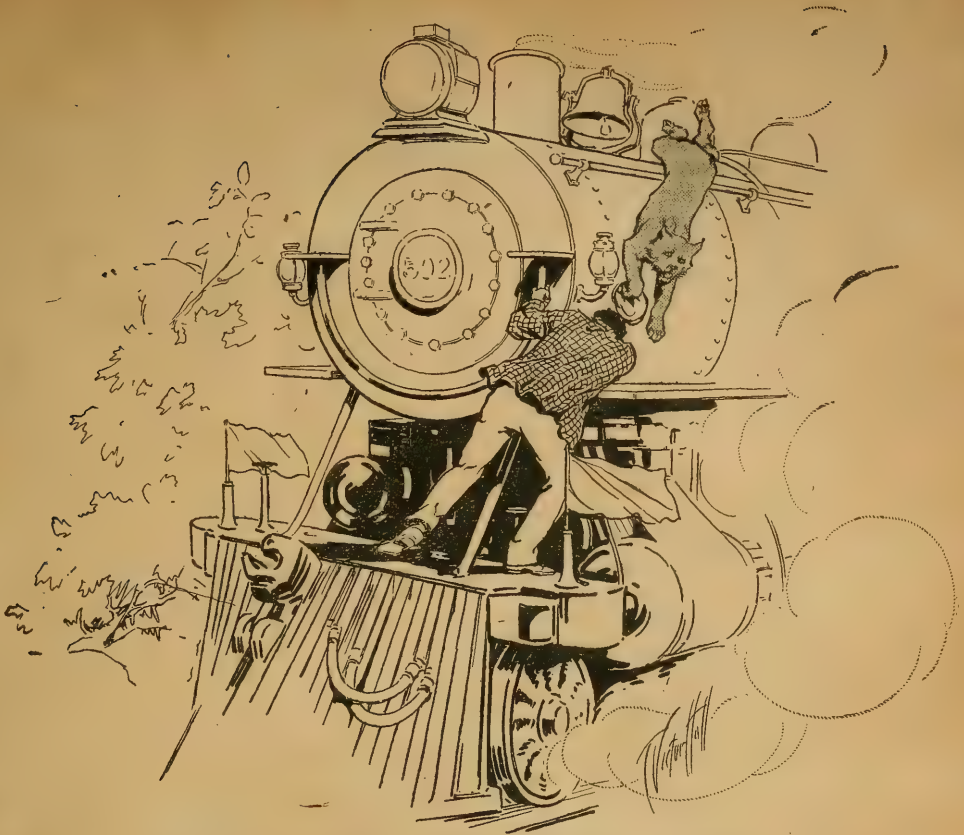
"Hurry up, byes. By the blessed Saint Pathrick, if I haven't killed the divil I've murdered his brother."

"Poor, innocent possum. There he lay, his head crushed by a board that Dennis had wielded. The sentence of death had been executed despite our strenuous efforts to save his life.

"Dennis explained that as he was coming through the passage he saw two balls of green fire and he fired two shots and then grabbing a stove that lay handy he proceeded to pound the two balls of fire as near as he could by reaching under the belt. The possum had worked out of his box in some manner and was just setting out on an exploring expedition when he met Dennis."

"Talking about animals," said Spence,





"AS THE BOB-CAT PLUNGED OVERBOARD HE CAUGHT THE FIREMAN'S CAP."

"I heard a story some years ago that was a good one. How true it is I don't know, and, although I heard the names of the enginemen concerned, I have forgotten them as well as the name of the road upon which the affair occurred. The road was in the West—through Colorado and New Mexico—and has since been merged into one of the large systems."

"Never mind the names," said Watson, "spin the yarn."

#### In the Cab with a Bob-Cat.

"Some of you have probably heard the story, and if so, you may remember the names. As I heard the tale it was a case of the trouble starting from a party of tenderfeet riding on a way freight down the mountain. They had Winchesters and some .44 Colt's, and, like all other tenderfeet, were always popping away at something.

"It seems that as the train was pulling around a sharp curve one of them spied a

bob-cat in a tree that leaned out over the track.

"They banged away just as the engine passed below, and the brute, with a cry, sprang out from his roost and landed square on the tank. Failing to get a hold, he lost his balance and rolled down over the coal to the foot-plate. The engineer and fireman caught sight of him just as he got to his feet and both of them got hustled out of the cab onto the running-boards, slamming the doors behind them.

"There they were, one on each side of the boiler, holding on to the hand-rail, with the engine tearing down the grade. The animal nosed around the boiler-head for a moment, but whether it did not like the heat or for some other reason, it retreated to the tank, spitting and snarling, and then leaped to the roof of the cab.

"The engine was increasing its speed every minute as it rolled down the steep mountain grade, and when the engineer heard the thump caused by the animal strik-

ing the roof of the cab he slipped back inside to shoot on the air.

"The fireman looked up just in time to see the gray, furry brute about to spring for him, and he started for the pilot in a hurry. As he stepped onto the steam-chest from the running-board, the beast shot from the roof of the cab, clearing the steam-dome, sand-box, and bell, and landing on top of the boiler just back of the stack.

"He was unable to cling on, however, and rolled off on the left side just as the fireman swung down on the pilot-beam.

"As the bob-cat plunged overboard he caught the fireman's cap, taking it with him as he rolled down the mountain-side into the cañon.

### Deadheading a Panther.

"When the train stopped at the next station the engineer went ahead and found the fireman bleeding from a long gash in his scalp, very faint and weak. He was almost on the point of collapse, while the engineer himself was quite shaky.

"The whole occurrence, from the time the bob-cat leaped from the tree to the top of the tank until the train stopped, did not exceed fifteen minutes. The train-crew from engineman to conductor were mad as hornets, and they went after the three tenderfeet hot and heavy, telling them that if they wanted to hunt any more bob-cats they must do it either on horseback or afoot, for they would not under any circumstances allow any more gunning at wild animals from the train."

"That reminds me of a story Hank Johnson, who is railroading down in Mexico, told during his recent visit to the States," said Watson.

"According to Hank, a box-car was standing on the siding at Micos station on the Tampico division of the Mexican Central, being loaded with ties, when a number of mozos and greasers who were at work heard the scream of a panther or mountain lion, as it is known out there.

"The track runs around the foot of the mountain, and just below Micos enters the cañon of the *Rio El Salto del Abra de Caballeros*. At Micos the line lies on a sort of bench or terrace at the foot of the mountain, which rises almost perpendicularly for a thousand feet. The slope is not inaccessible to good climbers, but it is so steep that few attempt the ascent.

"There is just room enough on this ledge

for the main line, the siding, and a small depot. Beyond this the cliff drops down probably a hundred feet to the river, whose waters are a vivid emerald green.

"Across the river another mountain rises equally, if not more, precipitous, with the result that the gorge is gloomy and for a great portion of the day in semi-twilight.

"The panther was across the track from the point where the peons were working, but they could not see him; they did not know which way to run. While they were huddled together in terror, the long, cat-like beast leaped on top of the box-car and shot down into the group of frightened men, knocking them right and left.

"While he was standing over the prostrate body of a greaser, however, one mozo plucked up courage enough to swipe the brute with a handspike. The panther at once turned his attention to his new foe, who scrambled over the pile of ties in an attempt to get into the box-car, but he tripped and fell, rolling under the car just as the panther, with a roar, leaped for him.

"As the mozo rolled under the car the panther went into it, crashing against the opposite side with a blow that must have given him a headache.

"Quick as a flash, the agent, who was a Mexican, slammed the car door shut and promptly sealed it. Then he wired headquarters that the car was loaded, and in return was instructed to bill it to Aguas Calientes, where it would be picked up by the west-bound way-freight.

"As a matter of fact, the car was not more than half loaded, but the agent evidently believed that they needed a mountain lion out at Aguas Calientes more than they did ties.

### When the Door Was Opened.

"McCranie picked up the car and pulled out. Nothing occurred to excite suspicion until the train stopped at Rascon, when McCranie, who was passing on his way from the way-car to the depot, heard a thumping noise inside the car.

"He listened, but was unable to determine just what species of live-stock was inside, and contented himself by remarking to the yardmaster at Tamasopa that the trainmen, if called on to look after the consignment, would do well to be very careful when they opened the car door.

"The yardmaster looked at the way bills, and seeing nothing but ties specified, con-



cluded that some prowling animal, possibly a skunk or a coon, had taken refuge in the car and been accidentally locked in, so he concluded to say nothing about it.

"The trainmen who took the car up the mountain from Tamasopa to Cardenas heard the animal stirring around, but as the brute, for some reason, made but little noise, no suspicion that they were carrying anything more harmful than a raccoon occurred to them.

"The car was duly delivered at Aguas Calientes, and was shoved down on a track in a little-used part of the yard until its contents should be needed. The car stood on this siding three or four days, and then the order came to unload and stack the ties.

"It was a long time before any one found out how that mountain-lion got into the car, and, as far as Hank knew, the affair never got to the ears of any official higher than the yardmaster.

"Five or six days in a sealed box-car was evidently enough to tame the fighting spirit of the panther, though, so far as known, none of the train or yard men had any desire to halt him."

"During my kid days," said Mike, "I



"THE LONG CAT-LIKE BEAST SHOT INTO THE GROUP."

"The seal was broken and the door rolled back, when, with a roar that startled the entire crowd, the panther sprang out, leaping over the heads of the yardmen and landing thirty feet away.

"He did not stop to show fight or argue, but, with another angry scream, bounded across the yard, and before any one could make a move he was heading for tall timber in long, graceful leaps. By the time the yardmen fully realized what sort of animal had been cooped up in that box-car the brute was well out of sight.

lived at St. James, Missouri. At that time the Frisco was known as the Atlantic and Pacific, and extended from St. Louis to a point beyond Rolla, possibly as far as Springfield.

"St. James at that time was, though only



"HE DID NOT STOP TO SHOW FIGHT OR ARGUE."

a small hamlet, quite an important shipping point for the Meramec Iron Works, which were located six or eight miles south at the head of the Meramec River.

"The shipments consisted of iron ore, both red and blue hematite, though the red predominated, and of pig-iron. A considerable amount of the ore was reduced by furnaces there and run into pig-iron.

#### In the Heart of the Ozarks.

"The Meramec River boils up at the foot of a mountain, the spring probably having a diameter of thirty feet. The water is icy cold, very clear, it being possible to see a pin on the gravel bottom at a depth of twelve feet.

"The water boils up with tremendous force, so strong that a stone pitched into the center of the spring will be hurled upward and outward until it falls to the bottom at the margin. The river proper is probably less than twenty feet wide, and flows with a strong, stiff current, which at that time, along in the early seventies, was utilized to drive air-pumps which furnished the blast for the furnaces.

"One of the great pastimes or sports at that time was possum-hunting. The whites as well as the negroes were fond of possum,

and prepared as they used to cook it, and with sweet potatoes roasted in the pan, was a dish fit for any one.

"The trouble in these days with possum-meat is that few knew how to properly cook it so as to eliminate the greater portion of the oily fat.

"One evening in November, before the snows came and when the air was crisp and frosty, a party was made up of engineers, yardmen, and the wipers who were on day duty. I, though only a lad, employed as a messenger, was occasionally permitted to help wipe an engine, much to my delight, for at that time I thought a locomotive was the noblest work of man's hands.

"I sought and obtained permission to accompany the party. We piled on to a string of empty ore-wagons returning from St. James to the mines, and reached the furnaces about six o'clock.

"We got supper at one of the company's boarding-houses, and then, having secured a couple of darkies as guides, we set out about eight o'clock at night.

"One of the party was a freight conductor named Hughes, who wore a full, black beard. The others were an engineer named Peters, a fireman named Jackson, two brakemen named Palmer and Craig, a wiper known as 'Schnüttty,' and myself.



"The route we took was up the river to the spring and thence up into the timber on the mountain. By midnight we had captured eight possums, and had decided to turn back to the Meramec, when a long, wailing cry, like a woman's scream, echoed through the forest.

"'Dat am a painter, boss,' one of the darkies said to Hughes, who, by tacit consent, had been recognized as the leader of the party, 'an' we had best be diggin' out of heah.'

"'Are you sure that is a panther? It may be some woman who needs our help.'

"'Deed, boss, dat ar ain' no 'ooman. I done knows a painter's screech. Dat varmin' has got our scent and he doan' know jes whar we are, so he hollers dat away to make us answer, and den he gits us located. Jus' wait a minit and you'll hear him holler and he'll be nearer to us.'

"Even as he spoke, the second wailing cry was heard, and it was undeniably nearer.

"The party hustled down the mountain, no man standing upon the order of his going, but all went at once, sliding, running, tumbling, and rolling—any way to get down.

"We reached a spot on the side of the mountain immediately above the spring. We had lost the trail, but no one was anxious to spend time in looking for it, though we knew the side of the mountain above the spring was so steep as to be almost precipitous and footing was exceedingly difficult to obtain or to retain when obtained.

"We were nearly to the bottom when another scream rang out, not the wailing cry as heard before, but the angry, snarling scream of a hungry panther.

"Hughes was in the lead, and he was so startled that he slipped, lost his footing, and went rolling down the mountain, bumping against trees that he vainly endeavored to grasp; turning over and over, until he finally shot out feet first, landing almost in the center of the spring.

"He was shot upward by the rushing water, and went bobbing along with the torrent for several minutes, until he was finally washed ashore at the head of the river, still hanging on to his possum.

"The rest of us stumbled along down the mountain, but, more fortunate than Hughes, we managed to control our descent, and soon reached a piece of level ground at the margin of the spring, not far from

the outlet and not many feet from the spot where Hughes was scrambling to his feet.

"A few yards of lively sprinting brought us into the open, where, in the full flare of the blast-furnaces, we felt a good deal safer.

"The scream of the panther had been heard in the village, and had brought out a number of the teamsters, miners, and furnace-men, who, armed with rifles and shotguns, came hurrying toward us.

"We were all too much excited and frightened to give an intelligent account of our experiences, but when they finally heard that the panther was somewhere near the top of the mountain above the spring, they decided it was useless to go after him that night.

"However, they drew off a short distance into the open where they could command the fringe of trees for a quarter of a mile either way, and closely watched for the brute to show himself.

"They said that the panther had probably scented the blood of the possums we had killed, and would be apt to follow our trail clear to the edge of the clearing if he was as hungry as his actions would indicate.

"Hughes went to the boarding-house, where he put on some dry clothes one of the furnace-men loaned him, and he then rejoined the rest of us, who strung out about twelve or fifteen feet apart along the edge of the forest, behind the works. At somebody's suggestion, the carcass of one of the possums was left lying on the bank.

"Nothing more was heard until almost daylight, when a scream rang out and almost at the same instant a dark form sprang from the shadows close to where lay the dead possum.

"Half a dozen rifles suddenly cracked, but the beast still came forward toward us. Before he had covered half the distance, however, he fell forward and rolled over on his side, biting at the grass and clawing convulsively. Then he died.


"The day was just dawning, so we waited until broad daylight before approaching the prostrate panther in order to make sure that he was really dead. On examining him we found five bullets in his head and body and one in his left foreleg.

"He was a magnificent specimen and measured over twelve feet in length from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail. His skin was given to Hughes, who had it made into a rug."

# A SHOCKING AFFAIR.

BY AUGUSTUS WITTFELD.

## Dugan Finds an Image Which Has Normal Notions So Long as It Is Not Up-Ended.

PEAKING of the superstitious practises of the East and of her idolatrous ways," said Dugan to the theological student, "reminds me of a weird and wool-raising incident that occurred out West, when I was feeding the furnace on an engine on the S. I. X. line.

"We were pulling freight across the prairie, and about fifty miles from nowhere the rails spread and wrecked three or four of our cars. In all my experience, I have never seen such complete demolition of rolling-stock as accompanied that trifling accident.

"There was one car, in particular, the contents of which were evidently consigned to some museum in the East, that looked as if it had made a bid for an honorary degree in the order of junk. The car itself was smashed to smithereens, while the cases with which it had been loaded were bruised, battered, and busted.

"Their contents were scattered over the prairie in a manner that would have given the claim-agent cardiac syncope, and the green sward was strewn with a heterogeneous conglomeration of images, idols, totem-poles, and so on. The assortment, no doubt, represented the labors of one of those archeological academicians who go around poking their noses into the affairs of those who are dead and gone and can't resent it.

"Soubers, the engineer, was a man whom I had every reason to believe had either missed his calling or else nature had juggled the signals and sidetracked him. He never told me how he came to take up locomotive engineering, but it was my private opinion that he was a by-product of a theological seminary.

"When he went back to hold a post mortem on his defunct cars, and his eyes

rested on the graven images and jimcracks, he nearly fell from grace.

"What the nation kind of junk is this to expect a self-respecting, church-going engineer to transport?' he grumbled. 'When the S. I. X. road takes to tearing a lot of heathen idols from their proper resting-place behind the portals of the past, it's time for me to get a job as motorman on a trolley-car. Why, that outfit of right-worshipful Willies is enough to wreck the whole system.'

"He went tramping around among the scattered idols, making cursory remarks to the different deities of the past. Presently he saw one that struck his fancy, and he picked it up. Coming up to me, he exhibited the darndest specimen of primitive sculpture I have ever laid eyes on.

"The thing was about eighteen inches high, and looked as if it had been carved out of some hard, black stone. Its attitude was something between that of a gladiator and a base-ball pitcher in action, while its garb was what you might expect to behold on an Adonis di Milo who had just received an encore for the dance of the seven veils.

"A serpent of the d. t. order, which did duty as a girdle, accentuated the paucity of wardrobe, while its expression resembled that of a bleacherite voicing his disapproval of the umpire's ultimatum. All in all, the toot onsome was first-class to the bad.

"You're a nice-looking, gentle little primeval specimen to be the recipient of adoration and devotion,' said Soubers, balancing the idol on his palm in an upright position. He gazed at it critically, and then, taking hold of it at either end, he turned it in different positions, examining it as a call-boy might examine his first pay envelope.

"If I had a disposition like yours,' he said, continuing his effrontery, 'I'd hire out



as a before-taking example and get rid of it. You're short on beauty and long on homeliness, and you haven't sense enough to cover. You look to me like a harbinger of hate, and—wow! Holy smoke! What you getting into action about?' and he threw the idol from him like an athlete trying for a record.

"What's the matter?' I inquired.

"Matter?' he rasped. 'Say, that statue has got Tom Edison hunting for a taxidermist to have his skin readjusted. It just handed me a million volts.'

"Say, Soubers,' I advised, 'just stick your fingers in your ears so your brains won't ooze out. How in the nation could you get an electric shock out in this virgin vicinity?'

"How could I get it?' he asked savagely. 'I got it shaking hands across the chasm of the past with an idol from the inferno. Fondling a freak fetish from the fetid fossa of the past. I got it nursing a nature-faking deity from the Olympus of the protoplasmic Pantheon of paganism. That's how I got it.'

"Aw, go on,' I commented. 'You're suffering from an acute imagination and an overburdened vocabulary. Who ever heard of an innocent statue being charged with statuetic electricity?'

"Well, we argued it out pro and con, but I couldn't convince him he was wrong. Finally, when the track was cleared of the wreckage, Soubers got courageous and picked up the idol on a coal-shovel and carried it to his cab, where he stood it in a corner of his seat.

"When everything was in shape, we proceeded on our interrupted journey, leaving the scattered collection of idols, etc., for the wrecking-crew to salvage. We were hitting it up at a lively pace to make up for lost time, when, on looking at the idol reposing on the leather-covered divan, I conceived the idea of getting Soubers's nanny.

"Say, Soubers,' I remarked, 'just request that Willieken of yours to stop flirting. If it winks at me again, I'll bat it one with my coal-shovel.'

"What's eating you? Who ever heard of an innocent idol making eyes?' he asked, paraphrasing my previous remark. 'You are evidently suffering from an overgrown imagination if you interpret a stony stare into an ophthalmic amatory signal.'

"Why, that innocent cuss is a demon *de luxe*, a *vade mecum* of wickedness, and

an epitome of all that is villainous. If any of our ancestors ever prayed to that dinky devil, I'll bet it was to invoke his malefic influence towards their enemies.

"He is a bad man of a bygone age, and—gee whiz! There you go ag'in!' he yelled, as the object of his wrath rolled off the seat and fetched him one on the tibia.

"For a moment he nursed his bruised shin, then he stooped and picked up the fallen idol. Taking it in both hands, he essayed to send it flying through the cab-window; but it didn't fly, for the simple reason that Soubers suddenly froze into inaction like a statue doing the classic pose, while his eyes were fixed on the ancient and honorable with a fascinated look of fear.

"Say, Soubers,' I asked, 'why that attitude of winged victory?'

"Dugan, you shrimp,' he cried, 'why don't you do something? Can't you see that I'm working for a release from this dynamic attachment?'

"I grasped the idol with my good right hand and tried to wrest it from his grasp, but he held on to it like grim death. Finally I gave it a twist upward, and Soubers released his hold quicker than a base-ball manager releases a bum player. I stood it up again in its little corner and turned to Soubers.

"Guess you're convinced now,' he growled. 'Oh, no, innocent little idols don't do anything but idle. They don't shock you; they don't wink at comparative strangers, nor hand you a writ of attachment like a constable. I wish I had never laid eyes on the enchanted emblem.'

"I made no reply, for I had begun to look upon that impish image with a certain amount of awe. It would not have surprised me if the statuette had joined in the conversation and rebuked Soubers for his lack of reverence.

"We eventually pulled into the terminus at Sleepy Siding without further incident. Soubers lived there, and I boarded with him.

"What you going to do with your friend?' I asked, after we had run the engine into the shed.

"What am I going to do with it?' he replied. 'I've half a mind to get out my iconoclastic hammer and smash it, but, to tell the truth, I'm half afraid. Guess I'd better take it home and treat it like one of the family. Build it a shrine and offer it my devoirs—I don't think.'

"Say, Soubers,' I remonstrated, 'you

wouldn't think of harboring that fractious fetish under your roof-tree? What do you want to do—hoodoo the homestead?'

"No," he replied. "I wish to make a study of the psychic phenomenon as promulgated by the pagan prestidigitator. I want to spring it on the boys and see if any of them get stung. After this, whenever his lordship gets into action, I'm going to occupy the auditorium and not the center of the stage. I've had mine, all right, and after this I'm going to root for the right-worshipful trouble-maker."

"Soubers made a noose with a piece of cord and, passing it over the image's head, drew it tight around the neck. Then we started for home, with Soubers dangling the troublesome trinket at the end of the cord. On the main street, we met Professor Knowit, who had gone East some time before to locate his health, which had eluded him. The professor was accompanied by a bull-pup which was a great joy of ugliness.

"As we stopped to indulge in persiflage, the pup spied the dangling demigod and went smelling around it. Soubers gave the cord a quick jerk, and one of the good points of that idol perforated the pug-nose of the pug-pup. The dog emitted a howl, and went scooting down the street like an ocean dash-hound, with his steering-gear set for a straight course.

"Bless my soul!" said the professor, eying the idol. "What have you there, Soubers?"

"Oh, just an ornament I've taken a fancy to," replied Soubers.

"It looks like an idol of the early ages," remarked the professor. "May I examine it, Soubers?"

"Soubers handed it to the professor, who took it and examined it critically.

"I can't make it out," he said. "It might be a Shamnist idol, but I am not sure the Shamnists included idols in their ceremonies. Shamanism, as you are no doubt aware, consists of making offerings to evil spirits to propitiate them. It is said to have been practised by the older Tartar races, and still flourishes in some parts of Siberia. This is a very interesting specimen," he continued. "May I ask why you were carrying it in such a peculiar manner?"

"Soubers related his thrilling experiences, while the professor listened attentively.

"Very curious," he commented as Soubers finished, "but, no doubt, due to some natural cause."

"Say, professor," I remarked, butting into the conversation, "take the image in both hands and hold it horizontally, and see what happens."

The professor did as I advised, watching the idol closely and awaiting developments. Suddenly he began to orate. I had thought Soubers's remarks were eloquent, but that bally engineer was in the kindergarten class alongside of Professor Knowit. I'm not up on classical language, consequently I couldn't interpret the professor's remarks, but, judging from the detonation of his voice, I'll bet that no stenographer could have kept up with him.

"When I could interject a remark, I yelled for the professor to up-end her. He did as I advised, and his oration stopped so sudden you'd thought his air-brakes had jammed.

"Bless my soul!" he remarked when he had recovered his poise. "I must send an account of this to Professor Curio. His particular hobby is the study of idols. I am sure he will be deeply interested. In the meantime, Soubers, I would advise you to take good care of the idol. The professor may be interested to the extent of buying it from you at a good figure."

"Well, professor," commented Soubers, "if I can get a good figure, I'll be willing to overlook what I've suffered at its hands."

The professor suddenly remembered his dog, and started to hunt it up, again cautioning Soubers to be careful of the idol. Soubers and I continued our interrupted homeward journey, and when we reached our destination, Soubers placed the image on the mantelpiece in the living-room.

"Well, nothing happened for some time, except that the family tabby developed a strong aversion to the room, and the mantel-clock developed symptoms of the hook-worm and loafed on the job.

Then, one night, a number of the boys came around for a game of cards. A fellow named Curran spied the dynamic demon.

"Say, Soubers," he inquired, "where did you get the punk-looking ornament?"

"That," replied Soubers, "is an idol that was held in high esteem by the Salamanders of old. It was reputed to possess marvelous powers, and the Salamanders are said to have made long pilgrimages to gaze upon its beatific countenance."

"Gosh," said Curran, "they must have been a lot of mutts. Just imagine any one with a grain of intelligence trailing over the



veldt to look at a dinky imp like that. Why, any half-cut Italian image-maker could beat that for looks with his eyes shut. The fellow who made that didn't know anything about art.'

"That's not art, Curran," remarked Soubers; 'it's archeology, and it is of vital interest to the student of the early forms of worship.'

"Curran hitched his chair back against the wall and gazed at the idol critically.

"Say, Soubers," he protested, 'you don't mean to tell me that anybody ever worshiped that dinky devil? Say, the man who made that thing must have had a grouch against the beautiful. Anybody who could make anything as homely as that didn't possess soul enough to worship anything. I've been in a good many art galleries and museums, but I've never seen anything anywhere that was so many points good to the bad. It's the homeliest specimen of—'

"The balance of Curran's remarks was lost in a crash, as the framed picture of Soubers's second wife's first husband fell from the wall and, landing square on Curran's head, swelled around his neck like an Elizabethan ruff.

"Soubers rolled from his chair in an ecstasy of delight. No doubt he appreciated the humor of the situation, looking at it as an uninterested onlooker.

"Go it, O, wrathful one!" he cried. 'Don't let 'em malign you! Don't let 'em traduce your fair name!'

"Curran arose in his wrath. 'Say, Soubers,' he cried, 'if I thought that blasted bauble had any hand in framing me up like a set of resolutions, I'd annihilate it. I don't see why you want to turn your home into a joss-house.'

"That's all right, Curran," said Soubers. 'Don't say I didn't warn you. Let's play cards.'

"Soubers hunted up the pasteboards while Curran divested himself of his decoration, and the five of us pulled up to the table and started a game of penny ante.

"Soubers dealt, and everybody stayed in. We all took cards, and then the betting started. I dropped out early in the proceedings, and the other two shortly followed, leaving Curran and Soubers to decide it.

"The betting was of the Gatling gun order, and when the show-down finally came on Curran's call, Soubers had three kings and a pair of aces, while Curran had three aces and a pair of kings. They looked at

the cards in silence and then gazed at one another reproachfully, and finally Curran remarked:

"Say, Soubers, what kind of revised version of King James's authorized edition are you ringing in on us? That dominant fifth and that butting-in king don't belong in a regular railroad poker deck.'

"Well, I'll be blowed!" apologized Soubers, examining the cards. 'Darned if I didn't get hold of a pinochle deck. That's what you get, Curran, for wakening the slumbering statue.'

"Say, boys," suggested Kinney, who sat facing the idol, 'I move that we banish the joker from the mantelpiece. I think that darned image is a hoodoo.'

"The rest of those amateur card sharps concurred. If there is anything a card-player is long on, it's superstition.

"Kinney," said Soubers, 'as the maker of the resolution, it's up to you to do the transporting. Take his highness out and put him on the porch.'

"Kinney did as directed, and the game proceeded without any further evidence of vaudeville. When the boys were ready to depart, Soubers asked Kinney to bring in the outcast. Kinney went out to do the escort act, and in a few minutes returned, saying that the idol was gone.

"Not a trace of it in evidence. We all went out to investigate, and Curran, who was still feeling sore over the moving-picture act, asked Soubers whether he didn't consider it unfilial for the idol to do the prodigal stunt.

"Curran," replied Soubers, 'don't you worry. That idol will come back all right. You couldn't divorce that thing from me if you worked the Reno divorce machinery overtime!'

"The boys went home, and we turned in. The next morning Soubers was ordered to take a string of empties to Juniper Junction, about thirty miles away.

"We made about two-thirds of the run without incident, but when we entered a deep ravine which an early seismic disturbance had created especially for the benefit of the S. I. X. road, the lid came off of the trouble-box.

"First it was an overheated journal, then the bituminous went on the bum, and, finally, a coupling broke, and consequently the train parted.

"As we were running back to pick up the severed section, I heard a crash up among

the trees which lined the sides of the ravine. The next instant a boulder weighing about half a ton crashed through the roof of the forward car of the bunch we had left behind.

"Almost simultaneously something shot out of the trap-door in the roof at the rear end of the car—shot out as if it had a date on Mars and meant to keep it. I fixed my eyes on the object, and discovered that it was a hobo making a rapid rise in the world.

"Talk about your Curtisses and your Wrights! That fellow was sure some at soaring. I watched him with interest, and, as I watched, I realized that he held something in his right hand.

"On looking closely, I recognized the object as that Billiken of a bygone age. I heaved a sigh of relief as he and the idol landed in the branches of a tree that looked to be about fifty feet up the side of the ravine.

"I called up to him and inquired if he was hurt, but he advised me to take a trip that is not on any railroad schedule.

"As the elevated errand did not seem inclined to be sociable, we pulled out after making connections, and left him roosting with his partner in iniquity. We reached Juniper Junction all right, and when we opened the box-car to size up the damage, we discovered the cause of the eruptive hobo's skyward scoot.

"A long plank ran along the length of the car, with its center resting on several railroad ties, while the boulder rested solidly on one end.

"We put two and two together with a mental coupling-pin, and figured that the aviating hobo had been holding down the other end when the boulder intruded on his privacy; hence his hasty exit.

"When we got back to Sleepy Siding we found Professor Knowit awaiting us.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated. "I've just received a telegram from my colleague, Professor Curio, saying that he will arrive here this evening. No doubt his visit has to do with the idol, about which I wrote him last week. You have it safe, Soubers?"

"Safe?" said Soubers. "Oh, yes, it's safe, all right. Why, that image could travel through Dante's inferno in safety. It's fire-proof, fool-proof, an A No. 1 risk for any accident insurance company."

"Bless my soul! Quite so!" agreed Knowit. "I will bring the professor up to your place immediately he arrives."

"As he left us, Soubers looked at me and growled:

"Here's a pretty mess. Just as that blooming idol might have been worth something to me, and paid me back for all the indignities I've suffered at its hands, a darned trampologist comes along and swipes it. If old Professor Curiosity comes along on schedule, he'll have me drawing on my imagination for an explanation. Let's hike for home."

"We reached home and, after supper, Soubers and I adjourned to the living-room. We were trying to fix up some scheme to get out of the predicament the hypothecating hobo had gotten us into, when Soubers suddenly began to emit samples of language which I am sure he never acquired in a theological school.

"I was beginning to wonder whether he had softening of the brain or ossification of his morals, when he pointed a trembling finger toward the mantelpiece. I looked in that direction, and darn me if there wasn't that back-number idol grinning from his old stand as though nothing had happened since the year 2000 B.C.

"I was looking at it in amazement, and was on the point of asking Soubers to throw something at it, when Mrs. Soubers came into the room. No doubt she took in the tensely dramatic situation, for she asked Soubers what was the matter.

"Matter?" said Soubers. "Oh, nothing. Of course, it is the most natural thing in the world for a man to return home and find that sinful statuette extending him the glad hand. It doesn't count for anything that a confounded hobo walked off with it to the seclusion of the forest.

"It doesn't signify that we saw that same hobo doing a sky-scraping soar with the affectionate image locked in his loving embrace. Nothing counts for anything, except the fact that the image is here to give us welcome. How in the Harry did it get here?"

"Soubers's second half looked at him as though she suspected he had been to a booze-bund, and remarked crisply:

"If some people wouldn't be so careless about things, they wouldn't get lost or mislaid. It's a wonder to me you don't lose your engine when you take it out."

"Where did you find it?" asked Soubers.

"I found it in the flower-bed in front of the house, where it rolled when that tallow-



pot Kinney knocked it off the porch when he went out for it. Railroad men are like children—they need a lot of waiting on,’ and she flounced out of the room.

“‘Say, Dugan,’ asked Soubers, ‘what kind of a hokey-pokey game is this, anyway? Last night Kinney takes his royal highness out on the porch for an airing, and when we want to bring him in he’s gone. Then we see him in disreputable company, this morning, thirty miles from here. When we get back, here he is, waiting to extend us the fin of free-masonry.’

“‘Before I had time to answer, there was a knock at the door. Soubers opened it, and Professor Knowit entered, accompanied by a short, stout man, whom he introduced as Professor Curio.

“‘We shook hands, and the professor asked Soubers whether he had the idol.

“‘Soubers said he wasn’t sure, but he thought it was standing on the mantelpiece.

“‘The professor walked over and, after looking at it for a moment, he reached up and took it down. He looked at it curiously for a minute or so, then remarked:

“‘Why, Mr. Soubers, this is the real idol.’

“‘The *real* idol!’ exclaimed Soubers. ‘Well, I guess it is. That idol is about the realest thing I ever came in contact with. It’s got all other real things looking like rank imitations. I don’t know much about idolatry, but it strikes me that that statue is the patron saint of realism in all its reality.’

“‘You do not understand,’ said the professor. ‘I came here expecting to find a *replica* of this idol, but, instead, I find the original, which has been missing from my collection for the last three months. From what my friend, Professor Knowit, has written and told me, the trick idol must have been in your possession. Where is it?’

“‘Search me,’ replied Soubers. ‘I’ve traveled some speedy in my time, but when I try to follow the pace set by that idol it’s got me classified in the green turtle group.’

“‘Just at that moment Curran came walking in unannounced. As he advanced to the center of the room, he said:

“‘Soubers, here’s your statue of servitude. I thought you’d be glad to get it back.’

“‘Professor Curio advanced. Relieving Curran of the idol, he placed it on the table alongside the other. It was a dead ringer for the other one, and as Soubers caught sight of the two, he gasped:

“‘Twins, by heck! I always thought there was too much original sin attached to that thing for one idol. Where did you get the other one, Curran?’

“‘Well,’ said Curran, ‘we were coming down the road this afternoon, and up beyond that cut where the branch runs to Juniper Junction, I saw a hobo sitting alongside the track holding communion with that idol.

“‘I recognized it as your property, and when the train stopped for the brakeman to throw the switch, I went back and told that hobo I wanted that idol. He seemed surprised that anybody should want the idol, but he handed it to me with the remark that he didn’t want anything more to do with it.

“‘He said he had traveled with that idol for three months on the best of terms, but since last night it had done its level best to electrocute him. I expressed my sympathy and relieved him of the idol, for which he showed his gratitude by striking me for a quarter. But, say, where did this other one come from?’

“‘Professor Curio laughed. ‘Let me explain,’ he said. ‘This idol which Mr. Soubers had on the mantelpiece is the original idol. I had it in my collection at the university, but was much annoyed by the students, who constantly borrowed it without permission, or carried it off to serve as a mascot at their base-ball games.

“‘Finally I conceived the idea of having the trick idol made. I had an Italian image-maker cast me a duplicate of the original from a hard composition. I took this duplicate, which was hollow, to an electrician, and had him wire it and instal in it the strongest battery he could procure.

“‘The battery was installed in such manner that when the idol was standing the circuit was closed, but immediately the idol was placed or held in a horizontal position the circuit was open, with the result that any one who happened to be holding it received a strong electric shock.

“‘The scheme worked to perfection and broke the students of their pernicious habit. Then the original was stolen some three months ago. Until to-night, I had been unsuccessful in locating it.’

“‘Say, professor,’ said Soubers, as the professor finished, ‘if it’s all the same to you, I wish you would get those two dromios out of here to-night. It was some to the bad with one around doing his solo act; but with the Trouble Brothers doing a duet, it’s time to get the hook.’

"I will gladly do so, Mr. Soubers," replied the professor, "on condition that you allow me to pay you the reward of one hundred dollars which I had offered for the return of the genuine idol!"

"Soubers didn't put up any strenuous protest, and the professor handed him the money. Then he gave Curran twenty-five for recovering the trick idol, and the two professors left us, accompanied by the mischief-making manikins."

The theological student, who had listened in silent attention to Dugan's weird tale, took a pad and pencil from his pocket and, writing something on it, handed it to Dugan. Dugan read it and smiled.

"You want to know how the idols got mixed?" he said. "Well, Soubers and I talked that thing over, and we came to the conclusion that the hobo came along

shortly after Kinney had placed the trouble-maker on the front porch. He had the original idol with him, and spying a good, soft porch, he sat, putting his idol down alongside him. Probably he fell asleep, and when he woke up he picked up the wrong idol and then knocked the right one off the porch in getting up. That seems to be the only logical explanation."

The theological student reached for his pad and wrote upon it just one word:

"Thanks."

Then, rising, he smiled and shook hands with Dugan and walked away.

"That fellow makes a dandy auditor," mused Dugan. "There's no butting in or asking questions when you tell him a story. But it's a darned shame he sprained his vocal cords rooting for his *alma mater*, and had to cut out the gabfest."

## FULL FARE FOR TALL CHILDREN.

**A**N interurban railway in Pennsylvania has caused to be painted on the interior of its cars a narrow horizontal stripe, extending along the sides and ends of the cars, at the fixed distance of forty-five inches from the floor. The purpose of this line is to afford a gage as to the height of juvenile passengers, and all who measure above the line when standing erect must pay full fare, while all who have not grown up to the line will be passed for half fare. The company has thus abandoned the age limit as a means of determining whether a child shall pay half or full

fare, and when there are disputes in the future, the conductor will courteously ask the child to stand up and be measured. The height limit is really a more rational gage for half fares than the age limit, for the cost of transportation depends upon the size and weight of the passenger; but the suggestion is made in this connection that the chief motive of the road in inaugurating the new system was a concern because of the evil example to the growing youth of the country in hearing their parents break the ninth commandment.—*The Railway and Engineering Review.*

## 455,906,610 FREE TRANSFERS.

**A**LLOWING a ride of only half a mile on each of the 455,960,610 transfers which the United States Census Bureau has set down in its recent report, as issued for nothing annually on the street railways in New York State, it is calculated that some 40,000 people could at the same expense be hauled over the 3,000 miles from the Empire State to California and back. One passenger in every five who rides on the street-cars is carried free on a transfer. Over every mile of trolley track in New York State, an average of

115,000 people each year now receive free rides, according to the latest reports of the public service commissions, as well as the census returns. While the issuance of transfers has increased in the United States eighty-eight per cent since 1902, almost half a million of the more than two billion passengers carried on the trolleys of New York State are known to have last year enjoyed this fare-less form of transportation that has grown over sixty-two per cent in less than ten years.

## COST OF STOPPING A TRAIN.

**A**CCORDING to Signal Engineer J. A. Peabody, of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, who investigated the matter on his own line, the cost of stopping a train of 530 tons and returning to a speed of fifty miles an hour is 42 cents. The cost of stopping a 2,000-ton train from thirty-five miles an hour is \$1. The officials

of another road estimate each stop of a six-car passenger-train from forty-five miles an hour at 35 cents, and for a 1,500-ton train from fifteen miles an hour at 56 cents. The time that is lost for making a stop on a level straight track has been estimated at 145 seconds by careful engineers.—*Buffalo News.*



# Traffic Troubles of a Big City.

BY EDWIN MORRIS.

THE man from the country who marvels at the wonders of the metropolis, with its myriads of bright lights, its wonderful rapid systems and its thousand and one wheels within wheels that apparently keep turning with the regularity of a well-balanced machine, seldom understands how the slipping of one cog in the mechanism will throw a large portion of the community into a state bordering on complete helplessness.

A rise or fall of temperature, a misdirected stroke of a pick in a subway tunnel, or some odd combination of circumstances occurring in a big city, often causes as much discomfort and suffering as a cyclone or a blizzard. Mishaps, seemingly too trivial to consider, frequently disrupt the lives of thousands of people.

## Comfort and Welfare of Numerous City Dwellers May Be Affected by the Weather or Some Tiny Piece of Steel or Bundle of Wires.

IT was the rush hour in the morning, and the trains were running through the New York Subway, packed with all the passengers they could hold. A hundred and fifty passengers to a car, eight cars to a train, and trains only a minute apart.

Suddenly every car between Grand Central Station and Thirty-Third Street stopped. The lights went out, and not a passenger could even see his hand before his face. The loud grinding of wheels had given way to the low voices of passengers.

Everybody was speculating as to what had happened.

Only the six trains that chanced to be between Grand Central and Thirty-Third Street were at first affected, but each minute that passed brought to a standstill four more trains—two north bound and two south bound. Each minute of waiting in the darkness of the tunnel increased the concern of the passengers.

Some of the timid ones wanted to get out

and risk their lives picking their way over the heavily charged third-rails to the nearest station, but the guards resolutely stood by the closed doors and would let none pass.

Five minutes elapsed, and twenty-six trains were standing still. With an average of twelve hundred passengers to a train, there were now thirty-one thousand men and women in the darkness wondering what had happened.

### Tying Up a City's Population.

Still no wheel turned. Six minutes, seven minutes, eight minutes. Trains were piling up like bits of driftwood against a log in a swift stream. Close to forty-six thousand passengers had been halted—more men and women than there are inhabitants of Mobile, Alabama, or Lincoln, Nebraska.

During the tenth minute the light flared forth from the electric bulbs in each car, the motormen of the first trains turned on the power, and the wheels moved. In half

an hour the congestion had been relieved and trains were again running at regular schedules.

But while the power was off, on the short stretch between Grand Central and Thirty-Third Street, forty-six trains, bearing fifty-five thousand passengers, had been stopped. It was as if every man, woman, and child in Salt Lake City or Duluth had suddenly been imprisoned in a dark tunnel.

What had happened? Nothing much. An Italian laborer who was working on the tracks near Thirty-Third Street had been a little careless in throwing down his crowbar.

The bar had struck an emergency device that was intended, in case of need, to shut off the current between the two stations.

### Results of One Sleet-Storm.

Nobody thought to look for the real cause until several minutes elapsed, because each motorman supposed his power had been shut off—as it frequently is—by another emergency device that automatically cuts off the current when another train is stalled only a short distance ahead.

This incident is but a sample of the many little things that sometimes upset big cities—things that would pass unnoticed in the country. Big cities, in their wonderful complexity, must run just so or they cannot run at all. A sleet-storm in New York, for instance, will cause more suffering and death than are caused by many a battle.

There was such a storm in New York City recently. Rain fell for hours, and froze as it struck. In the country such a storm would have meant nothing. A few farmers might have turned a few impromptu hand-springs in going to the barn to do the chores, but the damage would not have been great.

In New York this storm meant that millions of persons would be compelled to make their way over streets that were as slippery as if they had been soaped. Look up or down Broadway, and the scene was the same.

Plug-hats, canes, and hand-bags were flying in the air—plug-hats, canes, and hand-bags, combined with a varied assortment of heels and hosiery. Ambulances came on the run. Policemen helped the less severely hurt into drug-stores. In twenty-four hours the hospitals treated more than

six hundred cases, one hundred and forty-four of which involved broken bones, while four persons died of their injuries.

The police courts got a little business from the storm, too—at least one case. Two truck-drivers were brought in for fighting. One of them had a gash across his temple that looked as if it had been made with a cold-chisel.

"I did it, yer honor," said the other fellow, "but I had my reasons."

"You may state your reasons to the court," said the judge.

"Well, it was like this," said the prisoner. "I was loading step-ladders at a warehouse and having a mighty hard time to keep my feet, as the sleet had glazed the sidewalk until it was like glass. Two or three times I had nearly fallen with a bundle of step-ladders in my arms, and finally I did fall. The step-ladders went flying all over the walk, and one of them got tangled up in a man's legs and tripped him up, too. He was all right about it, but this guy here that I punched called me names and insulted me."

"What did he say?" inquired the judge.

"He yelled out at me: 'Get up there, you lobster, and get a basket to carry your ladders in.' I couldn't help poking him one then, judge, even if it cost me five."

"It will cost you ten," said the court. "And you"—turning to the other prisoner—"I'll fine you ten, too. A sleet-storm is bad enough without having your kind of people around to josh the unfortunate."

### Sufferings of the Homeless.

A few days later it seemed as if the mercury in every thermometer in New York had dropped down into the bulb, wadded itself into a chunk the size of a pin's head, and then evaporated. It wasn't thirty or forty degrees below zero, as it sometimes is out in the Northwest, but it was down pretty close to zero, and that's enough to make a New Yorker feel as if his veins were frozen water-pipes.

Out in the country the farmers were cheerfully cracking hickory-nuts and drinking hard cider, but nothing of this sort was taking place among the poor of New York. Those who were fortunate enough to have homes suffered a good deal, but they were like rich men, robed to the neck in fur overcoats, in comparison with those who had no homes—and there were many such. Dur-



ing the coldest night the Municipal Lodging-House, on East Twenty-Fifth Street, did a record business, with almost five hundred guests, twenty-two of whom were women. Two men fell dead from exposure in the line that was waiting at the door.

If one wants to see a great deal of inconvenience in New York, let him be around some time when the telephones in a large office-building area suddenly fail to work. A little while ago a Broadway gentleman who counts his minutes as a miser counts his money told his blue-eyed stenographer to call up a certain number for him. He waited the usual length of time, but the stenographer did not return, as usual, to tell him that the man he wanted was waiting on the phone.

He followed her to the booth, opened the door, and asked her what was the matter. She didn't know.

She jiggled the hook up and down, and called "Central" as if she were trying to wake the dead; but no Central replied.

#### When Central Didn't Answer.

The Broadway gentleman, believing that the girl at the other end of the wire must have disobeyed the telephone company's general order to girls to do away with their "rats," which were found to interfere with their hearing, swore that he would report her to the company if he had to walk all the way to the office to do it.

After waiting for some time, however, during which there was no response, he went into an adjoining office and tried to raise another Central.

He shouted, jiggled the hook, and made as big a disturbance as he dared in another man's office, but failed to succeed in getting a reply from the other end of the wire. Then it occurred to him that the girl that wore the "rat" might perhaps be in charge of this telephone also. All right; he would settle her.

But before he did so he would go to a public telephone in the next block, have his talk with Jones, and then report the girl to the manager over the wire. Much to his disgust, he also found that the public telephone was not working, for a small girl whose business it was to take in nickels told him that something must be the matter with the wires, as none of the telephones in the vicinity was working.

As a matter of fact, eight thousand tele-

phones within a radius of six blocks were as untalkative as if they had not been invented. This is how they came to be silent:

#### An Innocent Offender.

An earnest young man who had come from Italy the summer before was doing a little pick-and-shovel work for the McAdoo tunnel builders. In the course of his operations he came upon a conduit that contained a bunch of telephone-wires that had been twisted into a cable. Not knowing the delicate and highly important purposes of a conduit, he drove his pick into it.

When he reached the copper cable the pick seemed a little too dull for the work, and he took an ax. As a piece of surgery, his work was a success, but instead of getting a big fee for it he was fired. The telephones that he had disabled were finally hooked up by circuitous routes, and the stream of conversation again swept on.

Even a smaller incident created still greater havoc in Chicago. The Illinois Steel Company has two great engines that furnish the power for its shops, in which eight thousand men are employed. Only one engine runs at a time. The other is merely to use when the first breaks down or is in need of repairs.

A few months ago one of the engines was laid up for repairs that would take a week. The other engine had been running only a few hours when the pin on the crank-shaft snapped. There was no power to be had, so the eight thousand employees had to go home until there was.

They stayed home three days. Why three days were required to put on a new crank-pin does not appear, but a statement was given out at the time showing that the breaking of the pin had caused a loss to the employees and the company of forty-eight thousand dollars.

Probably eight thousand men were never before made to realize how their bread and butter really depended upon the stability of a single piece of steel. Certainly even those who live in cities little understand how slight a jar it takes to shake them out of their usual grooves.

If a farmer breaks a plow-point, the worst thing that can happen to him is to be compelled to stop plowing while he goes to town to buy a new point, and the total loss to the farmer is only a half a day of his time and fifty cents for the repairs to his

plow. When the Illinois Steel Company's plant was put out of business for three days, however, it was equivalent to stopping the pay of every man in a city of thirty thousand inhabitants.

### The City Man's Foe.

But neither Italian laborers nor the fickleness of steel can compete with extremes of climate in upsetting big cities. Heat produces more misery and more deaths in New York than cold.

An excessively hot day in the metropolis does about as much to interfere with business as would an invitation from Mr. Rockefeller to the general public to come out to his golf-links and pick up twenty-dollar gold pieces at each hole.

If Mr. Rockefeller should give such an invitation, two-thirds of the population wouldn't believe the report, and therefore would stay in town to work for two dollars and ten cents a day.

So far as results are concerned, that's about the way things work in New York on a hot day. A third of the population do not quit work, but the productivity of everybody is decreased at least a third.

A few manufacturers are, indeed, grasping the fact that it is cheaper to make work-rooms cool than it is to suffer the loss that comes from small output on hot days. A big concern that is engaged in the manufacture of typewriters even pumps cool air through its shops, with the result that on the hottest days of summer the temperature where the men work is not more than seventy degrees Fahrenheit.

Indeed, it is true that "Man made the city, but God made the country." Man's city is like an intricate piece of machinery which only requires a slight touch in any one of many places to be thrown badly out of order.

A succession of hot days fills the hospitals, raises the death-rate, and fills the boats and trains that carry the sweltering sufferers to the beaches. Even at Coney Island, because there was no breeze one day last summer, two men and a baby succumbed to the heat.

When the ocean fails, there is no place to go but home—and home, to thousands of New Yorkers on a hot summer night, is in the parks or on the sidewalks. Some sleep on fire-escapes, and every summer at least two or three fall off and are killed.

## HOOSAC TUNNEL TO BE ELECTRIFIED.

A CONTRACT involving more than \$1,000,000 has been awarded to the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, for apparatus to be used by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, which will electrify the famous Hoosac tunnel under the Hoosac Mountain in Massachusetts. This tunnel was completed in 1874, after years of construction work. It is four and three-quarter miles long, exclusive of approaches. The total length of the electri-

fication work is seven miles, and it will eliminate for good the long-standing trouble of smoke and foul gases in this tunnel while trains are passing through.

The general plans for the electrification are uniform with the work that has been done on the main line of the road, and are conducted with the one idea of ultimately making the New York, New Haven and Hartford an electric line.—*Popular Electricity*.

## WHEN A BOILER EXPLODES.

THE exploding boiler of a freight-locomotive rose from its trucks on the Pennsylvania Railroad at Altoona, Pennsylvania, recently, and, falling over the adjoining track, was struck, while yet in mid-air, by the locomotive of a train coming up from behind on an adjoining track. The remarkable wreck that was caused, brought death to three train-men and probably fatal injuries to the fourth. A freight-train, westbound, was just leaving the city, helped in the rear by two locomotives, when the boiler of the second of the rear engines exploded. The boiler rose from the engine-frame and was hurled through the air just

as an express-train, which was also westbound, and drawn by two locomotives, came along on the next track.

The first engine struck the falling boiler and hurled it over an embankment some distance from where it had left the engine-trucks. The impact derailed both locomotives hauling the express-train and threw them against the freight-train, knocking over several freight-cars. Experts who examined the exploded boiler, immediately after the accident announced that the explosion was caused by low water.—*The Railway and Engineering Review*.



# IN THE HORNET'S NEST.

BY DAN DUANE.

## Seth Waters Travels On and Shows His Prowess, and Carmita Finds Herself Alone.

### SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

**A**MONG the mountains of southern California, lived old Eugene Caillo, gold-miner and miser. To him had recently come his dead sister's child, beautiful, eighteen-year-old Carmita. In the course of events, Philip Garrick, master of the Rancho Buena Vista, visits the store kept by Caillo, and meets Carmita, who is much sought by all the men of the neighborhood, among them being Jim Gormley, superintendent of the Comet mine, a villainous sort of fellow, whose desire is to get at Caillo's riches through Carmita. She repulses him after Philip has declared his love. Shortly after, Caillo's body is discovered at the bottom of a sluice, and suspicion, instigated by Gormley, falls upon Carmita and Philip. Gormley leaves town but is quickly followed by Philip, who has evidence that the former has committed the murder. He finally traces Gormley to Carnullo City, where he has been stricken with smallpox and there, on his dying bed, signs a confession of his guilt. Upon returning to Rosalia, Philip finds that he is suspected not only of old Caillo's death, but also that of Gormley. He decides to marry Carmita at once and take her North. On his way to see the *padre* for that purpose, he is set upon by two men claiming to represent the citizens of Rosalia and delegated to escort Garrick out of town. Escaping from them he takes refuge in the old Mission, and next day, accompanied by the *padre*, he goes to the court-house to clear his name and also report the finding of the body of one of his assailants, and there is mysteriously shot. Seth Waters, one of the two men who had assaulted Philip, is suspected of the shooting but he has disappeared. After the attack on Philip and the murder of his partner, Waters strikes north hoping to hide himself in some large city. Miscalculating the direction, he finds himself in the wilds of Death Valley, his horse dead and himself without water. He is discovered by a family consisting of an old man, his daughter and her two sons on their way to settle in California, and who themselves are almost at their last drop of water. Waters joins the party and by slaughtering the cow they manage to keep alive.

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### The Panther's Prisoner.

**A**FTER the weird, death-dealing experiences in the great valley of southern California, Seth Waters went on and on, only to meet new and more startling adventures. When the prairie wagon and its occupants, including the long-legged desperado, reached the outskirts of the valley, Seth jumped off the wagon and said a cheery "good-by."

The roan mare had been left to the ravages of the desert. Perchance, by this time, her bones were being picked white by the buzzards. At any rate, it mattered little or

nothing to Seth Waters. Just another pony gone. There were plenty more on the ranges round about.

The wagon and its sad occupants went on their way to the greener fields of the Far Western State. Seth took to his feet. He had all of their hospitality that he was entitled to—so he thought.

Friends were all right when it came to the middle of Death Valley, where the sun saps life and thirst racks the body until the mind becomes a blank, but now there were green hills and waving fields before him. The tang of the wild oats blown from the foot-hills was a tonic that made his blood tingle. He watched the old wagon as it lumbered along. The boys waved him farewell. He smiled, and wafted them a kiss.

He came to a cross-road. This was greatly to his liking. He did not want to follow the wagon any longer, for it was particularly necessary that he should make some immediate preparations for the future.

Taking a last look at the vehicle and its occupants, he was again alone.

He followed the road until it ran into a gully. In a field not far from the mouth of the gully he saw a cabin. Two minutes later he knocked at its door. There was no response. He knocked again. Confident that there was nobody inside, he tried the door.

It opened, and he peered in. The place was musty for lack of air. There was some straw on the floor that was clean and had been used for a bed. On one side was a small wooden shelf, over which a piece of broken mirror was held to the wall by nails.

Seth went to the mirror and looked at his visage. Egad, but he needed tonsorial attention! His beard was getting long and unkempt—and his hair was none too slick. Otherwise, he thought, he looked pretty well.

Tired from the long ride and the experiences of the past few days, he stretched himself on the straw and fell asleep. When he awoke, the peculiar grayness of the light that simmered through the little window told him that it was morning.

He arose and went out.

"My kingdom for a horse!" he exclaimed aloud.

An investigation of the cabin showed nothing of value in the shape of clothing, or anything else, but not far from its rear he found a gushing spring. Near the spring was a hole that had been dug deep in the ground.

"Hunting for gold—and disappointed," he said. "These old hills are full of such failures."

He drank, and bathed his face in the spring. Then he made for the road again, and started to tramp. He had walked about two hours, when he spied a dozen or so horses grazing on a hillside about half a mile away.

Convincing himself that there were no herdsmen in sight, he stole along the underbrush until he came within close range of the animals. One or two sniffed the air, threw their heads up, and snorted. Seth made a long détour around a clump of small oaks.

His eye was on a small bay bronco grazing apart from the herd.

"That's my kind," he declared. "Those little fellows make the best travelers. They are full of go, and they get to know you."

Aside from that excellent reason, the animal had a halter from which a rope dangled. It was evident that he was the easiest to catch and was used to round up the rest. At least, that was the reason which Mr. Waters gave. And he was right.

He found that the bronco stood perfectly still as he approached. Catching the halter rope, he forced it into the animal's mouth and manipulated it deftly and quickly, after the manner known to cow-men when they want to use a rope for a bit.

The bronco started on his familiar practice of rounding up the other horses when Seth Waters hopped on his back. He suddenly realized that there was something out of the ordinary when his rider steered him in the direction of the road, thrust a pair of sharp heels in its unwilling flanks, and headed him in an opposite direction from home.

Horse-stealing was punishable by death—quick and unrelenting—in those days, and it needed no court of justice to prove the guilt of the thief. He was generally taken with his boots on and the stolen property under him.

Seth knew that he was safe so long as the road before him was clear, and nothing like the sound of a rifle-shot echoed from the hills behind. He traveled along until the bronco was short of wind and the foam was beginning to fleck his coat. Then Seth steered his mount to one side, where a clump of trees afforded shelter and indicated the existence of water.

Late that afternoon, while the bronco was grazing as peacefully and contentedly as his limited halter would permit, and his new owner was contemplating the all-important issue of food, both were surprised by a sudden rustling in the bushes near by.

The animal was first to give an alarm. Rising on his haunches, he snorted and reared until Seth feared that he would sever the rope and run.

Seth grabbed his mane with one hand and the halter with the other. He did not want to lose that bronco.

Whatever had caused the animal to rear, one thing was certain—it was not a man. No horse ever started in that manner because of a man. Seth knew that some other



animal was lurking around. He surmised, too, that it was a wild animal.

The bronco gave another rear and a snort, and began to tremble from head to tail. Seth patted him gently and spoke soothingly.

Then he looked in the brush ahead of him.

As if ready to spring, a huge panther crouched before him. He looked as if he had been long without the sumptuous meal that Seth would make.

Now, Mr. Waters was not a man to quail. When one has been through so much as he in the years of his Western life, coming face to face with a panther is only an episode.

For some moments he stood by the horse's side, patting his neck and flank and speaking in the most reassuring tone. This calmed the bronco, who evidently knew that if the man had no fear, there was no danger. Such is the remarkable instinct of the horse.

"Let us see," said Seth as he looked the wild beast over. "You belong to the feline carnivore family, and are a sort of a leopard. You don't like human beings much, and will devour them if your hunger is wrought up to the starving-point. You never leave Africa, the naturalists say, but I will bet that you are the real thing. I know something about animals—believe me!"

Before he was aware, the panther made a sudden spring at him. In a flash, he threw his arm over the bronco's eyes to hide the sight from that animal.

It was a desperate thing to do, but the only thing under the circumstances. If the bronco broke and ran away, he would be at the panther's mercy. If he mounted, the frightened horse might refuse to budge, and he would be just as precariously situated.

What was he to do?

As he made the sudden step toward the bronco to cover its eyes, the panther grazed by him. He felt the thudding impact of its body against his arm. Having failed in its design—whatever that might be—Seth reasoned that it would make a second attack.

He was not wrong. It came at him from behind. This time he looked fairly into its gaping jaws.

The beast tore a piece from the bronco's left haunch. Then he took up a position not ten feet away and began to devour his meal.

The bronco whinnied and reared, and

then calmed down. Seth stepped to one side to pick up a rock to hurl at the panther.

He noticed that when he moved, the panther moved toward him and showed its teeth with a threatening growl. If Seth remained perfectly quiet, the panther seemed to have no objection to his company. Twice and thrice he repeated the experiment of stepping toward the rock, but each time the panther showed his disapproval. Truly he was a prisoner.

"It is best to take the situation calmly," he surmised. "I will just wait and see what Mr. Panther is going to do. But, one thing—he must part company with me before night comes."

## CHAPTER XX.

### A Couple of Getaways.

WHEN the panther had finished the meal that he tore from the bronco's haunch—which, after all, proved to be only an appetizer—he again made a dash for more of the same meat.

This time, much to the alarm of Waters, he uttered a low snarl and made a sudden dash for the bronco's throat. The bronco must have known that his time had come, for he made one mighty lunge, broke his halter, and started to run.

The panther was too quick. In a flash he was at the bronco's throat. The latter started at a wild gallop, with his adversary clinging to his jugular. He dashed up a small incline, at the top of which a small oak was growing.

He hurled himself against the oak in an effort to either dislodge or kill the panther, but the marauder only clung the tighter.

His teeth were fastened in the grip of death. The poor little bronco, game but outclassed, tried to bite and tried to kick the panther off.

Seth followed grimly, but kept at a safe distance. He did not know just when the panther might like to change his diet from beast to man.

It was all over in a few moments—so far as the bronco was concerned. He suddenly stopped biting and kicking and dashing against the tree. He stood still and raised his head. He got down on his haunches and suddenly went over on his side.

One or two vigorous kicks, and the best friend that Seth Waters had on the face of the earth just then lay bleeding to death.

Then the panther released his hold, and then Seth Waters knew that the game was up. That blood-loving animal would have never released his grip had it been otherwise. He took a sitting posture in front of the dead horse. There was food enough for some time.

"I guess this is no place for me," said Seth as he looked around him.

He was on the side of the little hill—the incline, as I have described it—and in full view of the panther. He feared that if he should deliberately arise and walk away, the panther might spring at him. He had had encounters with wild beasts before in his life, and he knew that such flesh-eaters generally take no chances. Their instinct is pretty keen.

Seth, calling into play the old motto, "Caution is wisdom," dragged his body along the ground until he was at the bottom of the little hill. To his great surprise, the panther paid no more attention to him than if he had been made of stone.

A most unusual proceeding, mused the bad man. "These felines generally prefer humans to animals. He must have liked me," he said to himself as he gradually slid along the ground and vanished into a clump of wild oats.

There he stopped and listened. There was no sound. He made farther progress into the tall oats. He crouched along until he came to a small clump of trees. These he skirted, and was soon again on the dusty pike.

He walked for miles, until his feet, sore and aching, indicated that he could go no farther. Soon the road led into a small cañon where there was water. He would bathe his tired feet, and drink his fill, and rest for the night. In the morning he would tramp on and on again until something came his way.

Seth was not the sort of man who denied fate the privilege of being good to him. He knew that so sure as the sun would rise he would be brought face to face with something that would work unto his best advantage.

Morning came. He took another long drink of water and started on his way.

After a tramp of about five miles he saw smoke curling from a small house about half a mile from the road. It was the home of a farmer.

Seth was soon at the man's back door. An angry dog at the end of a big chain an-

nounced his presence. The farmer evidently knew the dog's keen discernment of men and tramps, and appeared with a shotgun. The weapon was slung over his left arm, and his right hand was in close proximity to the trigger.

"I'm unarmed," said Seth.

Evidently that made no difference to the farmer. He didn't put down his gun. He was taking no chances.

"What do you want here?" he asked.

"Food," said Seth Waters. "I'm hungry. I've been on a long tramp—looking for work."

The farmer was a big man with a brutal jaw. He was of more than the ordinary height, middle-aged, with steel-gray hair and deep-set black eyes—the eyes of a man who will not stand much fooling. He was a matter of fact man. He meant business, and nothing else.

The keen mind of Seth Waters gathered these facts as he gazed into the man's set face.

"Come into the kitchen; my wife will feed you," said the farmer, after a long pause spent in studying his visitor. Seth led the way, under the farmer's direction, for the farmer was taking no chances on being shot from behind.

He had heard of men of the Seth Waters type before who had said that they were not armed.

In the kitchen, Seth was motioned—in fact, the rifle was used as a pointer—to a seat at the table.

It was a small table covered with oil-cloth that was faded and greasy. A myriad flies swarmed an open sugar-bowl. The remnants of an unfinished meal were covered with still more flies. Red and black ants hovered hither and yon in silent activity, and along a rafter over the battered stove a rat crept stealthily away.

"Mary," called the farmer in a snappy tone.

There was no response. He called again, louder and more forcibly, "Mary!"

A thin-faced, tired, unkempt woman entered from an adjoining room. Her hands as well as her face indicated that life had not been all sunshine with her. Indeed, she looked more like the farmer's mother than his wife.

"Mary," said the man with the rifle, "give this man some food."

"Another o' them tramps," said Mary, with cutting effect. "Pity your kind would



not like to do a leetle work for some of the grub as is handed out to you."

"I am willing to work," said the deft-minded Waters.

Bringing the entire force of his Quixotic being into play, he added this lie to the one that he had just uttered:

"I have hunted all the past week, madam, but work is scarce in this part of the world."

"Been down to Dunstan's?" asked the farmer.

Seth didn't know if Dunstan's were a mill or a mine or a village. In short, he didn't know just where on the top of the green earth he was. Beyond the fact that he was in the State of California, he could not have told under oath.

"Dunstan's," he replied with childlike blandness. "No. If you will direct me, mister, I shall go there."

The woman busied herself with the food. She brought out a huge loaf of sour bread, brushed the ants and flies from the table with her apron, and set it in front of the desperado.

He tore a piece from it eagerly, and before she had time to put the coffee-pot on the fire, and a piece of dried rabbit in a frying-pan half filled with stinking lard, Seth had tucked most of the loaf in his capacious maw.

The farmer sat with the rifle across his knees. The woman vanished when she had finished her duties at the stove.

Seth did not speak during the time that he was filling his insides. He was thinking, however. He was wondering just how he could get the best of the lynx-eyed man who was giving him the first real meal that he had devoured in many days. It would not do for him to leave so hospitable a host with so little of remembrance as a mere "good-by." This particular host would have more to curse him for than a passing visit.

Rifle or no rifle, Seth would win.

"I feign you would permit me to stay all night," said Seth.

"And I jest think that you will do a hike along the road soon as you gets done with thet grub," said the other.

"I hope you do not mean that, sir," Seth continued.

Then, turning on the pathetic tremolo of his voice to full, he added:

"I have had a long tramp in search of work. I will gladly pay you by chopping wood all to-morrow morning, if you will permit me to stay to-night."

"I ain't 'takin' no chances," said the farmer. "I'd ruther you'd get on your way. Dunstan's is ten miles down the road in that direction." He indicated with a sweep of his arm.

"That's a long way," said Seth. "Let me spend the night in the barn, and I will make an early start."

"No, sirree," drawled the farmer. "I've let your kind sleep in the barn before. Nex' mornin' a horse was missing."

Seth rose to his full height.

"Do you take me for a horse-thief?" he asked, with bristling dignity.

"I don't know," was the reply. "I tell ye, I ain't taking no chances."

Seth saw that there was nothing to be gained in combating this style of logic. Against the cold, hard opinions of a man with a gun across his knee his hybrid logic was of little avail.

The farmer was not a man to be fooled with. That was easy to understand.

Seth took a new tack. He would plead for a night's lodgings on the strength of his infirmities—and Seth could invent anything from chilblains to consumption, as the case might be.

"I am a sick man," he began.

Before he had finished reciting the varied ailments which were racking his system the farmer had relented.

"Stand up," said the farmer.

Seth obeyed. He was searched from head to foot. Finding that he was really unarmed, the farmer escorted him to a dingy apology for a room in his woodshed which had been once used to house a hired man.

Seth stretched himself on a long bed made of rough boards and covered with sacks, and he really did sleep. When he awoke it was still daylight, but he did not leave his abode. Once or twice, just at dusk, he heard the farmer enter and look him over.

Seth waited patiently until darkness and the vicious dog had settled down. He waited until he was sure that the night was well on its way to the early hours of the morning. Then he suddenly recovered from the catalogue of ailments which had rendered his stay possible; and, first—the dog.

He noticed that the animal's kennel was not far from the wood-shed. When the hour for his departure arrived he stole out, and, before the sleeping canine was aware, he was being ruthlessly dragged from his bed. The dog awoke soon enough to utter one loud bark and make a spring.

The starlight was sufficient for Seth. He had worked in it before. As the animal sprang he grabbed his throat in his powerful hands.

Fingers that could have choked an ox dug into the dog's throat. He struggled a few times and tried to growl. Seth counted the tremblings of his body as they grew fainter, and finally threw him limp and dead on the ground.

Silence—the silence that he loved.

He listened for a sound. None came. He smiled grimly.

He straightened up, and cautiously approached the house. The faint snoring of his host told him that all was well. He listened for some moments—and still no sound came.

"They've got to arise before dawn to beat old Seth Waters," he said to himself as he smiled and started on his quest of pillage.

As the first chanticleer proclaimed the sun, the farmer awoke. Donning overalls and boots, he grabbed his trusty rifle and started for the wood-shed.

Seth Waters was gone. Two large loaves of the sour bread were gone. A suit of overalls hanging in the kitchen were gone. A brown horse and a saddle and bridle were gone.

"The next time I give one of them bums a bite to eat," said the farmer as he sat down to breakfast, "he'll get both barrels right between the eyes."

## CHAPTER XXI.

### At Philip Garrick's Bedside.

FOR weeks Philip Garrick lingered between life and death. The doctors made his struggle for life as easy as possible by an almost constant application of soothing potions; but the wound was a bad one, and they had to fight that dread enemy of all calamities, blood poisoning.

Two souls were ever ready to administer their quota of human sympathy and love and to help whenever the gripping pains tortured the patient sufferer. These were Carmita and Padre Gregorio. They were the only persons admitted to the hospital besides the doctors and regular nurses. When they began to realize that Philip was getting worse instead of better, they arranged their time so that each could take a turn in the little room in the hospital.

There he lay on a snow-white couch

watching the sunbeams as they marked the time of day on the wall.

Every afternoon about two o'clock, as the sun wore his way toward the west, the gossamer beams would suddenly shoot through the window, pierce the dainty dimity curtains, and illumine with a peculiar boldness the wall just a few feet from the floor. As the days wore on, Philip began to know just when to expect the agreeable visit from Old Sol, and Heaven was good to him in not sending a cloud to obstruct this break in his monotonous routine.

There is nothing in the world so cloying to a strong man, perhaps, as protracted confinement in a hospital. To one who had lived the life of the Western ranges, who had spent hours each day in the saddle, who knew only the out-of-doors, and who was ever the acme of untiring energy and good, sturdy health, being tied to a bed was little more than torture.

But the keen, unhampered mind of the rancher was as active as ever, although his fine body was slowly being absorbed by a malady more deadly than his doctors dared admit.

He knew when the sunbeams would appear on the wall of his little room. One day, while Carmita was sitting by his bed, he said:

"My daily visitor—the one I cherish most next to you, my love, and Padre Gregorio—will soon come in through the window."

He smiled faintly, and Carmita looked at him somewhat puzzled. Indeed, she feared that his mind might be wandering.

Philip pointed to the wall at his left.

Carmita looked there, still puzzled.

"Wait a few minutes; he will soon be here," said Philip. "He usually comes about this time every day—each day a little later. He stays with me, and when the day goes he fades away—Oh, it hurts—it hurts me so! May I have a drink of water?"

She arose and went to the outer room. In another moment she returned with a glass filled with the cooling drink and placed it to his lips, tenderly raising his head as she did so.

He sipped the water slowly, but not without effort. He raised his hand and took hold of hers as if to steady the goblet, and then for the first time Carmita noticed more keenly than ever before that his grip was very soft and trembling, and that it had completely lost the strength that she knew so well.



She suddenly recalled the first time that he held her in his arms and her futile effort to free herself.

Then he had the strength of a giant. He had held her so close—so tight, and with such little effort—and she had tried to free herself. He seemed to have muscles of steel, and she remembered she was but a child in the grip of a tyrant.

On that never-to-be-forgotten occasion he had kissed her against her will; but she had forgiven him a thousand times, and now, as he lay a weakened warrior, she would gladly give her own strength if he would arise and crush her helpless to his heart.

His hand was weak and feverish. It seemed to twitch convulsively as it touched hers. He swallowed a few drops of the water, and then sank back on the pillows and closed his eyes for a moment. Carmita placed the goblet on a table and returned to his side.

She took one of his hands in hers and brushed his forehead with her perfumed handkerchief.

Suddenly his eyes opened, and he exclaimed:

"There's my friend! There! Look!"

She followed his eyes to the wall. A brilliant beam of the afternoon sun illumined the wall—and she knew. She knew what he meant! She realized just what he called his friend.

He watched the sunbeam on the wall with the most satisfying smile playing over his countenance. Now and then some sharp gripping of the pain would cause him to close his eyes and shudder, but when it passed away he would again turn his tired face to the sunbeam and watch it as it slowly mounted the wall.

Slowly and still more slowly it mounted, illumining the papered flowers thereon and giving them an almost natural tint; slowly and still more slowly it mounted, and he watched it so intently, and Carmita held his feeble hand and watched it, too.

It mounted higher and yet higher until it almost began to trace a path across the ceiling. Then it began to grow dim, and Philip saw that it would soon fade altogether. The old day was dying.

The old day was dying. Out beyond the Western prairies the great orb of life would find its way to the sea, and as it sank to rest the heavens would shine resplendent with its reddening glory. The tired toilers would seek their homes; the birds would

seek their nests, and their daily caroling would be stilled; his beloved cattle would find their nightly shelter in the deep ravine, and his horses would neigh in their stalls—but he would not be there to give them a kindly word.

The old day was dying. The sunbeam grew fainter and fainter. He knew what a night in Rosalia meant. He knew the songs that would be sung, and the dances, and the gay doings.

He knew its rampant revelry, its dark-eyed langorous maids and its gallant vaqueros—and he would not be with them.

The little beam grew fainter and fainter. Soon it became only a gray spot. He strained his eyes to see it. He wanted to see it until it silently wafted into the color of the evening and the room became gray and barren, for perhaps—and who but the Maker of all things knew?—this would be the last time that he would ever see it again.

Carmita looked at the wrought face and the straining eyes. Philip raised one feeble hand and pointed.

Then his lips moved, and he waved his hand, as if motioning to some one who was going on a long journey.

"Good-by," he said, and his hand dropped.

The sunbeam had gone. The room bore the grayish atmosphere of the early twilight. Philip's eyes were closed. He seemed to be more at peace with himself than at any time since Seth Waters's bullet pierced his giant frame.

Carmita placed one arm around his neck and buried her head in the pillow beside his. The pent-up tears came only too freely. Grief made her body tremble as if it were a lily broken on its stem.

Once or twice Philip thought that he heard her sobbing. He made an effort to say something to calm her, but the words seemed to stick in his throat. He tried to raise his body, but his strength was gone. He tried to cry out. He tried to call as he used to call his cattle dogs when they disappeared over the brow of a hill. Good Lord! His voice came only in a whisper!

Then he gave one herculean effort. He forced himself up. Carmita felt him moving, and she sat up. A nurse entered with a little shaded lamp. It brightened beyond seeming the gray room. Carmita looked into her lover's face. The nurse looked, too. Both women looked at each other.

Carmita turned white, and dropped Philip's hand. The nurse darted suddenly from the room. Carmita saw that Philip was trying to speak.

She bent over him, and put her ear close to his lips. Faintly—more faintly than a little child whispering its tiny sins—he said:

"I—want—Padre Gregorio."

The nurse had gone for a doctor. The medical man entered with a wan expression on his face. He took the wounded man's pulse in one hand and his watch in the other.

Carmita beckoned to an attendant. Soon a messenger dashed through the stilled streets of Rosalia in the direction of the old mission, carrying Philip's wish. The doctor sent for another physician. The two men put their heads together and muttered something. Carmita caught the words, "at once."

She rushed at them with a maddened expression. Her face was the picture of mortal agony.

"Tell me! Tell me!" she shrieked. "Is he dying?"

The doctors raised their hands and uttered a long-drawn "S-h-sh!"

"Be quiet, madam!" said one. "All we can say now is that his condition is very precarious."

"He will live! You will save him!" said Carmita, more subdued, trying to control her emotion.

"We will do the best we know how," the same doctor replied. "Blood-poisoning is a terrible thing—"

"Oh—oh!" she wailed, interrupting him.

"It is only by special permission that you are here, madam. I beg you to control yourself. Try not to disturb us. Otherwise, we will be obliged to ask you to leave the room."

The medical man spoke with the precision of one who had cast sentiment to the wind in a moment of great emergency.

The nurse entered with brandy. The doctors stepped quickly from room to room in the next few minutes. Just what they were doing Carmita or the world never knew—the method of the healing-man is a mystery, after all.

She saw the nurse bend over Philip's bed and raise his dear head, and she saw his lips fight against the liquor.

Then her heart—broken and rent asunder

—seemed to clog her throat. She uttered one stifled sob.

Her hands shook with agony, and she knelt at the foot of the bed and prayed—prayed as she had only prayed once before—when Philip had gone to wreak vengeance on Jim Gormley.

She prayed for his life with all the energy of her soul and body. She asked Heaven to take her instead. She swayed to and fro in her growing grief, and Padre Gregorio saw her thus kneeling as he entered, and knew that he had not come too soon.

Philip had swallowed some of the brandy, and was slightly resuscitated. He faintly recognized the priest as he bent over. The *padre's* strong arm was as a prop of oak to the weak body.

"Padre," said Philip, "tell them I died bravely. I bear no ill-will to any man. I always tried to do the right."

The good priest administered the last consoling rites of his religion. Carmita still prayed unmovably. The doctors felt the wrists of Philip, and one of them put his ear to his breast. The nurses stood ready, but uncalled.

Then Padre Gregorio knelt beside Carmita. His voice uttering the prayers was the only audible sound.

The man on the bed gave a little cry. It was so faint that they who were watching his lips scarcely discerned it. Then they bent over him again and tried to give him more potions that might cause the heart to flutter a little longer.

There was just a flutter left. Philip opened his eyes and looked around. The agony that was racking his once strong body was more than he could stand any longer. He clutched the bedclothes for a second. He spoke one name—"Carmita"—but he spoke it so all could hear; and then he passed into the presence of his Maker.

The doctors looked at each other. The nurses understood.

"It is all over," said one of the medical men.

Then Carmita was on her feet.

"Philip!" she shrieked. "Philip, my Philip!"

She threw herself on his body. She called his name. She pressed her lips to his.

"Speak to me, Philip!"

Her voice was without a tremble. The awful realization had frozen her remorse temporarily.



"Speak to me, Philip—speak, my darling, my love! This is Carmita!"

Only death's stony stare replied.

Padre Gregorio took a little crucifix from his waist and placed it in the dead man's hand. The tears were rolling down his cheeks. He could hardly see Carmita, whose sorrow had again turned to remorse, and remorse to delirium. She was carried from the room, but comforting and kindness were of no avail.

Then the news spread over the city of Rosalia, and, as human nature undoubtedly will, the tide of sentiment turned in favor of the dead, and Philip Garrick's murder was the thing that all men wanted avenged.

Men who had been against him since the first days of the controversy that was born of the murder of old Eugene Caillo now openly said that they believed him the in-

(To be continued.)

nocent victim of a misguided populace. The few who clung to the old belief that the murder of old Caillo and the mysterious death of Jim Gormley had never been cleared to their liking were soon won into the growing majority by the public sentiment that would not down.

Before the dead rancher had been laid in his eternal sleep in the little acre of God that nestled in the shade of Mount Whitney there was but one slogan in Rosalia. That was:

"Find Seth Waters!"

And the brave and beautiful woman who had loved Philip Garrick as only a woman can love said that she, too, would help bring the fugitive to justice. If need be, she would go forth herself with any posse that might be formed to run him down.

And when he was caught, she wanted to meet him face to face!

## RESCUE CARS FOR MINERS.

### Federal Government Equips Cars with Life-Saving Devices to Rush to Entombed Toilers.

UNCLE SAM'S special mine-rescue cars, fully equipped with experts and appliances, are now ready to speed, at a moment's notice, to the scene of the next big mine disaster.

Two cars are already at their stations, while four others will be turned over to the government within a few days. By means of them, the new bureau of mines expects to save hundreds, perhaps thousands, of lives annually.

Besides awaiting their emergency work, these cars will go about the mining districts at intervals, demonstrating to miners the use of the oxygen helmet and instructing volunteer rescue-corps in first aid surgical treatment and sanitation.

Dr. J. A. Holmes, the director of the new bureau, will establish a nation-wide mine life-saving service. The stations will be scattered like those of the coast life-saving service of the stations of a city fire department.

An alarm will send the nearest car speeding as a special train to the scene. Each of the first six stations will be in the very heart of its own mining district.

The first stations will be Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Urbana, Illinois, Rock Springs, Wyoming, Billings, Montana, Salt Lake City, Utah, and Knoxville, Tennessee.

Our mines kill annually from three to five men in each one thousand employed. European mines, far more dangerous from gas and falling roofs, but better regulated and having state rescue services, kill only one or two.

It is estimated, American mines, in 1909, killed three thousand men and injured ten thousand. Many of these lives could have been saved with scientific rescue equipment.

The mine explosion usually shatters the ventilation system. Even if the fans and flues are not broken, the fresh air is turned off immediately after an explosion for fear of fanning possible fires left by the explosion and thus burning up the mine. Gas at once collects. The injured and entombed begin to suffocate in the deadly darkness of the mine.

On the surface, the miners laugh at death and drop down the shafts to the rescue of the entombed. Fifty per cent of these volunteer rescuers themselves meet death from the noxious gases. Fifteen men were entombed at the Hanna, Wyoming, mine disaster. Yet forty miners went down into the mine and never came back.

Expert rescuers, equipped with oxygen helmets, might have saved the fifteen entombed men and the mine, too. At any rate, there would have been

no additional sacrifice of life, if the rescue was hopeless.

At Monongah, when the rescuers finally entered the mine, it was found that thirty entombed men had lived two days in one room. Helmet men could have saved them.

At Cherry, a disaster that happened before the bureau of mines was established, but when the technological branch of the geological survey was experimenting with oxygen helmets, survey helmet men arrived late at the scene, but they succeeded in getting twenty men out alive after a week. There will be no such delay now with the mine rescue cars at central stations.

Each helmet weighs fifty pounds. The first duty of a helmet-man on entering a mine is to test the air. This is sometimes done by carrying white mice. If they live, then the word is telephoned to the surface, and rescuers rush in.

The air may be deadly, but there may be little fire in the mine. In this case, the helmet-men will unsling their hand fire extinguishers, put out the fire and signal for the air. This will clear away the poisonous gas in a hurry and the unhelmeted rescuers may enter.

If the air is deadly, and the fire great, there is nothing for the helmet-men to do but to toil to the surface with the survivors, two rescuers to a body.

A mining engineer, a surgeon, and seven or eight men are assigned to a car, which is equipped with helmets, tanks of oxygen, safety lamps, field telephones, resuscitating outfits, and a hospital-room.

One end of the car has an air-tight room for demonstrating the use of helmets to the miners. At each mine, the volunteer corps will be provided with these helmets.

## THE HEAVY "PASSENGER."

His Search for Car Fare Brings to Light a Large Portion of His Personal Property.

IT was very cold, and the street-car was pretty well filled, when an elderly party, rather embonpoint about the waistband, entered, bringing with him enough cold air to freeze a cellarful of house-plants. He stood up in the middle of the car and, fastening his eyes upon the fare-box, began to feel for his nickel.

He first untied a great shawl-scarf that encircled his neck and hid all of his face but his eyes. Then he loosed the earflaps of his cap and unhooked a fur muffler that hugged his throat.

Then he unbuttoned the cape of his overcoat and threw it back over his shoulders, submerging two men who stood behind him. Then he unbuttoned his overcoat and turned it back, filling the car like a lateen sail.

Then he unbuttoned the lower buttons of a knit jacket and his under coat, and with a grunt that frightened the horses into a run, tried to reach into his hip-pocket. The first effort was a highly successful failure, and at the second dive he threw the end of his shawl-scarf, skirts of his cape, and tail of his overcoat over the people on the seat behind them, and a smothered groan broke from the whole community.

Finally he got his hand into the pocket, and his purple face and swollen veins indicated approaching apoplexy, but the hand came out before any fatal result, and the passengers breathed more freely. But when they saw him lean over to the other side, and make a reach for his other pocket, they groaned.

After repeated efforts he brought up out of that

pocket a ring of keys, a stump of a lead pencil, and a tobacco-box, and the people groaned again. Then he hunched both shoulders and went into his vest-pockets.

Out of one of them he brought a little roll of newspaper scraps, a suspender-button, a fragment of a postage-stamp, and a quill toothpick, badly damaged. Out of the other, he pulled a piece of string and a brass screw and a two-cent piece.

Then he felt in his watch-pocket and with many sighs and puffs, he dragged up a little dirty-looking wad which threatened to be money, but proved to be lint. Then somebody tittered, and some one else giggled, and finally everybody but the returning boarder himself laughed.

He stood still and thought a moment, and then felt in his outside overcoat, came out with a handful of handkerchiefs, gloves, fractional currency and nickels, and when he reached out to place one of the latter in the box it fell from his fingers into the straw, and the disgusted passenger doubled down and scraped around for it for five blocks before he could find it.

And then, when he picked it up and shoved it into the box, he sank back on the seat with a groan of satisfaction and began to button and hook and wrap himself up again, but started up with a snarl of disgust and pulled the strap as though he had a legacy at the end of it. While he was down on his hands and knees in the straw, he had been carried five blocks past his street.—

*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*



# AT THE SEMAPHORE.

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND.

## Gresham Heard a Mighty Crash, and A Girl Told Him Why It Happened.



HE crash of the collision brought Arthur Gresham to his feet. Wild-eyed, and with the echoes of that hideous, grinding shock throbbing in his ears, he scrambled out of his chair by the office stove. His foot struck the coal-hod, tipped it over, and strewed coal all across the floor. Dazed, witless as an insane man, he staggered toward the instrument.

He blinked at the clock. Had he been asleep? No, thank Heaven for that! In a reverie, perhaps, there by the warm stove of the telegraph-office, that bitter night—but asleep, no. The clock showed dimly by the light of the turned-down lamp—1.32 A.M.

"Eh? What? And special 65 due to pass here at 1.24 in two sections? Second half ten minutes behind? What—what's happened?" stammered the wretched operator.

His mind was all a daze. He could not think or understand, and yet he knew he'd thrown the semaphore up the line to "Clear" only twenty minutes ago, just after fast freight 12 had thundered by Knowlton and had gone into the block at Green Bay, four miles below.

7 R R

At Green Bay, he knew, she was to take the siding to let both sections of 65 pass—and now 65 lay piled up just at the semaphore, about half a mile above the station, completely wrecked and ruined in that driving snow!

"I—I gave her the clear!" he choked. "What could have stopped her—stopped the first section and let the second go into her? What—*what*—"

Instinctively he reached for the key, but before his shaking fingers grasped the disk he jerked his hand away, as though from a cobra. Not yet! Not till he knew just what had happened, and how, and why, did he dare call Richlands, up the line, for information.

A misstep now would seal his ruin. Guilty or not, no matter! There was a wreck, there, at the upper end of his block—and he must pay!

To him, through the swirl and roar of the storm, drifted shrieks of pain, the hiss of steam, a jumble of inchoate noise.

"My—Heavens!" he gulped. His breath stifled him. With one fear-palsied hand he pressed his forehead, which was all beaded with a fine, chill



"I—I GAVE HER THE CLEAR," HE CHOKED.

moisture; the other gripped the table. So violently it shook that it rattled the cover of his tobacco-jar which stood beside his instrument.

"My fault! My fault? How could it be? But they'll—they'll blame me, anyway! I'm done—for life! My finish, and Clara's! And—up the line—what—"

Dazed and smitten as he was, he pulled himself together. His vigorous manhood reasserted itself. He squared his big shoulders and started for the door.

He caught one glimpse of his face in the little mirror that hung beside his ticket-rack. It was drawn and bluish-white, with wide-staring eyes.

Disregarding the blizzard that raged outside, he flung the door wide open.

Bareheaded, coatless, he stumbled out on to the station platform, into the whirling, drifting snow.

## II.

A MOMENT he stood there, drunk with uncertainty, sick with fear. The town seemed dead. There was not a light in any window up and down the snow-smothered street. In upon him howled the shrieking storm, powdering him with stinging iceneedles that burned his unprotected face and hands. He shook with a sudden chill.

The thought of flight burst into his brain.

He might yet get away; there might still be time enough for that! A possibility, a bare chance, existed that he might go clear, escape, start life again somewhere. But, all at once, came the vision of Clara. Leave her? Abandon *her*, with their betrothal-ring on her hand? Confess, by flight, a guilt he did not feel?

Never! Better a thousand times to face the charge, the ordeal, whatever it might be! Better to stand and take the worst that the law could give, or lawless men, than that! Better, ten-thousandfold!

Gresham bowed his head to the bitter tempest and started up the line. Far away, somewhere yonder, a dull, ruddy blur was dancing in the storm. Its ominous and lurid glow, dimly blotched through the wild night, told him that fire was already at work in the trail of collision. The steam no longer roared, and the cries of pain were dying; but other cries, hoarse, unintelligible shouts, flared down the wind.

The storm buffeted him. It snatched the breath from his panting lips, bellowed in his ears, strove to fling him back, but he

toiled on. The fine, dry snow sifted in long, eddying lines down the track, hissing in the driving gale. Gresham felt neither wind nor snow.

He felt only a strange exhilaration, a sudden clearing of his mind and all his faculties, as the bracing cold smote him. His fears for self, the first instinct of every living creature, vanished. In their place rose up the sense of duty, of help for those suffering wretches up the line.

"I can help—some!" he panted, as he broke into a heavy run through the snow, against the impact of the blizzard. "They'll know, anyhow, I'm not a coward—they'll know, some time, it wasn't my fault!"

The cold whipped and stung like lashes of wire. It choked and strangled him, yet he ran only the faster—on—on—toward that brightening glare.

As he ran, quick thoughts traversed his brain. He knew that he was blameless. He recalled perfectly how the fast freight had roared by Knowlton at 1.10, and how he had thrown the semaphore to "Danger" in its wake; then, how Green Bay had called, reporting its entry into that block.

He remembered absolutely having dropped the board again. The lever had stuck. He had thought at the time that snow must have sifted into the wheels or bearings and stiffened them. But the lever had gone clean home and locked. That he knew. It was locked now. Was not that proof enough? He knew perfectly well that he had cleared his block for the first section of 65.

That section should have passed at 1.24, with No. 2 ten minutes behind. Something, he realized, must have held the first section at the semaphore. What it had been he could not even guess.

Could he ever find out? Would anybody believe him?

"No matter!" he cried in the night, bucking, head-on, into the storm. "I'll see it through, anyhow. Some mistake, some terrible mistake, somewhere! But—why didn't they put back a flagman?"

That question staggered him.

"I'll know soon enough!" he gasped, with the breath wheezing in his throat as he fought his way onward through the savage night.

## III.

ALL at once he stopped.

Men with lanterns were coming toward him down the track. He saw their lights





"I—CLEARED THE LINE—" BEGAN THE OPERATOR; BUT HE DIDN'T FINISH.

rounding the curve beyond the town, lights that bobbed swiftly up and down—three lights, four, six.

The men were running. Gresham knew, instinctively, that they were coming for him!

Sudden fear gripped him. Danger, terrible danger, was close at hand. One moment the idea came to turn, to run, to dodge away somewhere, anywhere, away, away from those running men.

That they meant harm he knew. He might expect little pity at their hands. Short and final would be the justice from men who thought that he had piled up the two sections of special 65, who believed that *he* had wrought the terrible destruction, the agony, the death up there beyond the semaphore.

He stopped and turned. There was still time to get away! By morning he could cover the distance to Fairfax, where the K. and L. cut through. There he could

jump a freight. One, he knew, pulled out at 5.42. It would land him in Lewiston by noon.

In Lewiston he could hide up a day or two with Jerry Spalding. He could rest awhile, and then disguise himself. Then he could make Portland and get a cattle-boat to Liverpool. Even yet he could save himself—even yet!

He made a dozen paces back toward the station. His mind held the clear vision of the lumber-piles at the spool-mill.\* Among those piles he could secrete himself till the immediate search was over. Then, away by the Bethel road, or even through the woods, in the night!

He broke into an unsteady run.

"Liverpool for mine!" he cried. Then he hauled up short.

"Leave Clara? Own up to it, when I've done nothing? No, sir!"

Once more he faced about. The men

were drawing near. Already he could see their legs running through the snow, with the lantern-light flickering on them.

"No!"

Forward again he plowed, forward to meet the running men. His face was bone-white. Down his chin was running a thin trickle of blood from his lip, where he had bitten it through; but his head was up. He was game.

The men came up to him, blowing and panting with their run.

"Hey! Here he is, the dog!" cried one,

headlong, right and left. Lanterns were dashed to earth, where they lay flickering. The bitter gloom closed in upon the struggling group.

"What d'yez mane, you, hittin' the feller whin he's down?" roared the powerful Irish voice of Big Mack O'Connor, section-boss.

"His fault, ain't it?" shouted some one.

"Six dead an' twenty hurt!" another cried.

"I—I threw it to clear!" choked Gresham. "You go look—"

"Shut yer trap! We know what yer



"ARTHUR, LAD! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?"

louder than the storm, thrusting his lantern into Gresham's face.

"I—cleared the line—" began the operator; but he didn't finish. A swift, hard fist shot out. It caught him on the jaw. He went down like a plummet across the rails.

"You cur!" shouted a voice.

Kicks thudded on his ribs. He struggled to rise in the snow, but fierce blows beat him down.

"Cowards!" he shouted with a residue of breath.

Suddenly the men were parted and flung

done!" yelled a third. "Get away there, Mack! Let us at him!"

"Nah! 'Tain't proved on him—not yet!" Mack bellowed, holding them back with his huge arms. "How d'ye know th' flagman o' No. 1 ain't t' blame? Where's he gone? How can yez tell that the engineer o' 2 didn't miss th' lantern, a blind-drivin' night like this? He's dead now—can't never tell. Lantern may have blown out, too—no tellin'. Anyway, the lad's down, don't ye see? Fair play! Arrh! Ye wud?"

An obstinate, persistent one sprawled, cursing, on the track



"Git up, youse!" commanded Mack.

Gresham felt a strong grip on his shoulder. "Git up! Yez had th' nerve t' face it, annyhow, an' not skip out. B'ys, I've him be, ye hear me? I'm keen as annywan fer punishment, but he's got nerve, th' lad has! Ain't no coward, same-as you be, Lapham, hittin' when a feller's down. He'll be heard, so he will, or ye'll lick Big Mack to a finish, which ain't been done since I was siventeen, ye moind?"

Half by himself, half dragged by Mack, Gresham got to his feet and stood there, white with snow in the cutting gale.

He knew the temper of these men, madened by the wreck and by the fire. He felt the mob spirit working in them. He knew their burning eagerness to wreak a sudden, brutal vengeance for everything on him, whom erstwhile they had sneered at as a "gentleman."

The dancing lantern-light showed him one face which he well knew meant murder—a face distorted with hate, blood-smeared from the broken nose Mack had just given it—the face of Barney Lapham.

Barney was the engineer, that night, on section one of the special and Barney had once looked as high as Clara Norton, Gresham's girl.

Barney, who never had forgotten, never would forgive, the answer she had given him.

The operator groaned. He understood. He knew now who had organized this hunt for him, who had shouted accusation, who had struck him down and kicked him as he lay there, prostrate. "With Barney back o' this, they'll string me up for certain—if they can!"

Aloud he added, "better send a man down to the office, hadn't you, to call Green Bay for doctors and the wrecking-crew?"

"Ah, we'll 'tend to all that, never you mind!" jibed Lapham. "Ain't none o' your advice needed now. You're done!" He laughed with a malice horrible to hear.

"Th' lad's right, just th' same!" sounded Dan's voice. "Bresnahan, you go. Come on, now, th' rest o' yez. Come on, b'y!"

Hope revived in Gresham. With Big Mack at hand, he would at least get something like fair play. Limping with the injuries that Lapham's punishment had given him, he started up the line in charge of Mack.

The huge Irishman held him by the arm to steady him.

"Come on," he repeated. "They're wantin' ye up there, an' yez'll have t' go. But, by me sowl!" he added, turning on the group that straggled after, "th' first man o' ye that lays a hand on him—till ut's proved—that man goes down just ahead o' my fisht, ye hear?"

Thus, through the storm they beat their way toward the medley of noise, the swarming people, the ruddy glare which shone with ever-brightening blaze about the wreck.

#### IV.

It was a gruesome sight, confused beyond the telling of any words, all the more horrid and grotesque under the wavering, dancing lantern-light and the uncertain fire of the burning coaches.

Gresham's heart turned sick within him at that vision, at the thought that all these people—some of whom stopped their work to peer and glower at him, some who came to meet the little party—laid this ruin and this death upon his shoulders.

Big Mack stopped, the others with him.

Gresham's bloodshot eyes took in the scene—the cars crushed, splintered, sprawling out across the ditch, where the impact of section two, thundering round the curve, had buckled the waiting train.

One coach, he saw, lay turned clean over on its top, trucks in air, shattered windows gaping at the red ruin over which the blizzard spat its hissing snow-devils.

Beyond, and through the storm, he saw an upreared car that the second engine had ripped into, having hurled it on high as a mad bull tosses a dog.

There the blaze burned fiercest, whipped by the wind; and there dim, laboring figures chopped with axes, their blows sounding dull and feeble in the storm. There other figures flung useless snow upon the flames.

Thick steam was rising, mingling with the smoke. Driven by the breath of the tempest, it whirled down the line in wild, fantastical swirls. All was exaggerated, made strange, unreal, and doubly terrible by the snow, the storm, the dancing and uncertain light.

A stunned and aimless crowd was gathered round the wreck. Some were half-dressed, some wounded, some tramping up and down, shouting, nursing their wounds, sobbing, wringing their hands in frenzy. A few were trying to help such of the surviving train-hands as were at work, but all was demoralization.

Nobody seemed rightly to know what to do or how to start. Groans, now and then, came from the heaped-up, burning mass, or from the baggage-car of the first section. One or two of the people Gresham recognized as townfolk.

Little knots of dazed and shivering men gathered here and there in the lee of the cars which still clung to the rail. A few came drifting toward him as he stood there in the grip of Big Mack. He shuddered as two men bore a dangling figure past him to the baggage-car. A woman shrieked somewhere, then was still. A man limped by, laughing, swinging a limp arm—a man whose foot-prints in the snow were stamped with crimson.

"Oh, God!" moaned the grief-stricken operator, covering his face with both hands. "Did I do *this*? No! No!"

"Your fault, you cur!" cried Barney, his

voice breaking with wild exultation. "His fault!" he shouted to the gathering crowd. "This man's—here! We've got him—here's th' man!"

He shook his fist in Gresham's face.

The operator tried to speak, but no words came to him. He stood there in the storm, chilled, pale, dumb, staring with dazed eyes at the wild, hard, ugly faces circling him.

Was it, he wondered, possible, after all, that he might have done this thing? Possible that he might have slept, that he might, in some unconscious, irresponsible moment, have thrown that lever back once again to danger?

He did not know. This repetition, this constant strong assertion of his guilt, beating in on his numb brain and his shaken senses, woke there the suggestion of crime, unwitting crime, but real.

Had he done this thing? He could not



"HERE WE ARE,  
BOYS; HERE'S THE  
PLACE!"



tell. He glanced about with growing fear. Strong as he was, this thought stunned him as it gained ascendancy—the thought that, yes, it *might* have been his fault.

"Well?" cried Big Mack, shaking him by the shoulder. "Well, what yez got t' say?"

"I—after the freight got into the next block, I threw the semaphore to clear," Gresham managed to make answer. "Then I sat—sat down by the stove, and—"

"Ah-ha!" bellowed Lapham. "Hear that? He sat down by th' stove, Gentleman Artie-boy did. Sat down t' sleep, t' dream of his lady-love, eh? Left us to pull up here, an' section two rip into us? It's all clear now, you bet! What's he got t' say? What should he have, I'd like fer to know! Ain't this enough?"

He flung his hand out at the devastation.

"Ain't that?"

He gestured at the semaphore, the dumbly eloquent accuser. There it stood beside the track, dim in the snow-drive, its cross-arm straight out at "Danger," its lantern burning red.

It seemed to Gresham to be pointing right at him—its verdict, "Guilty!"

"Ain't that enough fer any one, I'd like t' know?" cried Barney once again. "The line was clear, all right. Why was it set at 'Danger'? If it hadn't been, we'd gone straight on, an' all this wouldn't happened. Them six people wouldn't have been killed an' twenty hurt, that's what! Three cars—"

"Wa'n't there a man sent back?" inquired a grimy, battered man. "Some blame in that, if there wa'n't!"

"How do I know?" the engineer spat savagely, turning on this intruder. "Probly there was. His lantern might have got blowed out, fer all I can tell. Mightn't have been seen by Rourke on 2. He's dead; can't tell. Henderson, our conductor, can't, neither. Knobbed pie-eyed. But what's th' use, anyway? This whole thing happened 'cause o' *that*!" Once more he pointed at the semaphore.

"What did this here loony block us fer? What fer—hey? Asleep, that's what, or dreamin'—moonin' over that there gal o' his, that—"

"Hold on, you!" shouted Gresham, rousing from his daze. He tore out of Big Mack's grip and faced the engineer. The



"YOU DOG!" SHE CRIED. "YOU TOUCH THIS LADDER NOW! YOU TOUCH ME—IF YOU DARE!"

dim, uncertain light there in the storm showed that his eyes were burning like a tiger's when it springs. "Hold on there; that's enough! No man like you—"

Somebody smote him from behind.

"Down with him!" yelled a savage voice. Gresham staggered, but caught himself, and turned to strike. Another blow felled him, as an ax fells an ox upon the killing-beds.

Down into the trampled snow he pitched once more. Again the kicks and blows rained in on him.

"Danged av I don't think ye're right there, Barney, afther all!" Big Mack declared. "Th' murderher! I'm t'rough wid 'im!"

The crowd grew big and turbulent. From the wrecked and burning cars men came on the run. Lawlessness raised its venomous head. In that confusion, no authority reigned to strangle it. Mob law!

"String him up!" yelled some one. "No use waitin' for th' courts to bungle it!"

"Hang him on the semaphore! That's where he b'longs!" howled Barney.

Somebody passed him a rope—a noosed and knotted bell-cord.

The rope whirled out through the chill murk and fell over Gresham's head. Barney drew the noose tight.

"Come on, boys!" he yelled exultantly.

Half a dozen men grabbed the bell-cord and started down the track, half dragging and half leading Gresham. He struggled to hold back, but others kicked him forward. A crowd of people, some violently angry, some protesting all to no avail, some merely dazed with the shock, with wonder, and with cold, trailed on behind.

"Here we are, boys; here's the place!" yelled Barney. "Hold the cuss, you! I'll go up th' ladder with the rope!"

## V.

A SUDDEN, swift commotion in the crowd. A woman came thrusting through with wild determination. Her voice rose clear, stronger than the jibes and threats:

"Arthur! Arthur, lad! What's this? What have you done?"

"Clara!" cried Gresham. "You mustn't see this! Go away!"

"What is it? What have you done?"

"Nothing, so help me God! Nothing—but take you from this cur!" He struck out swiftly. Barney went down. A great yell burst from the mob.

"String him! Up! Up!" shrieked some.

"Hold on! Let's see—find out!" cried others.

"He done it, an' he's got t' swing, gal or no gal!" roared Barney, struggling up out of the snow and starting for the ladder. The girl was quicker. She leaped onto it, and clung there, defiant. The wind flailed her long cloak, whipped her hair, all powdered with snow, about her face. By the light of lanterns and blazing wreckage, her eyes shone like twin fires of blue.

She gripped the stinging cold iron cross-bars with her left hand, and with her right thrust Barney back.

"You dog!" she cried. "You touch this ladder now! You touch me—if you dare!"

The engineer, balked in his plan, swore horribly.

"All right, stay there an' freeze!" he said. "Much good to you! There's poles enough, I guess. Come on, you fellers!"

But Big Mack snaked the bell-cord from his grip, and sent him reeling with one swing of his huge elbow. The fickle mob yelled its approval.

"This bloody thing ain't settled yit!" he roared.

"Arthur!" pleaded the girl. "Tell me the truth! Did you do this?"

"The lever's thrown, and locked!" he cried. "That's my proof! I'm innocent! Let 'em hang me if they want to—if it'll do any good! I'm innocent!"

Far away down the line echoed a faint, shrill whistle.

"Th' wreckin'-train!" shouted Barney, rallying to the attack once more. "Come on, boys; we ain't got no time to lose. No matter what he says, he done it, an' he's got to stretch hemp. There'll be no justice done if we don't give it to him. Up he goes!"

But no one heeded him. With a cry the girl pointed to a dark patch melted in the snow, some dozen yards away.

Her eye had seen, up there on the ladder, that the semaphore-wire hung slack. She had followed that wire, and near the place she pointed at a loose end of it lay.

"See! Look! It's broken!" she cried with joyful exultation.

"It's broke? What's broke? Where? What?" the many voices echoed.

"The wire! Broken! Burned in two!"

Down from the ladder she leaped. Through the crowd she pushed her way. Through the snow she ran.

They followed, wondering—all but Gresham and the engineer. Half dazed by this strange turn of fate, Gresham stood there in the storm, striving with numb fingers to loosen the knotted bell-cord from his throat. The engineer, with one last curse, struck him a savage blow, then turned and fled. Up the track he ran, silently, swiftly, past the wreck—away, beyond the fire-light, and so out into the darkness of the storm.

Once more the whistle of the wrecking-train sounded, nearer now, flinging its message of help, of rescue, out through the tempest and the night.

Gresham, freed now from the noose, limped down to meet the crowd which came streaming back to him. Big Mack was in the lead.

"Of all th' miracles!" cried the Irishman. "Here, look, will yez? Look, an' fergive us, av ye can! Look, b'y!"

He stretched forth his great hand. In it lay something—a rounded, charred, red



stump of wood, the size of a spinning-top. It had a steel spike at its lower end.

"What?" queried Gresham.

"There!" answered Clara. "There's the criminal!"

"That burned-out flare?"

"The same!" shouted Mack. "Shure, an' they must have throwed it from the fast freight to kape section one from runnin' too close. It's good fer twinty minutes, ye'll mind. Wind can't put it out, ner water drown it, an' it's hotter than fire itself."

"And it struck under the wire—burned it through!" the girl cried. "Set the board at 'Danger,' you see!"

Big Mack stretched out his hand.

"An' will yez shake, lad? Fergive all?"

Gresham's cold fingers closed upon the massive palm. The section-boss gripped like a vise, but Gresham never winced.

That pain was pleasure. Upon his back he felt the friendly impact of strong hands. Somebody threw a coat over his shoulders.

"Come on, b'ys," said the Irishman. "Come, lave th' lad be, now. There's work fer us. Th' wreckin'-train'll be here now in no time."

He walked away. Gresham and Clara were left beside the semaphore.

The man stooped and picked up something—the stub-end of the flare, which Mack had dropped.

"Here, girl," said he. "Only for you—and that—"

She took it and slipped it into her bosom.

"We'll keep that, eh?" said Gresham.

"Keep it—you and I?"

"Always!" she answered, smiling, though there were tears in her blue eyes as Gresham took her in his arms.

## REVERSE-BAR IS THE THING.

### Veteran Engineer Places More Importance in That Lever Than in the Throttle.

A VETERAN engineer, who at the age of fifty-six has been serving on express-trains for twenty years, recently took a short vacation, visiting Chicago, where he met an old friend. To the question, "How does it feel to run a mile-a-minute train?" he answered:

"Feel? Man, that's the only time I live. When I climb up on the high seat, jam my cap over my eyes, and reach for the reverse-bar, I'm not the man you see now. I've fed on the excitement so long as I'm a fiend for it now—a 'speed-dope.'"

"Many a night I've driven my train—and made time, too—when it was snowing so hard I'd have to run ahead while we were taking water to see if the headlight was still burning. My 'smoke' and I couldn't tell it from the cab—nothing ahead but a wall of black. Sometimes we wouldn't know we were moving, except for the tossing of the engine on the track.

"Did you know that an engine has a heart?" he rambled on. "You've seen a doctor feel a patient's pulse when he wants to find out what's the matter with his works? Well, that's the way we do it. When we rush through the night, maybe with death around the next curve, we don't sit with our hands on the throttle, as the engineers do in the story-books. Reverse-bar, that's it.

"The reverse-bar's the engine's heart. We never let our hand release its clutch on the reverse. It beats with the engine's life, and when

anything's wrong it beats fast or slow or it jumps a beat, like an old guy's heart. Then we know, we shut off steam and climb down to see."

"Is it true that engines vary and men get attached to different ones?"

"True? Course it's true. Engines are just like women—some are contrary all the time and some are agreeable all the time. Some smile and then put poison in your coffee. Some you scold and some you kiss. My old 39—latest type, biggest made, one o' three—why, I'm married to her and I wouldn't give her up for half my pay. I've had her three years now. When she goes I'll go."

"Don't you feel the responsibility when you're pulling a train-load of passengers?"

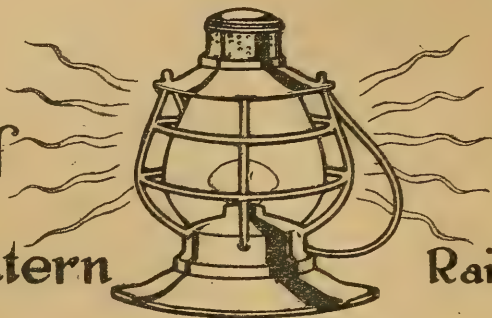
"That's what the 'old man' asked me once. 'I never stopped to think of it,' I answered him.

"What?" he yelled, jumping up and banging down his fist. 'You didn't? Why didn't you?'

"'Cause if I did I'd go crazy,' I told him. 'There's only me and my "smoke" in sight, and when we're running through fog or storm or snow, I look across at where he's shoveling coal, calm like, and say to myself: "There's only you and Danny here, and Danny's going ahead with his work. Now you're going to do the same, and you ain't going to think about anything else. You're going to bring yourself and Danny through, and if you two come through, the rest will follow.'"—*New York World.*

# WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

By the  
Light of  
the Lantern



Questions  
Answered  
for  
Railroad Men

## ASK US!

**W**E like to be as useful to our readers as we can; but, because of the great popularity of this department, we are forced to impose certain restrictions. It is limited to the answering of questions of an informative, technical, or historical nature only. Letters concerning positions **WILL NOT** be answered in this department. All letters should be signed with the full name of the writer, as an indication of his good faith. We will print only his initials.

**W**HAT is meant by the "factor of safety?"—  
M. B., Boston.

If a boiler of such material and strength that it will stand a pressure of 500 pounds per square inch before bursting is run at 100 pounds pressure, the factor of safety is 5. In other words, the factor of safety represents the proportion between the breaking or bursting strength and the pressure or load carried. In American practice, 5 as the factor is generally recognized in the design.

**I**S there much of a chance for a man in wireless telegraphy?

(2) What is the best way to learn this business? Would it take long, provided that you have already learned telegraphy?

(3) Is the Morse or a special code used?

(4) What is the average salary of a wireless telegraph operator?—N. B. N., Independence, Virginia.

(1) We should say that there should be a fair chance. This occupation is largely centered in the shipping business, and the reason why the chance is better therein than in telegraphy ashore, is because the acceptance of such positions afloat means the absence from home of two-thirds of the time, which is not particularly appealing, in view of the low salaries paid.

Replying here to your question, No. 4, we might add that the salaries, including board, on the majority of ocean steamships are between \$40 and \$50 per month.

(2) If you understand telegraphy, the game is practically won. Several schools teach wireless in the regular course for a small payment. The best advice, however, is to write to some steamship line direct, and it will instruct you on the best course to pursue. The same information can be obtained from the United Wireless or the Marconi Companies; address of both, New York City, N. Y.

(3) They use what is called the Continental Code, in which the spaces in the Morse Code letters become dashes, because, for instance, it would be confusing to send the short space in the Morse "o" (- -) by wireless.

**D.** R., Rockford, Illinois.—The reason why the water works up and down in a locomotive water-glass has never been clearly established, although, logically, it would follow that this movement simply represents what is going on in the boiler, provided that the top and bottom valves of the glass are performing their proper functions. There must, of course, be at all times a slight movement, because the ebullition of water in the



boiler is quite violent under the influence of rapid combustion, no matter whether the locomotive is moving or stationary. This, under normal conditions, should affect the glass one or two inches maybe. Any greater variation than this may be ascribed to dirty water in the boiler, the presence of some detrimental foreign substance, or foaming or priming. It is very seldom that the water remains absolutely stationary. If so, it may be taken as an indication that the circulation in the glass has become impeded.



**J.** B., Brooklyn.—You must always pass the examination required by the road of your choice before going on as a fireman. This consists of a reading and hearing test, in addition to an examination to determine visual acuteness. This latter is not so much a reading test as in former years, but is based on the faculty for distinguishing variations in colors, and the actual positions of dummy semaphores which are operated at a distance by the examiner.



**W**HAT is meant by the term "cylinder clearance?"—C. T. R., Richmond, Virginia.

It means the space in the cylinder and steam-ports between piston-head (when at extreme end of stroke) and valve-face. It is generally given in percentage of cylinder. In locomotive work it varies from 10 per cent to 20 per cent. This is space which must be filled at each stroke, and which does no useful work. Some clearance is necessary to prevent the piston from striking the cylinder-head, and the space is also necessary for the compression to cushion the piston at the end of its stroke.



**I**S paper in any form used in the manufacture of car or locomotive-wheels? If so, in what per cent?—O. A. J., Oakland, California.

This properly refers to the Allen paper wheel. It is made by riveting a center of compressed paper between two plates of iron or steel. The compressed paper can be turned and polished like wood. The hub of such wheels is of iron or steel, and a steel tire is also put on, so that the so-called "paper car-wheel" is in reality only paper in the center. It is in extremely limited use, and when employed will be found only under passenger-cars.

From a recent article on "Paper Car-Wheels" in *Harper's Weekly*, we quote the following:

We naturally think of paper as something lacking in strength, and of a paper article as being fragile, so are somewhat alarmed when an encyclopedic friend remarks that the wheels of the car on which we are slipping along at the rate of a mile a minute are made of paper.

This opportunity to be alarmed occurs, however, on only the best of railways, as paper car-wheels, though safer and longer lived than any

others, are also more expensive. The principal advantage of wheels made from this unpromising material is found in the fact that they are not injured by the violent vibrations to which car-wheels are subjected.

The paper used in the manufacture of these wheels is known as calendered rye straw board, or thick paper. It is sent to the car-wheel shops in circular sheets measuring twenty-two to forty inches in diameter, and over each of these sheets is spread an even coating of flour paste.

A dozen sheets are placed one on the other and the lot subjected to hydraulic pressure of 500 tons or more. After two hours pressure, these sheets, which have now become a solid block, are kept for a week in a drying-room at a temperature of 120 degrees, after which a number of blocks are pasted together, pressed, and dried for a second week.

A third combination of layers is then made, after which there is an entire month of drying. The final block contains 120 to 160 sheets of the original paper and is four and one-half to five inches in thickness. All resemblance to paper has been lost, the block in weight, density, and solidity approximating the finest grained, heaviest metal.

To complete the wheel there are required a steel tire, a cast-iron hub, wrought-iron plates to protect the paper on either side, and two circles of bolts, one set passing through the flange of the tire, the other through the flange of the hub, and both sets through the paper.

The paper blocks are turned on a lathe, which also reams out the center hole for the hub; two coats of paint are applied to keep out moisture. The various parts are next assembled and the paper car-wheel is complete.

As may be readily understood, paper which has received the treatment described may be used for almost any purpose for which metal or wood is used, if not too much exposed to dampness, and to all practical purposes it is fire-proof.



**L.** E., Garber, Missouri. — (1) There is no such whistle signal as three short blasts, when the train is running. The nearest we can find to it is three blasts of about one second each duration. This is the engineer's signal that the train has broken in two, or parted. It is very seldom used in these latter days, because, when the train parts with the continuous brake, now in universal use, everybody knows about it without any whistling being necessary, or, in fact, any kind of reminder.

(2) The expression "high ball" means, to all intent and purpose—"get out of town." There are several stories as to its origin, the most plausible being that, in the early days of railroading, trains were started by hoisting a ball to the top of a pole. When the ball went up, it was the signal to the engineer to start. It is now generally given by raising a lamp high over head and holding it so while the train approaches. A "high

ball," properly displayed, looks pretty good when you are beating it somewhat faster than the law allows through a crowded yard. It implies, without wasting further energy, that you are safe to come ahead as fast as you like.

(3) The number of trains which an average despatcher handles on his trick, necessarily depends on the amount of business done by his division. We don't see how we can answer a question so vague in any other form than this. If you want to know how many trains it is possible for a single despatcher to handle on a trick, we might supplement our reply by the statement that we have known 113 passenger-trains to be handled on double track in an eight-hour trick, with, of course, the usual quota of freights, works and what not. The actual number of trains handled by a despatcher is no criterion of his work or ability, because, in the presence of a practically faultless system such as prevails, for instance, on the eastern end of the New York, New Haven and Hartford road, the despatcher's work must necessarily be lighter with one hundred trains than under happy-go-lucky conditions with only half that number in operation.

(4) We don't know what you mean by your question, "Is it safe for an operator to recopy train orders?" These things come in as original copies, are repeated back, and made "correct" by the despatchers. As this procedure is always on carbons, dependent on the number wanted, where does the copying feature come in?

**D**O the railroads have leases on the freight-cars bearing their name or do they own them?—W. D., Newburg, New York.

The large majority of freight-cars are owned by the various railroads, and, in many instances, they are owned also by some equipment trust company. They are seldom, however, paid for in cash. A few railroads purchase all or a large part of their equipment through the sale of long-time bonds; but, in most cases, the equipment is acquired through the issuance of securities designated as "car-trusts," "equipment bonds," or "equipment notes."

These are paid off in instalments by the railroads purchasing the rolling stock, the money being provided from earnings. In practically all cases, the bonds are paid off serially; the first instalment being payable in ten years, although the life of the equipment is about seventeen years for a wooden freight-car, and twenty years for a steel car. After the final instalment is paid, all of the outstanding bonds provided for the equipment belong to the railroad.

Under the terms of the indentures covering equipment-bonds, it is stipulated that the railroads must at all times keep all of the equipment in complete repair and good working condition. They must replace any equipment which may be worn out, lost or destroyed. At least once a year, they must furnish the trustee with a full state-

ment as to its location and condition. In addition, the railroads must keep the equipment insured against loss or damage. All these expenses are borne by the railroads; but it is, of course, to be assumed from the standpoint of their own best interests, that they will take proper care of the equipment, which ultimately will pass to their ownership.

In answer to your questions 2 and 3, which we did not consider of sufficient importance to reproduce, the Pennsylvania, with almost double the mileage of the other systems, must necessarily do the greatest passenger business, and especially as it passes through practically every prominent city east of the Mississippi River.

**W.** T. M., San Antonio, Texas.—A revised edition of the *Air-Brake Catechism and Instruction Book* has lately been issued by C. B. Conger. This is worded in everyday lucid English which any one can understand. The price is one dollar, and the book can likely be procured through *Railway and Locomotive Engineering*, 114 Liberty Street, New York City.

**L.** C. R., Hayes, South Dakota.—With the exception of the Empire State and the Twentieth Century limiteds, which were not running in 1870, the general schedule time of the New York Central trains was almost as fast in 1870 as it is at present. Even at that comparatively early stage, it was possible to put a train through from New York to Albany in less than four hours, and to Buffalo in less than twelve hours. The New York Central was noted at that period for making about the fastest time in everyday practise in the country, and its locomotives served as patterns for those of many roads.

**J.** D. F., Savannah, Georgia.—You should take up the matter regarding the train on which you desire information, with the nearest Southern Railway agent in your vicinity. Write him and he will take pleasure in furnishing it.

**C**AN a telegraph message be transmitted from San Francisco to New York without being repeated, either by an operator or an instrument?

(2) What is a "quad"?

(3) How far can a telegraph message be sent by an operator on a straight line? I mean in practise, not theory.—W. H. V., Bellingham, Washington.

(1) Yes, but it is exceptional practise. The ordinary procedure in sending messages between the points named is, San Francisco to Ogden to Chicago to New York; or, San Francisco to Denver to Chicago to New York.

A direct wire would probably be arranged for



under certain conditions, if, for instance, the San Francisco office had an accumulation of night messages for New York. It would be more consistent to send these through in a bunch and would be easily possible by simply increasing the carrying power of the line.

(2) Sending and receiving on the same wire.

(3) It is hard to reply to this question intelligently as so many items bearing thereon have to be taken under consideration, among which are weather and climatic conditions. A spider's web between wires would cause a leak if it became wet on a rainy day. Rain itself is a serious impediment to long-distance working. A message, however, can be sent across the continent under the conditions which you describe as we replied to your first question.

**W**HAT is the capacity of a tank, 5 feet 5 inches in diameter by 6 feet in height?

(2) How much per vertical inch?

(3) How is this calculation determined?

(4) How much will a tank hold of the following dimensions; 6 feet 9½ inches long, 4 feet 11 inches wide, and 4 feet 2½ inches high, and also how much will it hold per vertical inch?

(5) Where can I get a book showing how to determine it?—C. M. J., Central City, Kentucky.

(1) 1034 gallons.

(2) 14.36 gallons.

(3) Multiply area of base in inches by height in inches, and result is contents in cubic inches. For contents in gallons divide this result by 231.

Example: 5 ft., 5 in., = 65 in.

6 ft., = 72 in.

65 x 65 x .7854 = 3318 sq. in., area of base.

3318 x 72 = 238896 cubic in., contents of tank.

238896 ÷ 231 = 1034 gallons, total capacity.

Capacity per vertical inch is 1034 ÷ 72 = 14.36 gallons.

(4) Total capacity, 1055½ gallons. Capacity per vertical inch, 29 gallons.

(5) Any school arithmetic contains the rules for these very simple problems.

**W**HY are fast trains making no stops called "limited?"

(2) Is there any publication pertaining to or containing information on the telegraph profession except *The Railroad Telegrapher*, of the O. R. T.?—C. E. B., Centretown, Missouri.

(1) In the early days of railroading, all trains stopped at all stations. The scheduled arriving time at the destination was more or less an uncertain quality, and was generally recognized as such. When trains making fewer or no stops were eventually put in service, it was announced that the time was limited to that given on the timetable. In other words, such trains would be favored to get over the road within the time specified, making them more dependable than others not so designated. The term which is used in these days in connection with certain fast trains has

no real significance. In modern railroading, it is insisted upon by the management that all trains shall leave and arrive on time, irrespective of their class or importance; so, in reality, all trains are "limited."

(2) No, the publication you mention is the only one on that subject of which we have any knowledge.

**A**RE there any locomotives in use on American railroads with drivers 84 inches in diameter, or more?

(2) What are the principal dimensions of the Prairie type locomotives used on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad?—J. L., London, Ontario.

(1) The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad has an Atlantic type class, compound, with 85-inch drivers. These engines were built in 1907, and have the highest wheel of any in passenger service in this country. In our practise, 78 or 80 inches is generally regarded as the maximum limit.

(2) Tractive force, 27,850 lbs.; cylinders, diameter and stroke, 21½ by 28 in.; steam pressure, 200 lbs. per sq. in.; diameter of driving-wheels, 79 in.; total engine-wheel base, 34 ft., 3 in.; weight on driving-wheels, 165,200 lbs.; total weight of engine, 233,000 lbs.; water capacity of tender, 8,000 gallons; coal capacity of tender, 15 tons.

**J.** Q. O., San Diego, California.—We have no record of the height of the bridge which you mention, but the Kinzua viaduct on the Erie Railroad is generally credited as being the highest. It is about 320 feet above the bed of the stream at the bottom of the ravine which it spans.

**P.** B. A., Washington, District of Columbia.—

(1) As an assistant, in the division-engineer's office of some railroad would be about the best place to start. You will thus obtain valuable experience in field work. Call on a division-engineer of some railroad entering Washington, and he will, no doubt, be glad to advise you.

(2) There are any number of books on civil and railway engineering. Apply to *Railway Age Gazette*, New York or Chicago, for list of such works. They can get any book for you which they do not regularly carry.

(3) Division engineers receive on an average about \$150 per month. On some roads, of course, the pay is much higher. The salaries of other positions in that department run from \$65 to \$125 per month.

**W**HAT is meant by the ratio of cylinders?—F. B., Cumberland, Maryland.

Relation or proportion which one bears to the other. It is used mostly in speaking of compound locomotives. If the high pressure cylinder was 10

inches in diameter, and the low pressure cylinder 20 inches, the ratio is 1 to 4, because circular areas vary as the square of the diameter. Therefore, if  $10 \times 10 = 100$ , and  $20 \times 20 = 400$ , the ratio is 1 to 4.



**O.** J. G., Rochester, New York.—Of the three New York Central engines which you mention, we have only the weight of the 3565, Pacific (4-6-2 type), which is 171,500 on drivers, and 266,000 lbs., total engine. For the others, we would suggest that you get in touch with Mr. Steele, master mechanic of that road in Rochester, who, no doubt, has the information in tabulated form and would be pleased to give it to you.



**E.** H., Mesa, Arizona.—(1) Trains are not ferried across San Francisco harbor from Oakland to San Francisco. The terminal of the Southern Pacific Railroad is Oakland mole. Passengers make the trip across the bay by ferry.

(2) We have not been advised that the railroad mentioned is constructing additional track in that territory.

(3) The only trains in the United States which maintain a speed better than 60 miles per hour, from start to finish, are on the Reading and on the Pennsylvania Railroads between Camden, New Jersey, and Atlantic City, New Jersey.



**G.** S., Indianapolis.—Theoretically, there is no difference between the pulling and pushing power of a locomotive. As a rule, when placed ahead of a train they start it better, as they have the advantage of taking up the slack between the cars in succession. When pushing behind, this cannot be done, and the entire weight must be started as a unit.



**W**HAT is the salary of a locomotive engineer to start with?—J. K., New York City.

In this country, the roads do not have graded men as they do abroad, consequently, a newly promoted runner is entitled to what the job pays, which he is fortunate enough to catch while serving on the extra list. There may be some few roads which hold a new engineer to reduced pay for about a year, but we cannot recall any at this writing. Engineers are paid all the way from \$3.50 per hundred miles to \$4.50, all depending on the terms of the agreement with the company, section of the country, size of engine, etc.



**H**OW does an engine take water "on the fly"? (2) What roads are so equipped?

(3) Are electric locomotives used in the West?—J. R. T., Indianapolis, Indiana.

(1) By means of a water-scoop. This is a device for putting water in a locomotive-tender, while in motion, from a trough laid between the rails, sometimes called a "track-tank." It con-

sists of a cast-iron or steel-plate conduit of rectangular cross-section, about 8 inches by 12 inches, passing up through the tender-tank and turned over at the top so as to discharge the water downward. The lower end, underneath the tender-frame, is fitted with a scoop or dipper, that can be lowered into the trough by a lever worked by hand, or by compressed air applied in a cylinder, whose piston-rod is connected to the mechanism for raising and lowering the scoop. Owing to its inertia, the water is forced up through the siphon-pipe into the tender-tank when the scoop moves through the trough at a speed of from 25 to 40 miles per hour.

(2) Practically all roads where fast trains are employed have track-troughs.

(3) Only to a very limited extent. With a few exceptions, it may be said that their use is limited to the section east of the Mississippi River. Seventy-five per cent of them are, no doubt, east of Pittsburgh.



**W**HAT railroads enter Rochester, and what are the names of their master mechanics?—J. M., Onondsburg, New York.

The Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh; F. J. Harrison, DuBois, Pennsylvania, and W. H. Williams, East Salamanca, New York, master mechanics. The Erie Railroad, F. G. De Saussure, master mechanic, Avon, New York. The New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, F. M. Steele, master mechanic, Rochester, New York.



**L.** N. D., Indiana, Pennsylvania.—The road-foremen of engines on the Sante Fe at Topeka, Kansas, and Albuquerque, New Mexico, are respectively L. Wellman and B. Lynch. We do not find any record of one stationed at Winfield, Kansas, but R. J. Buswell is in that capacity at Wellington, Kansas.



**R.** E., Hamilton, Washington.—Statistics covering the total railroad mileage of the world, total locomotives, passenger and freight-cars, is not available in compiled form at this writing. As soon as we can dig it out, we will answer you in this department.



**A.** J. F., Denver, Colorado.—As you have some knowledge of mechanics, and are desirous of ultimately becoming an engineer, if you do not want to go on the road now as a fireman, why not try to secure employment in some roundhouse as a machinist's helper? This will make you familiar with a locomotive and you will gain experience which will be of much benefit to you in the future. We have always believed and advocated that a fireman should have at least one year's roundhouse experience before going on the road, but there are no roads that we know of where such a sensible procedure is the rule.





# ONE BOTTLE OF "WATER."

BY R. M. WEST.

## The Tragedy That Came to Pass Just Because One Saloon-Keeper Had to Make a Dollar.



HE summer of 1867 found our company at Cheyenne, Wyoming. The Union Pacific line was being built toward that town, and things were booming. At Cheyenne, we camped on Crow Creek, and remained for nearly two weeks. From a company of infantry that passed us in wagons, we learned that all the upper forts and all the Powder River were being abandoned. The troops at Fort C. F. Smith, Fort Phil Kearney, and Fort Keno were to be distributed along the line of the railroad.

The officer in command of the men just passed gave instructions to our lieutenant, and he sent ten of us under command of Sergeant Ellis farther up the line. We camped at Dale Creek to wait for a battalion of the Eighteenth Infantry that was expected. Our sergeant had sealed orders for the officer in command of the coming outfit.

The telegraph lines were down, and troops marching between the upper forts had no means of communicating with the outside world or each other, except with messengers.

After camping at Dale Creek about a week, we saw the dust raised by the expected party. It turned out to be a much larger outfit than we looked for—three full companies and a large wagon-train with Major Whitehead in command.

It was such a strange-looking caravan that it seemed like a circus. The men had been up in the wilderness so long that they

had nearly forgotten about the ways of civilization. Each company had its pets and mascots—bears, prairie-dogs, deer, antelope, and horned frogs. Nick White had a mountain-lion. They had more Indian relics than would fill two wagons.

Good men they were, and had seen hard fighting, and it was at Fort Phil Kearney that C company of my regiment was massacred. After reading his orders, the major told Sergeant Ellis that we were to return to Fort Sedgwick and that we were to travel with his command until rejoining our own men farther down the line. This was good news to us, and soon we were on excellent terms with the Eighteenth, and listening to their stories about the Bad Lands of Dakota.

The men had plenty of money. Where they had been there were not many ways of spending it. There was no liquor to be had unless it was smuggled, and this cost so much that, unless a man was a great lover of whisky, he would not pay the price. As it was well known that the railroad was to be built soon, there were all kinds of houses going up along the line of the survey, and most of them were saloons.

That but yesterday some of these houses had been burned out and the inmates killed by the Indians did not matter; to-day men were to be found erecting new ones on the still warm ashes. There was a great rush of daring men to reap the rich harvest.

The soldiers, if camped anywhere near these hells, would steal out and visit these

houses at night. At Dale City, there were, probably, a dozen houses in all. These were sometimes built of sod dug on the prairie, others had a light wooden frame covered with a tent, while others were known as "holes in the wall." They were made by digging into the side of a hill and fixing up a front of grain bags, raw hides, old blankets, or anything that came handy.

At the time the battalion of the Eighteenth Infantry went by, it numbered thirty men, all told. The night they camped there some of the men asked for a pass to visit Dale City for a few hours between roll-call and taps. The officers were not in favor of giving the passes. They knew there was nothing to be bought but the worst kind of whisky that man ever drank; still, they gave passes to a few.

Company H had a man named Brown. He asked for a pass, but his captain, knowing his love for liquor, refused.

After dark, Brown ran the lines and remained away all night. He did not appear until after "reveille" in the morning. He was not drunk when he came into camp in the morning, for he had slept off the effects to some extent on the prairie between the town and camp.

The men were at breakfast when Brown was seen to enter camp. He was at once put under guard and Lieutenant Hill, of his company, sent word to the sergeant of the guard that Brown was to be compelled to march all that day and carry his full outfit.

This meant that he was to wear his knapsack with all that goes with it, one blanket, one overcoat, a change of clothes, his gun, and his full allowance of cartridges.

It was something very unusual for any man under guard to carry a gun and ammunition; to be armed, in fact. I never knew it to be done but that once.

Brown was a sick man. The morning was very warm and it gave promise of being a torrid day. The prospect before Brown was a bad one. He asked permission to speak to Lieutenant Hill, and the sergeant took him, with a guard, to see the officer. Brown said to the lieutenant:

"I am very sick and not able to stand the punishment to-day. I can scarcely hold my head up."

Hill said: "If you had remained in camp last night and had not drunk so much bad whisky you would not be sick to-day. Whose fault is it, yours or mine?"

"Well," said Brown, "if you will let me off to-day you may give any punishment you like to-morrow."

"Oh," said the lieutenant, "you give me that privilege, do you? Well, you will walk to-day just as I have ordered; and don't give me one more word of back talk! Take him back, sentry, and tell the sergeant not to send him to me again!"

Brown tried to speak again, but the lieutenant lost his temper and said: "If you utter another word, I will tie you to the tail of a mule and let him drag you or kick you as he likes!"

The guard hurried Brown to the rear, and he took his place in the center of the guard to take up his awful punishment. I say awful punishment, for the man was very sick, no matter what the cause.

The column started. Brown blundered along for about an hour and again begged to be brought before the lieutenant, which, of course, the sergeant dared not do without permission.

Brown then asked to see the commanding officer. If an enlisted man wishes to speak to an officer, he must first obtain the permission of his sergeant. The commanding officer refused to interfere. Brown kept begging to be allowed to again speak to Lieutenant Hill.

The sergeant of the guard, seeing that his prisoner was in a bad way, went himself to Lieutenant Hill and got the necessary permission for Brown. The entire command was halted for a short rest, and Brown was brought forward.

Hill said: "Well, what is it now? Didn't I tell you not to come to me again?"

Brown replied: "'Lieutenant,' it is impossible for me to march any farther. I am not able to stand it. I would rather die."

Hill said: "You *will* stand it, and you *must* stand it! When you think you can't stand up, why, fall down, and I will find a way to drag you along." Hill said this not like an officer, but in a sneering, tantalizing way and with a devilish smile on his face.

Brown was swaying and about to fall. His case was no longer one of punishment between officer and private. It had become one of torture, to gratify the officer's curiosity.

All this time, the lieutenant was pulling his chin whisker with his gloved hand and smilingly goading his helpless prisoner into an insane frenzy.



Brown lowered his head a moment, then looked up and said in a low, tense voice:

"I cannot walk any longer to-day; and I won't."

Before any one could stop him, he dropped his musket into the hollow of his left arm and fired.

The lieutenant fell dead. He did not utter even one groan.

Instantly Brown inslipped a fresh cartridge, but Major Whitehead grappled with him, and, with the help of Captain Galbraith, wrenched the gun from the desperate man. Brown was too weak to offer more than momentary resistance and ceased struggling. No one had much to say—they were stunned.

The major threw the cartridge from Brown's gun. "Why did you load this?" he asked.

"To kill you with," exclaimed Brown; "and I had another for that big man beside you"—meaning Captain Galbraith.

The crazed man was taken to the rear and his arms tied behind his back.

After putting the dead lieutenant's body in an ambulance, the command started again. Opinion among the men was divided. Some condemned the act as brutal murder; others said Brown did right, and that Hill went too far and drove him mad.

Brown seemed to glory in what he had done. He said that Hill intended he must walk all day, and if he dropped down, which he knew he must do, the officer would have had him dragged to death. He seemed very anxious to hear what the men in the ranks thought of the killing, and asked every one he could get near enough if they blamed him.

Strange as it may seem, there were many men who thought Brown had done right and, though not daring to be outspoken, in silence he had their sympathy.

Brown was the corps' shoemaker, and was not considered a bad man. He would drink more than was good for him at times, but so would the officers. As a general thing, Brown did his duty faithfully.

The first sergeant of Brown's company, Dick Guggall, was now busily going from man to man holding a whispering conversation with each. The officers up ahead of the column kept looking back toward the place where Brown was plodding along, bound in the midst of his guards.

It seemed as if the officers were expecting something to happen. It was becoming

evident that there was trouble of some kind brewing. Men would dart from place to place and speak in a low tone to others. Some of them seemed to object to what was said. It could be seen that there were different opinions about something.

One man made such a determined stand in favor of his way of thinking that there came near being shots exchanged between the two men, but this argument was silenced by the first sergeant.

Of course, we—I mean our little squad of ten men—being outsiders and interested only as onlookers, took no part in this mystery, but could, from our elevated positions, see all the hasty movements and earnest conversation of the few men that were endeavoring to gain converts to their way of thinking.

I had not even a suspicion of what was in the wind until I heard Brown say: "Oh! My God! Why don't they come if they are coming and put me out of my misery! I can't go any farther."

Then it dawned on me what all the commotion was about. But still I could not believe that among United States soldiers many men could be found to deliberately take part in another tragedy like the one just acted by one reckless, suffering, half-demented man.

Brown kept moaning, "if you fellows don't hurry, it will be too late! Tell them to hurry up." Again he would say, "I will never live to see the sun go down."

He spoke the truth. Within an hour from the time he shot Lieutenant Hill, about twenty men of his own company suddenly stepped out of the ranks on either side of the marching column.

It could be seen that they were obeying the signal of a leader, for at a slap made by striking the butt of a musket with the hand, they all started at a "double quick" for the rear.

Twenty yards from the rear-guard they halted, and told the guards to step aside.

"What do you want? What do you mean?" angrily demanded the sergeant of the guard.

"We want Brown. Get away from him or you'll get hurt," yelled one of the men, and the rest seconded him. Not an officer looked back; they began to ride farther ahead.

"Not much you don't! There will be more than one dead man around here if any one tries that!" replied the old sergeant as his men closed around their prisoner.

It looked as if there was going to be trouble, but Sergeant Guggall stepped up close to the guard and said something in a whisper. The guard kept muttering among themselves, and again it could be seen that Brown had his friends who did not regard the shooting with so much horror as the others did.

However, there seemed to be some magic word which, when spoken, put an end to further argument. It was evident, too, that Brown had no hope, and was eager to have it all over, as he was suffering tortures, both of mind and body.

The guards reluctantly scattered to the front and rear, leaving Brown exposed. Because of the way his hands were tied behind his back, his body was bent forward and his head was hanging, but, as soon as the guard left him, he made an effort and raised his blood-shot eyes to the small mob of men whom he had lived among for nearly three years.

They had come to kill him. He knew them all. He kept his eyes on them steadily, only allowing them to flit from one to another until he had looked each of his executioners in the face.

He said only a few words. They were, "take a good aim, boys," and "this is a poor way to pay debts," for most of the men owed him money for cobbling.

As the guard stepped forward, he fell back and the firing-party took deliberate aim. Some went down on one knee so as to be more steady. Then they fired. Brown's body was riddled.

The squad hastily took their places in the ranks.

It was significant that the officers were too far ahead of the marching column to interfere in the killing of Brown. After the shooting, they rode back and gave a few hurried orders. Then the command advanced a quarter of a mile and halted while the burial-party was putting Brown in a grave. The soil was quickly shoveled over him, and the march was taken up again.

About noon, the ambulance containing the dead lieutenant was started ahead under escort, for the first place on the line of the railroad where steps could be taken to preserve the body.

The affair made a deep impression on the men, and, no doubt, on the officers, also. It was dangerous to say much about it, for both men had their champions. The lieutenant was condemned by many for his cruel treatment of Brown, yet there were not many to speak a good word for Brown's act.

It was said that the lieutenant did not believe Brown's statement that he was so sick, but this could have been all settled very easily by allowing Brown to consult the doctor. This the lieutenant had flatly refused to do. Though it was dangerous to say anything in Brown's defense, yet he had his friends.

That night after "taps" six of his comrades secretly left the camp with picks, shovels, and a blanket, returned to where the tragedy took place, and dug up Brown's body. While two were sewing it in a blanket, the others dug a deep grave to protect it from the wolves. The burial-party then lowered the body, and, perhaps, a silent prayer was said. There he lies to-day.

The six quietly returned to camp. They had a tramp of eighteen miles to make between "taps" and daylight, besides running the risk of being found out, which would have incurred the ill-will of the officers—if nothing worse. Their act would have been construed as showing sympathy for Brown as against Lieutenant Hill.

But the affair did not end. It caused a bitter feeling between the men in the company, and, for a long time, it was the indirect cause of many bloody quarrels, and caused the killing of three of the men who shot Brown.

The best opinions seemed to be that both the lieutenant and Brown received what they deserved, but that, for the good of the service, Brown should have been shot by court martial instead of being murdered by a mob instigated by the officers. Then there would have been no evil aftermath.

Only one good seemed to come from it all; discipline became more strict, making cases for punishment fewer and the penalties more humane.

Five deaths and a fued among a hundred men had flowed from one bottle of hell-water, that a saloon-keeper might make a dollar.





# Ten Thousand Miles by Rail.

BY GILSON WILLETS,  
Special Traveling Correspondent of "The Railroad Man's Magazine."

## No. 9.—SOME HOLD-UPS IN MISSOURI.

The Hat with the Star, and the Part It Played in a Famous Attack by Bandits; Also, What a Large Reward Drove Some Men To Do.

**M**ISS NELLIE SEACH, eighteen and very pretty, was sweeping the shingles that served as a walk between the front door and the front gate of her home on a farm near Eureka, Missouri. An unobserved man sauntered up to the gate and leered at her. "Mornin', sweetheart," he said.

The girl started and swung round with anger blazing in her eyes.

"You frightened me!" she exclaimed. "George Ebling," she went on, "why-all don't you make some noise, so a body can know you're around? You're always soft-footin', that-away. It gives me the creeps."

"Maybe I'll have that gold necklace for you to-morrow, sweetheart," said the man with a smile.

"I don't want a necklace, Mr. Ebling," the girl answered. "You can't afford it. And—why!" she cried in astonishment. "Where-all did you get that new hat?"

She pointed to a wide-brimmed sombrero. In comparison with the man's old and soiled clothes, the new hat, in Nellie's eyes, was more than conspicuous. It was



"MAYBE I'LL HAVE THAT GOLD NECKLACE TO-MORROW."

Series began in June, 1910, Railroad Man's Magazine. Single copies, 10 cents.

incongruous. She noticed, incidentally, that the sombrero had a star-shaped air-hole cut in its right side.

"Borrowed it from Will Lowe," replied George Ebling. "I cut that star into it myself. Will won't mind. See you tomorrow, or Sunday, maybe. And I reckon you won't refuse the necklace. Good-by, sweetheart."

The next morning, Saturday, Farmer Grant, whose property near Castleton, six miles east of Eureka, was bounded on the east by the Meramec River, found his rowboat, "The Ferry," missing.

### Blamed the Boys.

"Dod gast those boys!" cried the farmer, addressing his hired man. "They've stolen my dingey again."

"You're wrong about the boys, Mr. Grant," the hired man remarked. "Boys don't go fishin' in winter weather like this. I reckon the boat was took by the robbers who held up that Missouri Pacific train yonder, last night."

Farmer Grant tugged at his whiskers.

"Maybe that's so," he said. "Maybe those bandits took 'The Ferry.'"

The next morning, Sunday, two boys arrived at the bank of the Meramec River not so very far from the Grant farm. The day was cold. Nevertheless, one of the boys suggested that they go in swimming. A few minutes later they plunged into the water, and swam clear across the river. Upon reaching the far side, one cried:

"Why, look there! There's 'The Ferry,'—old man Grant's rowboat. What's it doing here? Let's take it back to his landing."

The boat lay under the branches of a tree that had fallen into the water, as if some one had tried to hide it from the view of the casual passer-by.

The boys pulled the boat off the bank and began pushing it back across the river as they swam behind it. The water was warmer than the air; hence the boys' preference.

When they again reached the east bank and began dressing, none the worse for their cold bath, one of them cried:

"Look! A hat! Somebody's left his hat in the boat."

The hat was a wide-brimmed sombrero of good quality, with a star-shaped hole in the right side.

Just then the boys saw a man coming toward them, and one said:

"It's Mike Malone, one of the Mop's tie-hackers."

### "Where Did You Get That Hat?"

"Hallo, Mike," another boy cried, as Mike drew near. "We came down to see the place where No. 8 was held up Friday night—but there wasn't much to see; so we went in swimming."

Mike Malone eyed the sombrero thoughtfully.

"Where did youse get that hat?" he asked.

The boys told him.

"Have youse stepped fut into that boat?" Mike asked.

The boys shook their heads, and Mike continued:

"'Tis none of me own business, you understand—but if youse was to leave that boat right where it is without steppin' fut into it—the bloodhounds would have a chanct. I hear a rumor that a big reward is offered for thim bandits, and some detectives will sure come out here with bloodhounds.

"And that hat—well, I'm keepin' a shut face meself, because this here Missouri State do be oftin takin' holt of innocent men suspected of bein' witnesses to crimes and puttin' 'em in jail for nothin' at all, at all, except just to keep 'em where they're handy-like.

"So I ain't sayin' I seen nothin' of the train robbers. But if youse, now, was to take that hat to Mr. Grant and tell him where you found it and suggest that he pass it on to the detectives when they come out here, you might be after receivin' some o' the reward that's offered for the capture of the men that robbed the train—because one of 'em might possible have wore that hat."

### With a Mop Sleuth.

A few days later, Charlie Eames, chief of the special agents of the Missouri Pacific, sat at his desk in his St. Louis office, carefully examining a sombrero. A number of the Mop's detectives were present, and to these Chief Eames said:

"Boys, you will notice that this hat is marked with the name of a St. Louis jobber. Begin with that jobber and trace the life-history of this sombrero—and you'll



land the men who held up that train at Eureka the other night."

Among the detectives present was Charlie Lehman.

"Chief," he said, "the history business is O. K., but—there's a star-shaped hole in that hat. Now, when a man cuts a hole in a new hat, it means that he's in the habit of punching holes in all his hats, for air. Well, then, why not look for a man renowned for wearing hats with star-shaped holes?"

"All right, Lehman," responded the chief. "Go as far as you like with that hat."

We must now go back to Friday, January 21, 1910, on the morning when the man wearing the new sombrero spoke to Nellie Seach.

That night, at ten o'clock, a Missouri Pacific train from Kansas City was running at express speed a mile east of Eureka, and within thirty miles of St. Louis, when, suddenly, Engineer George Lutes saw two men ahead, waving red lanterns. As a matter of course, Lutes closed the throttle and slammed on the air.

### The 'Real Thing.

As the train slowed down, two other men suddenly jumped from the tender into the cab and covered Lutes and his fireman, Will Slocum, with a lot of sawed-off artillery and gave them the usual order to do as commanded. These men were masked.

The train stopped, some of the passengers poked their heads out of windows—to be greeted by a fusillade of shots fired by the red-lantern brigade.

While one bandit remained in the cab on guard over the engineer and fireman, another went to the baggage-car and ordered Fred Beeton, the baggage-clerk, to hike out.

Beeton hesitated the fraction of a second—and a bullet carried away his hat and a lock of hair, whereupon he scooted back to the smoker.

Meantime one of the red-lantern brigade hopped into the mail-car, found five clerks in the act of changing their clothes, and drove all five back into the smoker, with the result that kindly passengers in the smoker opened five suit-cases and supplied the five railway mail-boys with trousers.

While all this was going on, Conductor Butts, in charge of the train, began walk-

ing up the track on a seeing-a-hold-up expedition.

"Stand still! Go back!" said a terrible voice in the darkness. The words were punctuated with shots.

### Addressing the Passengers.

Butts, filled with dismay, jumped aboard his train and addressed the passengers thus:

"The passengers will please remain seated. This train is in the hands of some descendants of Jesse James, and the only thing to do is to go right on reading your magazines—till you're wanted."

Just then, however, Butts heard the locomotive steaming away, and he cried:

"You'll not be wanted! The express, baggage, and mail have been uncoupled and are now being taken to a wooded dell for purposes unlawful. Meanwhile, we're marooned here on the main track, where we'll probably remain till something comes up behind us and pushes us right into the St. Louis Union Station—or elsewhere."

Conductor Butts started cross-country. He walked until he reached a farmhouse, where he telephoned to St. Louis, and thus set the law in motion.

Meantime, what were the bandits doing? First, they bound Engineer Lutes and Fireman Slocum with ropes. Then one of the bandits who seemed much at home on an engine, ran the locomotive and detached cars up track. At a heavily timbered spot near Castleton, six miles from Eureka, he shut off steam.

All four bandits then jumped. Three of them ripped open the pouches of registered mail as fast as the fourth man threw them out of the railroad post-office. Then, leisurely smoking cigarettes as they worked, the quartet tore open hundreds of letters. Everything that looked like ready money was thrown into a sack.

### A Fireman's Vendetta.

Having finished looting the United States mail, the bandits unbound Lutes and Slocum, and said:

"Now, you men walk east toward St. Louis for fifteen minutes. Turn back short of a quarter-hour, and you die like dogs." they added.

They vanished into the adjacent woodland.

When fifteen minutes had elapsed, a man arose from his hiding-place in the bushes whence he had watched the four bandits rifle the mail.

That man was Mike Malone, tie-hacker, in the employ of the Missouri Pacific. As he stole noiselessly away, he murmured to himself:

"It looks to me like George Ebling was wearing Will Lowe's hat."

Rewards aggregating \$7,200 were offered for the capture of the bandits, alive or dead.

The result was that detectives, both amateur and professional, swarmed on the trail. Bloodhounds were put on the scent, and so many railroad-men laid off to join posses or to take the trail alone that St. Louis was pretty nearly at a loss for immediate railroad workers.

One of the first to land a brace of suspects was Will Slocum, fireman of the train that was held up.

Four days after his harrowing experience on No. 8, Slocum happened to be in Jeffer-

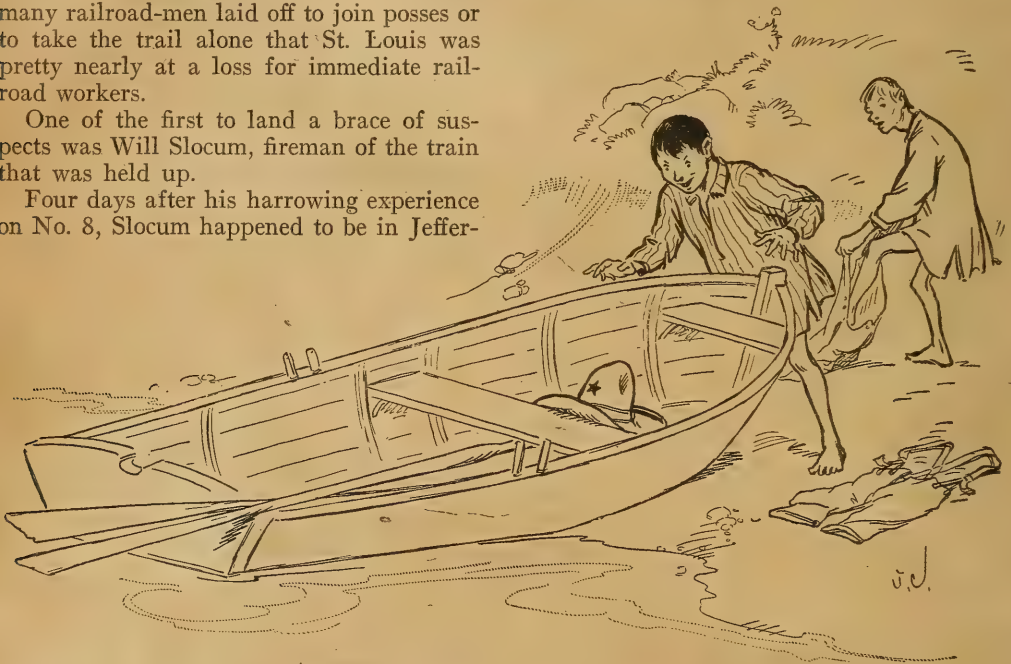
"These are the men," said Slocum to Chief Eames, "who ordered Lutes and me to walk east for fifteen minutes."

### Slocum Knew 'Em!

"You identify them positively?" asked Eames.

"Positively," swore Slocum. "Know 'em by the way their hair is cut. Oh, I'll get the reward easy."

"Well, all the same, you get Engineer Lutes to come here. If he identifies them, also, I'll hold them."



"SOMEBODY'S LEFT HIS HAT IN THE BOAT."

son City. There he spotted two young men, each of whom, as Slocum could plainly see, had recently had a hair-cut. Where their necks had been shaved, just below the newly-cut hair, was a semi-circular rim of white skin, conspicuously white, in fact, compared with the surrounding tan. Slocum, eying the two white-rimmed necks, chuckled.

Then he hurried to the nearest police station.

The next day, a Jefferson City plainclothes man arrived at the office of the chief of the Missouri Pacific's special officers in St. Louis. With him were two young men with white-rimmed necks—and Will Slocum.

A few hours later, Slocum again appeared in the chief's office with George Lutes.

"Do you identify these men, Lutes?" asked Eames.

"No! They're too young. As for the way their hair is cut, that's the fashion in rural hair-dressing. It's accomplished by placing an inverted stew-pot on the head and shearing round it. There are ten thousand men in St. Louis County with hair cut like that. Will," turning to his fireman, "you've got another suspicion coming to you."

The "suspects" had given their names as Jim Hartley and Gilbert McPherson.

"Hartley," said Eames, "where were you on the night of the hold-up?"



"Shucking corn, sir, for Mr. Case, the richest farmer in Etah, Missouri. Shucked all night, sir."

"And you, McPherson?"

"Sleeping with my brother, janitor of the Frisco Building here in St. Louis."

The next day, Slocum dropped in at Chief Eames's office to ask how his prospects stood for getting the reward.

"I let those two chaps go, Slocum," said Eames. "Their stories of what they did Friday night were corroborated."

"Fireman's luck!" exclaimed Slocum. "Always getting the worst end of it! Hang the detective business! I'm going back to firing for Lutes."

The next railroad-man to rise up out of the earth to shout "I've nabbed 'em sure!" was Charlie Ehlis, station-agent at Matson, Missouri, on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad.

Ever since hearing of the reward offered, Charlie Ehlis had been thinking, speculatively and vaguely, what he would do if it fell to his lot to capture the Eureka highwaymen.

"I'd quit railroading and buy a farm," he informed himself.

On the very night on which he reached this final decision as to what he would do with \$7,200, he locked the Matson depot and started down the track toward his boarding-place.

As he meandered, he suddenly caught his breath.

"The farm's mine!" he whispered hoarsely.

### Ehlis's Private Jail.

He saw two men stealthily making their way up the track beside a line of freight-cars, fuddling with the door of each car as they passed.

"Those are the men I saw hanging around here to-day," Ehlis said, "and I suspicioned 'em. Now I'm dead certain they're two of the men we're all looking for, else why should they be skulking about this-away?"

Ehlis hid behind a whistle-post and watched his prey. When, at length, the men found a car with an unsealed door, they opened it, climbed into the car and shut the door after them.

"In a trap!" whispered Ehlis.

Running back to the station, he secured a padlock. He rushed down the track to the

car containing the two desperadoes, tip-toed up to the door, and suddenly clapped on the padlock.

"I'm in for the festivities," he thought.

Then to the nearest telephone Charlie Ehlis hastened, and long-distanced the office of Chief Eames.

"I've got two of the Eureka hold-up men," he yelled into the receiver. "Got 'em locked up in a freight-car. Send down two detectives and I'll turn 'em over."

### Getting to the Chief.

"The chief isn't here," was the reply. "You better call up the night-chief of police here. His name is Gillaspy."

Ehlis promptly asked St. Louis to give him police headquarters.

"Hallo!" he shouted, when the connection was made. "I want Night Chief Gillaspy. Hallo! That you, chief? Say, I've got two of the Mop train robbers! Yes, sir, got 'em in my private jail under lock."

"Where are you?" asked the chief.

"At Matson."

"You're out of my jurisdiction. Call up Sheriff Grueninger, of your town. Good-by."

Ehlis then asked to be connected with Sheriff Grueninger's house.

"Hallo, Sheriff Grueninger. I've got 'em!"

"Got what? Who are you?"

"Got the Mop bandits. This is Ehlis—the station-agent. Will you come over?"

An hour later, Sheriff Grueninger and Sheriff Hines showed up at the Matson station, both out of breath. Ehlis conducted them to his private jail, unsnapped the lock and—

"Boes, by ginger!" cried Grueninger.

"Just plain boes!" echoed Sheriff Hines.

"Confound your impudence, Ehlis!" the two representatives of the law cried. "What do you mean by hauling us out of our warm beds this cold night just to arrest two pesky boes? What do you mean by this, anyhow?"

They started toward town, each gripping the arm of a bo and each muttering further remarks of indignation.

"Well, dog-goned if I'm not a clod-hopper!" exclaimed Ehlis, as he watched the four figures crossing a plowed field by the light of the moon. "Will some one please tell me who's to reimburse me for the expenditure of all that money for telephoning?"

Certain guests at Mary Burton's boarding-house, on McRea Avenue, St. Louis, added their own little noise to the general hue and cry over the Eureka train robbery. Several members of the railroad-braking world lived at Mary Burton's, including, in particular, Jimmie Cook, brakeman for the Iron Mountain Railroad.

### In a Boarding-House.

On the fifth day of the hold-up of No. 8, Jimmie Cook came to the supper-table and, after looking all around the room in a way to inspire the curiosity of all the railroad-men present, made this mysterious remark: "Ssh!"

Silence at the festive board!

"Ssh!" repeated Jimmie Cook, his eyes roving wildly over the faces of his fellow-brakemen.

"Hist!" he said. "I'm a suspect!"

"Talk up!" cried a Mop brakeman at the upper end of the table. "We can't hear you up here at the north pole."

"I'm a suspect," Jimmie repeated, lifting his voice. "They think I'm one of the bandits that held up N. 8."

"Who thinks?" asked the same Mop brakeman.

Jimmie Cook cast a stealthy glance in every direction, surveying even the chandeliers as if to make certain that no one was hidden among the gas-jets. Then he added:

"The police! Yes, boys, for some reason mysterious, if not strange and remarkable, they seem to think I'm one of the bandits. They're shadowing me night and day!"

### Jimmie as a Suspect.

"Yes," put in the Mop brakeman at the head of the table, "they do say that one of those bandits seemed to be an experienced railroader." He looked at Jimmie with eyes of suspicion.

"Right you are, Mop," agreed Jimmie Cook. "That's the reason I'm a suspect! One of those bandits took the throttle and ran the detached part of the train six miles, from Eureka to Castleton. Now then, it is known that I can run a locomotive like a regular engineer. Therefore, the police think I'm the man that carried the mail and express-cars that six miles east. But, by the way, we—I mean they—didn't get much real cash out of that registered mail, boys."

"Oh, then, you do know something about

that job?" said the Mop brakeman, giving evidence of increasing suspicion.

"Well, now, just between you and me and the whistle-post," replied Jimmie Cook, with a fine air of mystery, "and just among ourselves here present, I do know—well, of course, you can't expect me to let loose what I know just at this time. Just wait. That's what I say—just wait."

After supper, the suspicious Mop brakeman took one of the Iron Mountain brakemen aside and said:

"Jimmie Cook's a fool to spout about the police shadowing him, ain't he?"

"Oh, he's just shooting off his mouth," replied the Iron Mountain man.

"All the same," retorted the Mop brakeman, "the police wouldn't be sleuthing him if they hadn't grounds. Jimmie's been acting mighty queer the last few days—always going out by the back door at night and staying locked in his room all day. I'm going to see what's in this."

The Mop man hunted up Jimmie, and said:

"Cook, can you lend-me a little dough till pay-day?"

### Gee, What a Wad!

"Surest thing you know," answered Jimmie. "How much?" and he flashed a good-sized roll.

The Mop brakeman's eyes contracted and he looked mighty knowing.

"Thanks, Jim," he said. "I just wanted to know if you could hand out a little—but, maybe, I can pull through. Look's like you're on Easy Street. Where'd you get it?"

"Ssh! Don't mention the roll, old man. Mum's the word. Meantime, a loan of any reasonable amount is yours."

The Mop brakeman left the house, walked slowly till he turned the corner, then began to sprint toward police headquarters.

"Caught with the goods right on him," he said to himself, *en route*. "Well, I always did think there was something of the crook in Jimmie Cook. Looks like I may get a chunk of that reward."

All the railroaders at the breakfast-table at Mary Burton's boarding-house the following morning talked at once and in wild excitement.

"Yes," said one, "I myself saw the policeman hook him. What puzzled me was the way Jimmie acted. Instead of looking



scared, he just smiled and seemed joyful over the whole proceeding. They say he's locked up in the jail now in solitary confinement."

During the day Jimmie Cook was put through one of the worst sweating processes that ever fell to the lot of a railroad-man. He was three-degreed and made to suffer torture in the form of a hundred pointed and caustic questions.

All the while, however, to the surprise of the sweaters, Jimmie maintained an attitude of utmost complacency, denying connection with or knowledge of the hold-up. He did this with so much consummate art, that each denial only served to lead the police to a still firmer belief that Jimmie Cook had a hand in the robbery.

Jimmie persistently declined to state definitely where he was and what doing on the night of the hold-up. To all questions as to his whereabouts that night, he replied:

"Well, now, for honor's sake—the honor of another—I can't just say exactly where I was that night. You understand?"

At length, however, Jimmie unleashed this question, which seemed to have been lurking in his mind from the time the sweating began:

"Chief, this'll all be in the newspapers tomorrow morning, won't it?"

"No, it won't," the chief snapped. "Not a word about it."

Jimmie Cook seemed deeply chagrined at hearing this, then said:

"Oh, very well! I might as well tell you that you're all of you gosh-durned blunderbusses. Why, all you had to do was to call up the Iron Mountain office here and ask 'em what Jim Cook was doing last Friday night—and they would have told you that I was on a freight, snow-bound,

a hundred miles from Eureka, and didn't get into St. Louis till Sunday."

The chief called up the Iron Mountain, and Jimmie's statement was corroborated.

When Jimmie Cook returned to Mary Burton's boarding-house and again sat down at the festive board with his fellow-brakemen, he waited for a lull in the conversation.

"There's a lot of gosh-durned fools left on the footstool," he said. "I don't say all the fools is brakemen, you understand. But, what I do say is, that when they are brakemen, they're the worst fools of all. Now, what on earth could possibly have made any one suspect that I, James Cook, could be a bandit? What could have induced any one to go to the police and put 'em to a lot of unnecessary trouble pumping an innocent little thing like me? Who, I ask, would do such a thing? Who but a brakeman who doesn't seem to have much of an appetite this morning?"

Jimmie Cook looked squarely into the eye of the Mop brakeman at the upper end of the table—and smiled a mischievous smile so contagious that all present broke into hilarious laughter, including even the Mop brakeman at the head of the table.

After breakfast, that Mop brakeman said suspiciously to one of his comrades:

"I'm snickering right along with you fellows; but, all the same, I don't savvy Jimmie's game. What was it?"

"There's some folks, old stone-skull," replied the comrade, "who hanker to pose as a hero. Jimmie hankered. That's all. And he's some hero in Mary Burton's hash-joint, all right, all right."

While the foregoing events were occurring, Nellie Seach continued



"I'M IN FOR THE FESTIVITIES."

dutifully to sweep the walk in her front yard every morning; and whenever Farmer Seach, her father, or any one else, spoke in her presence of the Missouri Pacific train robbery, Nellie's face would take on a queer expression.

A fortnight had passed since the man wearing the new sombrero had come to her and promised her a necklace of gold. One morning, while at her customary sweeping, a smart-looking young man opened the gate and stepped into the front yard, saying:

"Is this Miss Seach?" He lifted his sombrero—a sombrero with a star-shaped aperture on the right side.

"I am Miss Seach," Nellie replied.

The stranger held his sombrero in his hand. Pointing to the star, he now said:

"Ever seen this hat before, Miss Seach?"

"Reckon I have," Nellie answered.

Who Wore That "Lid"?

"Did it have this star-shaped hole punched in it when you saw it?"

"Reckon it did."

"And you saw this hat on the head of Will Lowe?"

"No! Not on the head of Will Lowe."

"But you know Will Lowe, don't you, Miss Seach?"

"No! Never laid eyes on him."

"Then, when did you see this hat?"

"Why—oh, never mind! What you asking questions this-away for, anyhow?"

"I'm a detective, Miss Seach. A special officer of the Missouri Pacific Railroad. My name is Lehman, Charles Lehman."

"A detective!" gasped Nellie. "Well, what do you want?"

"Information of the present whereabouts of Will Lowe."

"What's Will Lowe done?"

"We think he was one of the men who held up the Missouri Pacific train here, two weeks ago. But you say you never saw Will Lowe. Then, how is it you recognize this hat?"

"Nothing doing, Mr. Lehman," answered Nellie, with an arch smile and a shrewd stare.

"Let's come to business," said the detective. "A St. Louis firm shipped this hat to a dealer in Kansas City, who sold it to a man named Will Lowe. It was found, after the train hold-up, in a boat in which the four robbers made their get-away across the Meramec River. Now, then—twenty-five

dollars to you for any information concerning this hat."

Nellie still shook her head.

"Nothing doing, Mr. Lehman."

The thought in Detective Lehman's mind at that moment was this:

"The girl is not shielding Lowe. She's standing pat for the sake of some other man, probably the one who wore this hat."

He turned to strategy.

"An admirer of yours, Miss Seach, was seen in company with Will Lowe, in Eureka, on the day of the train robbery. With the two men was a mighty pretty girl. Your admirer was overheard asking that girl to marry him. I refer to that particular admirer of yours who that day happened to be wearing this hat."

Nellie's face became crimson and her eyes flashed as she said:

"You say he asked her—the pretty girl—to be his wife? Is that a lie?"

"Fact."

Lehman lied for the public welfare.

Nellie thought a moment, clenched her fists, threatened to weep, then, suddenly braced up and cried:

"I'll go you! I knew what you were after, all the time! A tie-hacker, Mike Malone, tells me that he was hidden in the shrubbery and watched the four men loot the mail-bags; and that he recognized the man who wore that hat, and also, one other of the men! Mike Malone is powerful close-mouthed, but if you will go to him and promise not to put him in jail as a witness, I guess you can then succeed in prying his teeth apart with a twenty-dollar gold piece! Try it!"

Two days later, a man named George Ebling was arrested in Little Rock, Arkansas. He was brought to St. Louis and lodged in jail.

### When Slocumb Laid Off.

A few hours later, Charlie Lehman appeared at his cell, carrying a sombrero with a star-shaped hole in its right side.

In a near-by cell sat a man named Will Lowe. In two other cells were two more men—pals of Ebling and Lowe.

Lehman came out of Ebling's cell an hour later with a signed confession in his pocket.

"And now," said my Missouri-Pacific friend—who had given me the tip in landing the foregoing "side-lights," on what he



called "the business of train holduppery as conducted in Missouri" — "the capture, a few weeks ago, of Will Lowe, the man who owned the telltale sombrero and who loaned it to Ebling to wear on the day of the robbery, reminds me of certain side-lights on a bit of train holduppery that occurred here in Missouri ten years ago.

"We don't know for sure," he continued, "but we think this Will Lowe is the same Will Lowe who served a term in the penitentiary for holding up a 'Frisco train at Macomb. Anyway, the name reminds me of the side-lights I spoke of—to which I'll put the match of memory right now, if you like." And he related the following:

One day in January, 1899, Detective Dell Harbaugh, of the Missouri Pacific, met one of the Mops engineers in the street in Springfield, Missouri.

"Hallo, Charlie Slocumb!" cried the detective. "You're just the boy I want to see. We've received an anonymous

letter saying that one of the men who held up your train at Leeds, last September, is walking about this city in broad daylight. The letter gives no further information except that the robber eats in the best restaurants in the business part of the town and that he is sailing under the name of Jennings.

"Now, then, Charlie," the detective added, "as we have no description of this man, we want you to help us. I want you to take time off and hang around the restaurants with me. Maybe you'll be able to locate Jennings."

#### Getting an Old-Timer.

"There's a man in this town who can help you more than I can," replied the engineer. "It's that fellow, Will Lowe, who has confessed that he took part in the hold-up of the 'Frisco train at Macomb the other day, and is now here in jail. Suppose we take him around with us."

That same evening the three men entered the dining-room of one of the Spring-



"LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE ON EASY STREET. WHERE'D YOU GET IT?"

field hotels and took their places at a table by the door.

Presently a grim-visaged old man with a stubby beard and an altogether repulsive face entered and crossed the room to a corner table.

The trio stared a moment at the old man, then one of them said:

"I'm not Will Lowe, if that ancient party ain't Bill Ryan, the last of the James gang. Like as not he's the man calling himself Jennings."

The trio waited till the old man finished his meal and left the room. They followed him out into the hall, where Will Lowe stepped up to him, saying:

"Hallo, Ryan, don't you remember me? I'm Will Lowe."

"I don't know you. My name is Jennings."

"Then you're my prisoner," said Detective Dell Harbaugh.

He took a grip on the old man's right arm, while Engineer Slocumb seized the left.

"There's no use denying you're Bill

Ryan, because I recognize you for sure," said Will Lowe.

"I reckon the jig's up, and I've got to take my medicine," replied the old man. "Yes, I'm Ryan."

When Bill Ryan was brought to trial, he proved that he did not actually take part in the Leeds hold-up; at the same time, the State proved that he was one of the conspirators who planned the robbery, and for this he was convicted and given a life-sentence. Ryan, however, persistently refused to give the names of any of the men who actually held up the train.

"The leader of the gang was your pupil, Jack Kennedy, was he not?" Detective Dell Harbaugh asked Ryan.

"You detectives might as well save your breath," replied Ryan, "because I've got a heap of bad memory."

"All the same," said Harbaugh afterward to Slocumb, "I'm sure that the leader of the gang that held up your train was Jack Kennedy. You know he was a young chap. Well, Kennedy is only about thirty years old—and he's the man I'm going to find or die in the attempt."

### Won by the Enemy.

My St. Louis friend then turned the following "side-lights" on the life of the most reckless of all the Missouri bandits.

Jack Kennedy hailed from Independence, Missouri, where he began his career as a fireman for the Missouri Pacific. He soon acquired notoriety among the railroaders as a daring and foolhardy youngster.

One day, on the run between Independence and Kansas City, the train was late. Suddenly Kennedy turned to the engineer, saying: "Clark, is your life insured?"

"Yes."

Without another word, Kennedy seized a monkey-wrench, climbed out on top of the cab and screwed down the safety-valves.

"Now let her go!" he shouted to Clark.

Engineer Clark protested, but Kennedy said:

"You stick to the throttle and leave my work alone or I'll throw you out of the cab."

Good fortune favored them, however, and the train ran into Kansas City on time.

"You're certainly the limit for recklessness, Kennedy," said Clark. "What would you do if our train was to be held up some night? Refuse to throw up your hands—and shoot?"

"No," replied Kennedy. "I'd join in the hold-up. There's more money in that than in railroading."

A few months later Kennedy was promoted to engineer of a freight. Later, he was given a passenger-train with a night run.

A few nights after, he created tremendous excitement along the line by chasing the passenger-train ahead of him. Both trains ran at terrific speed, Kennedy keeping the pilot of his engine within a few feet of the rear platform of the train in front.

### Kennedy's Wild Ride.

The engineer of the leading train, as he neared Independence, where he was due to stop, dared not even slow down; the consequence being that both trains flew through Kennedy's home-town like two streaks of lightning.

The astounded agent wired all stations westward to Kansas City that two trains had passed his station, both running wild, one right behind the other. In the dispatcher's office in Kansas City the news started a panic.

All the way to the yard limit in Kansas City, Kennedy chased the train ahead of him. He knew it would be his last run, and he got all the fun out of it he could. On arriving at the station in Kansas City, he was fired, then arrested and "sent up" for ten days for "malicious mischief."

During the year following, several different trains were held up in the Cracker-neck district, as the region around Independence was called. Kennedy was suspected of having a hand in each of these, and was several times arrested.

Each time, however, he proved an alibi. Just before and right after each train robbery, he would "set 'em up" with friends in the town nearest the scene of action, and on the testimony of those friends he would depend for an account of his movements. Soon after being exonerated, by means of the usual alibi, from the charge of holding up a train near Independence, Kennedy took up a "side line" in the hold-up business.

Miss Emma Schumacher and her mother kept a little grocery-shop on Seventeenth Street, Kansas City. One evening, while her mother was out, Miss Schumacher was counting the day's receipts. Two men suddenly entered and, pointing guns at her, demanded the money.

For answer, the young woman snatched



her pistol from under the counter and fired at the ruffians, but missed. A second shot rang out—and Miss Schumacher fell, mortally wounded.

The two men were Jack Kennedy and Jim Redmond. They were captured and locked up. Kennedy was released on bail. Two days later Missouri was shocked and humiliated by the news of the hold up, near Leeds, of a Missouri Pacific train by a gang of which Kennedy was suspected of being the leader.

When old Bill Ryan was captured, and

speed through the town on his way to the spot chosen for the ceremonies.

"His horse threw him, however, and he was found by two farm-hands, lying on the ground, stunned. They searched his pockets and found a dark lantern, false whiskers, a black mask, and a battery of artillery.

"When Kennedy regained consciousness and saw his property on the ground beside him, he hastily put all the articles in his pockets, and said:

"I'm going quail-hunting."

"He then rushed down the road, found



FOR ANSWER, THE YOUNG WOMAN SNATCHED HER PISTOL FROM UNDER THE COUNTER.

while his pupil, Jack Kennedy, was still at large, Detective Dell Harbaugh made his resolution to "find Kennedy or die in the attempt!"

### A Queer Hunting Outfit.

"The man to help me is that young chap, Dittenhofer, who was in love with poor Emma Schumacher. He'll work with enthusiasm," said Harbaugh.

The detective found Dittenhofer, put him to work, and within a short time the amateur sleuth made the following report to Harbaugh:

"On the night of the hold-up at Leeds, Kennedy left the friends with whom he had been consorting for the purpose of establishing an alibi, and rode a horse at breakneck

speed.

"Immediately after the hold-up, Kennedy hastened back to Leeds and again mingled with his friends, having been absent not more than forty-five minutes.

"He depended, of course, upon the brevity of his absence to make it seem incredible that he could have had a hand in the train robbery."

About two weeks later, Dittenhofer rushed into the detective's home and cried breathlessly:

"Kennedy visits a barber-shop on Seventeenth every day to get shaved! Let's lay for him there! Come, quick! It's eleven-thirty now! He usually reaches the barber-shop about noon!"

At noon, exactly, Jack Kennedy, as he

lay outstretched in the barber-chair, found himself looking up into the muzzles of two revolvers—one in the hand of Detective Harbaugh, and the other in the hand of young Dittenhofer.

"Your alibi won't work this time, Na-

oleon," said the detective. "That tumble from your horse was your Waterloo. Men don't go quail-hunting with dark lanterns, false whiskers, and masks. You'll go up for life this time."

And he did.

In the March Number, Mr. Willets will tell a bunch of railroad stories about Missouri railroad men—stories that were told to him by the boys themselves.

## JERRY EARNS HIS PENSION.

**Faithful Horse, Eighteen Years in the Service of the Great Northern Express Company, Takes His Ease in an Alfalfa Field After an Eventful Life.**

**P**ENSION Jerry; free him from work and let him pass his remaining days in peace and plenty." This order, made official by the signature of D. S. Elliott, general manager of the Great Northern Express Company, was received recently by F. W. Preston, an agent at Spokane, Washington.

Jerry is a bay gelding, twenty-five years old. He is fifteen and one-half hands high and weighs 1,350 pounds. His pedigree is not worth mentioning. He is simply a work-horse, but he has served eighteen years without a day off for sickness or a vacation, which is a good deal better record than many a man holds.

Eighteen years ago, Jerry and his team-mate were bought by the express company for \$600. They made the rounds together until 1899, when Jerry's mate died. Jerry was then put between the shafts of a single wagon, and he made his deliveries alone, for he would not work double with any other horse.

Jerry became the pet of the office force, the favorite of the merchants and the stablemen, through his intelligence and gentleness. He always had a box-stall and, being an old-timer and somewhat independent at that, it is more than likely that he will continue to live in one. Some time ago, one of the horses in the barn became ill. Jerry was put in a single stall that the sick animal might have the box.

Now this was not to Jerry's liking. He had been ousted from his home after doing his work faithfully and he felt that he had been wronged. One glance showed him the exact strength of the side partitions. A few kicks did the rest. Jerry made quick work of them and was ready for the big posts when the hostlers took him home.

Jerry was always punctual. When the seven-o'clock whistles blew, he left his comfortable stall and calmly walked up-stairs to his wagon, backed between the shafts and waited to be harnessed.

He was willing to work, but he didn't like over-

time. His drivers found that out, for promptly at six o'clock in the evening, Jerry would start for the barn. No hitching weight would hold him, unless it had been fastened to the pavement.

Jerry knew his way around Spokane as well as any man. After covering the same route for years, he learned every stop and never missed one. Not long ago a new driver took his route.

Jerry didn't go quite fast enough to suit his taste, so he used the whip. When he got out at the first stop Jerry looked him over disgustedly. At the second stop, he looked around again and snorted. The driver soon caught on and they became fast friends.

Jerry has a record as a watchman that is hard to equal. Several years ago there was what appeared to be a hold-up in the yard at the rear of the office. Jerry's driver, however, proved to be the robber himself.

To carry out his deception, he fired a shot into the wall, and was about to shoot again when Jerry took a hand. He suddenly backed the wagon, the wheel hit the revolver, turning it, and the bullet buried itself in the driver's leg. The character of his wound soon solved the seeming mystery surrounding the identity of the robber.

Jerry has outlasted more than fifty horses. Animals have come and gone from the wagons, arriving fresh and strong and leaving broken down and useless, but the work never has palled on Jerry. Again and again, while on his rounds, the familiar voice of some acquaintance would call out, "Jerry," and the faithful old horse would soon locate his friend, threading his way among the vehicles for the lump of sugar that was sure to be waiting.

Jerry has earned his rest, though he is by no means a broken-down horse. He will be sent to a pasture in the Spokane Valley, about five miles from the scene of his labor, where for the rest of his days he will run knee-deep in clover and alfalfa.





# THROUGH BY SUNRISE.

BY WILLIAM S. WRIGHT.

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

**G**EORGE CLIFFORD, son of a titled Englishman, has earned his father's displeasure by marrying the daughter of a Commoner and has sought seclusion on a small island off the Scottish coast, where he is known as Herman Tillman. Here he is traced by his father's secretary, Peter Raymond, who for his own evil ends leads the villagers to believe that Tillman is a murderer, forger, and robber. An old minister, Mr. Moreland, who has come from Tillman's father, is assaulted, and Raymond tries to lay the crime at Tillman's door but is, himself, accused by Moreland. The old minister has been instrumental in winning the father over to the extent of providing a yearly allowance for his son, with the proviso that he and his family leave England and settle in America. They are wrecked and, in the excitement of manning the life-boats, Clifford disappears. Clifford searches far and wide for his lost wife and children, and, finally, he locates in Devon, England. While the guest of a country squire, he hears the famous song of England's famous bird—the nightingale. He leaves Devon and returns to New York, where, he becomes a successful businessman. He is surprised, one day, to hear a beautiful girl who lives in the apartment opposite him playing on a piano an exact composition of a nightingale's song, and this starts him on an unusual quest of investigation.

## CHAPTER XII.

### Miss Aldyce's Story.

**T**WO days later, George Clifford was permitted to call on the young lady whose acquaintance he had made through the medium of the nightingale's song. It was the longest two days that he had ever lived, he thought—but it was man's impulsiveness against woman's defense.

Elaine Aldyce could not understand just

why this man was so very anxious to tell her why and where she had heard the song that she had rendered so well into music.

Still, there was something about his manner that precluded the possibility of all doubt. That he was sincere in his motives—there could be no doubt, too. Elaine wanted to exert a woman's privilege to be cautious and discreet with a man whom she had never spoken to before that night when the introduction to Doure mattered little more than the merest business affair.

Whatever might come of the publication of the song, she was far more interested in

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George Clifford's motive in knowing where she had found her inspiration than in any mercenary gain.

She told Clifford to call on the afternoon of the second day. He was at her door holding his watch in his hand and counting the seconds until the very first stroke of the hour—two o'clock.

Then he gave the door-bell a sharp ring. He waited breathlessly. There was a faint footfall on the hallway inside. It beat in response to his heart as it came closer to the door. Then—the radiant form of Elaine Aldyce stood before him.

She smiled with the regal mien of a queen as she said a quiet "good afternoon," and asked him to enter.

"Thank you," said Clifford, beaming over with pride.

She stood aside to let him pass in, and, as she closed the door, he let her pass ahead of him and lead the way to the little parlor—for the mystic ways of a New York apartment are too much for the ordinary man who is unused to them. Though small, these very livable homes can get one more quickly baffled than the most impossible mystic maze.

"You see, I am promptly on time," said Clifford, as Elaine pointed to a chair.

"Somehow, I knew that you would be," she said.

"Your apartment is certainly very cozy," he went on.

"Yes," she replied with a sigh.

He noticed the sigh.

"But such a home must be a great comfort," he added. He was anxious to learn the reason for the sigh.

"It is a great comfort," she said, somewhat hesitatingly, "but it is a great struggle for a few girls to keep it up."

"Making one's living in New York is not an easy matter, especially if you are a composer."

"It is not at all easy if you are a woman. We have a terrible time making both ends meet, but we have decided to fight the good fight to a finish. We are going to succeed no matter what happens."

"That is the right spirit," said Clifford. "Bravo!"

"It is the spirit of the modern woman," said Elaine.

She had taken a seat on the sofa opposite him. The warm sunshine came through the closely drawn blinds. It gave them both the feeling of comfort.

After all, the greatest comforts in life come from the little touches of nature—and sunshine is the greatest of them all.

"Now," said Clifford, thinking it time to come to the point at issue, "tell me what I want to know the most."

She smiled sadly, but did not speak.

"Tell me about—the nightingale's song?" he asked. "Where did you hear it?"

"Oh, Mr. Clifford," she replied—then she hesitated and looked longingly at a little painting of a landscape that hung on the wall.

It was a cheerful view of long rolling fields and wonderful trees with the most comfortable white home nestling in their shade.

The tears seemed to well her eyes as she looked at it.

"Do tell me," he said softly.

"Oh, Mr. Clifford," she said again. "It was so sad. I always promised myself that I would never refer to it—but—but—you seem to be so deeply interested—"

"I am," said Clifford. "I am even more deeply interested now than I was two nights ago. Just why, I don't know. It is something more than mere curiosity—I am afraid."

"Perhaps," she remarked slowly, "if it had not been for that nightingale's song, I could never have come to—~~to~~ America."

"I was quite sure that you heard the song in England," said Clifford by way of assisting her along. "I do not know where else on earth one could hear such beautiful music."

"Nowhere," she replied—and she brushed away a tear.

There was a silence. Elaine seemed unable to speak.

"Are you English?" asked Clifford at length.

"No—o," replied Elaine, "I am an American. But I was living in England with an uncle. He took me to his home—it was at Ardsley, about twenty miles from Devon—"

"Devon!" exclaimed Clifford cheerfully.

"Do you know Devon?" she asked, as if glad for a respite from the main theme of her story.

"Indeed, I do," he answered, with a cheery smile. "I was there not so many years ago. I am an Englishman. Oh, some day I will tell you my story. Some day when we have more time. It is full of



romance and excitement. But go on. You were in Devon—"

With this prompting, Elaine continued. "Yes. I lived with my uncle. That is a picture of his home. He gave it to me when I came to America," and Elaine pointed with a graceful gesture to the painting at which she had looked so longingly when she first spoke.

Clifford's eyes followed her, and he recognized—or thought that he did—as pretty a bit of Devon scenery as he had ever seen.

"My uncle was a man without family and of very great charity. When I was a little girl my mother died. It was a blow from which my father never recovered, and, about six years afterward, he too—died. I will always believe that he died of a broken heart.

"When father died, I was only twelve. Uncle asked me to come to Devon and live with him, and as I had no other relations to whom I could go—it seemed the only thing to do.

"Of course, the fact that I was an orphan preyed terribly on my mind. Uncle Tom was the acme of kindness. He indulged me in everything that I wanted and sent me to a splendid school, but the fact that I was an orphan was ever foremost in my mind, and I hungered—oh, how I hungered for that dearest and most needful of all a young girl's cravings—the love of a mother!"

Elaine closed her fists tightly, as if to emphasize her words—as if to add further credence to the great truth that she was uttering.

"Uncle Tom saw that I was ever lonesome. His wife—a dear old soul, but childless—was more than a mother in every attention, and I loved her as dearly as I loved him.

"But—oh, Heaven!—I longed for something. It seemed as if my heart would break at night when I went to bed and cried myself to sleep asking Heaven to return her to me.

"Uncle Tom thought that if I had some playmates, I would be more happy, so he went down to London, and—to make a long story short—adopted two of the dearest little girls that I ever knew.

"Unfortunately, like myself, they were orphans. Uncle Tom learned of them from the superintendent of an orphan asylum. They seemed so bright and clever that he did not consider that they belonged to the

regular class of orphans, who are usually the children of very poor parents.

"The superintendent had written to uncle about the little ones, and so he—dear, kindly man—put two and two together and decided to go to London and see them. Perhaps he had had it in mind for a long time, to get a playmate for me, and this would solve the problem—if the children proved all that was claimed for them.

"They were all that the superintendent said. Bright, cheerful, clever, pretty, and just as dear and loving as two little girls could be. But—they were orphans.

"I was not supposed to know that, and when Uncle Tom brought them to Ardsley, he asked them not to talk about their parents, but to look upon him and his good wife as a father and mother.

"He told them that they would be given the very best home in all the world, that a nurse would be provided for them and that he would number them among his heirs when he died.

"The little girls were then under seven, but they understood what uncle told them. They settled down in their new home and were happy, and they loved their kind foster parents as if they had been born to them.

"We were always the best of friends and got along splendidly together. Uncle asked me never to refer to my position or to say that I was an orphan, and I obeyed him to the letter.

"One day, they met some of the children of the village. These children were well-meaning youngsters, but they told my little playmates that I was an orphan. The next time that they saw me they were in tears, and I found it difficult to console them. The fact that I, too, was an orphan seemed to touch a vibrant chord.

"I could not deny it, so I told them, in as cheerful a manner as possible, the story of my early life. I suggested that as we three had so good and kind a protector as Uncle Tom, we should try and live as happily as possible. I told them that he would always give us the home we would crave as young girls, and that our education would not be neglected.

"Well, time went on, and while they were perfectly contented, something seemed to grow in their minds. I presume that it is the natural love of a natural child for its own parents. I felt that, as they grew older, this love would grow stronger.

"I wanted to keep it back, if possible, but at almost regular intervals I found it the uppermost topic of their conversation.

"There were glorious summer and autumn evenings when we would take long walks and sit until dark in a little summer-house which Uncle Tom had built for us under a great elm.

"It was there that we first heard the song of the nightingales. Oh, I shall never, never forget those wonderful birds! My little companions would nestle so closely with their dear arms about me, and I would hold them so closely with mine, and we would wait until those birds broke forth on the night—song to song and mate to mate—and we would sit in silence until the song was over.

"That song burned into my soul—it ate into my heart! It impressed itself so wonderfully, so keenly on my mind that if I am permitted to live a thousand years, I shall never forget it."

"No wonder you were able to turn it into notes that could be sung," interrupted Clifford.

Elaine wiped a tear away, and then continued:

"It was those little girls that prompted that. They drove the beauty and the force of the song into my mind and heart more strongly than the birds."

"Indeed! How?" asked Clifford.

Elaine arose and walked into the other room. It was clear that she was overcome. Clifford heard a faint sob or two. He tried to swallow a lump that seemed to be crowding into his throat.

What on earth could the girl mean?

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### What the Little Girls Said.

**I**N a moment, Elaine returned and took the same seat on the sofa. Clifford tried not to look at her—he did not want her to think that he knew she had been crying.

In his heart, however, he was glad that he did not have to do the talking.

"Pardon me," said Elaine. "I did not mean to interrupt myself."

"I am sorry to cause you so much—grief," said Clifford. "I would not ask you to proceed further and I fully appreciate just how you feel, but you have interested me deeply—yes, more deeply than

I can tell. What did those little girls say to you?"

Elaine drew herself up as if to gain courage for some terrible ordeal.

"One night," she said, and she turned her head a little to one side, lest the man should see her tears, "one night, we had gone to our accustomed place to listen to the nightingales.

"The little dears cuddled so close to me in their accustomed way, and I placed my arms around them more tightly than ever. Then, too, the birds seemed to sing more sweetly than ever before. I had just closed my eyes and was being transported to another world, it seemed, when one of those little dears looked up at me and said:

"One of those birds sounds just like it was mama calling to me."

"Before I was aware, the other said:

"And the other bird sounds like it was papa calling to me."

"Oh, Mr. Clifford, that beautiful sentiment ran through me like a—like a shock.

"I cannot describe it as anything else. I don't remember when any other words impressed me so sadly and so deeply.

"I tried to speak to them, but couldn't. As one bird would speak, one of the girls would say: 'There's mama,' then, as its mate would reply in those wonderfully liquid notes that only the nightingale can utter, the other would say: 'There's papa.'

"Finally, it became so terribly affecting, that I could stand it no longer. I began to think of my own dear parents. The tears were coming so fast that I was afraid the little girls would notice my feelings, so I suggested that we go into the house.

"But just as I was to suggest it, one of them said:

"Oh, Elaine, wouldn't you like to hear all about our papa and mama?"

"I told them that we had better run home as it would soon be getting cold. I really jumped away from them. They came along willingly. I talked about many other things, and even after we were inside the house, I kept up a lively conversation. I didn't want them to refer to the past. I knew that Uncle Tom would be displeased.

"Bedtime came, and there was no holding them. They would talk about their parents. I could not stop them. I tried every method possible to change the subject, but they were insistent.

"I simply had to listen. The eldest told me, as we three cuddled into a big arm-



chair, that they did not know their right names.

"She said that her father and mother had taken her on a big ship to America when they were little bits of tots, and that the ship was wrecked and both her parents drowned. She said that she actually saw her mother drown—swept overboard from a boat which was taking them ashore from the wreck.

"She described the wreck so very faithfully, that I wondered how such a child could remember an incident so well. And she added that as her mother was washed overboard, she called to her to come—but the sailors held her back."

Clifford looked strangely puzzled.

"Two little girls," he said, drawing out each word as if it were an effort. "Wrecked at sea—their father and mother lost. Why—"

He looked strangely at Elaine.

"Why, Miss Aldyce," he continued, "what were their names—what did you call them?"

"We called them Billee and Bobbie—boys' names, to be sure, but Uncle Tom said that they were like two little boys when he got them, so we gave them boys' names. Bobbie was the elder of the two and did the most talking. Billee was more reticent."

"Describe them. What did they look like?"

"They were very fair. Billee had hazel eyes and Bobbie's were darker— Why, Mr. Clifford! What is the matter?"

"Forgive me, Miss Aldyce," he said tremblingly. "I am terribly overcome. I lost my wife and my two little girls at—sea—in—oh, Heaven—a terrible wreck. I have hunted everywhere for them. Suppose that those two little girls should be my daughters. Their names were Blanche and Lilian."

"I don't believe—I never heard them called them—"

"Forgive me for interrupting you; do go on with your story," said Clifford.

"I haven't much more to tell," said Elaine. "Those little girls began suffering daily for their parents. They got so that they could think of nothing else. The visits to the summer-house to hear the nightingales had to be stopped. Uncle Tom worried about them; and the sad part of it was, they seemed to find a secret bond in my presence, although I tried to keep aloof from the matter as much as possible.

"Bobbie—poor little thing—oh, Mr. Clifford, I cannot bear to think of it—she grieved and grieved—and—and—"

Elaine's head dropped.

Her heaving breast showed that she was in the throes of despair. She was crying as if her heart were breaking.

Clifford, too, was overcome. He arose and went to the window and pulled up the shade. For a moment he looked out, and then returned to the weeping woman on the sofa. He sat beside her.

"I know that I am cruel in asking so much of you," he said, "but, Miss Aldyce, if you only knew—if you only knew. The grief of a child that has lost its parents can be no greater than that of a parent who has lost his children. And when just the faintest glimmer of hope seems to point to the fact that those little ones may still be alive. —Why, I would travel miles just to find out."

Elaine sobbed and shook her head.

"Poor little Bobbie—poor little Bobbie," she said as she swayed with grief. "She—" But the choking sobs kept the words back.

Clifford leaned over near her to catch each syllable.

"She died," sobbed Elaine.

Then the great welling sorrow burst as if it had happened only yesterday.

"My God!" was all that escaped from Clifford's lips.

"After we buried her," Elaine continued, "I could not stay in England any more. I told uncle that he would have to let me return to America, as I could not bear to live with Billee.

"I simply had to get away. My nerves were unstrung. I came to America. When I arrived at an age that permitted me to earn my own living, I shifted for myself. I did not want to become a nuisance or a hindrance. My ideas on women supporting themselves is very advanced, I am afraid.

"But one thing always clung to me—one thing always stayed in my mind. That was the song of the nightingale. In my moments of sadness I would sit at the piano and try to improvise those wonderful notes. If I have succeeded, I know what drilled them more forcibly into my mind than all else in the world."

"Have you ever returned to England since—since that little girl died?"

"No," Elaine answered.

"Would you like to hear my story?" Clifford asked.

"Oh, not to-day, Mr. Clifford. I am afraid that I could not stand it. It has been so much of an exertion to tell you all that I did, that I fear you must excuse me."

Clifford arose to go.

"But you must promise me that you will let me tell you some time," he said. "I think, indeed, it is just possible that your uncle may have adopted my little ones. How they managed to get to England, though, is more than I can fathom. We were wrecked on the American coast. But before I go let me ask you one question: Is the little girl whom you named Billee still alive?"

"Yes," said Elaine, who was still sobbing. "I often hear from Uncle Tom. She is very well and seems to be growing such a big girl, and she is at school now. Only the other day I had a letter from her; I—"

"Oh, let me see it—let me see it!" cried Clifford. "Let me see it! Oh, please, do!"

Elaine went to an inner room and returned with a small pink envelope, which she handed to Clifford.

The man took it as if it were a thing sent from Heaven.

"May I—may I keep it until to-morrow?" he said.

"Yes, but only until to-morrow. I haven't answered it as yet. You must surely bring it back to me to-morrow. Promise?"

"I promise," said Clifford.

He took the soft hand of the girl and pressed it warmly. He started for the door, and she followed him. As he was about to cross the hall to his own apartment he turned to her and asked:

"And when I come to-morrow may I tell you my story?"

"You may, surely," Elaine replied.

"Promise?" said Clifford, looking her straight in the eye.

"I promise," said Elaine.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### Another Journey.

CLIFFORD closed the door of his apartment behind him quickly, rushed into his little den, threw himself in one of his great easy reading-chairs, and opened the letter.

He hoped that it would bring him some little clue. Even the handwriting might contain some little familiar hook or angle that would help him to learn more about the girl who had penned it.

It was only a simple letter, told in perfect English, just what one girl might write to another about her dresses, her flowers, her walks, her books—and her beaus.

"Her beaus!" Clifford started. "Could she be so old as that?"

He read the letter again and again.

"Her beaus! My little girl's beaus!"

How did he know that it was his little girl? Was he sure—but, then, how could it be otherwise? Was there ever an incident that fitted so closely with another incident?

And, if it were his little girl, which was it—Blanche or Lillian?

He intended to find out. He now had the means and the determination, and so soon as it could be arranged he would make the journey to England. Miss Aldyce would go with him; and one of her friends would go, too, that idle gossips might be stilled.

They would go to Devon, and then to Ardsley, and if Heaven had spared to him but one of his family—but one little child—he would get down on his knees and offer thanks for all that was good and true in the world, as man had never offered thanks before.

The morrow came. Clifford passed an impatient morning. He simply could not wait until what seemed to be a polite hour to call on Miss Aldyce.

At eleven o'clock he could wait no longer. He went to the telephone and called the young woman, although she was just across the hall from him.

"There is no answer," was the response. "She must be out."

Clifford hung up the receiver. He sat down and tried to write. He tried to read. His mind would not attune itself to either. He was able to think of nothing else but the trip to England—of the day that was as sure to come as the sun of to-morrow when he would walk into the gardens of Uncle Tom's home, eagerly looking for the little girl—the young lady now—who answered to the name of Billee.

Finally, his nervousness was more than he could stand. He decided that he would go for a walk. Taking his hat and stick, he went down-stairs. He started up-town in the direction of Fifth Avenue.

His head was bent, and he was deep in thought. Suddenly a cheery voice startled him with, "Good morning."

He looked up.

"Good morning, Mr. Clifford," it repeated.



It was Elaine Aldyce.

Clifford would rather have met her than any one else in the world just then—any one, perhaps, except Billee.

She looked particularly cheerful and happy. She seemed just the opposite of the girl that he had talked to the day before.

He greeted her and extended his hand.

"I received word this morning that the song—our song—is to be published. A check came with it. Isn't it wonderful how welcome those little elongated slips of paper are?" she continued with a merry twinkle.

"Yes." That was all Clifford could say.

"I have just cashed it. In fact, that was the particular mission that brought me out. I wanted to have your share when you called this afternoon. You know, we are partners in the song."

"No—no," replied Clifford. "You must permit me to refuse any part of it. I will not—in fact, I intended that there should be a clause in our agreement that I was not to receive any of the proceeds until a hundred thousand copies had been sold."

"But we made no agreement," said Elaine with her prettiest smile. "Or, if it was an agreement, it was only a verbal one."

"So much the better," returned Clifford. "Then we can insert a clause here and there whenever we wish. No, Miss Aldyce, you must not talk of any share of this little work belonging to me. I would not listen to it. You may keep it all. You can do me a favor in some other way."

"But, Mr. Clifford—"

"How soon may I call on you to-day?—That is the greatest favor I can ask. I have so much to tell you. I wish that you would try to make it as early as possible. I have been thinking over what you told me all night. I read that little letter a thousand times. I am most anxious to see if you cannot help me further."

"You may call now if you like," she replied, noticing the sincerity of his wishes.

He turned with her, and they walked back to the apartment-house. On the way Clifford spoke of her good luck in getting the music accepted. But he was more than pleased when at length he found himself again seated in her parlor.

Then Clifford told Elaine his story. He told it with every graphic and personal detail, just as we related it in the early chapters of this narrative. Elaine sat and listened spellbound at the terrible accusation of murder, of the unbending father, and,

lastly, of the terrible wreck in which he, and his family had been so rudely separated.

She listened to the long recital of his efforts to live in America, of his return to Devon, of the marvelous manner in which the nightingales had fascinated him, of his final return to America, and of his establishment and ultimate success as a business man in New York City.

Then, little by little—unto the most minute detail of face and form and action—they described the dead Bobbie and the living Billee in order to learn if the living one might possibly be the child of Clifford.

It was a close analysis—Clifford plying questions and suggestions and Elaine answering them and putting two and two together in a manner that assured Clifford that she really did know her subject most intimately.

"You say that Billee was left-handed?" said Clifford.

"Decidedly so," replied Miss Aldyce.

"That is an old trait in our family. It was more noticeable on my mother's side. My grandmother was particularly left-handed."

"We tried to break Billee, but found it impossible," said Miss Aldyce.

"Then," continued Clifford, "you say she was very fair and blond."

"Very."

"I am convinced," he continued. "I am convinced that Billee is my daughter. At any rate, I am going to see. Now, I want to make you a proposition, Miss Aldyce—a proposition that is purely of a business nature. Listen:

"I propose to leave for England by the first steamer—I believe there is a sailing on Wednesday. I want you to accompany me to your uncle's home—oh, it will be all right, you can bring along one of your friends here as a chaperon. I will pay all the expenses of the journey, and will allow you and your companion a reasonable recompense for your trouble—"

"Oh, Mr. Clifford, I could not think—"

"I will not have it otherwise if you will accept. The trip will occupy at least a month, and I will pay you accordingly. If you have any work that cannot be left unfinished, I shall be willing to wait a reasonable time; but I would like to start at the earliest possible moment."

Elaine was thinking deeply.

"When can I have your answer, Miss Aldyce?"

"I shall speak to the girls to-night."

"Will you let me know positively in the morning?"

"Positively," she replied.

Clifford left her.

He would go to his office and set his affairs in shape for the long journey.

Already he was beginning to feel the nervousness that creeps through one at the anticipation of a trip to a foreign country.

## CHAPTER XV.

### Starting on the Journey.

**I**T was a bright, clear morning when the big liner Titan steamed down the long channel of the Hudson River into New York Harbor, through the bustling Narrows, and out on to the broad Atlantic.

Looking over the taffrail of the hurricane-deck were George Clifford, Elaine Aldyce, and May Pierce—Elaine's closest friend in the New York apartment. The latter had never crossed the ocean before, and was keen with the enjoyment of the journey. All the teasing that Clifford could administer did not disturb her—she was willing to be seasick in spite of it all.

And she was seasick—unusually so, even for a new traveler. She was obliged to keep to her room. This left Clifford and Elaine alone—alone on a clear, shimmering sea on days of brightness and nights when moon and stars played their accompaniment to men and women who are interested in each other in more than the ordinary manner.

Clifford had become deeply interested in Elaine. He was conscious of a glory about her that no other woman had revealed to him since the mother of his little ones and the joy of his own life had been cruelly taken from him by the unrelenting sea.

He saw in Elaine the embodiment of a beautiful and sincere womanhood combined in one who was young and talented—whose face mirrored a nature above that of the ordinary mortal.

Just what Elaine thought of Clifford—who can conjecture? She thought of him as a fine, upright man of business, and only that. Not the slightest hint entered her mind that she was gradually becoming more to him than the business proposition he had advanced—until one night.

That night they were seated in the lee of the main cabin, looking afar on the waters. In the lift of each tiny wave the stars found

a home; in the scudding clouds weird omens seemed to be adrift. Clifford was seated very close to Elaine. He had been telling her of his prospects as a man of affairs. Then there was a long silence.

Finally he spoke. As he did so he put out his hand. Hers was resting on the side of the chair. He touched it. He had never touched it in just the same manner before. She gave a little start. He spoke—but he uttered only one word:

"Elaine."

It was the first time that he had called her by her first name. The girl quickly pulled her hand away.

"Oh—don't do that," she said.

"Elaine."

He rose in the reclining sea-chair to a sitting posture. He leaned over her tenderly. If she tried to pull away from him, the very force of his presence held her back.

"Elaine," he went on—"you must let me call you Elaine. Whether the quest we are on is successful or not—I want you to know that I have more than a passing interest in you."

"Mr. Clifford," she replied, "You told me that this was to be a business trip. I would not have come otherwise."

"Whether you would have come or not matters little to me. What I am going to say to you I would have said had we remained in New York, and had a business venture never come between us. Fate would have willed it, Elaine."

"Mr. Clifford," she said, "please remember—"

"I will always remember one thing," he went on, the fervor of his nature rising with every word—"I will always remember one thing, and that is that a free man has a perfect right to tell a girl that he—that he loves her."

"Mr. Clifford—you must not say that to me."

She started to go, but he deftly closed her hand in his and held her back. Somehow, she didn't seem to object. He looked up and down the deck. It was deserted, save for them. He stepped closer to her. He could feel her breath coming quick and short. He thought that he detected a sigh—a deep-drawn, heavy sigh and a sob.

"I must, Elaine," he said—"I must, I must! I must tell you that I love you—that I have been watching you and studying you ever since that day I first heard you play the song of the nightingale. You are a su-



perior girl—your nature is in harmony with all that is beautiful in life. Some day you will think seriously of taking a man to be your life-mate. Why not consider the words of one who loves you—who loves you with all his heart, and who will continue to love you so long as there is life in his body?"

He put his arm around her, but she drew away.

"Oh, don't, don't!" she cried softly. "You mustn't."

"Elaine, will you consider what I have said?"

She made no answer.

"Elaine," he went on with trembling voice, "tell me—tell me, do you love another? Tell me! I am brave! I am your friend. I will apologize if you do."

"Mr. Clifford—" she faltered.

"My name is George—to you," he said.

(To be continued.)

"You must call me George now, always." She tried to utter the name, but couldn't. He pressed her close to him.

"Don't be afraid," he said.

"Am I—is a girl so humble as I—worthy of a man like you?" She spoke in trembling, almost indiscernible accents.

"You are worthy of any man in the world—my darling. It is I who should ask that question of you—my beautiful goddess."

If she made an answer, George Clifford heard it not.

She looked up, and in her face he saw more beauty, he thought, than he had ever seen before.

He gathered her in his arms and crushed her to him.

"I love you, Elaine, and I mean it!"

He found the answer on her lips as he pressed them to his.

## WANTS TO BE A CONDUCTOR.

THE numerous applications received in some of our railroad offices for positions of different kinds in the service of the roads are surprising. Many men apparently have an idea that the officials are in constant want of individuals to fill responsible positions, from conductor to president, without previous experience. Here, for example, is an application received by the superintendent of a Boston road, and his reply:

DEAR SIR:

I write you soliciting a position as conductor on one of the passenger trains of your railroad.

I am now a teacher, but desire to embark in a more active business. I am called an extra good mathematician by my friends, and remember faces to a greater extent than most people.

I am five feet ten inches in height, strong, and enjoy perfect health.

I hope you will pardon me for enclosing photo, but sometimes a person's character is "writ upon his brow," and it may help you to a decision one way or the other; at least, it may determine you whether you desire an interview with me. I am thirty-two years of age, and have a wife and a boy seven years old. I want to get into the railroad business, not merely to be a conductor, but that only as an entering wedge, as it were, or the key with which faithful service unlocks and makes accessible the more lucrative positions.

To the above letter the following answer was made:

DEAR SIR:

I have yours of the 15th inst., soliciting a position as passenger conductor on this road, and enclosing your photograph. This was very thought-

ful, for an examination of your countenance satisfies me that not only is a fellow's character "writ upon his brow," but that it is often manifested upon his cheek.

I cannot, after a careful perusal of your letter, find anything either in your appearance or your present association or characteristics which convince me that you are fully competent to occupy without previous experience, the position to which you aspire, even though you deem it but an "entering wedge" to become conductor of a passenger-train, a position which some men are glad to occupy after many years' service in subordinate capacities. All persons upon this road are at least five feet ten inches in height and "remember faces," and the only mathematical knowledge required of our conductors is that they shall have sufficient acquaintance with their division to enable them to treat the company properly when they make up their cash.

If you are in earnest in your intention to take up railroading, I would suggest that you apply for the position of freight brakeman; there are now forty-three thousand seven hundred and ninety-five applications on file in this office, and when these are disposed of your case will receive the consideration which it deserves. If you show sufficient ability, you will, as changes take place, be promoted, and, as the slow course of time moves along, be placed on a passenger-train; then, after further service, running through a greater or less number of years, it is possible that by the time your auburn locks have become silvered o'er by the snows of many winters, and when old age and care have left their marks upon the now fresh but vast expanse of your colossal cheek, you may attain the dazzling eminence and glittering uniform of a conductor of a passenger-train.—*Boston Journal*.


# How Coxey's Army Stole a Train.

BY JAMES W. GAVIN.

**THE TRUE STORY SERIES.** There are few railroaders to-day who do not well remember the march of Coxey's industrial army during the hard times of 1894. Some of the boys can even call to mind many troublesome experiences they had with the recruits who swarmed the rods and brakebeams in a strenuous effort to join the army of the unemployed. The Northern Pacific, however, bore the brunt of the movement, for it was in its yards at Butte, Montana, that Hogan and his crew seized a train and made their wild run over the Homestake Mountain, without orders, regardless of traffic, and at such a speed that it seems incredible that any of them should have lived to tell the tale.

## TRUE STORY, NUMBER FIFTY-THREE.

**A Determined Effort to Join Coxey's Force Led a Number of Men to Take Some Desperate Chances Which Nearly Ended in a Frightful Disaster.**

URING the period of financial depression in 1894, a band of destitute, unemployed men led by J. S. Coxey, of Ohio, popularly known as Coxey's Army, set out for Washington to appeal to the President of the United States for food, shelter, and some means to earn a living.

The western division of the movement, headed by a man named Hogan, set up its camp and took full possession of the North-

ern Pacific yards at Butte, Montana, where recruits were sworn in and military rules established. The roundhouse was seized for a sleeping quarters, and at night the box cars were filled with human freight, while in every other place that offered shelter from the cold westerly winds men crowded together, soldiers in a common cause, unarmed, yet believing themselves no less heroes than men fighting in the defense of their country.

It devolved upon Hogan to find some

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** All the stories published in this TRUE STORY SERIES have been carefully verified by application to officers or employees of the roads or companies concerned who are in a position to be acquainted with the facts. Contributors should give us the names of responsible persons to whom we may apply for such verification, in order that fruitless inquiries may be avoided. This condition does not imply any lack of confidence in the veracity of our contributors, but is imposed merely to give greater weight and authenticity to the stories.

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way to get his men to Washington in time to make connections with the division led by "General" Coxey, so after a conference, he decided to start them out in small bands, with the purpose of capturing every freight-train leaving Butte and compelling the railroad company to either furnish them with transportation or stop running trains.

The first train seized was a freight consisting of seven cars of copper matte, which was all one mogul could handle over the Homestake Pass. Considerable animation in the hobo camp was apparent beforehand, but no one except Hogan and his lieutenants knew of the move. When it was time for the train to leave about two or three hundred Coxeyites piled upon the cars.

### First Attempt a Failure.

At first the engineer refused to open the throttle, but the aspect of those determined men compelled him to change his mind, and the people of Butte were treated to a sight of a train of cars loaded on the inside with merchandise and on the outside with a cargo of human freight. The train was stalled at the foot of the Homestake Mountain, the extra weight of its passengers proving too much, so the engineer was forced to back into the yards again. Orders were then issued from the superintendent's office that no more trains would be moved while the army lay in waiting.

It might be added here that the authorities at Washington were also getting anxious, as the movement each day became more formidable. They realized that unless something could be done to head it off, the Federal government might have to take care of this vast army when it reached the capitol. The men could not be treated as outlaws, for they were unarmed and threatened no violence to the nation or its institutions.

They were simply citizens in their own country, free moral agents at liberty under the constitution to go where they pleased so long as they obeyed the law. With all this in mind, the government quietly took the matter up with the railroads, with the result that the Northern Pacific issued a statement that no more trains would be operated until interference from Coxey's army ceased.

The rank and file of the army was made up of men from nearly every walk in life. Almost every trade and profession was

represented, so it was but a simple matter for Hogan to conceive the idea of taking an engine from the roundhouse with his own engineer and fireman and making up a train.

### Making Up a Train.

About nine o'clock in the evening, under cover of darkness, a party of Coxeyites were sent out to find the company's watchmen and place them under guard to prevent them from giving the alarm. This done, a fire was started in one of the big engines, and the men hastened to load their traps, blankets and provisions, of which they had plenty, into some empty coal-cars standing on the siding.

Everything was soon ready, the engine was run out, coupled onto the coal-cars, and noiselessly the Coxeyites took their places about the train. Without a toot of the whistle or the ringing of the bell, the army of destitute individuals quietly pulled out on what was destined to be one of the wildest runs ever attempted in the Western country.

The first stop, after leaving the yards, was made at the East Butte transfer, where some more passengers were taken aboard. When everything was ready, the engineer, realizing that they were now far enough away to escape pursuit, blew the whistle, which was the signal for a wild cheer from the Coxeyites, who now gave vent to their pent-up feelings after days of waiting. New hopes were born in them. At last they were on their way to the capitol, which seemed to hold their only salvation.

### Record for Recklessness.

The engineer, leaning half out of the cab, with his hand upon the throttle, pulled her wide open, and the train started on its long winding trip up the Homestake Mountain. The descent on the other side, however, from the point of recklessness and daredevil train-running, easily put all other efforts completely in the background.

Over the great wooden trestles, which all other trains crossed slowly, this one sped seemingly regardless of all dangers, and shot through tunnels and around sharp curves, until it seemed hardly possible for the cars to keep on the rails. Few of the occupants ever knew how deep were the cañons, how high and shaky were the

trestles, or how sharp and dangerous were the curves, over which they passed that night until the Jefferson Valley was reached.

The second stop was made at Whitehall, Montana, where they asked for orders, and when informed that no orders would be given them, the engineer, who registered as Grover Cleveland, mounted his engine and made the memorable run through the Galatin Valley to the Bozeman Tunnel.

While all this was going on, Superintendent J. D. Finn, having been notified from Butte of what had happened, and knowing what to expect, began to get busy. Taking a party of men with him on a special, they started from Livingston for the Bozeman Tunnel.

Powder was used to blow down the high bank just outside the west entrance of the tunnel, as the superintendent hoped to stop the train, thinking that when the engineer saw the pile of dirt on the track so close to the tunnel he would slow down. In this he was disappointed, however, for as soon as the engineer discovered the obstruction he realized that an effort was being made to capture them.

He pulled her wide open and dashed at full speed into the pile of dirt, sending rocks and gravel flying through the air. Strange to say, the engine plowed her way through, keeping the rails, and, as if nothing had happened, sped through the tunnel, leaving Superintendent Finn and his men cursing their luck for not having blown in the mouth of the tunnel itself and stopping them.

The Coxe train had not gone very far, however, before the engineer discovered that something was wrong with his locomotive, and upon examination it was found that the sand and dirt through which they had passed had worked into its bearings. A consultation was held, and it was decided to run her to Livingston if possible, which was a division terminal, where they could secure another engine. This they did, and

the old 522 was so badly used up that she was useless ever after.

Here the Coxeyites went into the round-house and took possession of the best passenger-engine they could find, and, without interference from the company's men, ran her out, and started on another wild run.

It might be added here that when Superintendent Finn found himself baffled in his attempt to stop the Coxeyites, he called upon the government at Washington for help, who, in turn, issued orders to the United States troops then stationed at Forsyth, Montana, to capture the train, and upon their arrival there the entire force was surrounded by the United States soldiers and all of them made prisoners.

From there they were taken to Helena, Montana, for trial, charged with stealing a Northern Pacific train, and after being held for some time, they were tried in the United States Court, but all were turned loose, as delay was the only object sought.

It was then too late to attempt to reach Washington, for while they were in jail "General" Coxey, with a fragment of his purposed industrial army, had succeeded in reaching the capitol on May 1, 1894, and from the steps delivered his speech. Among other theories he suggested that the government issue \$500,000,000 in bonds to be used in constructing roads, thereby giving employment to the thousands of men who were idle all over the country.

In anticipation of his coming the President ordered set up in conspicuous places keep-off-the-grass signs, which afterward became a national joke, though they gave the police an excuse to arrest Coxey for trespassing and throw him into jail. The remnant of the army, thus left without a leader, soon disbanded, to work their way to their homes as best they could, and some time later, when Coxey was released and returned to Ohio, he was lionized as a hero, and received the nomination for Congress.

## THE PENNSY'S REFRIGERATOR BARGES.

**I**N order to facilitate the handling of dressed meats, provisions, and other perishable freight in New York harbor, the Pennsylvania Railroad has inaugurated a refrigerator barge service. This innovation was adopted after much experimenting as to the best method of handling this character of traffic where it is impracticable to make delivery in the original car and where the company must furnish protection against heat in

summer and cold in winter. Ordinarily, this protection has been afforded by refrigerator cars. The situation at the port of New York, however, differs from other Atlantic ports because steamships have no rail connections at their piers, and freight must be delivered by floats. It was to supply this need that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company recently inaugurated its refrigerator barge service.





# BILL GOES TO A CONCERT.

BY F. H. RICHARDSON.

The Fireman Tells of a High-Brow Occasion Which He and Susie Attended.

"**S**AY," the fireman began, stepping over to the engineer's side as the train rolled down a long hill, "what do you think I done to-day? I went to a concert, that's what I did."

"Went to a concert!" exclaimed the engineer in amazement.

"Yep! A sort of a concert and lecture and meetin' all at once. An', say, it was great! I'm goin' again some of these times; see if I don't."

"Well, well, well! That's about the last place the call-boy would have looked for you, I guess. What struck you, anyhow?" asked the engineer.

"Well, you see, it's this way: Since I shook Maggie on account of them doin's on the South Side, I coupled onto a nice little piece of calico over on Chicago Avenue. Susie's her name, an' she's the goods, all right, all right, too. They ain't nary a flat wheel on her, an' she's just as purty as a bran'-new pay-car. Shouldn't wonder if

she an' me would couple up for good some of these days.

"But she's some on the reformin' stunt; an' nothin' would do but we must go to one of them Hull House uplift lectures last night, so I braced up an' never let on but lectures was regular stops with me.

"The fact is, I spread it on a little while we was on the way, talkin' about Hull House an' the good them lectures done, when I didn't know a durned thing about it only what I seen on some hand-bills they shoot around sometimes over on th' West Side.

"But I was some scared she'd get wise when I asked where the ticket-office was when we got there."

"What! You were not expecting to pay admission, were you?"

"Sure! How in thunder did I know it was a free excursion? I'd 'a' looked fine tryin' to butt through the door an' gettin' called for not having a ticket, wouldn't I? They ought to put up a sign, 'Admission

Free,' or something like that, so people wouldn't go making fool breaks like that.

"Well, when we got inside the porter showed us to a seat way down in the front end of the car, and I soon caught on. They was a lot of little envelopes in a rack, an' you was expected to put the ticket money into one of 'em, and a feller comes along an' gets 'em. I should think they'd lose out on that scheme, though, for a tight-wad chap could renege an' not put in more'n a quarter for an orchestra seat if he was mean enough.

"I wanted to ask Susie the price, but I didn't have the nerve. I was afraid that she'd catch on that I wasn't wise to the game, so I put in a dollar apiece." Was that enough, huh?" and Bill paused anxiously for the engineer's verdict.

"Why, there is no admission at all, Bill. You may put any sum you wish in the envelope. It is not an admission fee, but a gift; and you need not put in a cent unless you wish."

"Sufferin' valve-stems! An' I coughed up two great, big plunks on a game like that! Well, I wasn't cheap, anyhow," and Bill heaved a profound sigh—a mixture of pride and regret.

"Say, it was all right, though. You just ought to go some time yourself. First, they was a feller got up on the platform an' read a yarn about some chap who drank too much, and he lost his home and got chucked into the cold world, and stole another man's wife and got chucked in jail for it.

"Measly trick, I call that, don't you?"

"I whispered to Susie what I thought of a stunt like that, but she just snickered an' told me to shut up."

"Next, we all stood up and sung something about a mansion in the skies. Say, I stayed in the game, all right; and made good, too; but it's a fine mark, me singing about a mansion among the clouds an' bein' too darn poor to buy two pair of socks all at one time.

"If I could only get my hooks on a four-room clapboard shack right here in old Chi, I'd be going some. Mansions ain't exactly in my line; but I heard every one else singing, so I chipped in.

"I noticed several folks look my way when I started. Say, I didn't know I could sing well enough to attract attention—but I did, all right.

"When we set down I whispered to Susie, 'What do you think of my singing?'

"It was quite loud,' she whispered back.

"Now, I wonder what in thunder she meant by that? Sure, it was loud; for when I saw they was all noticing how well I sung, I just let her loose for fair. Just kind of pulled the whistle wide open an' tied her there. Want to hear me?"

Bill opened his mouth as though to commence, but the engineer hastily disclaimed any desire for such a treat at that time, adding that the crew might think he was whistling stock off the track.

"All right. You don't know what you're missing, though. Some other time I'll show you what I can do. You'll be surprised, all right."

The engineer admitted that he probably would be, and Bill continued:

"Well, the quarter something or other came out an' sung a song next."

"The quartet, you mean, Bill," corrected the engineer.

"Say, who's telling this yarn, huh? They should have been named the queer on account of the funny way they sung.

"First, a feller would sing a few words, his voice sounding like a consolidator going through a tunnel. Then another feller sung 'em over, his pipes sounding like a signal whistle. Then a girl—there was two fellers and two girls—sung 'em again in a voice Susie said was all to the good. Next, the last girl sung 'em like she was mainly interested in tryin' to crack the plaster, and then they wound up the performance by all singing 'em over again together. They did sure want us to understand them words.

"But it all was all right at that, an' you just ought to hear it once yourself. Well, when they was through, the feller at the piano played some kind of a purty tune that nearly made a feller cry, while the conductor came and collected the fares into a basket with a handle on it.

"I reckon that piano guy played that sad tune 'cause he knowed what a sad occasion it was an' how we all felt being parted with our cash. All the same, I think something lively, like 'There's Room for Us All on the Trolley,' would have been more appropriate.

"Next, they called on some feller to speak, and he sure did the job up brown. He spoke about everything in the United States, even to old John D. Say, I sure did set up and take notice when he rung John in. I knew everybody was cussin' him; but blamed if I was wise that anybody had a good word to say about him."



After throwing in a couple of scoups of coal, Bill continued:

"Well, when the feller was done speakin' everybody looked happy. Then the chap

"The running orders dealt particularly with making goo-goo eyes at your neighbors' property. Suffering cross-heads! but he did everlastingly lambast the fellers an' the



"SUSIE JUST SNICKERED AND TOLD ME TO SHUT UP."

on the platform got up an' read the running orders an' started in to explain 'em.

"Say, he was sure there with the goods. He started off slow till he got his cylinders warmed up, which give the fireman a chance to get his fire fixed, which is a darn sight more than you do; but when he got going he was a Twentieth Century Limited loaded with a regiment of artillery, with a Gatlin'-gun on the pilot and a ten-inch cannon on the back platform of the rear coach.

"He'd chase a bunch of cussedness clean down Cimmeroon Hill without shutting off at all, and just when you'd think he was goin' to everlasting smash and couldn't possibly stay on the rails another second, he'd put on the air, slow up, an' roll across a level place as nice as you please. Then he'd open her up an' go after 'em again regardless. He must 'a' carried an awful pressure.

women who'd got divorced. He just swept up the deck with 'em an' threw 'em in the fire-box to toast. Then he'd yank 'em out again, polish off the boiler-head with 'em, and then use 'em for waste to scour the brass. He'd tie 'em to the track an' back off half a mile an' run over 'em; an' then he'd scrape up the pieces an' put 'em on top of the pop an' blow 'em up.

"I saw some mighty red faces in the crowd, and I guess some of 'em got theirs, all right, all right.

"I'm goin' to get Long Jim into that joint and frame it up with that feller to lecture on the sin of gettin' people into scrapes, and then I'll set back and enjoy it. He'll get toasted good and plenty."

Just then the foot of the hill was reached, and Bill had no more time for story-telling, as the engineer opened her up.

## ACROSS EUROPE ON WELDED RAILS.

**T**HE smoother riding due to the welding of rail-ends to each other means added comfort for the traveler and less wear on the rolling stock. Both reasons have contributed to the extensive use of electric welders for this purpose, not only here but in Europe as well. Indeed, a


recent estimate of the trackage thus smoothly joined made it reach from Madrid to Moscow—a particularly fine showing when we consider that governmental railways with their lack of competition are often inclined to stifle progress.—*Popular Electricity.*

# The A. B. C. of Freight Rates.

BY JOHN C. THOMSON.

**I**N this, the second paper of Mr. Thomson's interesting study of freight rates, he describes further the influences that have militated toward establishing the present schedules of freight charges now in force in this country. In his article in the January issue of *THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE*, we were given an insight to the impracticalities of the "mileage system" to which the layman generally pins his faith until he learns more of the great cost of moving freight-cars from one section of the country to another. Mr. Thomson also told in that article just how the "joint-cost" system is the only means of obtaining practical freight rates. His description of the difficulties experienced by rate-makers in figuring rates under that system shows how thoroughly he understands this complicated subject.

## "Water Competition," "Empty Car Hauls," "Keeping Every One in Business," and the Effect of Past and Present Rates in Fixing New Freight Schedules.

O kick a string of empties onto the siding" is plain enough language for any railroader, but to the average man in the street, to Mr. John Jones, who pays the freight, this expression may mean to boot a rope of vacuums onto a half-inch board planed on one side. Because of this lack of a language in which both the railroad man and the average freight-paying citizen can talk, this article is another attempt to translate some very commonplace information from railroad talk into plain United States.

So let the expert rate clerk or freight man not smile too broadly when I translate the above expression into "to move a train of empty freight-cars from the main line onto a side-track," which it really means, or when I, in like manner, handle other railroad terms in this article which may be perfectly clear to the reader.

In my last article, it may be remembered, I said that every freight rate in the United States is based on the Erie Canal. In other

words, what the Santa Fe Railroad charges to haul a mowing-machine from Denver to Raton, New Mexico, depends more or less directly on what it costs to move wheat from Chicago to New York some six months of the year by the Erie Canal. Now the average freight payer, especially in the parts of the United States where freight rates are high, will promptly snort at such a statement, yet it is perfectly true. Let us see how freight rates are made in the first place, and return to this matter of the Erie Canal later.

### Water Competition.

In my last article I endeavored to show how there are only two known methods of calculating freight rates; the "mileage system," or so much per mile, and the "joint-cost" system, otherwise somewhat unfavorably known as "all the traffic will bear." I also showed, I hope, that the mileage system, pure and simple as such, is impractical, and that whether we like it or not, the "joint-cost" system is so far the



only means of calculating freight rates that will work out in practise.

Freight rates in this country have grown with the railroads. The first freight rate was charged by the stage-coach, say between New York City and Albany, New York. This rate by stage-coach or freight wagon was as low as could be charged, and yet bring the freighter a profit. If the charge was too high the goods did not move, or else some one hitched up his team and started a rival freight line. By wagon this was a very easy thing to do, as the public road was free to all, which a line of rails, of course, is not. All trains must be run under a single management, or there will be accidents, which does not apply to wagons and the public road.

### Schooners Versus Stage-Coaches.

Before there was a railroad in the United States there were certain well-defined charges for hauling various kinds of freight between a number of points, such as New York City and Albany, as just mentioned, or between New York and Boston. The freight rate between New York and Boston, of course, could not be much higher than that charged by a ship between New York and Boston, otherwise the goods would move by ship rather than by wagon. Thus, even before there was a railroad in existence, we find that bugbear of all freight men, "water competition."

The Hudson River, as every one knows, flows past Albany to New York City, but is frozen during the winter so that no boats can run. In summer, freight was moved between the two cities by water if there was plenty of time, but by stage if time was an essential element in the case, as with the mails or some light article, say a rifle, where the extra expense of delivery by fast wagon service was little, compared with its cost.

So, in summer, the stage line and the freighter with his oxen hauled only material of high value that needed great care or quick delivery, but in winter the case was different. Then, the Hudson being frozen, the stage line and the wagons had the hauling all to themselves, and hence could charge more. Also, the cost of service in winter was naturally higher, due to the snow, bad roads, and other causes.

Here we find trouble in figuring freight rates even before the railroad was invented.

Rates, in those days, changed with the weather, for one rate the year round would have been impossible under such conditions.

From Albany to Boston there is no waterway, hence the wagon-owners could charge a higher rate than they could from New York to Albany.

Although the distances between the three cities, New York, Boston, and Albany, vary considerably, for our purposes we can consider them practically equally distant apart, yet with vastly different conditions applying to each route. The sea from Boston to New York is always open, hence the freight rate might be expected to remain more or less steady the year around.

From New York to Albany, as we have just seen, is a river, open half of the year or more, while from Albany to Boston, the third leg of the triangle, there is no waterway, hence the rate would be more or less higher than that of the other two routes, and more or less steady, but not so steady as by sea between New York and Boston.

### A Problem Older Than Railroads.

I have chosen these three cities because between them they well illustrate many of the things that so profoundly affect the making of freight rates, whether by wagon or freight-car, it matters not. There are, however, still other differences to be considered, every one of which cuts a deep figure in making a freight rate.

Right here let me call attention to the fact that, at that time, the railroad was yet a thing undreamed of. He who fancies that freight rates are all a matter of the railroad knows nothing of freight rates. Rome, Italy, had her rate troubles just like Rome, New York; one when Mr. Cæsar attended to such affairs and the other when Mr. Hariman did.

But to get back to still other matters than rivers, the weather, ships, and wagons that affect freight rates: New York is larger than Albany, and is a seaport, while the smaller town is inland. New York's trade is more or less constant, while that of Albany varies greatly. In fact, it is a well-observed fact that the larger the city the more steady is its trade in all lines, including the moving of freight. In the fall, Albany had much wheat to send to New York, while in the summer months but little freight went down the valley on wheels.

Now, this meant empty wagons at various times of the year between New York and Albany. Empty wagons cost money to move as horses eat oats and drivers must be paid, whether the wagon is loaded or empty.

In railroad language, this is called the "empty car haul," and is one of the great things that worries a railroad president.

Before we grasp this matter completely, we must glance at still another fundamental fact in freight-rate making. It is hard to make this clear in a few words, and an illustration will best serve our purpose. The fact is this: The shipper must pay the cost of the round trip, even though he uses the service only one way.

Suppose a man lives in Albany and wishes to go to New York. There is no stage leaving that particular day or for several days, as was once the case. He goes to the local livery stable and asks: "How much will you charge to take me to New York?"

#### The Cost of Going Back Empty.

The liveryman says: "Let's see. I can make the trip down and back in ten days, if the roads and weather are good. I must use two horses, each worth \$1 a day, a driver at \$1 a day, making \$3 a day for man and team. The cost of staying over night will be another \$3. Profit \$1 a day, or a total of \$7 a day for ten days. Call it \$75 for the trip."

"But suppose you get a passenger to carry back? Can't you make the price less to me if that happens?" asks the prospective traveler.

"Certainly," replies the liveryman. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll charge you \$75 if I can't get a passenger back; but if I can, I'll ask only \$50."

"But then you will be making \$100," protests the traveler. "You should charge me only \$37.50 and the other man \$37.50, both alike."

"But the coach charges only \$30 from New York to Albany," the livery man says, "and I must charge much less, say \$25, or I can't get a passenger back at all, in which case the trip will cost you \$75, instead of only \$50."

So the traveler pays his \$75 for a trip from Albany to New York, and if the liveryman can get a passenger back to Albany, then the traveler gets a rebate of \$25, thus making the trip cost him only \$50. Doubt-

less all the way to New York the two men argued a regular prehistoric Interstate Commerce Commission trial, and when they parted in New York both probably were more or less muddled about it all.

"This is the very thing that confronted J. J. Hill when he made a forty-cent rate on lumber from Puget Sound to Chicago some years ago, that his east-bound cars might not run empty. By this means, the Great Northern could charge less for west-bound freight, even if that charge was several times higher than the east-bound forty-cent rate. Here we are up against the "joint-cost" idea again, only in a new light.

So we have seen a glimpse of "volume of traffic," of "water competition," and of the "empty car haul," each a very important item in the making of freight rates. Now, let us invent the steam-engine, and with it the railroad, and see what happens.

The first railroad from New York to Albany found freight rates already established. To get business it had to charge the same or a lower rate than those of existing transportation companies, as, otherwise, goods would not move by rail, but would travel by wagon or boat. Now, this is a very important fact; and please note it carefully: A rate in existence fixes all other rates between the same points. In other words, one rate is based on another that came before it. Whether this rate is fixed by wagon, ship, canal-boat, pack train, or another railroad matters not in the least, if for the same service the goods will move by a cheaper route.

#### What Vanderbilt Found.

Now, in the early days a railroad did not push on into new country as it usually does to-day. They followed the old toll-road system to some extent. That is, a railroad would run from New York to Albany, then another from Albany to Utica, and still another from Utica to Buffalo.

Each road had its own cars, stations, and time-tables, regardless of all roads, which was neither pleasant nor profitable. To load and unload wheat several times, and cart it across town from one railroad to another cost money; hence, wheat from Buffalo to New York came by the Erie Canal. Each railroad was then about what the various electric lines are to-day, more or less local and unconnected affairs.

But, one night, a man named Vanderbilt



spread a map of the State of New York on the floor of his library, and saw how he could combine some sixteen roads into one through line between New York and Buffalo. Then and there was born the New York Central, and in time this dream became true.

When Vanderbilt finally had his railroad running from Buffalo to New York, he found the same conditions by water as between Albany to New York, but with this difference. Behind Buffalo are the Great Lakes, and around the Great Lakes is three-fifths of the farming land of the United States, mostly given over to wheat in those days, and now to wheat and corn. Wheat is something that can be stored and kept for months, or even years. It is easily handled, and in tonnage is among the largest items of the railroads.

The Erie Canal, like the Hudson River, was closed in winter by ice. If Vanderbilt tried to hoist freight rates on wheat during the winter, the wheat owner, or shipper, calmly stored his wheat, or else saw that it was shipped before the cold weather came on, often over Vanderbilt's own road at summer-canal rates, leaving it without tonnage in the winter, and with too much tonnage in the other months, especially in the early fall of the year.

All this led to a long and bitter fight. It was settled at length by a steady all-the-year-round freight rate on wheat between Buffalo and New York, and what forced this rate was the Erie Canal.

### How the Erie Canal Governs Rates.

In time, Chicago became the great wheat mart, and the New York Central obtained the Lake Shore from Buffalo to Chicago, making practically one railroad from Chicago to New York. As wheat was still the great east-bound item of freight tonnage, the price charged through the Erie Canal continued to control the rates. Then came the Pennsylvania and other lines into Chicago, all seeking to haul wheat. To get business these lines had to meet the New York Central's freight rates on wheat to New York, and thus we see the influence of the Erie Canal spreading over the railroads running from Chicago to Philadelphia via Pittsburgh.

St. Louis also handles much wheat, corn, and live stock, and as there are railroads running from St. Louis to Chicago to get

the hauling of wheat from St. Louis to Philadelphia, the rate must not be more than from St. Louis to Chicago plus that from Chicago to New York, all of which are controlled by the same slow-going Erie Canal boat.

We are pretty far west here, and the same thing applies as we go south or farther west. Each new rate is necessarily based on, or fixed by, some other rate already in existence, and each is still controlled by the Erie Canal rate. Between Denver and Chicago, however, many things move that the Erie Canal does not carry; say, for instance, shoes going west. But remember the "empty car haul," and our friend going by stage from Albany to New York? The same thing applies to every line of travel, passenger express or freight not only in the United States, but in the world, so the Denver-Chicago lines can be no exception.

### A Multiplicity of Cause and Effect.

Things now become more complicated, and we have to deal with "through cars," that is, cars loaded in San Francisco or Seattle for New York, Boston, or New Orleans, that travel over many different lines of railroad. Also we have water competition around South America, and in some cases even around the world via the Suez Canal. All these routes deeply affect the price of hauling a box of shoes or a ton of coal from Raton, New Mexico, to Boston, or to Charleston, South Carolina.

We have seen enough, however, to understand how the Erie Canal is the foundation on which all United States freight rates are directly or indirectly based. I know of no better illustration of how railroads interlace and complicate this all-important matter of freight rates than that of a big net spread out on the floor of some great hall.

Under the net you may imagine a map of the United States. Now pull any string in that net and you either tighten or loosen every other string in it. I think no one will dispute this very apparent and easily proven fact. If they do they can easily try it on a small scale with an ordinary fish net on the kitchen floor.

Freight rates are just like the strings in this great net, with the Erie Canal representing a sort of main string from which many of the others branch. On this basis we begin to see clearly how it is that the Erie Canal controls the freight charges on

lumber from the South to Chicago, or on hides from Wyoming to Boston.

One of the most curious of the many things that influence freight rates is sheep. "Sheep can walk away from us," said a general freight agent on the witness-stand last year, and he told how, if he put the freight on live sheep too high their owners just walked them a few hundred miles across country to a rival railroad, where the rate was less. Thus he was compelled to haul wool on the sheep's back for a much less rate than in the bale, otherwise the sheep became freight carriers in opposition to the railroad, and the road got no wool to haul, even if there was not another railroad within several hundred miles.

### Keeping Every One in Business.

From the few things we have considered so far, it will be readily seen that the making of a freight rate is no simple matter. I have barely touched on only a few of the most important things that govern the making of rates. There are others, many others; most of which must be omitted from these articles for lack of space. One of the most important is that doubtful item of "keeping every one in business." Here again we had better resort to an illustration.

As every one knows, coal is widely distributed over the United States, but its quality varies greatly. The best coal, the hard, smokeless kind, comes from around Pittsburgh, while the coal of Wyoming is soft and sooty, though it may be burned under a locomotive boiler. In practically every home in the United States coal of one kind or another is used. Soft coal is prohibited in many of our large cities, though some of them allow the use of any sort of coal, among which are Chicago and Pittsburgh.

Coal is also one of the great staples on which the railroads depend for tonnage. In certain parts of the country, as in Pennsylvania and California, crude oil is used largely in place of anthracite, especially to make steam. The demand for coal is not steady the year round, as the domestic, or household, demand almost ceases in summer and comes in with a rush in fall.

Here is as pretty a problem in the making of freight rates as any one could wish, a problem that the most radical reform rate expert, hired by some local traffic bureau, would ponder over many a long day before

he even approached anything like a solution. But to get back to the illustration, of which this paragraph has been a sort of outline.

We will say that Jones has a mine of hard coal in Pennsylvania and mines soft coal as a by-product. His chief market is New York City, where he disposes of his hard coal, but cannot sell his soft coal. He has to mine the soft coal to get out his hard coal, and to throw it away would be a criminal waste, so he can afford to sell the soft coal in Chicago at almost any price above the freight rate from Pittsburgh to Chicago.

He goes to the Pennsylvania freight man and after much figuring that individual tells him that the road will haul the coal to Chicago for cost almost, rather than see it go to waste; say, for about half a cent a pound, or \$10 a ton. This is out of the question, however, because practically the same coal is already selling in Chicago for \$5 a ton, and to market coal in Chicago the Pittsburgh man must sell for no more than \$5 a ton and pay his freight rate out of that \$5.

Considering the empty car haul and various other things, the railroad at last makes the Pittsburgh man a rate of \$3 a ton, who then ships his soft coal to Chicago, and sells it for \$4 a ton, \$1 under the rate of coal mined in Illinois.

### Losing Money to Make More.

So far so good, but the Illinois coal miner at once goes to see the freight man of the Illinois Central, and says:

"It costs me \$2 to mine my soft coal, your road charges me \$2 a ton to haul it into Chicago, and I am selling it at \$5, making \$1 profit. But along comes the Pittsburgh coal miner and under-sells me at \$4 a ton. I cannot mine my coal for any less than \$2, and I must sell it for \$4 in Chicago, the same price the Pittsburgh man is charging, or else close down my mine. If I have to do this your road will have no coal to haul, so you must reduce the rate to \$1 a ton."

This does not sound very pleasant to the Illinois Central man, but rather than have no coal to haul he has to make a rate of \$1 a ton to the Illinois coal miner. It costs the Illinois Central \$1.50 to haul that ton of coal, so the road loses fifty cents, apparently, on every ton hauled. At first



glance one would think that the Illinois Central would rather not haul the coal at all, but if the road does not do so, the mines shut down and 10,000 Illinois coal miners are thrown out of work.

Now the 10,000 coal miners have about 40,000 others dependent on them for support, and these 50,000 people buy shoes, flour, lumber, and the thousand and one things that 50,000 people must have. To refuse to haul the coal at a loss of fifty cents per ton would be to cause these people to move to other parts of the United States, and would reduce a thickly settled part of the State of Illinois to a partial wilderness.

### What Can a Poor Railroad Do?

This would never do, so the Illinois Central must haul that coal at a loss of fifty cents per ton, to protect its traffic on shoes, lumber, cook stoves, etc., that those 50,000 people buy. In other words, the Illinois Central must "keep every one in business." (The above figures are used merely for clear illustration.)

The matter is bad enough as it stands, but more follows. The Chicago coal buyer goes before the Interstate Commerce Commission and says:

"The Illinois Central is robbing Chicago. It charges \$1 for hauling coal 200 miles, while the Pennsylvania charges only \$1 for hauling the same coal 800 miles, or four times as far. Please make the Illinois Central charge us only twenty-five cents a ton."

In court, the Illinois Central shows that it is losing fifty cents on every ton of coal hauled even at the \$1 rate, and to make it haul coal for twenty-five cents a ton would cause a loss of \$1.25, which would in time throw the road into bankruptcy. Here is another pretty problem for any one who wants to tackle it.

At first glance the solution would seem to be to restore the \$2 rate to the Illinois Central and make the Pennsylvania charge \$8 a ton, but this would increase the cost of coal in Chicago \$1 a ton, or put it back to the old \$5 a ton price, which it was before the Pittsburgh man invaded the Chicago market. Such a move would, of course, shut the Pittsburgh man out of Chicago, which, in turn, would destroy his business in soft coal, causing it to go to waste, a national and criminal waste never to be considered for one moment.

Also, such a move would deprive the Pennsylvania Railroad of all soft coal tonnage from Pittsburgh to Chicago, and cause that road to haul empty instead of loaded cars. To haul an empty car, by the way, costs practically four-fifths of what it does to haul the same car loaded. This, on the other hand, would be a criminal waste; as it would be foolish to haul empty cars for \$4 when they can be hauled loaded for \$5.

One argument against the "keeping every one in business" idea is that each part of the country should stand on its own feet, and if Pittsburgh can sell coal in Chicago cheaper than can the Illinois miners, then the Illinois miners have no business to run their mines. But no mines in Illinois means no people in the coal sections of that State.

To add another queer touch to all this: The Pennsylvania Railroad itself is deeply interested in keeping those 10,000 Illinois coal miners at work, as they represent 10,000 American families in Illinois who buy shoes made in Boston, clothing made in New York, wear cotton grown in Georgia, and, in fact, consume all the things that 10,000 American families usually consume.

All this material must be hauled west from the Atlantic seaboard, and of this haulage the Pennsylvania, of course, gets its share, say one-fourth. If the Pennsylvania Railroad puts these 10,000 Illinois coal miners out of business by making too low a rate on soft coal from Pittsburgh to Chicago, then the Pennsylvania Railroad loses that one-fourth share of the other traffic.

### How One Rate Affects Another.

Going back to the illustration of the great net spread out over the map of the United States, it is easily seen how one rate affects another rate. It is a case of wheels within wheels, and no man can say what the end must be. We have still another matter to consider when it comes to making freight rates, however. It is this, odd as it may seem: The weaker railroad makes the rate.

Suppose for an illustration we take the Denver and Rio Grande and the Union Pacific between Salt Lake City and Denver. The Union Pacific has much the better grade, less than two per cent, while the Denver and Rio Grande, running over the higher and steeper mountain passes in the

Rockies between the two cities, has grades as high as five per cent. Also the Denver and Rio Grande has many sharp curves, and curves are about as bad as grades when it comes to pulling a heavy train.

In short, it costs the Denver and Rio Grande more to pull a ton of freight from Denver to Salt Lake City than it does the Union Pacific, and in the making of a low freight rate the Denver and Rio Grande is necessarily in the weaker position. The Union Pacific can make a good profit at a rate that would ruin the Denver and Rio Grande.

In the old days, when railroads fought to the death, a stronger road would thus bankrupt the weaker road, buy it in, and add it to its system. But the railroads have stopped fighting each other and have begun to cooperate. It pays better in the long run.

Suppose, however, that the Union Pacific should make a rate that would capture all the Denver and Salt Lake freight, leaving the Denver and Rio Grande with none. This would mean no business whatever for the Denver and Rio Grande, hence the road would have to close down, and not be worth a dollar except for old iron.

All the cities and towns along the Denver and Rio Grande would thus be without a railroad, and would also have to close up shop. In short, such a move would depopulate half of western Colorado, and would make many thousands of the finest fruit orchards and mines in the world not worth a cent. So the rate is fixed by the Denver and Rio Grande as low as that road can make a profit under, even if it does mean fat pickings for the Union Pacific.

If the Salt Lake merchant shows before the Interstate Commerce Commission that the Union Pacific is getting a rate say twice what it could make a good profit under, and asks that the rate be cut in two, then the Denver and Rio Grande puts up the defense outlined above, and is royally seconded by all the towns in western Colorado. The Salt Lake merchant, with much justice on his side, protests that he should not pay \$2 for hauling freight from Denver to Salt Lake just so that Grand Junction

or Leadville, Colorado, can have a railroad.

If these Colorado cities are so unfortunate as to be situated behind high mountains, that is their misfortune, and it is not up to Salt Lake to pay an indirect royalty to keep them alive.

"Let the Colorado towns pay enough on their local freight to support their railroad, and let Salt Lake have the benefit of the lower rates that the Union Pacific can afford to make," the Salt Lake man argues.

So far the argument seems fairly clear. Surely Salt Lake, Utah, should not be taxed to give Leadville, Colorado, a railroad, even if without a railroad Leadville cannot exist, and soon would be an idle town.

But Leadville cannot afford to pay such high local rates, and fruit from Grand Junction, Colorado, cannot find a market if added to its price are freight rates enough to support the whole Denver and Rio Grande road. Through freight is one of the chief items in keeping down local freight rates, and if the Denver and Rio Grande could haul nothing between Salt Lake and Denver, then Grand Junction would have to pay \$10 or \$20 a box freight charges on peaches for a few weeks in the fall of the year, which would be out of the question, as peaches from other parts of the United States sell for one-half to one-fourth of such a prohibitive freight rate. If there were no Grand Junction peaches in the markets of New York and Chicago, then these two, and other cities all over America, would have to pay more for their peaches.

So, study the problem in whatever way one wants to, it looks different from every point of view. What seems just as seen from Salt Lake is rank injustice as seen from Grand Junction, and when one has apparently solved the question between these two points, on entering the United States at large still another view is obtained—and we are all one country, remember. Important as the subject is, there is something still more important than freight rates, and that is the public, and the national welfare.

**It's a funny thing that a man with a pull nearly always needs a pusher,  
but a man with push never needs a puller.—Sophistries of the Super.**





# Told in the Smoker.

BY BERTRAM ADLER.

The Stories Told by the Captains of the Grip in a Day's Run Are as Varied as the Lines of Goods They Carry, and Are the Real Thing in the Humor Line.



**T**HOMAS CHRISTIE, the stained-glass drummer, told this one: "At Pringle, South Dakota, they have a fine Presbyterian Church with a Sunday-school annex. Last year, one of the wealthy men of the little borough gave a window to the school, the design of which was Job, surrounded by his three friends, to whom he was declaring his faith in the future. The text under the figures was: 'When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold,' and the chapter and verse were given.

"Not long after the placing of the window—'twas a fine job, seeing that my firm did it—a resident of Pringle sent her little girl to Sunday-school, bidding her to specially observe the stained-glass and the lesson it taught. The mother was a bargain-sale fiend and her child had somewhat caught the contagion.

"Anyway, when the child got back from Sunday-school, her mother put her through the third degree about the window. She got her daughter to describe the figures, their

attitudes, their clothing, the text, and all the rest.

"And now, Mamie, darling,' she said finally, 'what impressed you most when you saw the window?'

"It was bought at a bargain sale, mother,' said angel-face. 'It was a job lot. Right underneath the verse was, "Job. 5.10." Wasn't that cheap?'



## A DRUMMER'S REASON.

**H**ARRY PRITHERHOE, of Boston, who sells shoes on the other side of the Mississippi, and Carl Widendorf, of Cincinnati, who assuages Western thirst with the aid of a certain placid but famous beverage, found themselves in a little Idaho town, with the shades of evening lowering, and no chance of pulling out until 5.30 the next morning.

The owner of the only hotel said that the only form of entertainment in town just then was a funeral four miles away; a moving-picture show, twelve miles removed, and

a meeting of the local debating society at the Town Hall.

"I sure advises you, gents, to take in this here intellectual tabble doty ter-night," said the landlord, "for this same society have certain pre-empted the big-brains of the hull county."

So the drummers went. That the Town Hall was a one-time barn, and that it smelled painfully of musty hay and chloride of lime, has nothing to do with the story. Anyhow, the proceedings were bossed by the town school ma'am, and the debaters were lined up on the stage. The latter were of both sexes.

The topic for discussion was to be announced by the school ma'am, and the "yeas" and "nays" were supposed to enter the talk fight right off the reel.

After some preliminary, the school ma'am announced that the subject was: "Can a Woman Love Two Men at One and the Same Time?"

Up sprang Widendorf before anybody else could utter a word.

"Does the chairman allow an outsider to express an opinion on the topic for discussion?" he asked.

The fair gavel-wielder replied that the society was only too glad to hear from the "distinguished visitor in our midst."

"Would the lady—beg pardon—the chairman please repeat the topic?"

"Can a Woman Love Two Men at One and the Same Time?" she said, blushing slightly.

"No," answered Carl. "No. Not if one of them finds it out."



## NAILING AN ORDER.

THE way that "Tush" Allen, of Pittsburgh, managed to open an account with the big hardware firm, Blank, Blank & Co., of Syracuse, after some years of effort, was told by him as follows:

"I tried the old man—the partner who bought my line of stuff—in every way known to man. I played the long face, the giddy boy, the high-brow, and the world-trot guy. I fed him up till the menus got dim. I irrigated him till a tall chap slipped an Inebriate Home booklet into my outside pocket. I talked on everything from 'Chanticleer' to higher criticism. He stood for it all; seemed to like it, but wouldn't fall for business. Said that the

old firms treated him well, and couldn't see any reason to change. Same ancient gag—but he stuck to it.

"Then I changed my route to his order-book. I began to study him outside of his business bent. For a month, I couldn't find out what his weakness was. All men have one, but, hang me! if he didn't seem to be the exception to the rule. Only flaw in his armor that I could find was his desire to remain a deacon—and a love for white neckties. Couldn't see how I could influence him through these things, so rung off on 'em after a bunch of brain-buzz.

"Finally, Jimmy Broderick happened to mention that the old man had captured a blue ribbon at an up-the-State dog show. I nosed out on the tip, and discovered that he had a weakness for dogs—a weakness of a mighty strong kind. Fox terriers were his special fancy, with Boston bulls running a close second. I filed the information under the tag of 'special.'

"Two months later, I was in Syracuse again, having reached there by a late train. Looking over the newspaper the following morning, I got wise to an ad. that set me going. It was to the effect that the old man had lost, or some one had stolen, a prize-taker of the fox terrier lay-out, and that no questions would be asked for its return. Also, a swell reward was offered for the safe delivery of the animal to the owner. I learned that the ad. had decorated the 'Lost and Found' column for a week or more.

"Just before luncheon, an idea swatted me. I got so joyous that I blew myself to a fifty-cent Trichiopolis.

"The old man was sad and absent-minded. I waited until he had sorrowed off some, and then I sprung it on him.

"'Mr. McJones,' says I, sort of soft and sympathetic, 'were you fond of that evanescent ki-yi of yours?'

"'Fond?' said he. 'That's no word to use about this bereavement. I loved that dog, I did. He took five cups in two seasons. You could make a crazy quilt with the ribbons that he's won. Fond?' The old man kind of swallowed hard and sniffed harder.

"'Now, I'm not making any promises,' I said, 'but if I could manage to restore the dog to the peace and plenty of his kennel, do I get a look-in on the next order that you place for my line of goods?'

"He turned, threw a flash at my face to



see whether I was handing him straight goods, and held out his mitten.

"Do that," he said, with a frog-in-the-throat quaver in his voice, "and the order goes to your house without anybody else having a sniff at it."

"We shook hands and I framed up the deal with him.

"The next morning all the papers came out with a heavy-bordered 'scare-head' advertisement that read:

#### WARNING.

The person or persons having in their possession a black-and-tan fox terrier answering to the name of Bobbie, are earnestly asked to note the behavior of the animal and to refrain from handling or caressing him. Children should be kept from the animal. When Bobbie left his late owner, he was under veterinary observation, having shown symptoms of developing rabies. Two of the dogs with whom he kenneled have been shot because of the disease, and it is known that he was bitten by at least one of them about ten days ago.

X. Y. Z.

"A whimpering and whining was heard about midnight that same day at the stable gates of the old man's residence. On investigating, the watchman found that Bobbie was outside, twisting himself double at the joy of being home again.

"Of course, I got the order, and, incidentally, a bonus from the firm for nailing it. It ran into three figures."

#### DIVIDING THE PLUNDER.

ALBERT OSBOURNE, of New York, told this one about two Pullman pillow-thumpers who were quarreling over a certain passenger who had tipped one of them somewhat liberally. The other seemed to think that he was entitled to part of the plunder.

"Ain't you got no honah?" asked the aggrieved one. "Whaffo you try do me ought'en mah lawful share of dis yere money?"

"Cos you have no claims on de stipend. Dat's whaffo."

"Youah all tongue talk! What 'bout yer conscientious, if yer has dat commodity concealed in yer robbin' black carcase?"

"Whose you callin' black, nigger?"

"Whose you callin' nigger, nigger?"

"A gen'leman is."

"Well, let me tell you dat you is so black dat you could go to a funeral widout clothes on yer, an' no folk 'ud know it. You hear me talk, man!"

#### TWO MEN ON WHEELS.

JIMMY MARSDEN, of Austin, Nichols & Co., New York, went over to Philadelphia during a street-car strike to call on customers whose stores were on the edge of Kensington. To get there from the railroad depot wasn't so easy. Street-cars were, of course, out of the question; taxis couldn't be had at any price, and the "lines" of milk-wagons, furniture vans, and resurrected hearses couldn't be persuaded to depart from their regular routes.

Then Marsden had an inspiration. It came to him that, once upon a time, he could ride a bicycle. The management of the Bellevue-Stratford dug up one that was a trifle wobbly, but its wheels went round for all that. So J. M. mounted and hied him to Kensington.

The trip proved profitable, and the drummer pedaled homeward with a sense of work well done. Half a mile down the pike, he overtook a person with a long beard and a nose that nearly touched the handle-bars of his ancient wheel.

"Nice day for riding," said J. M. affably.

The other nodded, but spoke not.

"Often wheel this way?" continued J. M.

Shake of the head, but no words.

"Riding 'cause of the strike?"

Nod.

"Live in Philly?"

Nod.

"Say, is there a deaf and dumb asylum around these parts?" asked the baffled drummer after a silence.

Nod.

"Did you escape from it?"

"Yes—shake!"

The rest of the journey wasn't marked by further effort to make the man with the beard talk.

#### SETTLED OUT OF COURT.

A TRAVELING man, now retired, was badly injured in an accident some years ago. The train broke in two, and the attempt on the part of the engineer to

overtake and couple up with the fugitive end resulted disastrously for several of the passengers, among them being the drummer. He sued the railroad company for \$50,000.

The action was to be tried in a New York court. Two years elapsed and still the issue remained to be tried. Then one day the commercial traveler called on the president of the road. They were old friends.

"How d'do, Mr. Blank?" said the president cheerily, as the visitor entered. "How are things, anyhow?"

"Well," said Blank, "they'd be a sight better if your company did its duty to those whom it smashed up."

The president laughed. "You refer to my claim against us. Well, those who sue a corporation must have patience, you know."

"Oh, yes, I know," was the reply. "And, if we do win, the doctors and the lawyers get our winnings."

"Which shows," said the railroad man, "that a compromise is better than a trial."

"That depends on the verdict that the jury renders," retorted the drummer.

"See here, Mr. Blank," said the other, "you and I are old friends. Our legal department has to do its duty to the road in the matter of this claim of yours, but if you'll make a suggestion which you think fair to both sides, I'll promise you that it will be carried out—for the sake of our friendship."

"Does that go?"

The president extended his hand. The drummer shook it. Then he reflected for a few moments, and said:

"I have sued your road for \$50,000. I am willing to compromise for \$30,000 or less. Now, what I propose is this: You instruct one of your clerks to write a series of slips each having thereon a different sum, beginning at \$2,500 and increasing by \$500 a slip up to \$30,000. Let these slips be put in a hat, shaken up, and then a blindfolded person shall draw one of them. The amount that is marked on the slip thus drawn, you pay to me, and I will end my case against your road."

The president gasped. "My dear Blank," he said, "that would be irregular. Who ever heard of such a proceeding?"

"Nobody," replied the other, "but that is no reason why it shouldn't go in this case. The law is a lottery. So is this. One equals the other. The chances are better for both of us. Does it go?"

There came a knock at the office door, and two personal friends of the president entered. Both were known to Mr. Blank. The situation was explained to them.

"A bully idea!" said one to the railroad president. "By all means accept Blank's suggestion!"

The president touched the bell.

"Is any one outside who represents the law department of the road?" he asked the messenger who responded. The messenger shook his head.

"So much the better," shouted the drummer. "Limbs of the law hinder reckonings. This is a gentleman's bargain. We don't want any lawyers mixed up with it."

A clerk was instructed in regard to the slips. When these were finished they were handed to the president, who, borrowing a hat, proceeded to shake them up. Then he summoned the messenger, to whom he explained what was expected of him. The arbiter of the drummer's claim was then blindfolded.

"For the last time, Mr. Blank," said the president solemnly, "I ask you to state whether you are willing to abide by the result of this drawing in the matter of the claim that you have against this railroad?"

"I've said so twice. I'm not the man to go back on my word," was the reply.

"Then let her go!" cried the president.

The messenger slid his hand into the hat. "Gentlemen," said the president, as he took the unopened slip from the messenger, "you have all heard what Mr. Blank has declared. In view of that declaration, I beg to announce that this railroad agrees to pay him the sum of"—here he looked at the slip—"the sum of"—an impressive pause—" \$18,500!"

A week later the bank account of the drummer was increased by that amount.





# WITH THE GOING OF MOTHER.

BY FELIX G. PRENTICE.

## How the Tendrils of a Lost Love Become Entwined With Our Daily Lives.



RUPE curled himself up on the squeaky old couch that was shy a couple of castors and had such a high end that it gave you a crick in the neck, and tried to play desert island.

As a rule, it wasn't hard to make believe the shiny horsehair of the couch was a lovely little coral isle with palms and coconuts and a lagoon of blue water filled with all sorts of gorgeous fish, while snowy sea-birds floated overhead. And the one lone strip of carpet in the room, with its faded sprigs of white lilac spattered over a grimy ground, made a capital line of big breakers with a stretch of ocean beyond.

But this time Rupe, somehow or other, couldn't effect the transformation. True, he did not try very hard, for he had an uncomfortable feeling that made exertion of any kind unattractive. Then, too, the spells of coughing broke the web of his fancy just as it took tangible form.

Twice he began to climb a coconut-tree, and once he nearly sighted a fleet of canoes, filled with savages, bearing down on his island. But, in each instance, that miserable something in his throat began to tickle, and for the next five or ten minutes he had all he could do to draw a gasping breath as he coughed.

Then away went the island, and instead there remained a small, dull, shabby room, and the consciousness that he was very much alone in the small, shabby house of which the room was a part.

The faucet in the sink in the corner yielded lukewarm water, the temperature and flavor of which Rupe could temper with ice, which was but rarely in evidence in the place he called home. It is true that a

free-ice depot wasn't many blocks away, but Fate had so arranged affairs that the depot was only open when Rupe's father and the other people of the house were at work.

The little fellow, more than once, had tried to get a lump of coolness all by himself, and had succeeded, so far as the depot people were concerned; but one of the tough youngsters always lurking around the place swooped down upon Rupe as he turned the corner.

There was the briefest struggle, and then the robber was on his way with his booty to the cellar of a near-by dealer in ice, coal, and wood, while Rupe—valiant of spirit, though weak of body—was painfully feeling a bloody nose, and trying hard to keep back the tears.

But that was many days ago. Now he drank the water greedily as soon as the cough gave him a chance, and tumbled back to the couch again, weak and wan.

The cough and a twisted ankle, due to a broken stair, had kept Rupe indoors in the interval.

Only two years before, Rupe's parents were the owners of a small general store in an out-of-the-way village. At that time the lad was eight years old. He had a recollection that was as keen as it was regretful of the big field in front of the store, the flower-garden behind it, the truck-patch, and the incidental delights of pulling up the first radishes or hoeing out the first hill of tender-skinned potatoes.

Then, too, there were the half-dozen beehives, the chickens, the pigeons that were his special property, his dog, the near-by pond, and all the rest of the things that make life wonderful to a country boy. And then—the voice of the city, lying and insistent, came.

Rupe's father had discovered that there was "no future" in a country town.

Rupe's mother—a dear, silly little soul—had a vague idea that New York meant a perpetual seeing of sights, walking along the avenue and looking at society folk, and lots of other pleasant pastures. She was a reader of those cheap novels of Gotham life which are written for the benefit of the unversed provincial. So it ended by the store being sold and the removal of the family to New York.

Their cash went in short order and in several directions, but mainly by means of a tiny grocery-store, the "good-will" of which was sold them at a price of many dollars. The store had had about half a dozen tenants in as many months, and the neighborhood abounded in thieving urchins who filched industriously. Nearly all the customers tried to "hang up" their accounts, and, succeeding, never paid. Consequently Rupe's parents vacated at the end of three months, practically penniless.

Among the few friendships that Rupe's parents had formed was that of a Mrs. O'Hare and her son Michael. Mrs. O'Hare was a good-sized widow who had a heart as big as her fist. Her son drove a truck for a wholesale grocery, and was an active member of the West Street Young Men's Golden Rod Association, which, as its name implied, was an organization for the purpose of making possible nightly bouts with the gloves. Mrs. O'Hare herself "went out days," and was also a sporadic understudy for a charwoman in a certain sky-scraper. There had been a Michael O'Hare, senior, but he had succumbed to longshore whisky some years before.

The O'Hares lived in a rickety little cottage on lower Eighth Avenue. It was in the days when Greenwich Village was a fact, and not, as now, a memory. The tidal wave of business and building booms had failed to overwhelm it and its two low stories, its gabled roof, its narrow, heavily shuttered windows, and its queer little porch.

And so, overshadowed by tall tenements and towering warehouses, it stood quaintly and shabbily cheerful. In front was a morsel of a yard, poorly guarded from the invasion of urchin marauders by a broken line of palings, while at the rear was a narrow slice of black, moss-covered earth from which sprang a tree with a meager, twisted trunk. Altogether there was a suggestion of sturdy if painless independence about the

cottage that somehow or other seemed to be in keeping with its tenants.

"Yez'll come right over to th' house," said Mrs. O'Hare to Rupe's father as the latter was locking the door of the grocery-store for the last time. "Th' top floor of it is impty, barrin' a few moice an' a broken pane of glass or two, an' 'tis a foine view yez'll have of th' avenoo from th' front an' th' tree behint. An' th' kid kin play pigdins an' fishin' an' th' other things that he do be always talkin' about. This shuttin' of children in th' house or sindin' them out on th' strates is th' ruin of thim. Pack up an' come over, an' th' woife an' th' kid."

That night the top floor received its new tenants, and Rupe was so glad to have a tree for a neighbor once more that he put in an hour or two cuddling its grimy trunk.

Then began a weary hunt for work on the part of Rupe's father, and the hope deferred, the spending of the last dollar, and the pawning of the last trinket that was pawnable.

Just then Rupe's mother died. "Heart," said the doctor, but she had gone as flowers go when cut from their life-roots and deprived of air, light, and nourishment. The day following the funeral Rupe's father got the work that might have kept her alive.

Six months passed. The gap in Rupe's life seemed deeper and darker than ever.

The dead mother had shared with him an almost passionate love of the country, of which she only became conscious when too late. So, during her lifetime, Rupe, in the gloom of his city existence, had managed to abstract lots of comfort from his talks with his mother about the chickens and the pigeons and birds and trees and flowers and other things that they had left behind them.

But all that was dead; and to the dumb, aching sense of his bereavement was the added loss of the consolation which he had derived from being able to tell her his hopes and desires which were shaped on the basis of a return to the country. She, too, in the last weeks of her life, confided to him that which she did not even tell her husband—that she also longed with the feverish longing of a wounded spirit for the quiet of the village.

Because of their longing for the old life, neither Rupe nor his mother could ever root themselves in the city soil. So the lad had been more or less lonely, notwithstanding his attendance at public school and the fact that he was a real boy.



In spite of a somewhat delicate constitution, he could have made a lot of chums had he so chosen; but the ways of the other boys were not his ways, neither was their talk his talk.

Being a wholesome-minded youngster, Rupe did not see the fun in a lot of things that the precocious small New Yorkers did or fancied. To make matters worse, Rupe's father was one of those men who cannot give surface indication of their really affectionate dispositions. Had it been otherwise, Rupe would have loved him more and suffered less. As it was, everything seemed to go with the going of the mother, for the father was temperamentally incapable of taking the lost one's place even to a minor degree—although, to do him justice, he felt his shortcoming in this respect very keenly.

When the throbbing and thunder of his pulses quieted again, the silence of the house became oppressive, for it stood back somewhat from the avenue, and the roar of the traffic was deadened.

But Rupe wasn't a bit scared. He tried to find surcease from the sorrow which was so strong upon him in "make believe." This time his imagination was strong enough to garment the hard facts of his loss or his surroundings.

The coral island proving a failure, Rupe ran the whole gamut of his pet imagings, including being treed by a bear, being a shipwrecked mariner floating on a raft, a prisoner in a pirate's cave, hunting and being hunted by Indians, and the like—in all of which the couch, the carpet strip, and the tree played prominent parts.

His "properties" were few and mostly made by himself, except an air-gun which, although out of commission, was his most valued possession. But each and every one of his small mental dramas failed to materialize.

A curtain of tear-mist was wrung down upon them almost as soon as they began. And then there was the cough, too. Rupe finally gave up the attempt, and lay quietly on the couch, looking backward and upward at the narrow strip of blue sky visible between the copings of the big buildings that flanked the cottage.

A snowy sea-gull, crossing from the Hudson to the East River, suddenly floated into the blue, and as suddenly passed out of sight behind the block coping. Rupe, whose thoughts were with his mother, raised himself and uttered a cry of wonder and long-

ing. To his overwrought imagination the bird, for the moment, had seemed an angel—the angel of his mother.

With the passing of the hope and the fancy came an added sense of his loss. Turning over on his side, the little boy began to sob his heart out—the hot tears rolling down the slope of the horsehair in quick and glistening succession.

Presently the outburst passed. Once more he fixed his eyes on the sky. On the coping were half a dozen sparrows holding a chirping conference. The *chirk-chirk* of the birds only served to remind him of how his mother used to translate bird-talk into all sorts of funny things. Again the eyes filled. He was learning—indeed, he had learned—the pitiful lesson that it is only when we have loved and lost that we realize how intimately entwined with our daily lives are the tendrils of a lost love.

From the avenue came the shrill, inspiring whistle of a fire-engine. About the one thing of the big, weary city for which Rupe had a genuine love was a fire-engine. But in this instance the whistle summoned in vain. Its call became fainter and fainter, and Rupe, wondering just why he hadn't cared to run to the window of the front room to look out, felt the silence and the loneliness fall all the heavier when the sound ceased.

On the mantelpiece was a small alarm-clock that had a little ship on its face which rolled heavily at every tick. The clock was one of the few things which had survived the wreck of the family fortunes. It was an especial favorite with Rupe, because in the old days it stood on a bracket in the kitchen, over which hung his father's gun, fishing-rods, and net. Thus its steady *click-clock* brought up memories of snowy days when he and his father tracked rabbits or squirrels, or of other days when the cool brook dappled by the shadows of the quivering leaves overhead. And now—Rupe, with a sudden tightening at his heart-strings, heard the clock saying a steadily and unmistakably "Mo-ther! Mo-ther! Mo-ther!"

He raised himself on his elbow and stared at the bobbing ship. It was lurching time to the insistent "mo-ther, mo-ther." He listened intently, striving, yet not quite wanting, to hear the familiar *click-clock*; but the voice of the clock would not be denied.

"Mo-ther! Mo-ther!"

With that wail of hopeless sorrow that can

only issue from childish lips anointed with the bitterness of hopelessness, Rupe fell back softly on his pillow and shed the tears that scald the cheeks and sear the heart.

Then he fell asleep. He dreamed that the gull had once more come into the blue, had hovered and descended, and that as it drew nearer it grew large and beautiful. Its wings became whiter and whiter. It was a bird no longer—it was his dear one. Then the dream changed suddenly. Somebody or something seized him by the throat. With a cry he awoke, coughing harder than ever.

As he rolled off the couch and went toward the faucet, the clock, that was now ticking normally, told him that he must have been asleep some hours, for the dusk was gathering outside.

A swallow of water bringing no relief, Rupe remembered that, the day before, his father had brought some cough-mixture, which was in the little cupboard in which were kept the few utensils of the household. The cupboard also contained some old-fashioned remedies which Rupe's mother and father always kept handy. There was slippery elm and tincture of boneset, sulfur and molasses, and paregoric.

Still coughing and choking, Rupe made his way to the cupboard and groped about in the interior dimness for the cough-mixture. Finally he found it, or thought he did, and, putting it to his lips, took a good swallow. The taste, while not altogether unpleasant, struck him as being somewhat unfamiliar. There was lacking the aniseed flavor and the general stickiness of the sirup.

He stepped back into the room. Holding the bottle up to the light, he saw on the label a gruesome death's-head and cross-bones.

Underneath them, in big, black letters, was the word "Poison."

For a moment he stood dazed. Then a realization of what he had done came upon him. Throwing the bottle down, he ran frantically to the front window. His first idea was to open it and call for help. Before he got half-way a pleasant drowsiness began to steal over him, his knees felt queerly wab-bly, a sensation as if he were floating through the air took hold upon him, and he closed his eyes, smiling as he did so.

Then he found himself moving unsteadily in the direction of the couch, which rose to meet him and seemed to take him gently into its horsehair embrace.

It was then that it came to him that he was dying; but the thought brought no

dread. On the contrary, it bred a sense of perfect content through which, large and beautiful, loomed the belief that he would soon be with his mother.

Even as the thought came, the details of the window and its panes disappeared in a soft halo.

Then there was a sound—a fluttering that came nearer and still nearer.

"Mother," muttered Rupe feebly but contentedly. "She is coming. I am sure I can hear wings."

The fluttering came nearer, the white halo grew softer and larger, and then Rupe felt the earth beginning to slip away from him. Mother seemed to put soft, loving arms around him—and the light disappeared, and Rupe knew nothing further.

There was a queer tingling all over his body, a roaring in his ears, flashes of light before his eyes, and a not altogether pleasant sensation of having been suddenly and rudely awakened from a sound sleep.

Looking up, he saw his father's face wearing an expression of anxiety and unwonted affection.

Rupe wondered when his father said, "Thank God!" and began to sob.

Mrs. O'Hare was also in the room, and so was Michael, and so was a strange gentleman who wore glasses and had a funny little black bag in his hand.

"He is all right now!" said the strange gentleman. "But in the future keep your paregoric under lock and key. That child had a narrow escape. He swallowed enough of the stuff to kill an ordinary youngster. He's got a good constitution, although he doesn't show it, and that's the only reason he pulled through."

Rupe's father turned, and shook the doctor's hand heartily. Then he bent over his son, and kissed him.

"You must get well soon, my boy," he said, "for next week you and dad are going back to the country. Uncle Jim has advanced us enough money to buy back the store—pigeons, chickens, and all."

Rupe's eyes glowed. "And will Mrs. O'Hare and Mike come with us?"

"That is just what they are going to do, my boy."

Rupe looked up at him wistfully.

Then he extended his arms and placed them around his father's neck, and pulled his face toward him.

"If—if—only mother was here," he said brokenly.



# The Fine Art of Bridge Building.

BY OTTO SCHULTZ.

ONE of the most difficult problems that confronts the bridge builder is the reconstruction of a bridge without interrupting traffic. This was once done on the famous Suspension Bridge over Niagara Falls. It was greatly enlarged at the time, and the work when completed was a masterpiece of that phase of engineering. It is a gripping story that Mr. Schultz tells of this wonderful feat. He tells also of other bridges that have been reconstructed without stopping a train and adds some vivid stories of the perils and hardships of the bridge workers and of the exciting moments they experience while on the job.

**The Growing Demand for Stronger and Better Steel Bridges Is Significant  
That the Art of Building Includes More Than Thinking  
Up Clever Schemes.**

## PART II



OR high-art reconstruction it is necessary to turn to the larger and more famous bridges, which have all been forced to undergo the replacing process like the humblest culvert. The greatest masterpiece of engineering of this kind was the reconstruction of the old Niagara Suspension Bridge by L. L. Buck, who built the Varrugas Viaduct.

This structure, a double-deck affair, with a railroad track upon the upper floor and a foot-and-carriage way upon the lower, was suspended from four cables with a length of span between centers of towers of 821 feet. After the bridge had been in constant use for about twenty-two years an object of solicitude to the traveling public, it occurred to the management early in 1877 that it might be well to examine it.

When the masonry covering the wires at the Canadian end of the north cable was

removed two or three of the outside wires were found to be rusted entirely in two, while a number of others were more or less rusted. As there was no telling what the conditions might be in the interior of the cable, or how many of the 3,640 wires of which each was composed might be rusted off, the company reduced the weight of trains allowed on the bridge and turned in a hurry call for Buck.

The engineer arrived at the bridge March 16, 1877, and at once began a more thorough examination of the inner wires as far as it was possible to get at them. As they proved to be clean and bright, the outer wires that had rusted off were spliced. The corroded parts of each wire were cut out and the ends filed to a scarf in which transverse nicks were cut.

A piece of new wire filed to a scarf and nicked to match the old one was clamped on, and the splice was wrapped with fine

wire. A device which was the forerunner of the wire-stretcher to be found on every well-regulated farm to-day for mending barbed-wire fences was attached to the splice, and the other end of the old wire and the ends were brought together, the strain being measured by a spring balance to make sure that the mended wire would do the exact amount of work required of it, no less and no more.

The proper place for the splice was then carefully measured and the strain taken off while the ends were prepared. Then they were brought together by the stretcher and spliced, making the wire as good as new. Some wires on each end of every cable were so mended, the greatest number on either end of any cable being sixty-five.

When the cables had been made as good as new a commission of engineers reported that, while each of the cables had now an ultimate strength of 6,000,000 pounds, the anchor-chains to which they were attached at the ends would only stand the strain of 3,465,000 pounds; so Buck was told to get busy on the anchorages.

He dug pits beside the old anchorages, an operation which required great care to prevent endangering the whole bridge. Then new anchor-plates were put down, and chains run from them up on each side of each old chain, and part of the strain transferred from the old to the new.

### Iron Instead of Wood.

As soon as this was done the company wanted the old wooden suspended structure, which was decaying and in very bad condition generally, replaced with iron. As a matter of fact, the wooden bridge was in such a desperate state that any attempt to repair it would have resulted in the destruction of it all.

Buck was given from August 1 to November 1, 1879, to do the job. He examined the old floor beams, and found them so weakened that he did not dare to do the necessary notching for placing the new work. The first thing he had to do, therefore, was to replace them with the new iron floor beams before he could begin the work of erection proper.

As material was not delivered on time, work could not begin until April 13, 1880. Then, beginning at the middle of the bridge and working both ways, the iron floor beams were substituted for the rotten wooden ones,

and the lower cables' suspenders were transferred to the end of the new beams as rapidly as they were put in place.

Then the lower cords were placed in position on each side of the lower floor and riveted. Next the upper wooden floor beams beginning at the middle were cut out. Then the posts were put in, and the suspenders were transferred to the new upper beams.

### How It Was Done.

Each piece of wood was replaced by iron, and the job was completed September 17, 1880, without interrupting traffic and without injury to a man. The railroad company was so pleased with the reconstruction that it concluded it might as well go the limit by renewing the towers and thus have an entire new bridge.

Perhaps this decision may have been influenced by the fact that the original towers, built of limestone which could not stand exposure to the weather, was crumbling and cracking and showing every indication of an early collapse. Once more Buck was sent for. In September, 1885, he began the work of substituting iron towers for the stone.

Skeleton towers, enclosing the old stone ones, were built. Then a transfer apparatus, consisting of four cast-iron columns—carrying two transverse and two longitudinal girders—were set up beside the stone. The old saddles were wired to blocks on these girders and lifted, cable and all, and held up by six hydraulic jacks of 125 tons' capacity each until enough masonry could be taken out to allow new bed-plates to be slipped under and on top of the columns of the new iron tower.

Then the old bed with its cable was lowered to place and the trick was done. It was done none too soon, for in taking down the old towers many of the stones were found to be badly crushed. Indeed, not a single stone was found entire. One whole corner of one tower was ready to drop off.

### An Early Wonder.

The Victoria tubular bridge across the St. Lawrence at Montreal, which was erected from 1852 to 1859, was regarded in its day as one of the wonders of the world. Perhaps the fame was not undeserved; for it certainly required some courage to undertake at that early day, when the science of bridge



building was so imperfectly understood and railroads were such modest affairs, the erection of a structure 9,144 feet long, containing 9,044 gross tons of iron and 2,713,095 cubic yards of masonry, calling for an outlay of \$7,000,000.

Something more than size and great cost were involved, for it was necessary to build twenty-four piers in water up to twenty-two feet deep with a current running seven miles an hour, for the bridge is just below the famous Lachine rapids.

### Working on Ice.

John Young, of Montreal, first proposed the Victoria Bridge in 1846; but it was not until a number of distinguished engineers had reported favorably upon the project that Chief Engineer Ross, of the Grand Trunk, drew up plans which were approved by Robert Stephenson, of England. Measurements for the bridge were taken on the ice during the winter and the location of the center of each pier marked by driving rods into holes drilled into the river bottom through the ice.

It was planned to build the stone piers in the dry in coffer-dams or floating caissons, which were to be built in sections in still water, towed out to position, sunk and weighted with stone. Planning all this was very simple; but carrying out quite different. As soon as the first section of the first dam in tow of a steamboat struck that seven-mile current, the towing was done by the unwieldy box instead of the steamboat, with the result that both the box and boat came near being wrecked before lines could be gotten ashore.

Then two steamboats essayed the task. The two were powerful enough to hold the caisson, but the terrific current simply tore it into splinters. Another was built, and again the two steamers tried to tow it into position, but again only succeeded in producing a fine lot of kindling-wood.

Experience taught wisdom, and eventually the bridge builders learned how to maneuver the dam sections, though they were only placed with extreme difficulty. Even after they were placed in position and weighted with a hundred tons of stone, several sections were knocked into bits by rafts tearing down from the rapids.

Perseverance conquers all things. The first coffer-dam was solidly in place May 24, 1854, and the first stone was laid July

20 of the same year. When the piers were finally completed, false work on which to erect the superstructure over the quieter part of the river was built on scows which were towed into position, sunk and weighted with stone and further secured by iron-shod piles.

Out in the channel temporary erection piers were put down to carry the false work. These spans had to be erected in winter. Obstructing the channel so much increased the velocity of the current until it was almost impossible to do anything.

Finally by building the narrowest cribs possible and by maneuvering them with marvelous skill the end was accomplished. Piles were driven in pockets left for the purpose in these cribs on which to support the false work. Material for the bridge was hauled out on the ice in winter.

That winter work rather tried the endurance of the men, for in a temperature twenty degrees below zero they had to ream holes and drive rivets, clad in thick gloves and heavy coats, with handkerchiefs tied over the lower part of their faces. Night gangs worked by the light of fires kindled in braziers.

Many a man was so badly frost-bitten he had to go to the hospital. The vapor from the water in the open parts of the river caused the most trouble in cold weather. In a short time the men would be so covered with icicles that they would be driven from the work.

Twenty-six lives were sacrificed in the building of the Victoria Bridge. Most of the victims were drowned, for while nearly every man employed there could swim, and while life-belts and boats with watchmen were stationed at every danger point, there was no such thing as rescue from that fatal current.

### Another Track Added.

Three thousand men, with the assistance of one hundred and forty-four horses, four locomotives, six steamboats, and seventy-five barges, contrived to get the last of the 9,044 tons of iron in place and the last of the 1,540,000 rivets driven by the latter part of 1859. The bridge was opened with great pomp by the Prince of Wales, who later became King Edward VII, and the first train passed through the long square tube December 17, 1859.

Rebuilding the Victoria Bridge from a

single track affair only capable of accommodating light traffic into a modern double-track structure with a live-load capacity of twelve thousand pounds per lineal foot, which was five times the capacity of the old tube, was a much simpler matter, for a great deal was learned about bridge building in the third of a century after the original structure was opened.

The first thing done was to enlarge the piers by building up from their sloping faces. Then square platforms of twenty-four inch steel beams were built encircling the tops of the piers. Next a pair of steel trusses 254 feet long, the length of the spans, was built at one end of the bridge and their tops connected by cross-pieces and braces. Beams were placed under the cross-pieces, and under these five sets of sixteen-wheel trucks running on a track on top of the old tube.

#### Some Quick Repairing.

All there was to do then was to jack up the trusses which were to form the basis of the false work for erecting the new bridge, trundle them out over the first span, lower them by hydraulic jacks to seats on the steel platforms on the pier tops, and get busy with construction. A traveler running on tracks on top of the erection trusses picked up material and carried it out where it was needed. Floor beams were swung down by a derrick on one side of the tube, caught from the other side and brought into position.

When one span of the new bridge was finished the erection trusses were jacked up and placed on their trucks and run out to the next span. When a new span was completed the old tube was cut up into chunks by a pneumatic rivet cutter that could cut 500 rivets an hour, loaded onto cars and taken away.

Extension of the piers was begun in June, 1897, work on the superstructure was begun in November of the same year, and the new bridge was finished July 15, 1898. The only times traffic was interrupted was while the erection trusses were being moved. This process required an average of seven minutes.

The total time occupied in moving on the entire job was three hours. The total delay to traffic during the entire period of reconstruction aggregated twenty-nine hours and forty-four minutes.

Still another clever job of reconstruction on the same great waterway from the lakes to the Atlantic was the rebuilding of the International Bridge across the Niagara River near Buffalo. This bridge, which was begun early in 1870 and completed in October, 1873, was also a difficult undertaking for the builders.

The Niagara at this point is 1,900 feet wide; the water is 44 feet deep part of the way, and the current, making ready for the coming plunge over the falls, races down at the rate of six miles an hour. Under such conditions false work built up from the river bottom was impossible.

Yet the engineers contrived to substitute false work on rafts and to put up the 248 foot spans in eight to ten days each. Rebuilding began in July, 1899, and was completed in May, 1901, without interfering with traffic, using the same scheme of erection trusses embracing the old bridge that proved so successful in replacing the Victoria Bridge.

The high level bridge across the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, 6,747 feet long and 212 feet from the surface of the water to the base of the rail, is one of the notable structures of this country. It was extremely difficult to build, for the water is sixty feet deep and the river bed is soft mud to a great depth.

The Poughkeepsie Bridge was designed to carry a train-load of 3,000 pounds per lineal foot headed by two coupled locomotives with a load of 24,000 pounds on each of four axles, which was considered ample in 1886. But it wasn't long until much heavier loads were thundering across at high speed, straining the structure so that it had to be reinforced in 1905.

#### Strengthening the Poughkeepsie Bridge.

It was decided that the thing to do was to reenforce the five main spans, two of which were 548 feet long, two 525 feet, and one 546 feet, by putting an extra truss in the center of the same design as the old and designed to carry all the load that the old trusses could not carry. Of course traffic was not to be interfered with.

So a new truss was put beside an old one to carry one track while the other old truss was taken out, sent to the shop and repaired. When it was replaced the other went to the shop. When the second repaired truss was returned the third was discarded, leaving



two old trusses and one new truss to carry one track.

In two spans the old trusses were made to support the erecting apparatus; in three other main spans the erection was done by cantilever construction with a very little support from the old trusses. For the shore spans false work was erected.

The masonry piers at the shore ends were enlarged by adding a shell of concrete. The pier on the west bank, which had not been securely anchored to the sloping rocky ledge on which it was built and which was getting ready to fall down, was tied back by heavy steel rods set deep in the rock. Altogether fifteen thousand tons of steel were added to the bridge at a cost of \$1,300,000.

While the Poughkeepsie Bridge was being built a six-spool hoisting engine was wanted on the traveler. The engine was brought up under the traveler on a boat and four sets of tackle were hung from the top beams of the traveler, two hundred and fifty feet above the water. The lower blocks of the tackle were hooked to each corner of the engine-bed.

The fall of each line was wrapped around a capstan-head and kept taut by a man mounted on the engine-frame. A fifth man started the engine, and as the fall lines were wound up and tailed off the engine pulled itself and the five men to the top of the false work and was slacked down on beams slipped under to receive it.

#### Floating a Span into Place.

A favorite scheme of the engineers is to build a complete span of a bridge on shore, slide it onto pontoons, on which it is floated to the bridge and then lowered into position by sinking the pontoons. This scheme was first tried in building the Conway tubular bridge in England.

The span, 400 feet long, weighing two thousand tons, was loaded upon six pontoons March 6, 1848, and was placed in the bridge March 11, though the span was not secured in its permanent position until a month later. As the rise and fall of the tide was twenty-one feet, it was rather a troublesome job.

The same plan was tried in building the Britannia tubular bridge on Menai Straits, where the tidal current was nine miles an hour and the rise and fall sixteen feet. Under such conditions four spans of 470 feet each and weighing 1,587 tons were floated

into position in 1848-1849. The Saltash Bridge on the Great Western Railway of England, with a span of 445 feet, was erected in the same way in 1859.

As usual, though, it is necessary to seek in America for the record feats. The largest bridge span ever floated into position was the 523 foot channel span of the Ohio Connecting Railway across the Ohio River just below Pittsburgh. It was slid out upon nine barges 130 feet long, 26 feet wide and 8 feet deep, at 8.50 A.M., August 19, 1890, and, at 7.20 P.M. the same day, it was in position and connected up in the bridge.

#### The End-Launching Method.

The most ticklish job of floating bridge spans into place was on Coteau Bridge across the St. Lawrence just above Coteau Rapids. The current races down at seven miles an hour and, unlike work in tidal waters, there was no possibility of recovering any slip. If the barges got beyond control they must inevitably be destroyed in the rapids, and every man on board faced certain death. As there was no other way to do it, the spans were erected on the river bank three miles above the bridge site, skidded on to trestles on pontoons, lashed in pairs and floated into position.

Water comes in very handy in bridge building by the end-launching method. A fine example of this method was the French River bridge on a branch of the Canadian Pacific near Sudbury, built in 1909.

The water was 90 feet deep, which put false work out of the question. So a through truss-span, 415 feet long, 55 feet deep, and 20 feet apart, on centers weighing 2,564,000 pounds, was built on shore, with one end overhanging the water one hundred feet.

A scow, which was sunk under the projecting end, lifted the span when it was pumped out, and hoisting engines, with tackle, pulled scow and bridge across the river, the shore-end of the span sliding on greased skids at the rate of four to six feet per minute. When the span was ferried across, it was lowered to a seat on the abutments by sinking the scow again. The entire process was completed in eight hours.

In France they do things differently. The Western Railway of France found it necessary to replace a number of bridges on its Paris-Havre line from 1892 to 1898, including four double-track, lattice-girder through bridges at Manoir, Trouville,

Oissel, and Bezons, with spans ranging from 106 to 232 feet. In each case the entire bridge was built on shore at the level of the track, and rigidly connected.

Then the entire mass, from 636 to 743 feet long, was pushed out end-wise by tackle handled by eight men at a windlass, who were relieved every fifteen minutes. The bridges were mounted on rollers. It was necessary to increase the weight by putting an "out" or "pilot" truss on the front end of the bridge to engage the rollers on the piers. Of course, this developed tremendous frictional and inertia resistances, so that it was necessary to get more windlasses and men toward the last. Wonderful to relate, they actually got the bridges into position in this singular way.

### An Awkward Piece of Work.

The Bezons bridge was launched endwise like the rest, but, instead of using windlasses, a roller on each side of the span was provided with ratchets worked by levers extending up above the tops of the trusses. A cross-beam connected the two levers. Sixty men, walking back and forth on a platform on top of the trusses, worked the ratchets, and in the course of time got the bridge in place. The Frenchmen might have used a more awkward plan, only they could not think of one.

In trying to launch a lattice girder bridge of a design that American engineers had abandoned years before by this method at Eveaux, France, in January, 1885, the enormous mass, weighing 2,091,908 pounds, tumbled down to the bottom of the ravine, 195 feet below.

Where such engineering methods prevail, anything may be expected to happen. On July 3, 1897, the masonry arch-bridge across the Adour River at Tarbes, France, was washed out. The gap was repaired with an emergency span borrowed from the government, which keeps a lot of ready-made bridges on hand for use in case of war. July 16, two locomotives pulling a train was run out on the new span to test it.

When the first locomotive was within twenty-five feet of the opposite shore, a snapping sound like pebbles thrown against glass was heard, then the bridge buckled and dropped into the river with the test train. This led the engineers to suspect that the military bridges were no better than they should be.

American bridges, on the other hand, refuse to fall when, by all the rules of the game, they really ought to go down and take trains with them. A load of lumber tumbled off a car in a train on the Houston and Texas Central, a few years ago, and, striking a post in a truss bridge across the Trinity River, bent it ten inches out of the vertical.

Several trains passed over the bridge before the bent post was discovered, and blocked up and straightened. Soon after this a bale of cotton fell off a flat car on a train on the same road that was making a run down one hill to assist it in getting up another hill, and knocked a post completely out of a Pratt truss in a bridge at the bottom of the grade. Still the bridge did not collapse.

Finally, two bales of cotton fell from opposite sides of a car on the H. and T. C., actually knocking two posts, one on each side, clean out of the bridge across the Navasota River at the same time. Even under such treatment as this, the bridge stood up to its work until timbers could be put in while the posts were being repaired and replaced.

However, when it comes to hoodoo bridges, even the French must yield to the bridge over the Tennessee River at Johnsonville, Tennessee, on what is now a part of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railroad. This structure was originally built in 1866, and rebuilt in 1871 as a seven-span Howe truss affair on timber cribs filled with stone for piers. The Tennessee is subject to tremendous floods, rising sometimes fifty feet above low-water mark.

### A Jonah Somewhere.

The troubles of the bridge began during a freshet in 1882, when a log house washed away by the flood struck one of the piers and knocked it out of place. Then the other piers began to skate around on the river bottom, aided by the scouring action of the water.

February 25, 1890, a tornado carried off two spans as souvenirs of its visit. The bridge department repaired the break in forty-one days, driving piles in fifty-three feet of water.

In 1901 things began to happen in earnest. On February 24 a spark from a locomotive fell in a sparrow's nest under the housing, and, as the water-barrels were all frozen, a span was burned out. In four



days the break was repaired. Then a contract was let to rebuild the whole bridge, piers and all, the job to be done by January 1, 1902, but, for various reasons, work was not begun till August, 1901. The steel work on span No. 1 was nearly ready to swing off, and span No. 2 was trestled and the old bridge taken down, when, at 3 P.M. on August 20, along came a flood that was not down on the program at all, and carried out span No. 2.

No. 1 stood, because the piles were driven right through some Federal transports that had been placed on the river-bottom by Captain Morton's Confederate battery some years previously.

The bridge-gang repaired the break by splicing piles to make them seventy-eight feet long, and driving them with track-drivers in forty-three feet of water, with a current running at six miles an hour and carrying lots of drift. On August 25 they had trains running again.

By December 14 all the spans were completed except No. 6, where two six-pile bents had been driven to carry one of the old iron spans to let drift through the falsework. Then heavy rains set in, which were the forerunners of the inevitable flood.

Just as soon as the flood was nicely under way there came a sudden drop in temperature, from fifty-five degrees above zero to six degrees below, accompanied by a terrific blizzard. On the night of the 15th a raft loosened by the flood struck a pier in span No. 6, knocking it out of place, and displacing the new truss so that the pins to connect it up could not be driven.

It was a difficult proposition.

The whole bridge force of the division was brought up and divided into day and night gangs to fight the drift borne by the flood, which was threatening to knock the whole bridge down, and to assist in lining up the bridge so the steel-work could be finished. But, in spite of all they could do, span No. 6 kept working down-stream.

On the night of the 18th the situation was obviously so dangerous that the men quit work on the bridge and drift. But their courage returned with daylight, and they succeeded in getting two east-end braces

into position, and temporary pins driven in all holes where new pins could not be entered. All efforts on the steel work were abandoned, and the bridge was keyed up hard on the six pile bent on the west side in the forlorn hope that it might hold while the bents on the east were slacked and cut out.

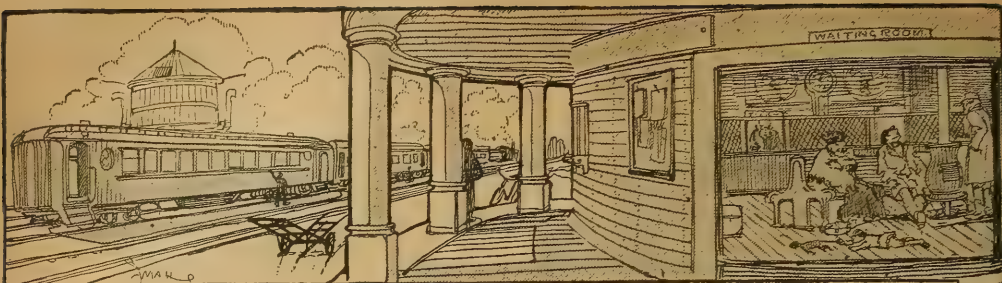
At this crisis a steamboat went through the draw at such speed that the waves she kicked up washed out the bents of the false work east of the six pile bent. The bridge men, who had prudently gone ashore when the steamboat hove in sight, waved a long good-by to the bridge, but what was feared as a disaster turned out to be the salvation of the bridge, for the resilience of the steel track-stringers, which had been riveted up for the entire span, sprung it back into line, and the men rushed in to finish the work on the west end.

On the night of the 19th the driftwood piling up against the remaining falsework became so threatening that the men again quit. They did not return until Carney Pavat and Moses Gartin, responding to a call for volunteers next day, went out on the drift to tie lines, place hooks, and cut logs to loosen the threatening mass. That restored confidence, and work was once more resumed.

Half a day was spent in a vain effort to drive an eighty-foot pile in the flood to support the crippled span. The blizzard, which had raged unceasingly for six days, died away on the 22d, and next day the pile-driving gang had better luck.

By night of the 24th all but three of the piers were driven to complete the bridge. After trying for hours to get those pins in, an examination with a torch at two o'clock in the morning showed rivet-heads that should have been flat in the way of the pins. These were cut out, and at eight o'clock on the morning of December 25 the first train passed over the completed bridge after twenty-six hours of continuous duty for the bridge gang. It was a pretty strenuous session, but the men had the satisfaction of knowing that no other bridge ever came so near going down to a watery grave and escaped.

**A dead engine can run down a grade but it takes a live one to pull up it. Don't drift.—Musings of the Master Mechanic.**



# ALL ABOARD!

BY THOMAS R. YBARRA.

Written for "The Railroad Man's Magazine."

*Being a Song About a Truly Majestic Conductor, viz:*



**SALERATUS SIMPKIN**, a conductor, was on the  
Great Jujube and Northwestern's famous 7.33;  
J. Saleratus Simpkin every morning loudly roared,  
With splendid waving of his hand the fateful  
"All Aboard!"

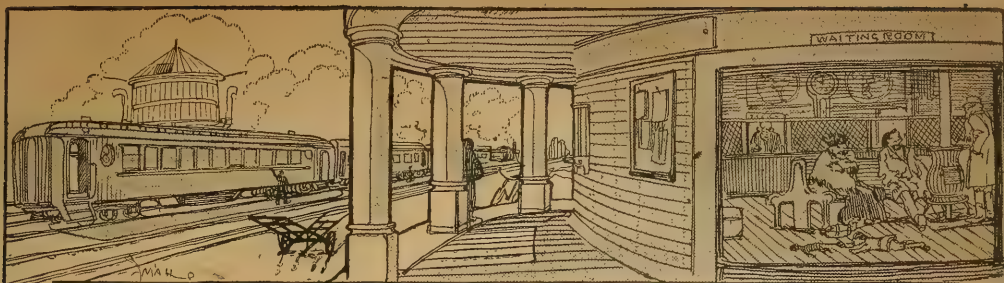
In Jujube and Northwestern points that waving of his hand  
Was thought by all to be the perfect gesture of command;  
From even the remotest points upon that railroad's line  
They used to run excursion trains for folks to see that sign.

It had such simple dignity—it had such scope and sweep  
That dukes and dancing masters stood around it seven deep;  
'Twas Saleratus only who could set the engine free,  
No brakeman ever dared to start the 7.33.

The engineer would storm and growl and fume and rave and fret,  
He was a rude gazabo who detested etiquette;  
With hand upon the throttle he'd volcanically swear  
While slowly—calmly—grandly—Saleratus sawed the air.

But, lo!—one morning Saleratus, with tremendous sighs,  
Sat on a Pullman's lowest step and raptly rolled his eyes;  
The train filled up—the engine champed—yet not a sign gave he—  
With fateful strokes the station-clock boomed 7.33!





J. Saleratus Simpkin never even budged a limb;  
 The dukes and dancing masters gazed, all stupefied, at him.  
 The clock booms seven forty-nine—he sits, inertly slack,  
 The folks from the excursion trains demand their money back!

Prance up the road's directors. "What's the row?" each sternly cries;  
 "I am in love," J. Saleratus Simpkin says—and sighs.  
 "When all one's thoughts ecstatically flutter far away  
 How can one wave a hand and give a vulgar signal, hey?"

"Oh, Polly H. McCarthy!—till thy pretty face I see  
 The Jujube and Northwestern runs no 7.33."  
 The words have scarcely left his lips ere those directors are  
 Careering madly down the street inside a touring-car.

At Polly H. McCarthy's home they stop. "What's up?" says she.  
 "Oh, you alone," they cry, "can save the 7.33!"  
 They state the sad predicament; she coolly shakes her head;  
 "J. Saleratus mourns," she says, "because we cannot wed."

"He has so little money that I will not name the day,"  
 The Jujube and Northwestern gives conductors paltry pay!—  
 "His salary is doubled!" the directors shriek at that;  
 "Oh, very well," smiles Polly H., "please wait—I'll fetch my hat."

She swoops into the station. "Oh, my love, to-day's the day!  
 The Jujube and Northwestern road has gone and raised your pay!"  
 J. Saleratus Simpkin's hand, with one majestic sweep,  
 Strikes dumb the dukes and dancing masters, standing seven deep.

"Eight twenty-two," remarks the clock as "All Aboard!" rings clear;  
 "What elegance!" exclaims the crowd—except the engineer—  
 He has the brazen nerve to growl, with corrugated brow:  
 "One minute more, b'gosh, and I'd have started, anyhow!"

# THE ACTIVITY OF SUNSET.

BY EDGAR WELTON COOLEY.

**A Man, Like a Locomotive, Can't Always  
Be Judged by the Polish That He Wears.**

**I**F you know of any road that has more heavy grades and sharp curves to the mile than the old Denver and Salt Lake had, I wish you would tell me about it, and I'll promise to keep away from it when I'm looking for a job.

When I first went to driving engines over the D. and S. L., I wondered how anybody ever succeeded in laying out the line without getting too dizzy to work.

Later on I decided that whoever drove those center stakes must have had a spinning head, or else he never would have run the rails around in so many little circles, one above another, all the way up those mountains and down again.

Pat Flynn, yard-master at Cadiz, used to declare that all the section-men lived in the valley, so that when their day's work was done, instead of pumping a hand-car a mile or two, they could take a leap from any part of the right-of-way, raise a parachute over them, and sail gracefully into their dooryard.

Anyway, that's the kind of a railroad the D. and S. L. was, and trying to keep traffic moving over the mountains without interruption and on time kept old man Hendricks, the super, scratching his head so constantly that he wore a barren streak across the crest of his dome of thought.

It did seem as though more annoying things happened on the D. and S. L. than on any other road where I ever pulled a throttle. You never could tell just what minute you might round a curve and see a husky landslide coming to meet you, or a big fat boulder squatting in the middle of the track. If it wasn't that, a coupling would give way when you had almost reached the top of the grade, and the rear

portion of your train would go tobogganing, with the con hanging for dear life to the cupola of the caboose and wishing he was in Terrell, Texas, where there isn't a mountain within two good eye-squints and a steady stare.

Of course, when you have to stop to pluck an unhappy and vehemently complaining conductor from the branches of a cypress-tree two hundred feet below the level of the track, you can't be expected to keep up with the time-card; and whenever little incidents like that happened, the old man would yank a few more stray locks out of his head and express sordid and sulfurous sentiments regarding the railroad business in general and the D. and S. L. in particular.

So after a while the old man's nerves got frayed at the edges; and he ceased to exhibit any symptoms of patience or good humor. He made you think of some poor homeless cur that had been kicked and cuffed about until he couldn't take a bone out of your hand without snarling and showing his teeth. That was the condition he was in when Sunset was sent out to help him run the road.

Sunset was a son, or a nephew, or something, of one of the down-East stockholders, and had been through three or four colleges, and was fuller of theories than a poker joint is of bad habits.

The East being overcrowded with college-bred youngsters who had financial relations, and the West being hungry and athirst, as you might say, for more book learning, his dad or his uncle, or whoever it was, secured him a job as a kind of an assistant superintendent on the D. and S. L., and he came out with instructions to report to Hendricks.



He arrived one morning and stepped from the train, looking like a burst of glory at a negro camp-meeting. A soft fedora hat graced his brow; a pair of gold-rimmed glasses strode his classic nose; barber-pole socks and patent-leather oxfords encased his dainty feet, while a shirt-front, as red as the setting sun, nestled brilliantly amid the cloud-like fleeciness of a white duck suit, wherefore he was forthwith and forever dubbed "Sunset," which appellation fit him like a finger in the mud.

As soon as Hendricks got a square look at him an expression of heart-rending disgust spread itself athwart his worried countenance, and it began to look as if he contemplated wiring his resignation and not waiting for an answer. But presently he sent the kid into the yard shanty and came over to where several of us engineers were sitting on a bench.

"What," he asked dolefully, "am I going to do with that?"

"Give him something that will hold him a while," suggested Waldo, who was waiting to take No. 26 out; "something that will make him sweat until that red shirt runs down his back in rivulets of fire; something that will make him send in a hurry-up call for his paraphernalia and hit the back trail for home and mother."

"By the eternal!" exclaimed the old man enthusiastically, "I'll do it! I'll do it! Just wait until the next wreck occurs, and watch me set him a task that will make him take that college education of his out and trade it off for a yellow dog."

It seemed, however, as though the advent of Sunset served to ward off the evil influences that had been playing havoc with the D. and S. L., for during the ensuing six weeks nothing occurred to upset the time-card or do damage to the road-bed.

Then, of course, the director who was responsible for Sunset called the attention of the other directors to the vast improvement in the operation of the road; and Sunset began receiving letters, which he was careful to destroy. Seems like he didn't want Hendricks to know what was being said down at headquarters.

It wasn't long, however, until the old man learned of the praise that was being bestowed upon the new assistant superintendent because of the improved efficiency on the road, and Hendricks got so mad he looked cross-eyed, walked pigeon-toed, and swore over the top of his nose. I almost

believe he lay awake at night wishing that something would happen so that he could give Sunset a taste of high life in the mountains.

As for Sunset, he never had much to say—just seemed to be set on getting acquainted with the lay of the land and the flora and fauna and like incidentals that the rest of us never wasted any time over.

Finally one day the opportunity that the old man had been waiting for arrived, and he smiled such a long, broad, and deep smile that I thought he never would get his features together again.

No. 33, west-bound freight, going up Squaw Mountain, broke in two, and before the runaway cars could be got under control two of them left the rails, plunged stuck, right side up with care, in the mud.

Hendricks took Sunset out on a special and showed him the cars.

"Now, young man," he said, trying to conceal the glee that was throbbing in his veins, "you get busy and put those cars back on the rails, and don't interfere any with the running of trains."

Sunset looked down at the cars, up at the old man, and then down at the cars again.

"Just how," he asked, as innocent as a kid at a Sunday-school picnic, "just how would you rather have me get them up here?"

"How?" growled the old man, pinching himself to keep from laughing. "Why, get 'em up any way you want to; only," he said, "you can't have any derrick, because there isn't any within two hundred miles of here."

Sunset stood and gazed down the embankment, up the track, down the track, and up the mountainside, all the time taking measurements with his eyes and seeing all that's to be seen.

Then he took a pencil and a note-book, did a little figuring, and said, as quiet as you please:

"Very well, just send me up a dozen men, six hundred feet of wire cable, six treble blocks and tackle, ten or twelve rails, twenty or thirty old ties, and a keg of spikes."

Hendricks squinted kind of mysteriously at Sunset for a full minute. "All right," he said, and, after making a note of what was wanted, he started back to Cadiz on the special, leaving Sunset sitting on the edge of the embankment, figuring in his book and sizing up the trees about him.

It wasn't long until Hendricks had the men and supplies loaded on a car and on their way up to where Sunset was surveying the scenery to his heart's content. An hour or so later, the engine and the empty car returned to Cadiz, and the engineer reported to Hendricks that Sunset had sent him down to get him out of the way of traffic, but that he was to go back up two hours later, trailing No. 23, which would be the last train to pass in either direction for an hour.

At this information the old man knotted his brows in speculation, but he was too hilariously happy to waste much serious thought on anything.

However, when No. 23 was due to leave Cadiz, and the engineer who had been assigned to assist Sunset in getting the cars back on the track was ready to follow it, the old man could no longer restrain his impatient curiosity. He felt that he just had to go along and see what kind of an answer to that puzzle Sunset was trying to figure out.

"Oh, my—oh, my!" he said to us fellows, "it's too bad to put a kid like Sunset up against a problem like that, but I had to do it. I couldn't help it." He was so tickled that the tears streamed down his cheeks.

When at last he reached the scene of Sunset's activity, the old man stood for a moment, with open-mouthed astonishment; then he lay down on the ground and roared and roared.

There, running down that almost perpendicular embankment, at an angle of about forty-five degrees from the road-bed, was a double line of rails, the lower ends resting under the wheels of the first of the two cars and the upper ends terminating in a mass of blocking and wedges on the lower side and between the rails of the road.

"What in the world?" bellowed the old man, as soon as he was able to get to his feet again. "What in the world are you going to do? I can't understand what you are driving at."

"Why," said Sunset innocently, rubbing

his gold-rimmed glasses with a silk handkerchief. "Why, I'm going to pull these cars onto the track."

"What?" yelled the old man. "Do you mean to say that any engine can pull a car up that grade? Do you mean to say you haven't any more sense than to run an engine down that track? Do you know where it would land? Have you any idea how you would get it back again? What are you thinking about, anyway?"

"No," said Sunset, taking a meerschaum pipe from his pocket and calmly lighting it. "I have no thought of sending an engine down there. I haven't figured on using an engine in hauling the cars up here at all. In fact," he went on, "the only use I think I will have for the engine will be to take the cars down to Cadiz after I get them on the track," he says.

The old man squinted at Sunset and tried to speak but he couldn't. Sunset seemed to be too much for him. He just sank down upon the empty nail-keg and awaited developments.

Sunset didn't waste any time in words. He set the men to work and in a few minutes had those six treble blocks strung on that six hundred feet of cable, and fastened firmly to trees above the track. One end of the cable was then fastened to one of the cars, and when all was ready a dozen men grasped the loose end of the cable, and at a signal from Sunset started down the embankment.

What happened made the old man sit up and rub his eyes.

The car rolled up that perpendicular track and over the blocking and wedges and onto the main line rails as easily as if it had been trained. When the second car had been hauled up in the same manner, Sunset knocked the ashes out of his pipe and glanced at his watch.

"I think, Mr. Hendricks," he said, "that we will have plenty of time to reach Cadiz ahead of the 42."

The old man? He got off that nail-keg and took one of Sunset's hands in his.

"Say, kid," he said, "why didn't you come out here a year ago?"

**The biggest load needs the strongest brake—A wise head carries a still tongue.—Cons of an Old Conductor.**



# Flashes from the Headlight.

CONTRIBUTED BY OUR READERS.

Railroad Stories That Are Supposed to Be Spick-and-Span and New, Just from the Shops. The Editor Is Looking for Some More. Can You Send One?

## AN OPR'S RESIGNATION.

I'M growing tired of these barren hills, no place to go but the tank, The mosquitoes are hell, the sheep-pens smell, and the grub is awfully rank. I worked like a slave till I'm near my grave for the "Monkey Central Pike," And I have a notion I deserve promotion, and I'll get it or go on the hike; So upon receipt of this letter, if you've nothing better to offer a man of my stamp that OS'ing trains on this dismal dump, and running a worn-out six-horse pump, I-guess I'll go on the tramp.

Yours truly—OPERATOR,  
VIRGELLE, MONTANA.

## COULDN'T FIND IT.

THE ham received a "19," and the last thing "DS" told him was, "be sure and gi him a hi ball!" The ham turned the place upside down, pulled out all the drawers, flung books around in a frenzy, and when he had the place looking as if a cyclone had hit it he called the "DS" and said: "I couldn't find no high ball in the place; the last operator must have taken the last one with him when he left."

The disgusted "DS" had to tell him to go out and give them the "go ahead" signal with a white lantern.

## NOT ALWAYS THE SAME.

A TRAVELING salesman boarded a train at Chicago *en route* to Denver. He wanted to know the distance between the two cities.

"How far is it from Chicago to Denver?" he asked the conductor.

"A thousand and two miles," replied the con somewhat sharply.

The drummer thought that the con was an unobliging sort, so he waited until he came through the car on his second ticket-punching tour.

"How far is it from Denver to Chicago?" asked the drummer.

The con eyed the drummer with disgust. Then he said:

"I just told you that it was a thousand and two miles from Chicago to Denver and, very likely, it is the same distance the other way."

"Not necessarily," returned the drummer. "It is only a week from Christmas to New Year's, but it's nearly a year from New Year's to Christmas."

## WHAT SHE WANTED.

THE train was one hour late coming into Berea, Kentucky. An old woman with a peaked black bonnet got aboard, and after surveying every one and everything in the coach, she turned to a red-headed boy in the seat behind, and pointing to the bell-cord asked, "What's that fur?"

"Oh," said the boy, "that is the bell-cord. It is connected with the dining-car. When you want anything to eat, just pull that and the waiter comes and takes your order."

The old woman hooked the end of her parasol over the bell-cord and gave it a vigorous jerk. Instantly the air-brakes were set and the train came to a stop. All the passengers hustled off to ascertain the cause of so sudden a stop and general confusion reigned through the entire train. The old woman was the only person not disturbed.

Finally the conductor rushed in and asked loudly, "Who pulled that bell-cord?"

The old woman looked up.

"I did," she calmly replied.

"Well, what do you want?" shouted the con.

"I'll take a cup of coffee and a ham sandwich," she answered meekly.

## ON HIS FIRST TRIP.

ON one of the Southern railroads a negro found employment as a fireman. On his first trip, he noticed that the steam-gage showed

two hundred pounds, the hand pointing in the direction of the engineer.

"See the way that hand is pointing?" said the engineer.

"Yes, sah."

"Well," continued the man at the throttle, "you want to keep that hand pointing at me all the time."

They ran along for about fifteen miles, and the steam went down. The hand began to point toward the fireman's seat.

The negro watched it intently. Finally, he stepped over to the engineer and tapped him on the shoulder, saying:

"Cap, ah spect you better get over on the other side awhile!"

### A LESSON IN ECONOMY.

THE new roadmaster was making his first trip of inspection. At the end of his division, having a few hours before starting on his return trip, he started for a section-crew at work farther up the yard. On the way, he saw three new spikes lying alongside the track. He stopped and beckoned to the section-foreman, intending to teach him a lesson in economy. When the foreman stood before him he asked:

"Didn't you receive instructions a few days ago to keep a careful eye open and guard against all waste of material?"

The foreman said he had.

"Well, then, what about these?" He pointed to the spikes.

"Did yez foind thim lyin' there?" asked the foreman.

"I did," said the roadmaster. "Right there."

"What de ye think o' thot," said the foreman.

"O'i've had nine men lookin' fur thim fur th' last three hours."

### DIES EVERY DAY.

THE following telegram was sent recently by a hogger to a station-agent on a branch of the Baltimore and Ohio:

"Engine 131 dead. Dies every day. Grate-bars burned and won't shake. Leaking badly. No wood here. Car of same ordered ten days ago. Advise."

### SETTLING THE CLAIM.

ON one of the railroads of Wisconsin there lived a Swedish farmer who had the misfortune to have one of his cows killed by an engine. In a few days the claim-agent of the company called on the farmer, and, in his most urbane and smiling manner, proceeded to settle with him.

Said the agent: "Now, Mr. Jensen, you know

your animal had no right whatever to be on our tracks, and, as the easiest way is always the best, I hope we can reach a prompt and just conclusion. It would save us both annoyance and money to settle this matter without resorting to the delays and hindrances of the law, and, therefore, what would you regard as a fair price for the settlement of all claims?"

The farmer hesitated a moment and said:

"Well, I bane poor Swede, but I tank I shall give you ten dollars. Is dot all right?"

### WHAT HE FOUND.

"AS I was waiting for the train the other day," said a California man, "I noticed a man among the crowd who seemed a bit tipsy. Just as the train arrived, he cried, 'Somebody lose a dollar?' Of course, everybody pressed around him, feeling their pockets.

"He then said, 'Well, I found a nickel of it.'"

### ALL RIGHT ONE WAY.

SOME years ago when Sir William Van Horne was president of the Canadian Pacific, the manager of the Cumberland County Railway, a small tributary to the Intercolonial in Nova Scotia, some fourteen miles long, called on him in Montreal and requested a pass to Winnipeg and return.

"Why," said Sir William, in reply, "I have not the slightest excuse for issuing a pass to you. Your line is foreign to us, and your total mileage does not cover as much as our local switching-yard, which you can see from my office-window."

"Well," said the Cumberland man, "I confess that my road is not quite so long as yours, but it is just as broad."

He got the pass.

### A WIZARD OF MUSCLE.

"SO you're the contortionist, eh?" asked the manager of the side-show. "Well, I don't know. I never heard of you. What can you do?"

"What can I do?" proudly replied the applicant, drawing from his pocket a bunch of documents. "Here are signed testimonials from ten sleeping-car conductors, certifying that I can undress myself in the ordinary berth."

### NOT NECESSARY.

MAN in Pullman: "Say, porter, bring me a towel, please, and wet one end. My wife has a cinder in her eye."

Porter: "Look here, boss, this road am an oil-burner."





# MASON, THE GRIZZLY.

BY CHAUNCEY THOMAS.


## What Bad Men Would Resort To In Order To Gain Either Loot or Liberty.

### SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

MASON, the Grizzly, and his partner, "Hungry Joe," prospectors in the Western wilds, entertain at their camp-fire a stranger who tells them of wonderful gold mines fifty miles up the mountains, to reach which, however, seems almost impossible owing to hostile Indians. Mason decides to make the journey alone. After riding all night, he comes suddenly on an Indian encampment and is compelled to alter his course. He encounters three Indians, kills them, disguises himself in their blankets and feathers, but is finally captured by a band of Utes, who proceed to put him to death in boiling water. Mason manages to escape during the excitement caused by his hurling the son of the chief into the boiling water, but is eventually captured by another band and brought back to be burned alive. He is rescued by Red Shirt, the chief of the second band, who claims him as his prisoner. He kills Red Shirt and escapes, but is arrested and accused of belonging to a band that had robbed the stage-coach. He proves his innocence, and later sets himself up in business in St. Charles, at which he makes a great success. A cloudburst devastates the place, ruining Mason, and he decides again to hunt for the lost mines. Arriving in Mexico, he lodges with an old Aztec and his daughter, who falls in love with the wonderful *Americano*.

### CHAPTER X.

#### We Meet Salarado.

ALARADO was a buffalo. Within the shadow of the Rockies a buffalo may mean a great hulky, two-thousand-pound animal which, in the early days, used to lumber across the plains with the speed of a Kentucky thoroughbred, or it may refer to a man in whose veins is the blood of many races.

Salarado was a man; yet almost an animal. Of his past, he was in as blissful ignorance as was he of his future. The present alone interested him. Twenty-four hours was the measure of the present for Salarado.

Salarado was a sheep-herder by profession and necessity for three or four months of the year. The rest of the time he was a gentleman of leisure whose days and weeks rolled away in dreamy indolence, marred only at rare intervals by the protest of an empty stomach.

Salarado seldom had any trouble to get some ignorant, confiding Mexican woman to shelter and support him in return for the blows and curses he never failed to rain upon her whenever the humor seized him. But the worm will turn. Then Salarado would herd sheep for a few weeks. With the silver dollars thus earned he would purchase a flaming calico "mother hubbard," and perhaps a silver bracelet if the new *señorita*, or *señora*, as the case might be, happened to be particularly young and good looking, and, together with his hypnotic influence, he would thus obtain a new means of support for a month or two.

From an animal standpoint, Salarado was magnificent. Tall, straight, quick, lithe yet powerful in form, with a face of rare, deadly charm, Salarado was splendid.

There were many things Salarado did not know; fear was one of them. Cunning he was, and bold unto rashness. Treacherous and dangerous as the black panther was Salarado, the buffalo.

At one time in Wyoming Salarado had herded sheep for six weeks—an almost un-

precedented thing for him. Two weeks was his usual limit. The weather had been fine, the work easy almost to nothingness, and the pay good. Salarado was almost content.

But there came riding over the prairies three men. These men were train-robbers. In Salarado they recognized one of their own kind; but in him they did not see their death. At their invitation Salarado joined them. The sheep he left to the wolves. Three days later the Union Pacific train was held up—but the safe was empty; the mail-bags yielded barely a thousand dollars.

A week later the posse came upon three corpses rotting in a deserted camp. The booty was gone—so was Salarado. He had calmly murdered his fellow criminals in their sleep and went over Berthoud Pass into Middle Park, then on again to New Mexico—easy in the thought that none were left to betray him. Besides, the stolen money would not now have to be divided. Two hundred and fifty dollars is small pay for the trouble of holding up a train. One could sleep and smoke much in the time required.

This was Salarado's first awakening. He became the terror of engineer, brakeman, conductor, and express messenger throughout a dozen Western States. The government took a hand. Five thousand was offered for his capture, dead or alive.

Salarado laughed.

## CHAPTER XI.

### Texas Charlie—Bad Man.

**A**LTHOUGH Salarado, the greatest bad man the West has ever known, had departed from Middle Park, he left behind him another, one too small for even his contempt, yet bad enough in himself—Texas Charlie. When Mason ran this coyote specimen out of Denver some years before, Texas Charlie had crossed the range to Hot Sulphur Springs. Here he bullied and bragged, until the news of his Denver exit soaked into the Park after him, when he left Hot Sulphur on a stolen bronco just four feet ahead of a rope.

He remained away—some said, perhaps truthfully, in the Missouri penitentiary—for fifteen years. Meanwhile Denver had become a city, and a city is no place for a bad man. Policemen, patrol wagons, and the chain-gang take the romance out of the bad man's existence. They reduce him to

the level of an ordinary criminal. So Texas Charlie had come back to Hot Sulphur.

There was trouble at Hot Sulphur. Texas Charlie was offended. Court was being held. The whole proceedings displeased the bad man. The judge he did not like; the jury were disagreeable to him; the lawyers on both sides annoyed him. Other minor attachés of the court were unknown to him, but Texas Charlie included them in his displeasure for full measure.

The whole thing put him out of temper. He felt it in his bones that the judicial proceedings were aimed, more or less directly, at him. To simplify matters, Texas Charlie decided to kill the whole outfit. His intentions, when confided to Hot Sulphur, although not entirely unexpected, did not meet with enthusiastic approval.

Texas Charlie was lounging in a chair tilted back on two legs against the front of the Elk Horn saloon. Diagonally across the street was the Palace of Liquid Delight, inside of which were many men. The Palace door was closed. This door was famous through the country for having the only white door-knob in Middle Park. Texas Charlie, in calm contempt of such vanity, and, incidentally, to test his nerve that morning, carelessly slipped one of his ivory-handled 45's out of its holster and deliberately began to use that white door-knob for a bull's-eye.

He fired three shots. Ten years later those bullet-holes through the Palace door were one of the sights the tenderfoot tourists eagerly sought in Hot Sulphur Springs. A lady's hand could easily cover all three bullet-holes, as none of them missed the door-handle by over an inch. The distance was perhaps forty yards.

When the first bullet ripped a long splinter off the inside of the Palace door, the dozen or more men lounging in the place of fluid joy knew that trouble was afoot. Under the tables, out the side windows and the back door they bolted. The other two bullets sang through an empty room.

Such incidents were annoying to the owners of the Palace, and, incidentally, to the entire population of Hot Sulphur. The bullets missed killing or maiming some one by a rare chance. Texas Charlie did not know and did not care. All winter he had terrorized Hot Sulphur.

One man, early in the winter, had dared to oppose him and had been shot in the back. For a month thereafter the bad man



left Hot Sulphur in peace. Through the winter the wounded man suffered; in the spring his tired life flickered out. The killer was free; even from arrest. Hence the court proceedings and the ruffled feelings of the bad man.

The sheriff had sworn, time and again, when Texas Charlie was not near, that "he'd be hanged" if such things could go on. When the official threats reached the ears of the bad man he yawned. The next time the sheriff and the knight-of-the-hair-trigger met, Texas Charlie asked the officer to take a drink, for which the officer promptly paid.

Texas Charlie slowly blew the smoke out of the blue barrel of his metallic pet.

"Kid, toss that tin can there up in the air," he snarled to a small boy who had wandered near, but who, seeing the bad man, was attempting to slip, unnoticed, out of sight.

In Hot Sulphur, no one argued with Texas Charlie.

Up in the air went the can. Three times the revolver spoke; three times the tin rang; three bullet-holes were through the can when it struck the ground. Texas Charlie was satisfied. The boy disappeared. Texas Charlie reloaded his six-shooter, then counted the cartridges in his belt.

"There's his honor, that'll take one. Then these twelve good men and true, that will use up just an even dozen more. What a waste of lead! Then those mouthy gents with the books and their long wind, they'll require four or five more. The rest of the crowd I'll just knock on the head. As for me lord, the sheriff, a boot-toe will attend to him. I'll be bad medicine for that outfit over there. Well, it's time the show began. Here goes."

With this soliloquy, Texas Charlie, coward at heart like all his kind, ceased dangling his boot-heels together, rolled and lit a cigarette, inhaled his lungs full of smoke, snorted it out of his nostrils, left his seat, and strolled insolently across the open square toward the hotel where court had just opened.

"How still this layout is," he grunted to himself. "Guess the prairie-dogs are all in their little holes. Too bad."

Texas Charlie laughed.

Hot Sulphur was still. The black, weazel-like eyes of the killer, roving everywhere, saw not a human form. He puffed his cigarette and looked languidly about

him. A sinister smile played on his face. He moved—but—suddenly:

*Crack! Bang! Bang! Crack! Whi-z-z! Boom! Z-i-p-p! Bang! R-r-r-i-i-p-p! Z-z-z-i-i-n-n-g-g!*

The air was full of lead.

Silence reigned once more in Hot Sulphur.

From behind a near-by wood-pile feathery wreaths of white smoke were rising. Out of the hay-loft window of the log livery-barn a faint mist was rolling. A vapory veil floated along the ground near the river-bank. On all sides was powder-smoke—and silence, except for a distant echo rolling among the mountains. Texas Charlie lay dying in the dust.

Buckshot from the front, rifle bullets from the rear, leaden slugs from both sides, six-shooter bullets from everywhere! The bad man was riddled. Hot Sulphur had turned executioner.

Court adjourned immediately. In ten minutes a coroner's jury, somewhat impromptu, was gravely discussing the question of: "Who killed Texas Charlie?" The jury were all armed—some with rifles, some with shotguns, all with revolvers. Five minutes later the following verdict was rendered:

"Texas Charlie, bad man, met his death at the hands of parties unknown. He needed it."

They planted the bad man in the bone-yard on the hill. His was the first grave. The body of his victim sleeps beneath the blue grass of Kentucky.

A week after the killing, Mason dismounted painfully in front of old Chipmunk's cabin. The snow had gone, and the flowers had come. Limping into the cabin, Mason sat before the stove, quietly drawing at his pipe and looking through the open door in silence at the shadows racing in irregular blankets at Berthoud Pass. The man was older.

Filling his second pipe, Mason asked:

"Chipmunk, who killed Texas Charlie?"

Old Chipmunk wiped his hands on the dish-towel, jerked his thumb over this shoulder at a long military rifle hanging on elk-horn pegs above the door, and mumbled through his nail-like white beard:

"Who killed Texas Charlie? Hard to say. Don't know. Guess the whole town did. I was on the jury. Saw a fifty-caliber bullet-hole"—Chipmunk drawled the words—"through his brain-pan. Don't

know who killed him. Died for want of breath, I guess. High altitude here, pardner. Ain't healthy to ask too many questions 'bout what ain't nobody's business." Old Chipmunk's voice became a toothless mumble.

Mason glanced at the long rifle above the door. It was fifty-caliber. Without saying anything more, he hobbled from the cabin, climbed on his horse, took another long look at Berthoud, and cantered slowly down the timber-road along the Fraser toward the ranch, thirty miles away, which he now called home.

A recent snow-shoe trip with a mail-bag over Berthoud Pass, where he had encountered Salarado and all but lost his life, had strung Mason to the breaking-point, mentally and bodily. The people of Middle Park saw excuse enough in his frozen boot for quitting as mail-carrier, but his moroseness they neither understood nor liked. But the ranch where he was slowly winning back the splendid poise that had always characterized him was owned by a peculiar family—Mississippians by the name of Lawson.

This family was as self-hiding as Mason had become; and they, too, were neither understood nor liked in Middle Park. No one could openly say a word against them, for no one knew anything about them: their main fault seemed to be in attending strictly to their own business and insisting—none too courteously—that their far-away neighbors do the same.

Yet there were many whispers. It was hinted that the Lawsons were wanted in their own State for moonshining. Old man Lawson had found Mason, homeless and helpless, at Chipmunk's a week after Mason's meeting with Salarado on the range, and he had taken the disabled mail-carrier to the southern hospitality of the Lawson ranch. Both men were educated—thanks to Mason's bookstore—both minded their own affairs; one was injured and without home or friends, the other had been.

Therefore, Mason had gone to live with the Lawsons. Their indoor warmth and welcome he shared as one of the family; also, the outdoor coldness and dislike. This put him in bad odor. Why? None could tell. Besides, all unarmed, Mason had once been seen to walk up to Texas Charlie and talk long and friendly with that bully, and Texas Charlie had treated Mason with profound respect.

Mountaineers are clannish—be it in Scotland, the Alps, or the Rockies. So Mason, the Lawsons, and Texas Charlie, each widely different and in no way connected, were under the whispered social ban. Texas Charlie had died with his boots on, and side-eyes were cast at the Lawsons and Mason.

As neither Mason nor the Lawsons gave out the reason for this sudden and unfathomable friendship, it was said that strange comradeship is only rooted in suspicious ground.

Something was being hatched at the Lawson ranch. Cattle-stealing, no doubt.

## CHAPTER XII.

### Hot Sulphur's Only Lynching.

IT was late in the afternoon. Hot Sulphur was wet. The air was dripping with a light mist—half rain, half snow. In the post-office, which also was the general store, old Chipmunk, the trapper; Uncle Billy, a white-haired retired cattleman, "the bell-sheep of the town," and Snorts, the bronco-buster, sat smoking and steaming around the stove. The group were strangely silent.

A rattle of horses splashed up to the door, halted a moment, then slowly jingled away to Glenn's livery-barn. It was the mail-coach—just arrived.

Usually this was an event; but to-day only serious nods from old Chipmunk and Uncle Billy and a half grunt from the bronco-buster greeted Champagne Charlie, the dark-haired stage-driver, as he dropped the dry mail-sack on the counter and peeled his slicker.

"At it again," he announced angrily. "Peterson lost two more last night. Johnson stopped me just over the divide to send word that he had found the hide of that blue-and-white four-year-old of his, brand and all, hardly burned a bit, in a fire up by the Little Meadows, above Mark's, where the rain had put the fire out. This cattle-stealing has got to stop."

"Know that Beeman lost twelve yearlings? News just come in this morning?" asked Snorts.

"That makes, then," returned the driver, "sixty-one head of stock that has turned up missin' this fall. We can't stand this—"

"Rope!" thundered Uncle Billy.

"That's right," seconded a bass voice as



the door opened. Bob Adams came in soaked to the skin, his spurs musically wheeling over the floor at every step. A ranch-man of thirty-five, of little education, but popular for his genial, open nature, yet a man of hard common sense and quick, decisive action—a man through and through—was Bob Adams. Even he was wrought up at the common enemy of the settlement.

"Rope it has got to be," he repeated. "Just who to hang, though—that's the question. I ain't a sayin' nothin', but I found a calf of mine in the Lawsons' corral, and—"

"Say," interrupted Uncle Billy, "they have been hauling out a sight of hay to Denver lately, haven't they? Wonder if the bottom layer or two of those bales is meat?"

A startled silence smothered all comment. This was serious. Cattle-stealing that had been going on here and there all summer had become ripe in Middle Park within the past month, the first time since old Jack Summer, the scout, had squatted at Hot Sulphur Springs in 1859.

It meant hanging—but who? The Lawsons? That keen-eyed, straight-lipped family of newcomers—a father and two sons, Mike and Pete—were now all under the leadership of May. They had located two sections of hay meadow up on Willow Creek the year before. So far as making attempts to gain friends, these Mississippians still let it be thoroughly understood that no one but Mason was welcome at the Lawson ranch.

Keno Mitchel of the Lazy Three-Nine outfit, after an all-day lead through fallen timber from Lost Lake, had arrived, dead tired, at the Lawson place just at supper-time, and had not been asked to unsaddle and stop overnight.

In a week all Middle Park had heard of it, and resented. All summer long the Lawsons, with Mason's help, had grubbed, irrigated, and stacked from dawn to starlight, and now load after load of baled hay went up the Fraser, over the Berthoud, and down to Denver from their lone ranch.

In those loads what might be hidden? And Adams's calf? There had been hot, hard words over that.

"Yes," Adams broke the pouring stillness, "it looks that away. I ain't accusin' any one, mind you, but who took my calf? Old man Lawson said he found it bawlin'

out in the sage-brush, so he run it in to save it from the coyotes."

"That might do once on a time; but it's a dangerous tale to tell times like these," said Uncle Billy.

"And," continued Adams, "last week some one stole all the cartridges and my slicker out of the hay-shed. Didn't leave nary a one. That man Mason packs a forty-five seventy-five now'days, same as mine. Says he's lookin' for rustlers, too; but, to my mind, he might find 'em quicker if he stayed to home. Say, Briggs"—to the store-keeper mail-clerk—"when you git that mail cut out, just put up three boxes of forty-five seventy-five for me before I forget it. Got any mail?"

"Here's a letter for you that has been here a week. Four boxes, did you say? Four dollars."

Bob Adams stared at the letter an instant, rather sheepishly tucked it into his shirt-pocket, mechanically picked up his ammunition, and with a hurried "Good-by, gentlemen; if anything happens, send me word, and I'll be there to help pull the rope," went out into the rain.

He had forgotten to buy another slicker, but that was not noticed at the time.

At that word "rope" the silence came again. In it, fainter and fainter, came clearly the pounding of Adams's rifle on his saddle as he loped away.

"Funny," muttered Chipmunk, but no one answered.

This happened on Friday.

Sunday morning, about nine, Hot Sulphur saw a powerful roan horse galloping down the trail from Potato Hill. From the empty saddle the stirrups hung flopping as the exhausted animal staggered along. Snorts clattered away with his rope and brought in the swaying roan. Snorts swung out of the saddle, pale but cool.

"Murder here, I guess. Cattle-stealing ain't enough, seems like. Where's Bob Adams? That's his horse. He's got a bullet through his paunch. There's blood-stains on the blanket where the rain didn't git. He ain't been unsaddled since he left here three days ago; that's plain. Where's Bob?"

Hot Sulphur got together. In twenty minutes three men, openly armed, were cantering toward the Adams place up Williams Fork. Boys, girls, and women—all on horses—scattered from Hot Sulphur to distant ranches. Seventeen men, with sev-

enteen rifles, rode swiftly and silently for Willow Creek and the Lawson ranch.

In Byer's pasture, near the sawmill, stands an old pine. It has seen many an Indian fight—many a man die. Under it that afternoon stood four men—grim, silent, bound hand and foot.

These four men were the three Lawsons and their friend Mason. The father, his snowy head and beard in striking contrast to his swarthy sons, stood trembling—not from fear, but with the feebleness of age.

"For an honorable life to end like this—and these splendid boys—" he was heard to murmur as if in prayer.

Pete, twenty-one, and Mike, a mere boy—but both almost six feet—towered like posts. Not a word had they uttered since a cautioning look from Mason. He, too, was silent.

A glance showed that Mason, by his very nature, was a leader. A cool, sharp-cut face, whitened now to a gray iron, revealed a knowledge of men. The head of a student on the body of a panther—such was Mason.

In the hay-fields of the Lawson ranch he had recovered his former strength and alertness—and more.

Behind the prisoners was a wagon; its horse had been led aside. In the box stood Uncle Billy, venerable as the frosted head beneath him. On the tongue sat Chipmunk. Around the group stood all Hot Sulphur and most of Middle Park. Little was said. The details of a lynching are simple. Uncle Billy spoke:

"We are gathered together here to do justice to all. If these men are innocent, and I hope they are, they shall not suffer from prejudice at our hands. If they are guilty, they must die. We all know that some one has been stealing cattle. Here, where circumstances of nature prevent each man from guarding his own, we all must see that no harm comes to any.

"Every horn and hoof on the ranges of Middle Park must be safe at all times. It is our living—our lives. Without our cattle, unless this is so, we cannot live here. This is known to all. Now, we also know that last Friday Bob Adams came here, told of having had trouble with these men, and of having some cartridges stolen from his hayshed. The trouble was over one of his head of stock that he found in the Lawson corral.

"The afternoon of that same day Jim Whetson met this man, Mason, on Williams

Fork, between here and Bob Adams's ranch, and Mason made threats about shooting the next man who rode into the Lawson ranch when only old man Lawson was home and took an animal out of their corral against his wishes. How about that, Mr. Whetson?"

"That is so," came the grave response.

"We can't blame the Lawsons or Mason for this," continued Uncle Billy. "Any of us would say the same thing maybe when mad; but, in the light of what follows, this threat is a serious matter. Yesterday Bob Adams's horse comes back here shot through the flank and with blood on the saddle. Chug Milton, Hardtack, and the Dane followed the trail as well as they could on account of the rain Friday night.

"There was not much to be seen, except just above the mouth of the cañon where Williams Fork comes into the Grand. Then they found these—" and the speaker held up to view three empty cartridge shells.

A murmur of surprise, then horror, that deepened into a sullen growl, swept from the center of the crowd outward.

"These shells," continued Uncle Billy, "fit a forty-five seventy-five rifle. Mason was seen by Whetson near there with his rifle—one that shoots this size cartridge. Is that so, Whetson?"

"It is."

"We find the cartridges bought by Bob Adams, though of the same size, untouched; the boxes unopened—and we found these in the Lawson barn—"

The growl broke out again, and became a roar. The prisoners showed no sign of hearing that threatening surge. At a motion of Uncle Billy, the sound ceased.

"It is only just to repeat that Mason claims he found the unopened boxes in the timber on the divide—"

"Aw-aw-aw-aw-awh!" went a verbal wave.

"Three of us, I, for one, remember Adams's remark of not having a single cartridge left. Clearly, then, the bullets that left these empty shells did not come from Bob Adams's rifle—but it remains for us to see where they went to—to see if those bullets went into his body. So far, we have not found it. The prisoners will say nothing—"

"Get a branding-iron and make 'em!" some one yelled.

"The gentleman forgets that this is not a mob, but a court," rebuked Uncle Billy.

"Still, where is Bob Adams? If any one knows, or has any information on this



point, however slight, let him stand forth at once."

The speaker halted, but no one responded.

"Bob Adams has disappeared. His hired man, Tim, says neither Adams nor the horse has been at the ranch since they left there Friday noon in the rain for Hot Sulphur. The horse is here with a hole in his side—blood on the saddle—cartridges gone, but found in Lawson's stable. Bob Adams is—where? Probably these men can answer."

The speaker pointed down from the wagon-box to Mason and the Lawsons.

"Hang 'em! String'm up! Lynch the thieves! Stop talking and get the ropes!" yelled the crowd as it closed in on the pinioned men.

"Hold on, gentlemen," half commanded, half entreated Uncle Billy. "Let us not act hastily. Let us decide coolly, calmly, and with equal justice to all. We do not want to forget ourselves, and in our anger commit murder on possibly innocent men just because a hideous, cowardly deed has been done in those hills yonder. Whether or not these men have been stealing our cattle, we do not know yet. It is only fair to them to say that we found no hides on their ranch, though we did find three beevés, skinned and dressed; but no hides—they said they had sold the hides to a camp outfit that came by there for robes—"

A low rumble broke from the crowd. Uncle Billy had touched these cattlemen on a long sore spot, but they held their peace and waited to hear the end:

"Has any one anything to say in defense of these men? If so, let him have the courage to speak now when it may do some good, and not after they are dead. Is there any one who has anything to say?"

Uncle Billy stopped. For a minute tense silence reigned. The hoary head of the elder Lawson raised and the eyes flittered from face to face, hope dying in them. No one spoke.

"My boys—my boys," he whispered, and the head sunk down to the quivering breast. Mike and Pete Lawson stolidly faced their accusers. Mason's keen, strong face was bitterly disdainful, his lithe form without moving grew haughty; he looked over the herd of men as if they were sheep. Then the steady eyes rested on the broken old father tied beside him, and grew strangely soft.

"Brutes!" said a sweet-faced woman in a farm-wagon on the outer edge of the gath-

ering. "It is time we were going." She spoke to her daughter, but the dreamy girl did not answer. She was gazing at Mason.

"Have the prisoners anything to say for themselves?" asked Uncle Billy.

The crowd began to yell. Uncle Billy raise his hand.

"Give them a chance, men. It is their right. Every man has a right to speak in his own defense. We are Americans. Fair play, gentlemen."

Pete and Mike Lawson looked to the stricken white head, then to Mason.

Mason shook his head, so Pete and Mike kept closed lips. The crowd noticed this, and it boded the prisoners no good. The old man apparently did not hear. Mason looked at Uncle Billy, and said quietly:

"Not yet."

Then Uncle Billy faced the crowd, raised his hand for silence, waited a moment, removed his hat, and said solemnly:

"Men, by your vote it will now be decided. Are these men guilty?"

"Yes—guilty—yes—yes!" came from here and there. Then, catching at one word, came a confused but all-voiced:

"Guilty!"

"Silence, now!" commanded Uncle Billy. "Is there any one here who votes the other way?"

Not a voice responded. Perhaps it would have been dangerous, for that crowd was ugly. And when a number of men are about to hang four of their fellows, it is not impossible to add a fifth—or even a sixth.

"Guilty, then. Are these men to die?"

The word was too ghastly. It came too near home for each man to say it, but in the silence every right arm in the crowd pointed to heaven.

"Men!" Uncle Billy's voice shook. Controlling it, he said slowly—and no one in that band of mountaineers gathered to do frontier justice ever forgot that tone or those words:

"Men, you are to die for cattle-stealing and for the murder of Robert Adams. You may make your peace with God, and then—"

Uncle Billy stopped. Curley and Snorts began to prepare their cow-ropes. Chipmunk pulled a coil of half-inch hemp from under the wagon-seat. In the wagon was an old door, on which a limp body could be carried with less trouble than with the bare hands. Then Mason's voice rang out defiantly:

"Loosen these cords and give me a chance to talk like a man, not like a bound dog! Don't be afraid. I can't get away. I won't hurt any of you. You have your rifles—and mine!"

Uncle Billy looked with surprise. He jumped stiffly from the wagon, drew his pocket-knife, and cut the bonds. Chipmunk dropped the coil of rope back into the wagon and pulled out his shotgun.

"Let him talk if he wants to—won't do him any good—but I'll see he don't get away," muttered the surly old trapper as he stood guard over the now free prisoner.

Mason vaulted into the wagon. The crowd was hostile, but icily respectful. That face, built of straight lines and angles; that puma form, that subtle something in men, good or bad—magnetism, personality, call it what you will—wrung from the crowd the uneasy conviction that they faced their superior. In a clear, even voice, free from emotion, Mason said:

"Men of Middle Park—What I say to you is true, as my words themselves will tell you. I alone am guilty. I did it. Why? How? I shall never say. But this old man, a father, like your own; these two boys, his sons, like your sons and your brothers—they are innocent. They do not even know of it. They have told the truth in their few words of denial; though—most unfortunately—in the loneliness of their ranch there were none to prove that they were not on Williams Fork with me that day. You may kill me—but do not murder them. They are innocent. Set them free. I alone am guilty. I killed Bob Adams; no one else even knows of it. Hang me—but free them."

A great sigh came from the crowd. Chipmunk lowered his shotgun. Uncle Billy climbed into the wagon, raised his hand, and asked:

"Shall they go free?"

"Turn 'em loose," spoke Chipmunk.

"I second it," added Snorts.

"Shall they go free and this man die?" repeated Uncle Billy.

There was an unconscious lingering on that word "man." A murmur like distant waves at night voiced the sentence. Mason, standing by Uncle Billy's side in the wagon, heard the sentence with folded arms. Uncle Billy stooped down and picked up several rawhide strings. Mason, the self-confessed, was bound—ankle, knee, and elbow—just as Chipmunk's knife cut the cords of the other prisoners and they stepped forth free.

The old man's palsied fingers closed round the quiet hand of the bending figure in the wagon. The patriarch could not speak. Then brother Pete pressed the other hand, then turned away. Mike, the youngest, murmured:

"Good-by, Mason. Die game. You'll have company before long."

The two brothers smiled quietly into each other's eyes. They understood and believed in the Southern feud.

Mason shook his head, and said quietly:

"No, not that. One man is enough. Forgive it. I ask it." The two Lawson brothers did not respond. Their lips were set like steel-traps. Then the circle opened, and through the grimly respectful lane the old man and the two sons passed. They hurried along the trail to get as far away as possible from their horror.

Snorts shot his rope into the air, and it writhed over a limb. Many hands on the spokes wheeled the wagon under it. Uncle Billy grabbed the loop, put it over Mason's head, and drew it close about the neck—

"Hallo, there! What's goin' on? Hold-in' 'lection?" came a cheery call.

It was the voice of Bob Adams. Mason's face glorified. Hot Sulphur whirled. There, beyond doubt, in a travel-mudded buckboard on the road the other side the fence, sat Bob Adams, grinning sheepishly. Beside him was the strange face of a buxom lass of twenty, in flushing confusion.

"Ghosts!" yelled the urchins, and melted into the sage-brush like quail. Nigger Tob softly drew forth a rabbit's foot, stroked it frantically, and gasped:

"Haunts!"

Then Hot Sulphur recovered. Some laughed, and a few shuddered. Chipmunk swore briefly, but to the point. Snort and Champagne Charlie looked silly. Uncle Billy flamed to indignation.

"Silence!" he roared. "What is the meaning of this? It is too serious a thing for a joke. Bob Adams! Explain yourself!"

"What about?" chuckled the resurrected. "Hain't been doin' nothin'. Leastwise nothin' worser than gittin' married. Gentlemen and ladies"—he rose to his feet with awkward pride—"let me make you acquainted with Mrs. Adams. Mrs. Adams, my friends, the people of Hot Sulphur—the best people on earth."

Adams motioned the crowd with his old battered sombrero.



"Pleased to see you," jerked back the damsel. But Hot Sulphur was in-doubt whether or not it was pleased to see Mr and Mrs. Adams.

"Hor-r-a-y!" squawked old Chipmunk. Then erupted cheer on cheer until the sage-hens on the ridge a mile away took to frightened wings. Uncle Billy slashed Mason loose. The first man to capture Bob Adams's right paw was Mason.

"Ouch!" yelled the groom. "What's you doin'? Don't cripple a feller," he howled as he rubbed his stinging hand on his knee while he beamingly watched his self-confessed murderer bare his head and reverently raise the bride's fingers to his lips.

After the turmoil had settled somewhat, Adams managed to make himself heard.

"No; my rifle wasn't empty. Though all the cartridges were stolen out of the hayshed, I still had some left in the magazine—half a dozen or so. Uncle Billy got the wrong idea about that. Ridin' along in the rain, I saw a deer and wanted meat. I let him have three shots. Those were the shells you found in the thicket near the trail. That was where I sneaked up to get in good range. I didn't open the new boxes because of the rain—had enough without.

"I got the buck hog—dressed him and tied the meat to the saddle. Then I started the roan for home along ahead of me, as I have often done before, so he'd git home first and Tim would have the meat all cooked when I got there. Guess he got scart at old Moses and bolted into the timber, for I seen that bear's signs along the trail comin' down, but clean forgot about it.

"That hole in his flank you will find is no bullet-hole, but probably where he just snagged himself. He pulled the deer off in the timber. That is where the blood on the saddle-blanket came from. The rain washed it and the deer-hairs off the saddle. The rest you took for roan horsehairs.

"You-all know I ain't much on book-learnin'; so I stopped at the mouth of the Branch to rest and make out that letter. I knowed it was from—this little woman here. She said she'd have me. As I have been two years gittin' her to say so, I wasn't takin' no chances of her changin' her mind, so I cached my rifle right there, and lit out on foot up the fork and over the range, and got to Georgetown, where she was next morning before sunup. We seen the preacher, I hired a rig—and here we are.

"They caught the thieves in Georgetown,

and the stock—fifty-four head of them, anyway—I passed comin' back this way on the range. Fount and Ganson was a bringin' 'em right along. They'll be here to-morrow, likely. The Lawsons and Mason ain't cattle-stealers nor man-killers—even if they do have queer ways. They're good enough people for me—even if Mason and I did have words over that calf. I'll tell you what I'll do, Mason; we'll veal him, and each take half."

Then Hot Sulphur went wild. From the buckboard the team was unhooked. Champagne Charlie jerked his rope from the limb and knotted the loop to the tongue. Twenty hastily mounted men on excited horses fought to get hold of it. Away they went, in irregular double file, galloping into town. In the swaying buckboard, the bride was clinging to her husband, and he was ostentatiously holding her in.

From the wagon Shorts pulled the old door. It was to have been Mason's bier. A score of hands grabbed him. He was laughingly jammed on the door, the door was hoisted on eight sturdy shoulders, and, followed at a safe distance by a swarm of excited youngsters, to whom Nigger Tob was expounding on the infallibility of rabbit-feet, Mason followed the bridal pair in triumph. But his face was strangely drawn.

"What'd he say he done it for?" rumbled Chipmunk, and many a tanned forehead wrinkled.

Racers went after the Lawsons, now out of sight but not beyond hearing. In their ears they pushed their fingers to silence those distant yells. Then came the messengers on running horses, then the revelation. But they refused to return to Hot Sulphur. On to the lone ranch, on toward home, they went. They now rode the horses that had been thrust on them, while the bearers of the glad tidings trotted back to Hot Sulphur on foot.

They arrived just in time to hear Mason, standing in Adams's buckboard, say:

"No. I thank you, but I cannot stay to the dance. My place, to-night, is on the Willow. My best wishes, however, are with Bob-Adams and that little woman through life. You ask me why I said I killed him? It was to save the others. Had I not done so, all would have died—all alike innocent. Better one than four. No man could die in a better cause; better men than I have died for less. In a right cause, I am ready to die at any time. I bear no grudge for this

mistake. You were all in more danger than I was. I was about to lose my life unjustly, while you were about to take it unjustly. Clearly, yours was the greater danger. From to-day let us all remember this: 'Confession is not conviction.'

It was dusk when Mason, on one of Glenn's best horses, splashed through the Willow and drew rein before the Lawson ranch. The elder Lawson, his white hair flowing back from his high, proud head, met Mason at the door with both hands held out. The door closed. We will not look within.

A month later the Lawsons left Middle Park forever. Mason started for New Mexico. There he found Mexie and Salarado.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### Salarado and Mexie.

**SQUATTED** in the hot sage-brush before a tiny fire, over which a piece of mutton was broiling, was Salarado. Three miles away, in clear view, lay Old Maco's sheep-ranch. Ten miles beyond, farther out on the desert by the Great Water Hole, was a Mexican town. It had taken the buffalo a week to travel from the Spire to almost within touch of Mexie. Salarado had made his journey leisurely. No one saw him on the road. Salarado took good care of that.

The mutton was well warmed, but not cooked. Salarado ate it by holding it in his fingers and tearing it with his teeth. Satisfied, he smoked, slept a while, then indolently watched the ranch.

Presently he became alive. A figure of a woman he knew passed from the adobe hut to the corral. She was followed by something that limped. Evidently Maco and Mexie were enjoying their honeymoon alone. Salarado had watched two days and had seen no one else.

The time had come to act. Slipping to his feet, Salarado glided through the sage-brush on an easy run for the now empty hut. In twenty minutes he reached the side away from the corral. Crawling through the little square window, he found himself in the bridal chamber. When he knew where he stood, there was a gleam in his eyes that was like a red coal.

He heard Mexie coming. He knew that springing footfall. Behind her came a *stump-scrape-stump-scrape* that brought to his lips a dark smile. At the door he heard Mexie turn and say, angrily:

"Get out, you old coyote. Can't you leave me alone for an instant? Come in this house before sundown, and I'll kick you out of it! *Vamosel!*"

A whine answered her, then a cracked, complaining grumble grew fainter and fainter as the scrape-and-stump sound receded toward the corral.

Mexie entered the adobe alone. Salarado had not moved. For an instant Mexie halted, paled, and gasped. Then she raised her lips and held out her arms. Salarado showed his teeth good-naturedly.

"Come here," he commanded softly. Mexie, with half-closed eyelids, obeyed.

This was early in the afternoon. At sundown Mexie went to the door and called:

"Maco! Oh, Maco! My husband, come here!"

Her voice had in it a note—gentle and cooing—that Old Maco had never heard before. The words to his ears were music. Not since he had cowed his bride three days before, with six-shooter in one hand and a cattle-whip in the other, had he known anything but jeers and revilings when her sullen consent had at times overboiled.

Old Maco, with an eager whimper, came on a stumbling, shuffling run. As he tumbled through the door, a great, dark arm throttled him. With starting eyeballs—he could not see what held him—he saw Mexie, his wife, calmly unbuckle the cartridge-belt from which hung his six-shooter and bowie-knife, and toss them across the room onto the straw bed. Then Salarado turned him loose.

Helpless, yet with frantic rage, the old cripple attacked Mexie and Salarado with his withered arms and crippled legs. Both dodged him, held him off at arm's length, laughed at him. For an hour they played with the old miser, like two cats tormenting a rat. In this case the cats agreed. They had no wish to eat him; they only wanted to kill him.

Played out, the old cripple sank in dumb, helpless fury to the floor. Mexie tried to provoke him to more sport, but he only glared at her. Then she curled her lips in disappointed weariness and smiled at Salarado and said, "Finish him."

Salarado laid aside his cigarette. He took his time and used no weapons—only one bronze hand on the wheezing, loose-skinned throat.

He buried the twisted body in the gateway of the sheep-corral. A few hours of tramping back and forth over the grave by



the bewildered sheep, as Salarado indolently drove them in and out of the corral, erased all traces of the murder.

Mexie had Salarado; Salarado had the sheep; both were blissful.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### Murder Will Out.

**A** WEEK later, Salarado sat chained to the floor in the center of the only room of the adobe jail. Mexie was the chief witness against him. She had betrayed him. She had thrown all of Maco's blood on Salarado to clear herself. Now the sheep were hers.

Salarado dead, meant safety and riches for Mexie. Salarado acquitted, meant quick and sure death to the treacherous woman. As the prosecution depended for conviction on the evidence of Mexie, and, incidentally, as the majority of the jury had an eye on Mexie and her sheep, Salarado's end seemed sure and near.

Life was cheaper than horse-flesh in New Mexico in those days. There was a general feeling abroad that it would raise the reputation of that section of New Mexico in the estimation of all law-loving people if Salarado were hung on general principles.

No man understood the exact situation as clearly as did the chained captive. He mused long on one point—kill Mexie. But how? Freedom first, then revenge—then come what may. What cared Salarado?

During the day the caged and chained desperado was an object of morbid curiosity to every one. Human nature is the same the world over. As long as daylight lasted, a gaping face was framed and barred by the one little window, a foot square, that connected Salarado's prison with the outer air.

The jailer, from Maine many years before, had at first turned his prisoner into a source of profit. Two-bits was the price he demanded for the privilege of looking through the little window. The crowd began to grumble. They were in a hanging mood that day. The jailer, being no fool and having lived long in the West, suddenly found his heart bubbling over with generosity for his fellow man; and, thereafter, the window was public property, free to all. This lasted all day.

Clearly, nothing toward escape could be done literally under the eye of the public. Salarado contemptuously turned his back to

the window and thought out a plan of escape—and revenge. The plan completed, he calmly went to sleep till supper-time.

Salarado was fed twice a day, morning and evening. That night the jailer, armed with a six-shooter and bowie-knife, unlocked the wooden jail door and carried in Salarado's supper. Not being naturally a hard-hearted man, the jailer, at the prisoner's request, added one or two little luxuries to the evening meal. Bread and butter and a bottle of whisky were the dainties asked for and given.

A stifling storm of wind and flying, cutting sand was raging over the town that night. Hence, the little window was closed. Every one, including the jailer, was driven to shelter by the storm. Salarado was left alone and unobserved, although heavily chained and safely caged. The jailer, having no handcuffs nor leg-irons, and being also without suitable padlocks, had fastened Salarado's hands together with two feet of chain bound to the wrists with thick baling wire, twisted tight with blacksmith pincers.

Human fingers, working unaided, could not undo them—but Salarado used his mind. His legs were fastened in the same way, and the leg chaining in turn was fastened to a ring in the middle of the floor.

There was no sleep for Salarado that night. Had he not slept all afternoon? Had not Salarado all day to-morrow to doze away? Salarado had work to do.

A silk handkerchief, the gift of Mexie and formerly the property of their murdered victim, was knotted around the prisoner's neck. Salarado was something of a dandy. Unraveling the handkerchief, Salarado obtained a number of silk threads. A candle, also the gift of the jailer, gave him light. Salarado was always ready to extinguish it by a quick puff if he should hear the little window or the door being opened.

He would claim that the violent wind coming in through the window had blown out the flame. Meanwhile, under the momentary cover of darkness, he would hastily conceal his means of escape if surprised.

The jailer, knowing of no way that a shackled man with no tools nor other aid could either break out or cut a good, wrought-iron log-chain with links a quarter of an inch thick, nor untwist heavy wire that had been wound close with pincers, snored the hours away and left Salarado to himself. The jailer was dealing with the concentrated cussedness and cunning of thirteen races,

and knew it not. Otherwise he and several deputies, armed with sawed-off shotguns, would have honored Salarado with their never-ceasing presence until hung.

Salarado poured half of the whisky down his throat. Then, striking the neck of the bottle against his chains, he broke it off. Putting this glass into a tin-cup used as a mortar, and with a link of his chain as a pestle, in a few moments he had a small amount of powdered glass. With it he mixed a little butter, and slightly thinned the mixture with whisky. This mess he smeared over a silk thread.

Here was Salarado's saw.

Fastening one end of the thread to a protruding nail-head in the floor, and holding the other end between his white teeth, Salarado lightly but rapidly rubbed one of the many bands of wire on his left wrist up and down the taut string. The powdered glass on the thread, aided by the butter, cut into the soft wire like a file. Soon the thread broke. Another was quickly prepared, and the sawing went on. Before morning the iron links at his wrists and ankles, a strand of wire on each, had been all but cut in two. Only a shred of metal held them together.

Salarado then took bread, blackened it with the charcoal from burned matches, mixed with it a little candle-grease, and with this mixture concealed the bright cuts in the wire. The broken threads were burned in the candle-flame. The powdered glass was poured through a crack in the floor.

Salarado was almost free. A single wrench of those tigerlike muscles would free him from fetters. To get out of jail was another matter—and an easier one.

Having completed his task, Salarado pulled his serape over him and was soon sound asleep. Thus the jailer found him in the morning.

## CHAPTER XV.

### Star Eyes.

THERE was the face of one that did not peer through the prison window. The face shone with a light different than that of the rest. Curiosity was unknown to this one. The face was fair. The skin was clear and pearly, tinted with delicate rose, shaded with an almost imperceptible grayish-blue and green. The hair was as yellow and glistening as the sands of the desert at burning noon.

The eyes — they were stars. They were like the sky; sometimes a delicate yet dazzling turquoise, then as black as the midnight heavens. Black or blue, they were always like the depthless distance of the star space; clear, awe-inspiring, speaking with silence of sincerity, serenity, and spirit beyond rather than behind them. The eyes told of the purity, the unselfishness, the fearlessness of an angel. But, withal, the girl lacked reason.

The grossness of the world found her nature pure as light and too ethereal to cling to. Meeting with no resistance, passed through, and the unfelt wound closed, unsullied, like an opening in the air. This girl the ignorant worshiped as a visible spirit; the intelligent, as one not of this earth. Her father revered her as an angel.

"Star Eyes" he called her; and as "Star Eyes, the Pure One," she was loved, or feared, by all.

The mother was dead. Her reason and her life she gave that "Star Eyes" might be born.

The only child, Star Eyes was protected not only by her spiritual presence—that shrouded her like an atmosphere, and which cast a soothing influence, not without fear, over all—but she was known as the idol and the ideal of the richest and most powerful man in early New Mexico.

His followers were as numerous as his acres. He had never been able to count either. The adoring father had sworn that he would give his all if his spirit-girl could have reason.

Salarado, the buffalo, had never seen Star Eyes, and she had never seen Salarado. But Salarado had often heard of her. Because of a superstitious dread, he had always slunk away whenever he heard that she was near. In the register of nature, Salarado was the bass. Star Eyes was the music of the spheres. Neither harmonized with the other, nor with the world.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### The Devil Is Loose.

ONCE more dusk was creeping over New Mexico. All that day the captive had dozed in his chains. He was equally indifferent to the faces at the window and to the foregone result of the trial which had been held that day to decide his fate.



Salarado was a dangerous prisoner. No man lacks friends. The buffalo was a natural, although in a different sense an unnatural, leader among his kind. The criminal element, by no means a small or weak majority in New Mexico in those days, wanted to see Salarado free. The life of an old Mexican, and a respectable one at that, was no more to them than that of a sheep.

Legal methods in New Mexico in the early days resembled those of Spain rather than the teachings of Blackstone. Hence Salarado was tried and secretly condemned, with Salarado absent. This point the Anglo-Saxon element had grudgingly conceded to those of a Spanish way of thinking and doing. In return, those of Spanish descent had been compelled to grant the Anglo-Saxon form of trial by jury. The result of this legal hybrid was a dozen men gathered around a table in the largest adobe dwelling in the settlement.

Outside, the wind-shot sand cut and ground into the flesh. Not a living being was out of shelter that night. Only the jury were allowed inside the protecting walls of the adobe. Outside, the sandy sleet drove the morbid from the door. The jury were alone within the mud wall. The adobe on the outside was deserted. The town was asleep, drunk, gambling, or dancing.

Through the freezing, stinging, choking storm a bent figure fought its way. It was the jailer. He was carrying food and drink to Salarado. The jailer pushed the key into the padlock that fastened the huge iron staple on the outside of the prison door. He paused for breath. Dirt was in his eyes, nose, and ears. He rubbed it out before entering.

The grinding of the key in the sandy lock was heard by Salarado above the roar of the storm. The captive had been waiting an hour for that signal. The jailer was late. Four terrific twists with those small, steely hands, and the cut wires snapped and unwound. Salarado was free from chains. In one hand he held a two-foot log-chain—a terrible weapon in the hands of a strong and desperate man.

The candle burned in the neck of an empty bottle on the floor in the center of the room. As noiselessly as his shadow, Salarado moved to within a yard of the still closed door. There he stood, every muscle alert, tense, and quivering, close against the wall. The door, grinding on its sanded hinges, was cautiously opened an inch. A

whirl of sand and frozen rain smote it, hurled it open and back against the inner wall with a crash.

The light went out. The instant the wind speared the flame, the jailer saw a shape with the head of a fiend standing with up-raised arm whirling a heavy chain.

The candle and the jailer's life went out together. Salarado had buried the end link in his jailer's brain.

Straining every muscle, Salarado closed the door against the storm. He relit the candle and bent over the dead jailer. From the twitching body he unbuckled the loaded cartridge-belt. From it hung the six-shooter and the bowie. He strapped the belt around his own waist. He quickly but carefully examined the two weapons. They were the best of their kind. Salarado was armed.

He searched the corpse with a practised hand. From it he took a watch, gold-dust, money, and trinkets, and a long-bladed pocket-knife.

He drank the water to the last drop and half the whisky. The rest of his spilled supper he crowded into his pocket. It might be needed later.

Salarado stepped out of jail. He locked the door behind him. The devil was loose.

Now for Mexie! Salarado knew where to find her.

A man and woman, almost petrified with terror, saw a smiling fiend noiselessly appear in the doorway and sweep the floor with his sombrero as he bowed low before them with the grace and courtesy of a knight of old Castile. In one hand was his hat; in the other a bowie-knife.

The blade flashed through the lamplight into the groin of the man. Three days hence would come sure death—three days of agony. Salarado had smokingly contemplated those three days.

Laughing, Salarado jumped at Mexie, catching her in his arms. He was snarling and holding her with iron gentleness—and he kissed her sweetly.

In an hour, Mexie could see no more.

This was Salarado's revenge and their punishment.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### A Game of Cards.

NOW for the desert, life, and liberty. Into the storm plunged Salarado. Just then a yell smote his ears. It was followed

by a chorus of enthusiastic shouts. The voices came down the wind from the jury-room.

Salarado turned like a speared tiger. Escape on the desert was almost impossible that night. Better meet death fighting. When a man decides to die he becomes invincible. Frenzied with desperation, Salarado, lunge by lunge, turning his back for breath, fought his way against the blinding, strangling storm to the windowed door on the sheltered side of the lone jury-room. Inside the jury-room was uproarious carelessness and twelve unarmed men. Outside was atmospheric chaos and a fearless fiend. Salarado looked through the window.

The jury had been unanimous in quickly agreeing that Salarado was to die. Then a novel thing was proposed, even for New Mexico in the early days. The foreman suggested that they, the jury, play a game of "freeze-out," with Salarado's life or freedom as the stake. The suggestion met with boisterous approval.

The wind carried this approval to Salarado's ears just as the murderer left the house of Mexie.

Through the pane, Salarado saw the jury divide by lot into two parties, six on each side. He watched the foreman give out one hundred chips to each man. Salarado counted these chips as they were stacked up before the players seated around the table.

The game began. Salarado stood outside in the storm, watching, listening, and smiling. First the sides stood six and six. After the first jack-pot, three players dropped out, two from the death party and one from the side that played for the freedom of Salarado. A bluff lost another man for Salarado's side. Salarado saw that it was even once more, with the sides standing four and four.

Another jack-pot cost the Salarado side three men, and the death party one; but Salarado's player had over two-thirds of all the chips. The next deal, two more of the death party left the table. It was man and man now, with an even number of chips to each. The chances were again equal. All depended on the cards, and the skill with which they were handled by two of the best poker-players in New Mexico.

The foreman dealt. Mexie's brother played for the freedom of the man whose liberty meant death to his sister. The father of Star Eyes played for the death of the

murderer. Eleven breathless men watched the two players. Ten were inside the jury-room; one looked through the window.

Five men stood behind Mexie's brother, and over his shoulder read the faces of the five bits of paper that stood between Salarado and the noose. Five men did the same behind the chair of the father of Star Eyes; but the cards they saw meant death.

Neither player dared to shirk the responsibilities of the game. Social degradation, loathing, and utter contempt would have been the fate of either had he slighted the imposed or implied duties of his position. Within a month the slightest details of that game for human life were known throughout all New Mexico.

The game was over.

"Salarado dies!" exultantly shouted the father of Star Eyes. The jury thunderously echoed him.

Salarado opened the door. He sprang into the room. The door slammed behind him.

"Hands up, señors!"

Not a juryman moved.

Salarado free? Impossible. Yet there he stood, his back against the door. Held low in his right hand was a bloody bowie-knife; in his left, covering the jury, was a cocked six-shooter.

Salarado had the drop. The unarmed jury was helpless. At the quiet orders of their recent human stake—orders that were between a purr and a snarl—the jury obediently stood in line with its faces to the wall.

Save for Salarado's voice, in the jury-room all was silence. To yell for help meant instant death from the hurled knife or the hungry revolver. At any rate, the effort would have been useless. The jury-room was an isolated island in the deafening uproar of the storm. With a leader, the twelve might have closed in on Salarado bare-handed; but that meant instant death to the man who made the first move, so there was no leader.

Outside, the wind howled and shrieked in derision. Inside, Salarado smiled in sardonic silence. The jurymen dumbly obeyed his grim, laconic orders.

In the corners of the room were half a dozen Mexican saddles. Salarado cut the long rawhide thongs from them. With these he approached from behind the line of men facing the adobe wall and bound each man's hands behind him, both at the wrists and just above the elbows.

In this operation Salarado was merciless.



Then he lashed each juryman's legs together at the ankles and just above the knees. He gagged them with strips of Navajo saddle-blanket. Then he blindfolded them. No juryman dared protest or move. To do so meant eight inches of cold steel between the shoulder-blades.

The father of Star Eyes was the last man Salarado blindfolded. The buffalo hesitated. He paled slightly from superstitious fear. Then Salarado took the burly form of the man in his arms of steel and carried him to a chair apart from the rest. There Salarado tied him fast. He gently removed the blanket bandage from his helpless victim's eyes.

"Salarado dies? *Señor* will see," murmured Salarado with a voice as soft as that of a Spanish girl. Salarado put his heels together and, with his left hand over his heart, gracefully swept his sombrero to the floor. His eyes were snaky and his lips, though smiling, parted over clenched teeth.

A log ran overhead the entire length of the jury-room and parallel with the long table beneath it.

From the saddles Salarado took three horse-hair lariats. These he cut into eleven short ropes. He deftly knotted a slip-noose in the end of each. Placing a chair on the table and mounting it, Salarado tied the eleven ropes to the beam.

The father of Star Eyes counted the dangling nooses. A gleam of hope shone in his eyes. Salarado saw it. He had counted on it. Playfully he knotted and swung to the beam a twelfth rope. The faint glimmer died out of those eager eyes.

His plan was to place the jury standing on the table with their necks in the nooses, and, by suddenly overturning their support, hang all his former judges at once. A short time before they had played poker for his life. Now he was hanging them. The situation amused Salarado.

Then a more exquisite idea crept into his mind.

Salarado tore the bandages from the jury's eyes. He turned them around until all faced the table. The table he pulled back until the edge of it was only a few inches from being directly under the nooses.

The sight horrified the bound and gagged jury. These frontiersmen were accustomed to seeing terrible sights. The nooses and the silent, smiling Salarado froze their blood.

None of them resisted nor asked for mercy. What was the use?

Salarado grabbed the foreman by the collar and dragged him to the table, throwing him upon it. The doomed man straightened up into a sitting posture on the edge of the table and coolly held out his tied feet to his executioner.

With a nod of comprehension and a glance of admiration, Salarado cut the leather strings that bound the ankles and obligingly pulled off the man's boots. He cast another glance at his victim, questioningly. The condemned nodded.

Salarado severed the strings that bound the knees. Stiffly and awkwardly rising to his feet and standing on the table, the fated man placed himself beneath one of the nooses. Salarado lightly vaulted upon the extemporized scaffold and slipped the rope over the man's head. Standing thus, literally on the brink of death, the man winked with grim, hopeless humor at his murderer. Delighted, Salarado gave the man an approving slap on the back that all but knocked him off the table-edge into eternity.

Salarado laughed. The man on the table reeled. He struggled to regain his balance. He failed. He swung from the edge—and, plunging, writhing, kicking with his free feet, he was slowly choking to death.

The door opened. The sheriff stepped across the threshold. His eyes were filled with dust. For an instant the light blinded him. One hand held the door, the other shaded his eyes. He was unconscious of danger.

Like a panther from a tree, Salarado leaped from the table upon the officer. Crushing him to the floor, he drove the bowie-blade into his breast. The blade struck the officer's star and the point was broken off. Salarado saw that it was ruined.

Then Salarado lost his nerve. He dropped the knife, and from his hip whipped his six-shooter. Whirling, he shot four of the jury-men, then plunged through the door into the outer blackness. A burst of flame shot into his face, almost blinding him. Unhurt, he instantly answered it with a bullet fired low. He felt a body reel from him as he struck against it in his headlong flight.

Then through the dark, the wind at his back, Salarado flew across the desert with the speed of an antelope. On through the night he went before the storm.

(To be continued.)



## The Railroad Man's Brain Teasers.

**F**RITZ GANNON, Helena, Montana, sends the following for our mental nut-crackers:

(16) A, B, and C are stations on a railroad. Three-eighths of the distance from A to B equal four-ninths of the distance from B to C, and the total distance from A to C is 236 miles, C being between the two. Trains Nos. 1 and 2 leave A and C at the same time, traveling in opposite directions. No. 2 travels from C toward A at the rate of 40 miles per hour. At what speed per hour will train No. 1 travel to reach B at the same time as No. 2?

From O. L. Bourn, Kingfield, Maine, we received this one:

(17) A railroad in need of 100 additional cars set aside \$100,000 for that purpose, instructing the purchasing agent to pay \$5,000 each for parlor-cars, \$1,000 each for day-coaches, and \$50 each for some second-hand flats. How many of each did he buy?

E. G. Riegel, Mendota, Illinois, kindly contributes this teaser:

(18) A railroad has 3 road-engines and a pusher, the total capacity of which is 2,200 tons. The first engine and pusher will pull as much as the other two engines. The second engine and pusher will pull twice as much as the first and third, and the third engine and pusher will pull three times as much as the first and second. How much can each pull alone?

And this one from Judge O. W. Rowland, Paw Paw, Michigan:

(19) A man wishes to travel west 1,000 miles, north 1,000 miles, east 1,000 miles, south 1,000 miles, and then be at his starting-point. Where must he start from in order to make such a trip?

The correct answers to these puzzles will be found in the March number.



# ON THE EDITORIAL CARPET.

Where We Get Flagged by Our Readers, and  
Find an Exhaust for Our Own High Pressure.

THE bright particular red car of this number is a new novel, "Vanishing Railroaders," being a collection of railroad stories of the old days. Although they tell of times that have passed, their grip is just as strong as the clutch of a Janney coupler on two loaded gondolas. Perchance, some of the stories told in this thousand-and-one-nights of railroad romance may not be new to many an old-timer, but they are the real thing in railroad yarns, and their atmosphere is as true as the first glimpse of the pay-car.

In this number we also present a very interesting article by Robert H. Rogers—his description of the fastest train in all Europe. In the March number we are going to publish another of Mr. Rogers's observations while abroad. This one deals with the railroad men of England, and it is a careful analysis and comparison of their work with that of the men in this country. This is only one of the many good things aboard the March special.

If you walk through the plush-upholstered Pullman of that train, you will find a very good article on the handling of United States mails; the first of a series on the transportation of the hundreds of immigrants that yearly come to this country—one of the great problems of the railway; a bunch of stories by Arno Dosch, giving some heroic escapades of railroad men, and a story of a man-hunt that is full of tragic moment.

W. J. Knight, the man who was actually chosen to run the famous engine "General," will tell in his own way the story of the Andrews Raid. This article, we hope, will settle for all time the doubt that is perpetually set in motion regarding this famous run.

Aside from these important subjects, Gilson Willets will have another bunch of stories from Missouri, and they contain all the excitement and interest that characterizes those we are printing in this number.

J. E. Smith has sent in one of the funniest of his "Observations," and all the well-known and popular features which our readers seem to like so well will be found in their respective places.

Then there is as fine a fiction way-bill as we have ever presented. There will be stories of railroad heroism, stories of railroad love-affairs, stories of tragic moments, and stories that are funny.

Of course, Honk and Horace will be aboard, and we take great pleasure in telling you, boys, that, disregarding the Hepburn Law, we have

given these two amiable gentlemen a pass over all our lines for some time to come.

We are starting an unusually long train for March, but there will be no air friction in the train-pipe.

## THE DEATH OF DU BOUSQUET.

THE recent death in France of M. Gaston du Bousquet, chief mechanical engineer of the *Chemin de Fer du Nord*, removed from foreign railroading its most active and, probably, the dominant personality in the shaping of its varied and pressing mechanical problems. For nearly half a century this wonderfully capable executive was connected with that railroad, and for twenty years he bore the heavy responsibilities associated with the exalted position as absolute head of its motive-power department.

It would require many pages to adequately narrate the significant events in M. du Bousquet's long and useful career, and the influence which they exerted in developing the continental locomotive in France, although its counterpart spreads to the high and efficient plane which it now undisputably occupies.

Many are the types of engines of which this eminent engineer—endowed with such keen and practical common sense—directed the plans. In the building of those engines, he painstakingly supervised the smallest details. Four main types will survive him and will insure the endurance of his name: and memory for all time in the comprehensive history of railroading.

These are the four-cylinder compound; the engine with two sets of independent driving-wheels; the quick-starting suburban locomotive, which effectually solved the problem of the heavy Paris morning and evening business; and, finally, the engine with the water-tube fire-box, which he watched with jealous care, but unhappily had not the felicity and consolation to see finished.

Of these four types of locomotives, the four-cylinder compound is the one of which he had the most right to be proud. Read the careful description of it given by Robert H. Rogers in "Europe's Fastest Run," in this number of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. It was from this locomotive, in the rapid and interesting evolution undergone by railways in the last twenty years,

that the principles emanated which are now followed in the construction of practically all modern locomotives.

The designing of engines and cars, however, was far from being the entire scope of M. du Bousquet's remarkable activity and ability. He will long be remembered as an organizer without a peer, and as the originator of the scheme of carefully educating the rank and file to an exact and full comprehension of whatever new device was to be introduced and which they would be called upon to operate.

That this plan, which required the personal supervision of many years, has borne fruit is shown in the wonderful running skill of the locomotive-engineers handling the Du Bousquet—De Glehn compounds on the French Northern Railway, and by the absolutely unassailable system which prevails thereon in every detail of motive-power department procedure.

M. du Bousquet's talents and ability as an engineer were regarded by a large number of honorary distinctions. For fourteen years he had been an officer in the Legion of Honor and he held a large number of foreign decorations. Above all things, however, he was the kind master, whose main quality was human kindness. With grateful remembrance, the staff of every department of his railroad will recall the bountiful measures he took so frequently in their favor, even up to the very last hour of his life.

THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE is pleased to be first in paying this inadequate tribute to the mechanical skill and executive ability which so easily places Gaston du Bousquet in the foremost rank of the railroad hall of fame.

## DESPATCHING TRAINS BY TELEPHONE.

THE article, "Despatching Trains By Telephone," which appeared in the October number of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, brought to our office, as we expected, many letters of criticism. Some of our correspondents handed us a goodly measure of praise; others would have us dragged on the carpet forthwith.

It is evident that a great many railroad men are not in sympathy with this new movement. They regard the introduction of the telephone as a menace to telegraph-operators, notwithstanding all we tried to explain to the contrary. They also claim that the telephone simply means cheaper labor.

That is a question we cannot discuss. Labor matters have no place in our magazine. It is primarily for the entertainment and instruction of the railroad fraternity, and those of our correspondents who bring up this point in connection with despatching trains by telephone must seek elsewhere for an answer.

Our own position is easily explained. As we said in the introduction to that article, it is the province of this magazine, beyond all other con-

ditions, to publish as *news* any invention, improvement, or change in railway practise that seems to be of interest to railroad men at large.

We publish such matter as *news* only. And such information is sought by all broad-minded railroad men. If we describe a new labor-saving device or devote some of our space to some new and intelligent improvement, it does not mean that we are advocating a change in labor conditions.

That is farthest from our editorial intention. THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE must keep abreast of the times.

Wouldn't you have it so?

## \$60,000,000 FOR CROSS-TIES IN 1909.

THE Census Bureau, in conjunction with the Forest Service of the Department of Agriculture, annually collects and publishes a special report on the consumption of cross-ties. This information recently appeared in a preliminary comparative report covering 1907, 1908, and 1909, and it indicates the large increase of 10 per cent in the number of wooden cross-ties purchased by the steam and electric railroads in the United States in 1909, as compared with 1908.

In 1909, the total number of cross-ties of all kinds of wood, reported as having been purchased, was 123,754,000, costing \$60,321,000 at the point of purchase, as compared with 112,463,000, costing \$56,281,000, in 1908, and 153,700,000, costing \$78,959,000, in 1907. The latter year does not, however, represent the true standard of comparison, as it was one of unusual railroad development. The decrease in 1908 was about 26.8 per cent, but in 1909, the balance swung back to 80.5 per cent of the 1907 record, and was, as stated, an increase of about 10 per cent over 1908.

A significant feature is the fact that in 1909 there were 16,437,000 cross-ties reported as purchased for new tracks, against 7,431,000 in 1908, and 23,557,000 in 1907. The amount expended for ties by the steam and electric railroads in 1909 amounted to \$60,000,000. The purchases by steam railroads formed about 93 per cent of the total in 1909, as compared with approximately 94 per cent in both 1908, and 1907. While there was considerable variation in the number of cross-ties purchased during the three years, the average cost per tie remained close to 50 cents.

## A WORTHY IDEA.

THE American Locomotive Company has begun an interesting experiment at its Rogers works at Paterson, New Jersey. It is proposed to pay weekly prizes to its employees for the best suggestions tending toward improvement in existing shop methods. This innovation has awakened a lively interest among the men, and since its introduction there has been no lack of competitors.



This idea is particularly appealing to those who feel that they know a good thing, and who would have no other way to present it than by dropping the idea into the suggestion-box.

Though some of the submitted sketches are crude, as might be expected, no disregard is shown by the judges in awarding prizes; what is wanted is a new, practical idea, and the intention is to develop all that appear to be of value.



### CAN YOU HELP THIS MAN?

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

**H**AVING tried every possible means at my command to locate my father who worked on the L. S. and M. S. Railway, for twenty years, and having met with disappointment at every turn, I finally concluded to appeal to you.

I wrote to the division superintendent at Toledo, and the only information I received from him was that they had had a man by his name working for the company several years ago, but that he could give me no information as to his present whereabouts.

I have been reading your magazine for a long time. In my estimation there isn't another that can compare with it. The only objection I have is that it doesn't come often enough. I sit down and devour its contents from cover to cover like a hungry child with its favorite brand of breakfast food. If it came twice a month, I would certainly be at the news-stand to get the first copy.

I will give you as much information as I can, to help you in my case.

My father's name is Adam Smith. He was braking on the rear-end from Elkhart, Indiana, to Toledo, Ohio, on the main line of the L. S. and M. S. Railway and made his headquarters at Elkhart.

If I remember right, he lived at 702 Monroe Street, or at least on Monroe Street, close to the L. S. and M. S. yards. He was on the road as late as seven years ago, when he was braking on through-freight caboose, No. 232.

Any information you may be able to give me will certainly be gratefully received. I should like very much to pay him a visit in the near future, if he is still among the living.—A. ED. SMITH, 233 Livingston Ave Columbus, Ohio.



### ANSWERS TO CERTAIN SIGNALS.

**O**LD-TIMER, Minneapolis, and others: Your letters criticizing certain articles were very interesting. We would like to publish them, but you do not sign your names. An anonymous communication is a baneful proposition. It is nothing more than an insult to the man who receives it and carries absolutely no weight. As we have said before, sign your names to your communications. We will not publish them unless you wish.

D. J. H., Oakland, California.—Regarding the poems about which you wrote us. "The Dying Hobo" appeared in December, 1909. "The Face on the Bar-Room Floor" (the first line of

which is "The night was dark and balmy") appeared in March, 1910. You can secure copies of both these numbers by sending ten cents for each to this office.

H. D. P., Richmond, Kentucky.—The latest and most approved way to spell it is "despatcher." This is according to the Standard Dictionary, which is our green light along the line of spelling and such things. "Dispatcher" is an older form, but both words mean exactly the same. Some lexicographers (word-makers) claim a distinction. They say that the dispatcher carries the despatch, and therefore and most naturally the dispatcher would carry the instructions to the despatcher. However, the way we use it in our magazine is absolutely correct.

G. M. F., Vandergrift Heights, Pennsylvania.—We would like to print the song, "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?" but our rule is to stick strictly to the muse that is inspired by the railroad. "Casey Jones" appeared in our July, 1910, issue.

TO MANY CORRESPONDENTS: In regard to the length of the bridge across Lake Pontchartrain on the Queen and Crescent Route, we have received the following information direct from the president of that line.

"There are 30,206 feet of trestle-work on the bridge. Also two steel draw-spans, each 250 feet long, making a total length of the bridge from shore to shore 30,706 feet."

A BRAKEMAN'S WIFE, West Derby, Vermont.—We were glad to see your poem, but it is always proper to send your name and address with a literary contribution. The editor may want to write to you about it.



### "INCLUDING FINNIGIN."

**I**T was a railroad poem that made Strickland W. Gillilan known as a writer of verse. That poem was "Including Finnigin." It is one of the quaintest bits of humor ever written and it now forms the title of Mr. Gillilan's collected works. "Including Finnigin" contains some of the most human, homely verses ever penned since the days of Ben King. Glancing through its pages, we find several about railroaders. Although "Including Finnigin" is the best known, we are going to reprint it here, as it is worth reading every time one comes across it. The book is published by Forbes & Company, Chicago, Illinois. Price \$1.

FINNIGIN TO FLANNIGAN.

**S**UPERINTENDINT wuz Flannigan;  
Boss av th' siction wuz Finnigin.

Whiniver th' cyars got off th' thrack,  
An' muddled up things t' th' divvle an' back,  
Finnigin writ it t' Flannigan,  
Aft'er th' wrick wuz all on agin;  
That is, this Finnigin  
Repoorted t' Flannigan.

Whin Finnigin furrst writ t' Flannigan,  
He writed tin pa-ages, did Finnigin;

An' he towld just how th' wrick occurred—  
Yis, minny a tajus, blundherin' wurrd  
Did Flannigin write t' Flannigan  
Aftther th' cyars had gone on agin—  
Reported th' way Finnigin  
Reported t' Flannigan.

Now Flannigan knowed more than Finnigin—  
He'd more idjucation, had Flannigan.  
An' ut wore 'm clane an' completely out  
T' tell what Finnigin writ about  
In 's writin' t' Musther Flannigan.  
So he writed this back: "Musther Finnigin:—  
Don't do sich a sin agin;  
Make 'em brief, Finnigin!"

Whin Finnigin got that frum Flannigan  
He blushed rosy-rid, did Finnigin.  
An' he said: "I'll gamble a whole month's pay  
That ut'll be minny an' minny a day  
Befure sup'rintindint—that's Flannigan—  
Gits a whack at that very same sin agin.  
Frum Finnigin to Flannigan  
Repoorts won't be long agin."

Wan day on th' siction av Finnigin,  
On th' road sup'rintinded be Flannigan,  
A ra-all give way on a bit av a curve,  
An' some cyars wint off as they made th' shwarve,  
"They's nobody hurrted," says Finnigin,  
"But repoorts must be made t' Flannigan."  
An' he winked at McGorrigan  
As married a Finnigin.

He wuz shantiy in' thin, wuz Finnigin,  
As minny a railroader's been agin,  
An' 'is shmoky o' lamp wuz burnin' bright  
In Finnigin's shanty all that night—  
Bilin' down 's repoort, wuz Finnigin.  
An' he writed this here: "Musther Flannigan:—  
Off agin, on agin,  
Gone agin.—Finnigin."



### MAINE'S NARROW-GAGE ROADS.

**I**S there a railroad in Maine with two-foot gage?—  
Boss av th' section wuz Finnigin.  
and engines?—H. O. H., Haines Falls, New York.

It is the Bridgton and Saco River railroad, 21 miles long; 5 locomotives and 63 cars.—*Railroad Man's Magazine.*

Also the Wiscasset, Waterville and Farmington, 57½ miles, 7 locomotives and 114 cars; the Kennebec Central, 5 miles, 2 locomotives, 21 cars; the Monson, 6 miles, 2 locomotives, 23 cars; and the Sandy River and Rangeley Lakes, with 103 miles, 17 locomotives, 263 cars, one of which is a parlor-car.—*Maine Woods.*



### FRONTIER DAYS.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

**I** READ in the Christmas number of your magazine, Mr. W. J. Carney's story, "How the Julesburg Mail Was Lost." He states that this incident occurred in 1868. I was a member of Company D., Fourth United States Infantry, from 1865 to 1868.

On April 5, 1867, my regiment crossed the Missouri River, on the ice, to Omaha. No bridge had then been built. We camped for a short time on the bluffs south of the town.

The weather becoming warmer, we left Omaha and traveled to North Platte, which was then as far as the Union Pacific Railroad had been built. From North Platte we hiked up through the Platte River valley to our destination—Fort Sedgwick.

There we spent the summer of 1867. The railroad had been built to Julesburg, which town sprang up like a mushroom overnight, as Mr. Carney states.

In the fall of 1867, the railroad had reached Cheyenne, Wyoming. My company was stationed for a short time at Fort D. A. Russel, at Cheyenne. From that point, we marched through what was called the Chug to old Fort Laramie, where I spent the winter and summer of 1868, being discharged from the service in the month of August.

Mr. Carney probably was at Fort Sedgwick during the time that my regiment—including the famed Fourth Infantry band, which had been General Grant's headquarters band during the Civil War—was stationed there.

The troop that Mr. Carney belonged to was known as the old Second Dragoons. General Potter was post-commander. The Pawnee Scouts, under command of Major North, were camped near our company quarters.

Mr. Carney may remember the accidental shooting of First-Sergeant Boutelier, just as our company was ready to march out for Sunday evening parade.

The death of Sergeant Boutelier caused no interruption in the parade, during which the band played a lively march. General Potter and the ladies sat on the veranda viewing the ceremony with its tragic accompaniment. Such was the life of a soldier—to meet death with martial music and flying colors!

I have no recollection of the battle that Mr. Carney relates, but I have no doubt of its occurrence. Such encounters made heroes of the mounted men, while we poor "dough-boys" were building telegraph-lines, making adobe bricks, or chopping wood in the mountains.

The cavalry-men lived on the fat of the land, as they could follow the buffalo and antelope. We had to be satisfied with bean-soup and rusty sow-belly and a boiled concoction of hard-tack and other ingredients, the name of which I hesitate to write. Most of the time we were as hungry as wolves.

While stationed at Fort Sedgwick, I saw the famous Sioux Chief, Spotted Tail. His followers were not hostile at that time. The Sioux were divided into clans such as the Beules and Ogallalas and others. Not all of these clans were unfriendly. I mingled among them quite freely, and have, to this day, relics that were presented to me by my Indian friends.

At Fort Laramie, I saw the largest gathering of plains' Indians that ever took place in the history of the West. There were Sioux, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Crows, and other tribes. A treaty was being held, relating to the Black Hills country and other points of dispute.

Among the noted white men present were Generals Sherman, Auger, Terry, and Harney;



Brevet-General Slemmer, post-commander; Major Bullock, post-trader, and a Mr. Reichard, interpreter.

Chief Red Cloud's daughter was shot to death one night by a soldier on guard, when she failed to answer his challenge. This was one of the causes of the uprising that followed later.

I will not take up your valuable time by a recital of my own experiences. I am writing only to correct the data of Mr. Carney's story.

In the history of the frontiers, we have accounts, like Mr. Carney's, of troops driving the enemy before them. I have a distinct recollection of leading about two hundred well-mounted, blood-thirsty savages. I was not mounted, for the simple life had made me a great sprinter. The proof of my successful leadership is my ability to write you this letter.—J. M. S., Bridgeport, Connecticut.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I HAVE just finished reading your article on freight rates in the January issue of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. I am a freight-rate clerk in New York, and desire to say a few words regarding the trials and tribulations of my position.

My chief and I quote on an average of one hundred rates a day from dry goods to locomotives and flying machines, mostly over the telephone, and I can tell you our heads certainly ache from some of the questions we are asked and names we are called by shippers who cannot seem to understand we are mere human beings and not unabridged libraries of knowledge.

We are asked to explain why the through trans-continental rates to San Francisco or some other Pacific Coast terminal are half as much as the rate to Missoula, Montana. When we endeavor to give a satisfactory reason, are told we don't know what we are talking about. Also, why cotton-piece goods are "rule 25" in the official class, third class in the Western classification, and fourth class in the Southern classification.

When we happen to make an error, even if of a half-cent per hundred pounds on a shipment of dry goods weighing 150 pounds, we are told we are trying to flim-flam the shipper and are going to be reported to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

"A FREIGHT-RATER."

## OLD-TIME POEMS.

### SONG OF THE ENGINE.

BY DICK COFFIN.

ONLY a giant of brass and steel,  
You wouldn't suppose that I could feel.  
Only a monster, grim and great,  
I stand on the track and wait, and wait.  
Only an engine, a thing that's dumb,  
But I understand when the orders come.  
"We're an hour late," the conductor said,  
And the goal but a hundred miles ahead!  
An hour late. It is naught to me,  
For I know the hand that will set me free.  
I can feel it now, in callous dress,  
Along my throttle in soft caress.

'Tis the engineer's. He knows my strength,  
And loves every inch of my shining length.  
An hour late. How long to start.  
I feel a glow in my red-hot heart,  
And my feather is waving proud and high—  
For the time is near to do or die.  
At last! The signal! I must away!  
I sense a thrill of the coming fray.  
My headlight shows me the track is clear,  
I feel the hand of the engineer.  
A wheeze, a puff, a snort, a cough;  
My whistle shrieks. I'm off! I'm off!  
My drivers whirl like a flash of light,  
As I grind the sand to a powder white,  
And glide through the yards by the green and red—  
There's a bum on the baggage-coach ahead!

Out on the main line rip-et-tee-zip,  
Beginning to hit up a lively clip.  
Hark! 'Tis the voice of the engineer;  
"She's burnin' a hole in the atmosphere!"  
'Tis the kind of praise he always gives—  
He knows that I am a thing that lives.  
As he leans from the cab and kindly smiles  
While watching his pet reel off the miles,  
'Tis now I know he has done his best,  
And it's up to me—I'll do the rest.  
So, away! Away! I fear no fate,  
Nor a hundred miles, nor an hour late.  
I tear along like a fiend gone mad,  
And I hum a song, for my heart is glad.  
On and on, through the inky night,  
I rush with the speed of an arrow's flight.  
On and on—plain, forest, town—  
Cutting the distance down and down.  
Roll and rattle, clatter and clank,  
I dart like a flash by a water-tank!

A hundred miles. But I never flinch,  
I gather speed with every inch.  
My breath comes hot in a steady roar  
Through the reeking stack, and the cinders pour  
In a fiery stream from my brazen throat,  
A sound as sweet as an organ's note!  
A sound of wild unrest, so grand  
To me and those who understand.  
The wind cuts hard at my iron brow,  
For I'm going, going, going now!  
Faster and faster with every breath,  
I run the race with Time and Death.  
Faster and faster! I fairly leap  
As I shoot a grade that is long and steep.  
I take a bend with a screaming hiss,  
And glide on the edge of a precipice.  
Clang and clatter, rattle and clack;  
Hard luck, indeed, if I left the track!  
Faster and faster I tear along,  
Louder and louder I shout my song.  
I leave a village in swirls of dust;  
Will I make it up? I must! I must!  
Faster and faster! The landscape seems to whirl  
and whirl like a drunkard's dream;  
One grinding grip on the gleaming steel,  
And I round a curve with a reckless reel,  
And I swing my head in a dizzy flash  
On a dead straight line for a last mad dash  
To win the end of a hundred miles—  
My reward? Will be my pardner's smiles!  
Slam and clatter, rattle and roll,  
Almost there! I can see the goal!  
One mighty spurt. I'm nearly done,  
Over a crossing—hurrah! I've won!

My bell rings gay as a Christmas chime,  
An hour late? No! In on time!

L'ENVOI.

The bum on the baggage-coach ahead  
Dropped off and a quart of cinders shook  
From his hair, as he walked away and said:  
"That's the fastest ride I ever took."



### FIFTY MILES AN HOUR.

Mrs. Garfield's Ride to Washington, July 2, 1881.

BY GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR, D.D.

"CLEAR the track to Washington!"  
Flashed the order from New York.  
Commerce, travel, all must wait;  
Business, pleasure, play or work!  
"Clear the track to Washington!"  
Fire the steam to lightning power!  
Engineer, your orders are:  
Fifty miles an hour!"

"Bring out 'Long-legged Tom,' whose wheels  
Stride eight yards at every round!  
Let them burn along the steels!  
Make that splendid engine bound!  
Like the fiery dragon's flight,  
Let the train the road devour!  
Engineer, your orders are:  
Fifty miles an hour!"

"Why?" "A mad assassin's hand  
Shot our President this morn.  
Garfield's wife to Garfield flies,  
Like an angel, whirlwind borne!  
Engineer, be bold and true!  
Test your art's consummate power!  
Put this little woman through,  
Fifty miles an hour!"

"Fifty million patriot hearts  
Weep, and rage, and curse, and pray;  
"Save, O God, our President!  
Shield his wife, and speed her way!"  
Engineer, not this for you;  
Yours to stand a brazen tower,  
And put this one weak woman through,  
Fifty miles an hour!"

"Ten hours' time to Washington,  
You must cut it down to six!  
For our Garfield's hero soul  
Trembles on the shores of Styx!  
Grim Charon's bark grates on life's strand;  
But Love shall snatch his lifted oar;  
For Love can bear the fearful strain  
Of fifty miles an hour!"

Strong men, bare-browed, cheer the train,  
Like a thunderbolt hurled past!  
Women's tears fall thick as rain  
Shook from rose-trees by the blast.  
O, Wedded Love! ne'er angel flew  
From heaven to earth with richer dower!  
Angels! waft this true wife through,  
Fifty miles an hour!"

Philadelphia hails the car,  
Like a meteor on its road;  
Baltimore, thrilled at its jar,  
Waves it on with prayer to God!

Venus's chariot, drawn by doves,  
Fluttering from Love's myrtle bower,  
Changed to steed of steel and flame,  
At fifty miles an hour!

The true wife comes! Love fights with death!  
The nation's prayer is heard!  
E'en Shylock Wall Street's "bulls" and "bears"  
With a human throb are stirred;  
And a million gold were not too much  
To make that brave wife's dower,  
Who rode six hours to save her lord,  
Fifty miles an hour!



### A MAN'S NAME.

BY RICHARD REALE.

*In memoriam, David Simmons, Railroad Engineer. Died, February 6, 1871, near New Hamburg, New York.*

(From "Poems by Richard Reale." Copyrighted, 1898, by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.)

THROUGH the packed horror of the night  
It rose up like a star,  
And sailed into the infinite,  
Where the immortals are.

"Down brakes!" One splendid hard-held breath,  
And lo, an unknown name  
Strode into sovereignty from death,  
Trailing a path of flame.

"Jump!"—"I remain"—No needless word,  
No vagueness in his breast;  
Along his blood the swift test stirred—  
He answered to the test.

Gripped his black peril like a vise,  
And, as he grappled, saw  
That life is one with sacrifice  
And duty one with law.

Home:—but his feet grew granite fast;  
Wife:—yet he did not reel;  
Babes:—ah, they tugged! but to the last  
He stood there true as steel.

Above his own heart's lovingness,  
Above another's crime,  
Above the immitigable stress,  
Above himself and time,

Smote loving comfort on the cheek,  
Gave quibbling fear the lie,  
Taught ambling fluncheon how to speak,  
And brave men how to die.

Who said the time of kings has gone?  
Who said our Alps were low,  
And not by God's airs blown upon?  
Behold, it is not so.

Out from the palace and the hut,  
Dwarf-fronted, lame of will,  
Limp our marred Joves and giants—but  
Sceptered for mastery still.

And clothed with puissance to quell  
Whatever mobs of shame  
Are leagued within us, with such spell  
As David Simmons's name.



# Healthful vs. unhealthy heating

Direct-from-the-fire kind of heating (as grates, stoves and hot-air furnaces) robs the air of its life-principle—oxygen—and fills its place with carbon-dioxide—a poison—dead, burned air, unfit to be taken into the lungs. No greenhouses or sanitariums are now so heated! Then there's the annoyance, as well as the business loss, of being obliged to stay away from one's work due to a drafty, ash-dust and coal-gas laden atmosphere in the home, irritating the sensitive membranes of nose and throat.



## AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS



A No. 1-22-W IDEAL Boiler and 422 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$190, were used to heat this cottage. At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.

Showrooms in all large cities

prevent your taking chances with your health. IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators should be put in every occupied building. They save their cost by cutting down the fuel bills. They do away with soot, dirt and hard work. They supply every room, nook and corner of the house in all kinds of weather with pure, warm air—and at just the temperature you want.

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are built on the unit or sectional plan, so they can quickly be set up in any size of building—new or old—town or country—without disturbing occupants.

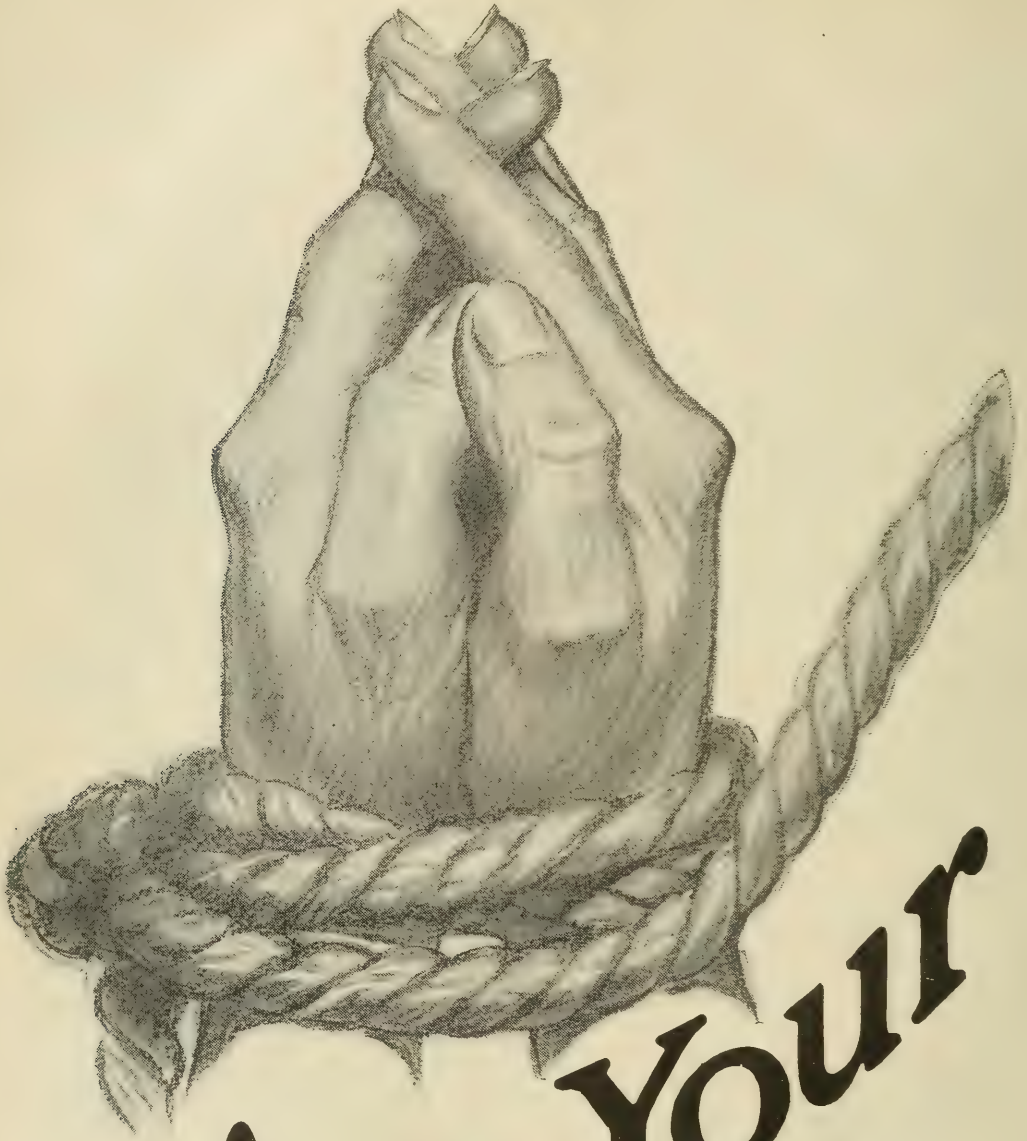
You can learn more about old-fashioned heating a day after it is too late than your friends would think of telling you in a year before. Better investigate now this money-saving heating investment—many thousands sold annually throughout America and Europe. Our complete (free) catalog tells a big story in heating wisdom. Write today. Prices now most favorable.



IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators keep a new house new and cause an old house to have its life and value prolonged.

## AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write to Dept. J  
Chicago



# Are Your

Do you long for BETTER THINGS—yet  
do not know how to reach out to get them?  
Or—do you feel as if your “hands are tied?”  
Don’t give up—there is hope for YOU!



# Hands Tied?

Have you ambition? Do you want to get on—**SUCCEED**—earn more money? Is there a certain line of work you think you could do better in—if you only had the training? Or a certain kind of position you would like to hold—only you fear your “hands are tied?”

**D**ON'T let your ambition die! Don't think your hands are tied! Don't think that you can't strike out for advancement and *success*—that you do not dare, because you must eke out your daily bread—that you must go on in the same old rut as long as you live.

Get out of the crowd of ordinary *untrained* men—whose each day's work puts them *no further ahead*—for whom the future has no promise.

Start your advancement **NOW**—mark the coupon with a cross opposite the occupation you prefer, mail it *to-day*, and let the International Correspondence Schools give you full information on how they can *help you* to succeed as they have thousands of others—costs but postage—you incur no obligation.

Simply let the I. C. S. tell you how they can assist you to become an **EXPERT** in your chosen work—in your spare time—at home—no matter where you live or how little you now earn.

Your hands are not tied. Victory is within your reach—you can succeed.

It's a winning game for you—if you will only enter.

More than 300 I. C. S. students monthly **VOLUNTARILY** report increases in pay due to I. C. S. help—331 in October.

The world owes you *success* if you demand it—the world owes you nothing if you do not. Mark the coupon—make your beginning—**NOW**.

***This Coupon is for YOU***

## INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Box 861, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position, trade or profession before which I have marked X.

General Foreman  
R. R. Shop Foreman  
R. R. Traveling Eng.  
R. R. Trav'g Fireman  
Locomotive Engineer  
Air-Brake Instructor  
Air-Brake Inspector  
Air-Brake Repairman  
Mechanical Engineer  
Mechanical Draftsman  
R. R. Construction Eng.  
Surveyor  
Civil Engineer  
Banking

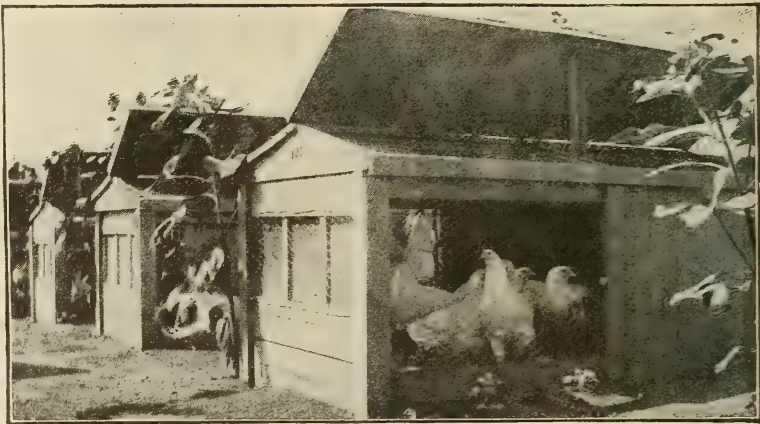
Electrical Engineer  
Machine Designer  
Electrician  
Mining Engineer  
Mine Foreman  
Foreman Machinist  
Chemist  
Assayer  
Architect  
Bookkeeper  
Stenographer  
Advertising Man  
Automobile Running  
Concrete Construction

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Employed by \_\_\_\_\_ R. R. \_\_\_\_\_  
Employed as \_\_\_\_\_  
Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# A LIVING FROM POULTRY

**\$1,500.00 from 60 Hens in Ten Months on a City Lot 40 Feet Square**

*TO the average poultry-man that would seem impossible, and when we tell you that we have actually done a \$1500 poultry business with 60 hens on a corner in the city garden 40 feet wide by 40 feet long, we are simply stating facts. It would not be possible to get such returns by any one of the systems of poultry keeping recommended and practiced by the American people, still it can be accomplished by the*



Note the condition of these three months old pullets. These pullets, and their ancestors for seven generations have never been allowed to run outside the coop.

## PHILO SYSTEM

### THE PHILO SYSTEM IS UNLIKE ALL OTHER WAYS OF KEEPING POULTRY

and in many respects just the reverse, accomplishing things in poultry work that have always been considered impossible, and getting unheard-of results that are hard to believe without seeing.

### THE NEW SYSTEM COVERS ALL BRANCHES OF THE WORK NECESSARY FOR SUCCESS

from selecting the breeders to marketing the product. It tells how to get eggs that will hatch, how to hatch nearly every egg and how to raise nearly all the chicks hatched. It gives complete plans in detail how to make everything necessary to run the business and at less than half the cost required to handle the poultry business in any other manner.

### TWO-POUND BROILERS IN EIGHT WEEKS

are raised in a space of less than a square foot to the broiler, and the broilers are of the very best quality, bringing here 3 cents a pound above the highest market price.

### OUR SIX-MONTH-OLD PULLETS ARE LAYING AT THE RATE OF 24 EGGS EACH PER MONTH

in a space of two square feet for each bird. No green cut bone of any description is fed, and the food used is inexpensive as compared with food others are using.

Our new book, **THE PHILO SYSTEM OF POULTRY KEEPING**, gives full particulars regarding these wonderful discoveries, with simple, easy-to-understand directions that are right to the point, and 15 pages of illustrations showing all branches of the work from start to finish.

### DON'T LET THE CHICKS DIE IN THE SHELL

One of the secrets of success is to save all the chickens that are fully developed at hatching time, whether they can crack the shell or not. It is a simple trick, and believed to be the secret of the ancient Egyptians and Chinese which enabled them to sell the chicks at 10 cents a dozen.

### CHICKEN FEED AT FIFTEEN CENTS A BUSHEL

Our book tells how to make the best green food with but little trouble and have a good supply any day in the year, winter or summer. It is just as

impossible to get a large egg yield without green food as it is to keep a cow without hay or fodder.

### OUR NEW BROODER SAVES 2 CENTS ON EACH CHICKEN

No lamp required. No danger of chilling, over-heating or burning up the chickens as with brooders using lamps or any kind of fire. They also keep the lice off the chickens automatically or kill any that may be on them when placed in the brooder. Our book gives full plans and the right to make and use them. One can easily be made in an hour at a cost of 25 to 50 cents.

## TESTIMONIALS

My DEAR Mr. PHILO:—Valley Falls, N. Y., Oct. 1, 1910.  
After another year's work with your System of Poultry Keeping (making three years in all) I am thoroughly convinced of its practicability. I raised all my chicks in your Brooder-Coops containing your Fireless Brooders, and kept them there until they were nearly matured, decreasing the number in each coop, however, as they grew in size. Those who have visited my plant have been unanimous in their praise of my birds raised by this system. Sincerely yours, (Rev.) E. B. Templar.

Mr. E. R. PHILO, Elmira, N. Y. Elmira, N. Y., Oct. 30, 1909.  
Dear Sir:—No doubt you will be interested to learn of our success in keeping poultry by the Philo System. Our first year's work is now nearly completed. It has given us an income of over \$500.00 from six pedigreed hens and one cockerel. Had we understood the work as well as we now do after a year's experience, we could easily have made over \$1000.00 from the six hens. In addition to the profits from the sale of pedigreed chicks we have cleared over \$960.00, running our Hatchery plant, consisting of 56 Cycle Hatchers. We are pleased with the results, and expect to do better the coming year. With best wishes, we are Very truly yours, (Mrs.) C. P. Goodrich.

Mr. E. R. PHILO, Elmira, N. Y. South Britain, Conn., April 19, 1909.  
Dear Sir:—I have followed your System as close as I could; the result is a complete success. If there can be any improvement on nature, your brooder is it. The first experience I had with your System was last December. I hatched 17 chicks under two hens, put them as soon as hatched in one of your brooders out of doors, and at the age of three months I sold them at 35c. a pound. They then averaged 2½ lbs. each, and the man I sold them to said they were the finest he ever saw, and he wants all I can spare this season. Yours truly, A. E. Nelson.



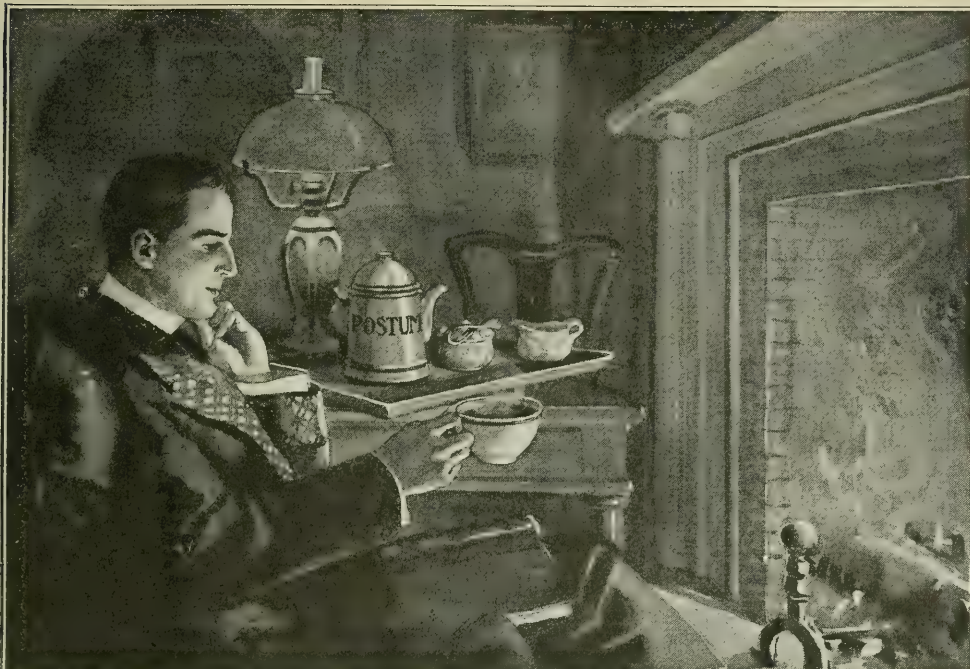
Photograph Showing a Portion of the Philo National Poultry Institute Poultry Plant, Where There are Now Over 5,000 Pedigree White Orpingtons on Less Than a Half Acre of Land.

## SPECIAL OFFER

Send \$1.00 for one year's subscription to the **Poultry Review**, a monthly magazine devoted to progressive methods of poultry keeping, and we will include, without charge, a copy of the latest revised edition of the **Philo System Book**.

**E. R. PHILO, Publisher**  
2638 Lake St., Elmira, N. Y.





## Making "Dreams" Come True

Depends largely upon clear thinking.

Coffee is one of the most subtle of all enemies of a clear mind. Not for everyone—but for many.

If you value comfort and the power to "do things," suppose you change from coffee to well-made

# POSTUM

"There's a Reason"

---

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Michigan, U. S. A.



## Childhood's Appreciation

of the healthful products of sugar cane has never wavered in a hundred years. Don't *impose* upon it now. Pure *cane syrup* is Nature's best food. Georgia ribbon cane is the kind your great-grandmother used in her *cakes* and *cookies* and *candies*—it sweetened the buckwheats *fifty years ago*.

# ALAGA

## SYRUP

is the genuine Alabama-Georgia product—made by the old plantation “open kettle” process. Not a by-product but a *buy* product. Sensationally old-fashioned. Made because there's still a market for the best. Order it today—any good grocer. If your dealer doesn't keep *Alaga* write us and we will see that you are supplied.

**Austin Nichols and Company**  
Largest Importers, Manufacturers and Wholesale  
Grocers in America

**New York City**  
Distributors for the East

Packed by  
**Alabama-Georgia Syrup  
Company**

Montgomery, Alabama





# Startling Watch Offer!

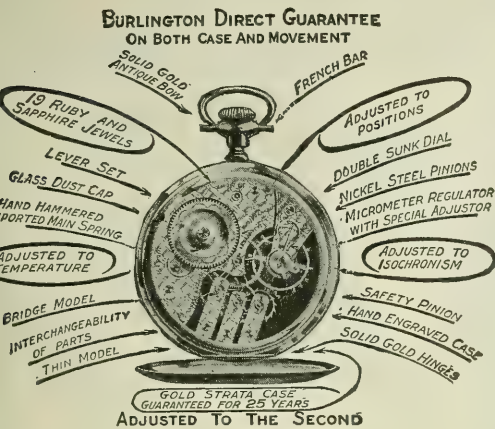
**READ!**

## A Watch Offer Without Parallel

Write for our **FREE** book on watches; a book that posts you on watches and watch values—explains reasons for our most remarkable rock-bottom-price offer **DIRECT TO YOU** on the highest grade Burlington.

**IF YOU WANT** a highest grade watch (ladies' or gentlemen's), or if you ever expect to own such a watch, write **NOW** for the free Burlington book. See coupon below.

We won't "knuckle down" to selling systems among dealers, so we have decided to make such a tremendous and wonderful offer direct to the public on a first-class time piece, that no trust, no dealers under contract will or can stop us.



You too will seize this opportunity to get the "Burlington Special" direct on this wonderful offer. You should not buy a worthless watch just because it is cheap. Nor need you pay trust prices now for a top-notch watch. The free Burlington book explains.

## \$2.50 a Month at the Rock Bottom Price

\$2.50 a month for the world's most superb time piece? The easiest payments at the rock-bottom price—the Rock-Bottom price. To assure us that everybody will quickly accept this introductory direct offer, we allow cash or easy payments, just as you prefer.

## No Money Down

We ship the watch on approval, prepaid (your choice of lady's or gentleman's open face or hunting case). You risk absolutely nothing—you pay nothing—not one cent—unless you want the great offer after seeing and thoroughly inspecting the watch.

## Get the FREE Burlington Book

**THIS BOOKLET** will quickly convince you too that you **DO** want an independent watch—made in the independent factory that is fighting the trust as best it can by giving better quality and superior workmanship throughout; we will quickly convince you that the Burlington watch, on which there is only **one** rock-bottom price (the same rock-bottom price everywhere) is **THE** watch for the discriminating buyer; that it is **THE** watch for the man or woman who wants, not the largest selling brand which everybody has, but the **best** watch, the watch bought by experts, **THE** watch that is absolutely perfect in its many points of superiority—the **Burlington Watch**.

You will be posted on inside facts and prices when you send for the Burlington Company's free book on watches.

**BURLINGTON WATCH COMPANY**  
Dept. 1102 19th and Marshall Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

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for the free book. It will tell you what you ought to know before you even examine a watch. It will tell you the inside facts about watch prices, and will explain the many superior points of the Burlington over the double priced products. Just send your name and address today.

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**BURLINGTON WATCH CO.**  
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Please send me (without obligations and prepaid) your free book on watches and copy of your \$1,000 challenge, with full explanations of your cash or \$2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

# **“I Made \$18,178<sup>53</sup> NET PROFIT in One Year Selling Chickens & Eggs”**

I have written a book that tells how I took a flock of 1638 chickens, and made them net me a profit of \$11.09 per bird in 12 months' time.

It tells how I made \$3,600.00 in one season from 30 hens, on a city lot 24x40, just by feeding the scraps from my table three times a day. I'll give you the names of those who paid me over \$2,000 for the eggs alone from these hens. You can write to these people.

I tell you, in this book, how I make my chickens weigh 2½ lbs. in eight weeks. I tell you how I prepared my chickens for the show room so that I won over 90 per cent of all the blue ribbons offered during 1907 and 1908.

This valuable information has never been published before. This book tells how I feed my chickens for egg-production—how I keep them healthy and free from disease—how I break up my broody hens without injury to them. I tell you how I pack my eggs so as to keep them fresh—how I mate my chickens to produce best results in fertility of eggs and quality of offspring. I tell you

how I operate my incubators and brooders—how I supply moisture. I tell you how I raised my famous \$10,000 hen “Peggy”—and how I produced my big egg-laying strain. I tell about broiler-plants, egg-plants, etc.

It covers all branches—it tells everything necessary for successful poultry raising. It tells how I started, and what I have accomplished. It shows you a picture of the first hen house I built, 6x6 feet in size. It contains over 50 full-page pictures of buildings and views taken on my farm. It was written from actual, practical experience.

**Here are a few Expressions from those who have received my book—see what they have to say:**

Kellerstrass Farm, Kas. City, Mo. Burnett, Cal.  
I received your book sent me Saturday a.m. It would have been worth to me \$500.00 if I had had it last spring. “Good Book,” common sense learned by hard-earned experience. Worth \$1,000 to me. Resp'tly,  
L. R. HAYWARD.

Oklahoma City, Okla.  
Mr. Ernest Kellerstrass,  
Kansas City, Mo.  
Dear Sir:—Your late poultry book received, and I have received very much valuable information therefrom. I believe I can now begin the poultry business intelligently and successfully.  
Yours respectfully,  
T. W. SHACKELFORD.

Best dollar's worth I've ever received.  
CHAS. P. GOETZ, Buffalo, N. Y.

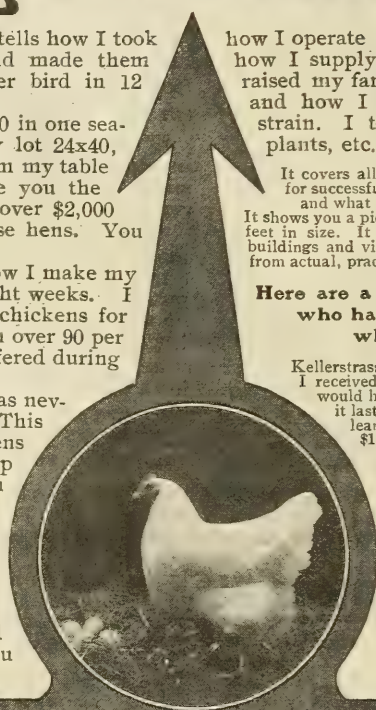
**My Book tells you everything that is necessary in conducting a successful poultry business.**

I have sixteen of your hens that averaged two hundred and thirty-one (231) eggs per bird in 12 months. LAWRENCE JACKSON, Pennsylvania.

There isn't a thing that would make you successful in the poultry business that is not fully shown and explained in this book.

Send \$1.00 and I'll Send You a Copy of this, My Latest Revised Poultry Book.

**ERNEST KELLERSTRASS, PUBLISHER, 8375 Westport Road, Kansas City, Mo.**



**Heaviest Laying Strain in the World.**

**It took me years to write this book. It is the result of practical, hard-earned experience.**

It was a rare treat to spend a day in September at the Kellerstrass Farm, where were origi-

nated the Crystal White Orpingtons, now famous the world over. Mr. Kellerstrass exhibited upwards of \$25,000 worth of birds at the Chicago Show.—Western Poultry Journal, Cedar Rapids, Ia.



# From Dinner Pail to Draughting Table

ONE YEAR AGO a young man  
in an Iowa town was working as a  
machinist's helper at \$1.75 a day.  
Now he is a Draughtsman in the  
offices of a large manufacturing concern at a salary of

**\$1200.00 a year.**



## Every Young Man

with ambition and grit,  
every young man who  
wants to *really count* for  
something in the business  
world, who wants to be  
*more than a mere cog* in a  
big machine, can rise step  
by step until he *gets the position*  
he wants; can do it easily and without  
privation or sacrifice. It isn't hard to  
climb up higher if you once get  
started right. It isn't hard to learn  
what you need to know in order  
to fill a *good position*. It isn't hard  
to get in a class of *successful men*, of  
men who work with their heads in-  
stead of their hands.

### Sign the Coupon

and send it back. Find out what we can do for  
**YOU**. It costs you *nothing* to get this informa-  
tion and it may mean *everything* to you—*better  
position, bigger pay, more money to spend for the good  
things of life*—**REAL SUCCESS.**

**American School of Correspondence**  
**CHICAGO, U. S. A.**

### Opportunity Coupon

American School of Correspondence, Chicago, U. S. A.

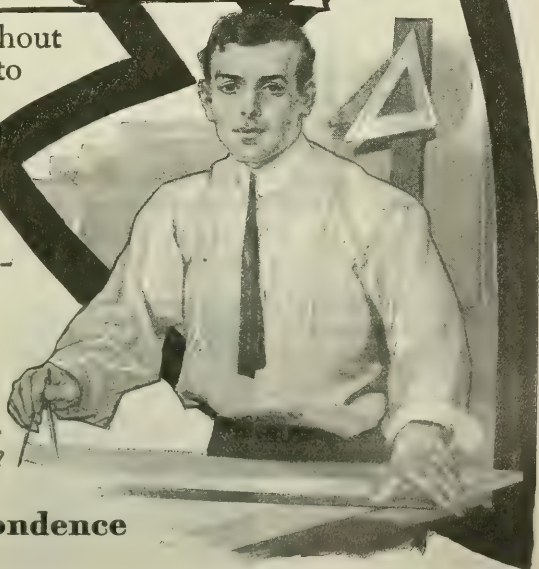
Please send me your Bulletin and advise me how I can  
qualify for the position marked "X." **R.R. Man's, 2-11**

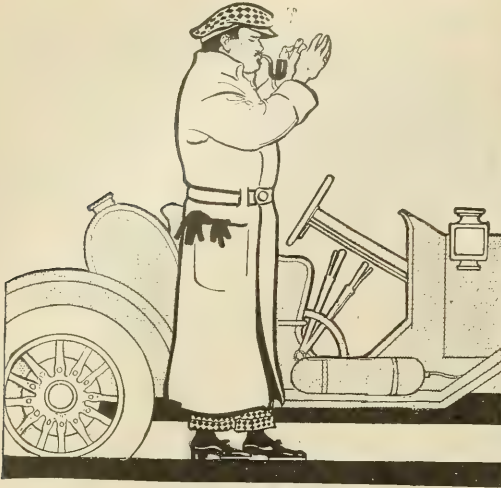
- |                            |                           |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| .... Book-keeper           | .... Draughtsman          |
| .... Stenographer          | .... Architect            |
| .... Accountant            | .... Civil Engineer       |
| .... Cost Accountant       | .... Automobile Operator  |
| .... Systematizer          | .... Electrical Engineer  |
| .... Cert'f'd Public Acc't | .... Mechanical Engineer  |
| .... Auditor               | .... Moving Picture Op'r  |
| .... Business Manager      | .... Steam Engineer       |
| .... Commercial Law        | .... Fire Insurance Eng'r |
| .... College Preparatory   | .... Reclamation Engineer |

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

**This  
Coupon  
Did  
It**





# Velvet

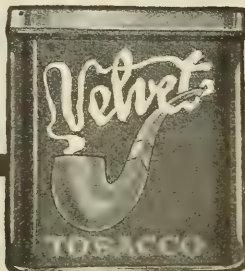
THE  
SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

Automobiling — the right thing to smoke is a pipe — the right thing to put in it is Velvet. It's bully — different from the ordinary tobaccos. Velvet is Burley — the very choicest of Burley leaf — mellowed for two years and in that two years every particle of the essential oils permeate each leaf thoroughly and make Velvet the mildest, coolest, sweetest smoke that you ever tasted. It burns even and it smokes cool. You may have tried other Burley tobaccos, but you will never know how good Burley tobacco can be until you've tried Velvet. Get a can. Don't let your dealer fool you. Say "Velvet" and stick to it.

**Spaulding & Merrick**  
Chicago, Ill.

In a neat metal can  
**10 cents**

At your dealer's or if he is sold out, send us the 10 cents. We'll send you a can to any address in the U. S. A



## 11 Years Here



PITTSBURGH, PA.  
June 16, 1910

Messrs. OSTERMOOR & CO.

The Ostermoor Mattress purchased from you over ten or eleven years ago is still in use in my home, and it is so comfortable and satisfactory I assure you we would use no other.

Very truly yours,  
FRANK C. MOSIER  
Attorney-at-Law.

WHICH means more to you — actual proof of value from families who have used the Ostermoor for years, or the mere

claim of a "just-as-good" imitation, so many of which have cropped up to deceive buyers who really want and *should have* the

# OSTERMOOR

## MATTRESS \$15.

"Built—Not Stuffed"

Your education along the lines of sleeping comfort — your knowledge of mattress quality and what scientific mattress making can bring you — demands the Ostermoor, *and none other.*

It represents fifty years of experience instead of five years of "experiment."

**144-Page Book and Samples Free**

The Ostermoor Mattress is not for sale at stores generally, but there's an Ostermoor dealer in most places. Write us, and we'll give his name. We will ship you a mattress by express, prepaid, same day your check is received, where we have no dealer or he has none in stock. Try it 30 days — money back if you want it.

**OSTERMOOR & CO., 248 Elizabeth St., New York**

Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather and Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

### MATTRESSES COST

Express Prepaid  
Best blue and white  
ticking

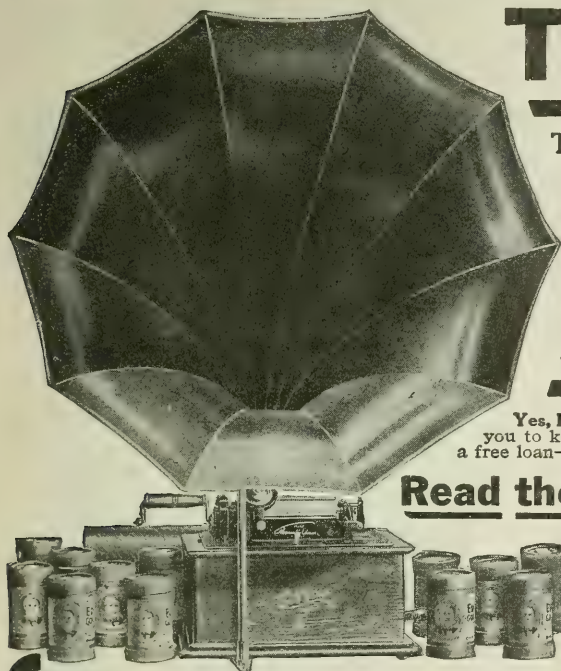
4'6" wide 45 lbs \$15.  
In two parts 50c extra

Dust proof,  
satin finish ticking,  
\$1.50 more.

Mercerized  
French Art Twills,  
\$3.00 more.







# The Edison!

The latest style Edison Phonograph in our grand new outfit—this superb entertainer, Mr. Edison's latest, final improvement of phonograph, shipped

## FREE!

Yes, FREE! I don't ask a cent of your money—I don't want you to keep the phonograph—I just want to give it to you on a free loan—then you may return it at my own expense.

**Read the Offer:** I will ship you free this grand new outfit, Fireside Model, with one dozen Gold Molded and Amberol records.

You do not have to pay me a cent C. O. D. or sign any leases or mortgages. I want you to get this free outfit—the masterpiece of Mr. Edison's skill—in your home. I want you to see and hear Mr. Edison's final and greatest improvement in phonographs. I want to convince you of its wonderful superiority. Give a free concert; give a free minstrel show, music, dances, the old-fashioned hymns, grand opera, comic opera—all this I want you to hear free of charge—all in your own home—on this free loan offer.

My Reason for this free loan offer, this extra liberal offer on the finest talking machine ever made—see below.

### Mr. Edison Says: "I Want to See a Phonograph in Every American Home."

The phonograph is the result of years of experiment; it is Mr. Edison's pet and hobby. He realizes fully its value as an entertainer and educator, for the phonograph brings the pleasure of the city right to the village and the farm home. Now, the new Fireside Edison Phonograph of our New Outfit improved Model, is the latest and greatest improved talking machine made by this great inventor. If you have only heard other talking machines before, you cannot imagine what beautiful music you can get from our new outfit. We want to convince you; we want to prove to you that this outfit is far, far superior to anything ever heard before. Don't miss this wonderfully liberal offer.

**My Reason** I don't want you to buy it—I don't ask you to buy anything. But I do feel that if I can send you this great phonograph and convince you of its merits, of its absolute superiority, you will be glad to invite your neighbors and friends to your house to let them hear the free concert. Then, perhaps, one or more of your friends will be glad to buy one of these great new outfits. You can tell your friends that they can get an Edison Phonograph outfit complete with records for only \$2.00 a month—\$2.00 a month—the easiest possible payment and, at the same time, a rock-bottom price. Perhaps you, yourself would want a phonograph, and if you ever intend to get a phonograph now is the chance to get the brand-new and most wonderful phonograph ever made, and on a most wonderfully liberal offer. But if neither you nor your friends want the machine, that is O. K. I simply want you to have it on a free loan, and perhaps somebody who heard the machine will buy one later. I am glad to send it on the free loan offer anyway. I will take it as a favor if you will send me your name and address so I can send you the catalog. Then you can decide whether you want the free loan. There are no strings on this offer, absolutely none. It is a free loan, that is all. I ask not for one cent of your money. I only say if any of your people want to buy a phonograph, they may get one for \$2.00 a month, if they want it.

**Now, remember, nobody asks for a cent of your money** I want every responsible household in the country, every man who wants to see his home cheerful and his family entertained, every good father, every good husband, to write and get these free concerts for his home. Remember, the loan is absolutely free from us, and we do not even charge you anything C. O. D.

Write Today for this interesting catalog FREE



Just sign and mail the coupon at the right and get this FREE catalog. Write today

## Write for FREE Edison Catalog

In this catalog you will find a complete list of music and vaudeville entertainments. Get this catalog at once, then you can decide whether or not you want a free loan and when you want it. You can also decide just the music you want. Remember, I will appreciate it as a favor if you will give me the opportunity of sending you this latest style machine—the climax of Mr. Edison's skill—on this free loan offer. Sign the coupon today. Do it right now.

**F. K. BABSON** Edison Phonograph Distributors  
Dept. 1102 Edison Bldg., Chicago  
Western Office: 65 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
Canadian Office: 355 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Can.

Without any obligations on me, please send your Great Edison Catalog and also an explanation of your Free Loan Offer on the Edison Phonograph.

Name.....  
Address.....  
1102 Edison Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

No letter necessary. Just sign and mail this free coupon today.

The question of **food** concerns the world more vitally and more often than any other, and on our selection of food depends largely our health, happiness and success. A sane, wholesome meal is often spoiled by an unwholesome, indigestible dessert, so that when

# Minute Tapioca

was put upon the market, providing both an article of exceptionally high food value and at the same time a most delicious dessert preparation, the market was wide open for it. It became a popular favorite at once and has grown in favor ever since.

The value of tapioca has long been known, but its use was limited because of the long soaking and slow cooking required. In **Minute Tapioca we preserve every bit of its original food value**, but prepare it in such a way that it requires **no soaking**, is **quickly cooked** and is never soggy or gummy, but always **light and delicious**.

## Sample Free. Enough to Make One Pint

A full size package makes 6 quarts of dessert. The Minute Man Cook Book sent free with sample gives 25 splendid tested recipes for its use. Ask your grocer for it. If he hasn't it, send his name for the generous sample and Minute Man Cook Book **Free**.



**MINUTE TAPIOCA CO., 623 West Main St., Orange, Mass.**



**Vapo-Cresolene**  
(ESTABLISHED 1879)

**for Whooping Cough,  
Croup, Asthma,  
Sore Throat, Coughs,  
Bronchitis, Colds,  
Diphtheria, Catarrh.**

*"Used while you sleep."*

A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Croup at once.

It is a **boon** to sufferers from Asthma.

The air rendered strongly antiseptic, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

**For Sale by All Druggists**

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.

**THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York**  
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

**YOU \$5 TO \$10 A DAY**

**E**VEN if you never sold a dollar's worth of goods in your life, make \$5 to \$10 a day—selling our made-to-order suits and pants.



## This Is Your Chance to Make Money.

We sell suits from \$3 to \$10 less than other houses, give better tailoring, make better fitting clothes, with absolute guarantee. You can undersell others; no work to take orders for us. You can not fail—our line is the only line where you can give satisfaction or money refunded. It is a snap to sell Regal Tailoring.

## BIG MONEY—EASY WORK.

**We start you Free.** Send for samples now. We will back you with our capital and experience—you do not need money—we will instruct you and you can commence making money at once. Send us your name and address

now and an outfit larger than all others with newest samples, large fashion plate, tape measure and everything necessary will be sent you **Free**.

## You Can Get Your Own Clothes At Inside Price

to advertise us. Write today and receive exclusive territory. If not interested show it to your friends as this is too good a thing to miss. The biggest chance to make money.

## REGAL TAILORING COMPANY

**191 Market Street, Dept. 504, CHICAGO**  
We use the Union Label on all our garments.



**\$13,245 IN 110 DAYS**  
**\$30,000 in 9 Months**

Amount of orders from R. V. Zimmerman, Ind.,  
 farmer (address upon request), for our



**NEW INVENTION**

First experience as an agent. M. Stoneman, Nebr.,  
 artist (address upon request), spare time orders total  
**OVER \$15,000.00**

One order exceeds \$6,000. "Best thing ever  
 sold. Not one complaint from 2,000 customers."  
 C. A. Korstad, Minn. (address upon request).

**Orders \$2,212 Worth in Two Weeks**

Hundreds enjoying similar prosperity. Agents break-  
 ing all records—actually getting rich. Let us re-  
 fer you to 10 more whose total orders ex-  
 ceed \$51,000; to hundreds like O. Schleicher,

Ohio (minister),  
 whose first 12 hours  
 work sold 30 outfits  
 (profit \$81.90). A.  
 Wilson, Ky., who or-  
 dered \$4,000 worth  
 and sold 102 in 14  
 days (profit \$278.40).  
 J. Hart, Texas, \$5,000



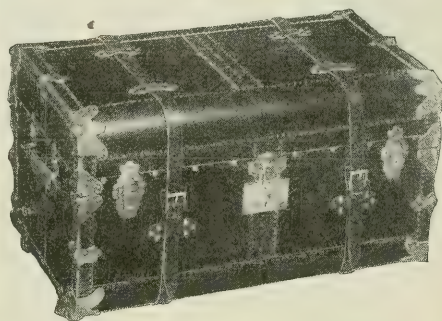
Reese, Pa. (car-  
 penter), solicited 60 people—sold 55. Reader, these results possible  
 for you, at home or travelling, as exclusive agent for Allen's  
 Wonderful Bath Apparatus. New, powerful, irresistible. Truly  
 wonderful! Gives every home a modern bathroom for only  
 \$6.50. Abolishes tubs, bowls, buckets, wash rags, sponges. Supplies  
 hot or cold water in any room. No plumbing, no water works,  
 self-heating, makes bathing 5 minute operation. Easily carried from  
 room to room. Child operates easily. Means no more cold rooms, drudg-  
 ery, lugging water, filling tubs, emptying, cleaning, putting away. No  
 wonder agents without previous experience make small fortunes,  
 buy homes, have an automobile, bank account. Average  
 8 orders to every 10 families. Fascinating, dignified, exciting work.  
 To active agents, don't hesitate—  
 Free Sample, Credit, Liberal Terms business supplies capital. Investi-  
 gate by all means. Address postal today for full details—decide afterwards.  
**ALLEN MFG. CO., 3161 Allen Bldg., TOLEDO, O.**

**Why You Should Buy a  
 G & S NEVERBREAK Trunk**

Here is a Facsimile of the Guarantee Certificate Furnished by the  
**TRAVELERS' CASUALTY COMPANY, of Newark, N. J.,** a copy of which is permanently attached to each G & S  
**NEVERBREAK TRUNK,** and backed by the largest manu-  
 facturers of trunks in the world.



If you buy a trunk before seeing the G & S NEVERBREAK  
 you'll make a mistake that you'll certainly regret.



G & S NEVERBREAK Trunks are sold at \$7.00, \$10.00,  
 \$12.00, \$15.00, \$20.00 up to \$50.00.

The guarantee on our \$7.00 G & S NEVERBREAK Trunk  
 is just as binding and absolute as the guarantee on our \$50 trunk.

**This Trade-mark on Every G & S Neverbreak**



Quality talks.  
 Insist on securing a  
**G & S Never-  
 break Trunk.**  
 Look for the trade-  
 mark. Be sure that  
 the trunk you buy  
 has it on. Our  
 faith in our trunks  
 is proven in the  
 liberal guarantee.  
**G & S Never-  
 break Trunks** are  
 so carefully and so  
 thoroughly put to-  
 gether that they are  
**Bound to Wear.**

Send us the name of your Trunk Dealer and we will  
 mail you illustrated Catalogue and Price List, to-  
 gether with unique Celluloid NEVERBREAK Pocket  
 Memo.

Mr. Dealer, try out the selling qualities of this successful line—  
 now—you can establish a satisfactory business. Write to-day for  
 a supply of Trunks, subject to approval

**L. GOLDSMITH & SON**

47 Cherry Street

Newark, N. J.

Largest exclusive trunk factory in the world. Estab. 1869.

**DIRECT** Trade Mark **FURNITURE**

LESS THAN WHOLESALE prices—less because we  
 sell for cash only, cutting out bad debt losses, exor-  
 bitant installment charges and bookkeeping costs.  
 LESS because we save you ALL the dealer's profits  
 and expenses, store rents, salesmen's wages. LESS  
 again because we sell only from our factory  
 "DIRECT" to YOU. STILL LESS because we ship  
 in SECTIONS, cutting freight charges in half and  
 saving expensive packing.

**This \$25 Solid Oak Mission Library Suite \$11.75**  
 Completely Finished in Golden or Weathered

Three splendid chairs, correctly designed, special "BOSTON  
 LEATHER" seats, and a handy, substantial desk with large  
 drawer, shipped in sections, all in one box, ready to set up in a  
 few minutes, on UNLIMITED APPROVAL, \$11.75.



**YOUR MONEY BACK** any time you are not perfectly  
 satisfied that you have a good \$25 worth. Order from  
 this adv. to-day for prompt shipment.

Catalogue of a score of other astonishing values sent with  
 every order or mailed free. Write for it.

**THE DIRECT FURNITURE CO.**

208 Oak Street

Ann Arbor, Mich.





## SOLIDSILK SCARVES

Medal Awarded for Quality,  
Style and Workmanship  
at the Paris Exposition

**Worn by the Best Dressers  
Sold in the Best Shops**

A SOLIDSILK SCARF will tie better, look better, wear better, than any that is not SOLIDSILK. It is worth more, but costs you no more. "SOLIDSILK" on the label (look for it) leaves no room for doubt.

50 plain shades, black, white, and a beautiful assortment of fancy silks.

Four-in-Hands, 50 cents and \$1.00. Bat Ties, 50 cents. Send for illustrated color card of our fifty plain shades in Record Quality Reps and Baratheas. It's free.

If you can't get Auerbach's SOLIDSILK SCARVES in your town, send price and write description of the scarf you want, and we will send it postpaid, to be returned for your money if you don't like it.

**LOUIS AUERBACH**

842-844-846 Broadway New York

## Helps Poor Hearing

Here is a wonderful little device which has enabled thousands of deaf persons to again hear perfectly. Cunningly contrived to fit *inside* the ear, it is absolutely invisible. It puts you back to your old place in the world—breaks down the terrible wall of silence.

This invention is the life work of a man who for years was hopelessly deaf.

Purely mechanical, it is actually a "listening machine" that magnifies and focuses the sound waves on a central point on the natural drum. With it the deafest person can hear even whispers. You can again enjoy the theatre, music, church services—and best of all, the conversation of your family and friends.

### Write Today for "Experience Book"

Free to you, it gives the testimony of 400 persons who have been released from the awful isolation of deafness by this simple mechanical device. Just write your name on a postal and the book will be delivered to you, postage prepaid. Mail it today. **WILSON EAR DRUM COMPANY,** 272 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky.

(12)

## "DON'T SHOUT"

"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' Oh, something new—**THE MORLEY PHONE**. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right."

The Morley Phone for the

## DEAF

makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it. Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials. **THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 721, Perry Bldg., Phila.**

## Ten Days' Free Trial

allowed on every bicycle we sell. We **Ship on Approval** and trial to anyone in the U. S. and *prepay the freight*. If you are not satisfied with the bicycle after using it ten days, ship it back and *don't pay a cent*.

**FACTORY PRICES** Do not buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our latest **Art Catalogs** of high grade bicycles and sundries and learn our unheard of prices and marvelous new special offers.

**IT ONLY COSTS** a cent to write a postal and everything will be sent you **FREE** by return mail. You will get much valuable information. **Do Not Wait; write it Now!**

**Tires, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, parts, repairs and sundries of all kinds at half usual prices.** **MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. T 31 CHICAGO**

## MEN WANTED. EARN \$3,000 to \$10,000

A YEAR IN THE

### Real Estate Business

I will teach you the business by mail and appoint you my **Special Representative**. One of my representatives made \$600. In one month, another \$2400. In about two months, and another \$5240. In eight months, I handled Real Estate on the co-operative plan and need you no matter where you are located. This is a splendid opportunity for men without capital to become independent. Send for my offer and **BIG FREE BOOK.** **H. D. HURD, 228 Dwight Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.**

## VICK'S Garden and Floral GUIDE

For 1911

Tells all that is worth knowing about Vegetable, Flower and Farm Seeds, Plants, Berries, Fruit and Ornamental Trees. You need the Guide to make your garden or farm a success. A copy is ready for you. Send for it to-day. It is free.

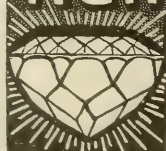
**JAMES VICK'S SONS, 305 Main St., Rochester, N. Y.**

## LESSONS IN HAIRDRESSING

**FREE** Splendidly illustrated—exactly as given in the famous

**Boyd System of Beauty Culture.** sent **absolutely free** and without any obligation of any kind. We will also include a copy of a handsome new catalog of **Finest Imported Hair Goods**—switches, puffs, turban braids, etc., all offered at wholesale prices. **HAIR GOODS ON EASY PAYMENTS. YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD. Write now** for valuable **Free Lessons** and Catalog. Learn how you can purchase any hair goods from us on easy payments. **Letter or postal.** **JOSEPHINE BOYD SYSTEM, Dept. 1103, Bush Temple, Chicago**

## Rémoh Gems

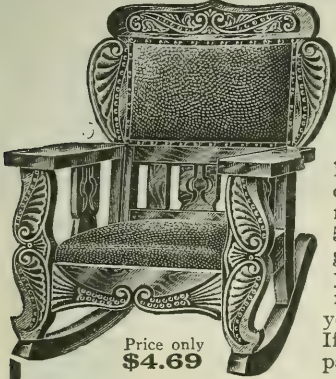


Looks like a diamond—wears like a diamond—brilliance guaranteed forever—stands filing and fire like a diamond—has no paste, foil or artificial backing. Set only in 14k. solid gold mountings. 1-20th the cost of diamonds. A marvelously reconstructed gem. Not an imitation. Guaranteed to contain no glass. Sent on approval. Write for catalog, it's free.

**Rémoh Jewelry Co. 549 N. Bway, St. Louis**



# Sent for 50¢



Price only  
\$4.69

**T**HIS handsome rocker will be sent at once to your own home merely on receipt of first payment—50c. If not the greatest value you ever saw return and get your 50c. back. If you like it, pay

## Balance 50c a Month

Rocker is exactly like cut shown above. Beautifully made of specially selected quarter-sawed oak, polished to high piano finish, strongest coil springs to make it comfortable as well as durable, and seat richly upholstered in genuine Nantucket leather. Price \$4.69—sent to you on receipt of 50c cash—balance payable 50c a month.

## Direct - From - Factory Prices On Complete Home Furnishings

We operate 22 big retail stores in the larger cities and have furnished 800,000 homes. All the style, distinction and elegance which marks the best city homes is yours, on terms to suit your convenience. And the prices we quote are so low that only our tremendous business and the fact that we control our own factories make them possible.

## Big Book FREE



"Everything for the Home," a big 300-page book, illustrating the latest styles in home furnishings, sent absolutely free. Shows you how you can furnish your home in a way that will be your pride and the admiration of your friends—and do it on our liberal open-account credit plan on payments that you won't miss.

Write today for your free copy—no home-lover can afford to be without it.

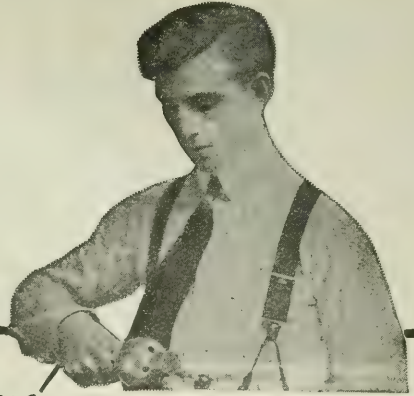
# HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.

206 S Wabash Av., Chicago, Ill.

Largest, oldest and best known home-furnishing concern in the world.

Established 1855—55 years of success.

22 Great Stores—800,000 Customers.



## Vibrate Your Body And Make It Well

You have no **right** to be sick. No matter **what** ails you—even if others have told you your case was **incurable** **DON'T GIVE UP HOPE.** The great natural forces, **Vibration and Electricity**, are relieving hundreds of people who have found no satisfaction in drugs.

## The White Cross Electric Vibrator

gives you your choice of Vibration, Faradic and Galvanic Electricity, either separately or in combination, just as you wish. It relieves pain and brings grateful letters from happy patients.

The White Cross Electric Vibrator gets at the **cause** of disease. It sends the rich blood leaping and coursing through your veins and arteries **straight to where the disease begins.** It tones up your nerves, muscles and every vital organ. It makes your fairly tingle with the joy of living.



Vibration for the Racking Backache of Women.

## FREE Book "Health and Beauty"

Send **TODAY** for the magnificent free book, "Health and Beauty." This valuable work tells you all about the human body in health and disease. It tells you

how you can **get well and keep well**, no matter **what** your trouble is. Besides, this book tells you all about the wonderful **White Cross Electric Vibrator**—It tells you about the **very special offers** which we are making for **just a short time**, and how you can get a **White Cross Electric Vibrator** on a **genuine free trial**. Your name and address brings this intensely interesting book by return mail. Sign the coupon and mail it to us at once.

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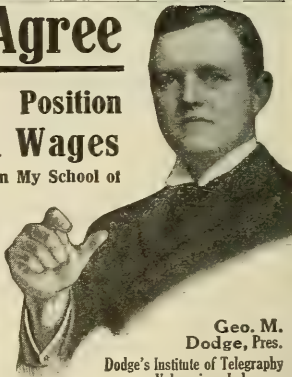
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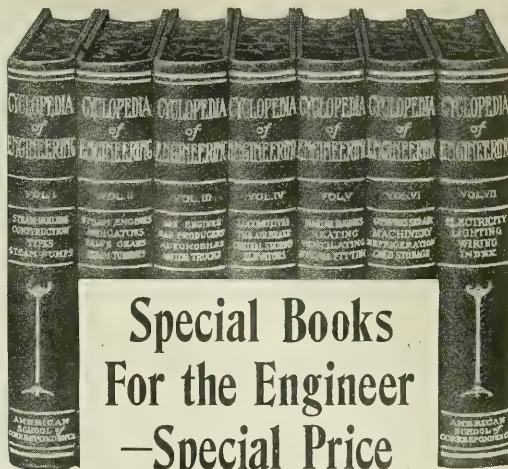
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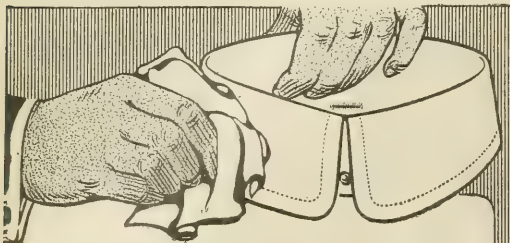
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"I am simply astonished at the possibilities of this country, the health and prosperity that await homeseekers here. The fact is **YOU CAN LIVE LIKE A PRINCE IN FLORIDA** on the same amount of labor that would afford only a bare living elsewhere.

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L. S. MEYER.

**The advantages of being located near a big metropolitan city like Tampa can hardly be overestimated.** Tampa is now the metropolis of southern Florida. It is already the second largest city in the state and its population is going up by leaps and bounds. Though a comparatively young city, it already boasts of industries whose annual payroll is nineteen million dollars!

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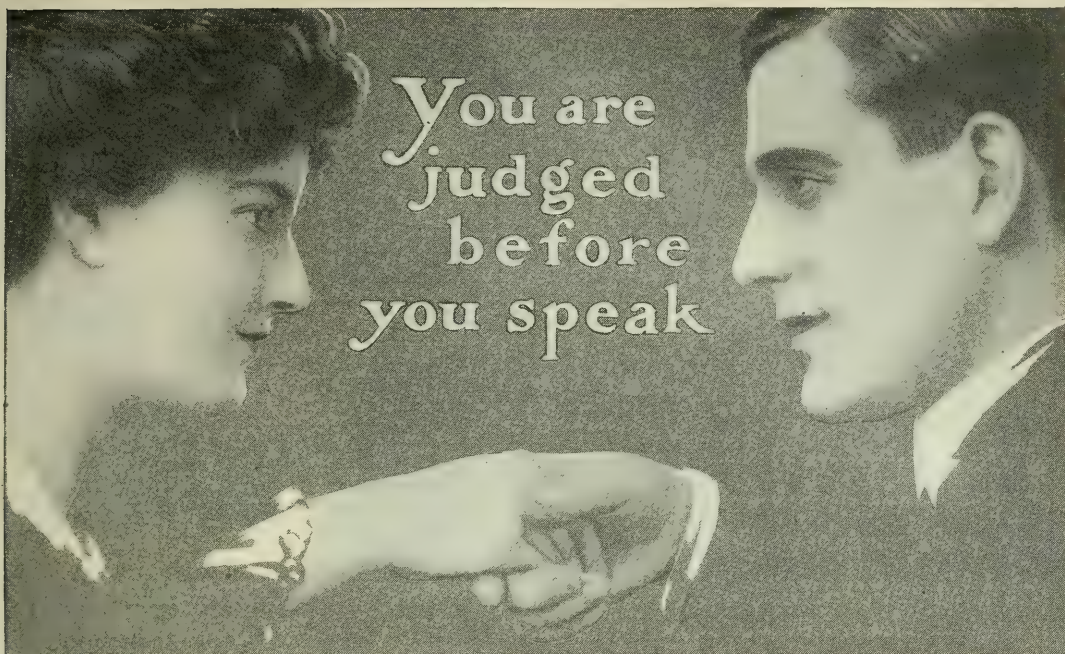
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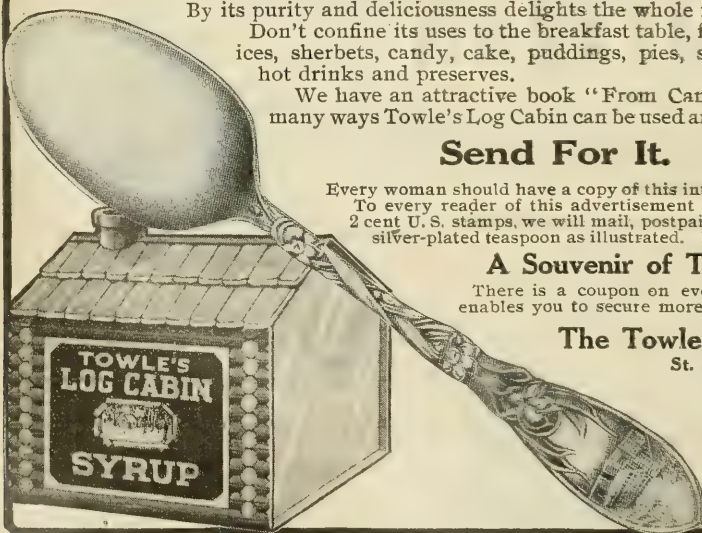
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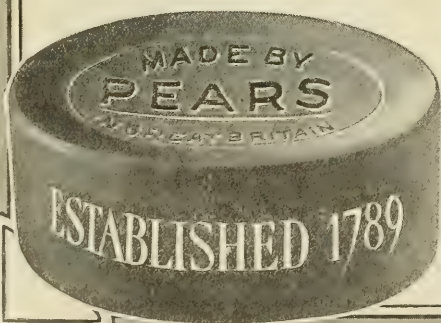


**Queer Accidents and Freak  
Happenings of the Rail.**

## MARCH



# Woman's Natural Charm



# Naturalness

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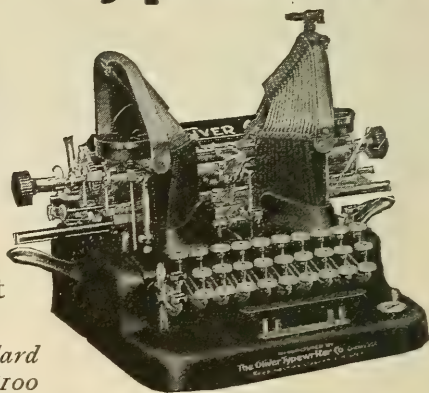
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# THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

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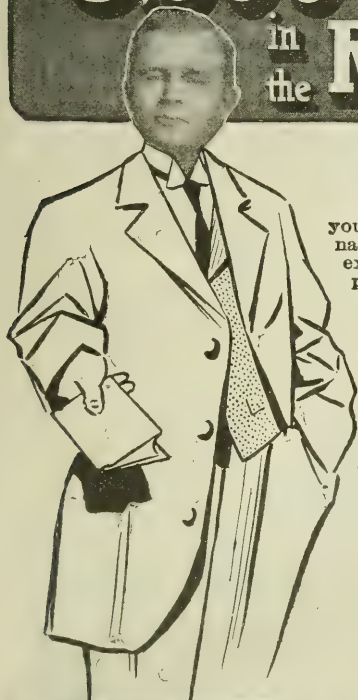
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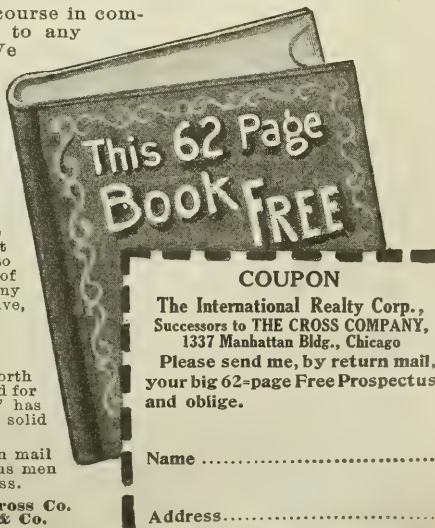
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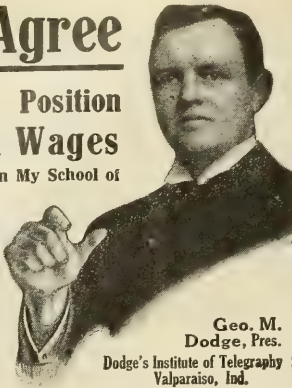
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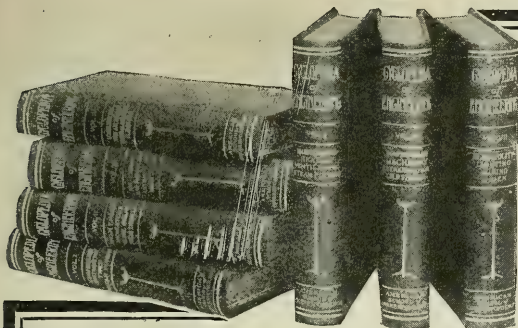
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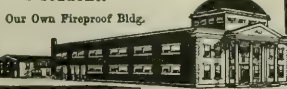
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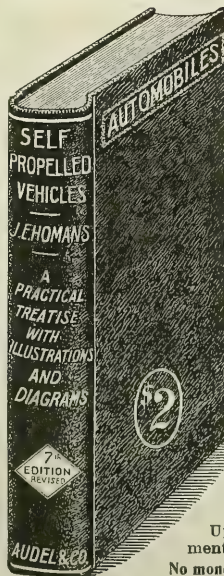
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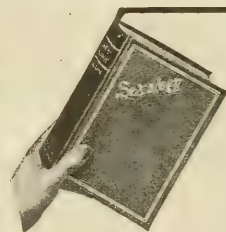
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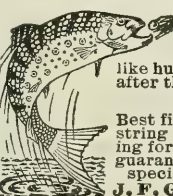
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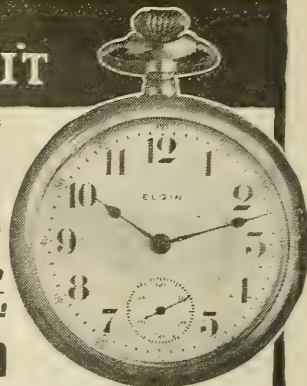
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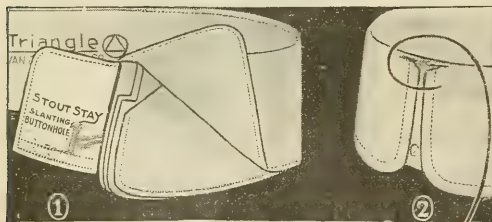
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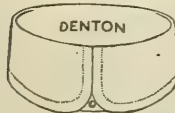
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Here is a wonderful little device which has enabled thousands of deaf persons to again hear perfectly. Cunningly contrived to fit *inside* the ear, it is absolutely invisible. It puts you back to your old place in the world — breaks down the terrible wall of silence.



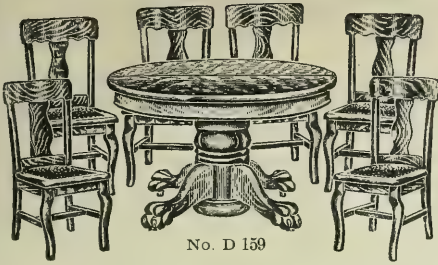
This invention is the life work of a man who for years was hopelessly deaf.

Purely mechanical, it is actually a "*listening machine*" that magnifies and focuses the sound waves on a central point on the natural drum. With it the deafest person can hear even whispers. You can again enjoy the theatre, music, church services—and best of all, the conversation of your family and friends.

### Write Today for "Experience Book"

Free to you, it gives the testimony of 400 persons who have been released from the awful isolation of deafness by this simple mechanical device. Just write your name on a postal and the book will be delivered to you, postage prepaid. Mail it today. **WILSON EAR DRUM COMPANY**, 314 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky.





No. D 159

**Sent for \$2.00**

Only \$2 cash places this beautiful dining-room set in your home. The balance you pay in little monthly remittances of \$1.25. Direct-from-factory price of complete set only \$18.75.

Six handsome dining chairs of genuine solid oak, highly polished, with genuine leather seats; massive, strong and graceful. Table, the desirable pedestal style, made of heavy solid oak and matches chairs in elegance. Very elaborate design with massive claw feet effect. Top measures 42 inches and extends six feet.

**KITCHEN CABINET SENT FOR \$1.50**

Made of hardwood, and built for service. 65 inches high, 42 inches wide, with 26-inch table. Two flour bins of 50 pounds capacity, with veneered anti-warped bottoms. Top has large cupboard with double glass doors, dustproof drawers and sliding bread tray. A wonderful value at \$7.85—\$1.50 cash, balance 75 cents a month.

These are merely samples of the tremendous values in high grade home furnishings which have made us the leading home-outfitters of the world. 800,000 satisfied customers, 22 big retail stores in the larger cities. When you buy from us you get the same elegance, the same distinction, the same quality which you see in the best city homes. And at unheard-of low prices, on terms suited to your convenience.



No. D 905  
\$7.85



**BIG BOOK FREE**

The most attractive home-fitting book ever published, just off the press—your copy is Free. Contains 300 pages, hundreds of fine illustrations and no end of valuable hints and suggestions for home fitting, many beautiful illustrations in color. Get this book at once. Learn how to economize in your home, and at the same time get the benefit of the latest and most up-to-date styles. We will send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just send us a postal with your name and address.

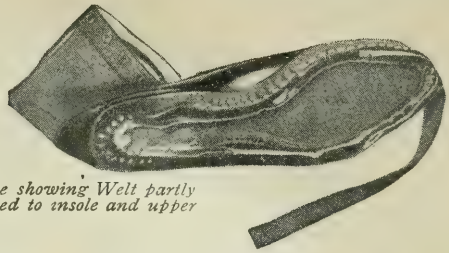
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FURNITURE & CARPET CO.**

206 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Largest, oldest and best known home-furnishing concern in the world

Established 1855—55 years of success

22 Great Stores—800,000 Customers



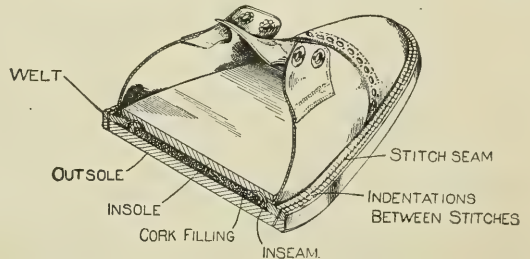
Shoe showing Welt partly sewed to insole and upper

**A Sure Way to Tell the Kind of a Shoe to Buy**

Study these cuts, then go to your dealer and ask for a pair of shoes made with a

**GOODYEAR  
WELT**

The manufacturer or dealer who advertises that he makes or sells a Goodyear Welt thereby assures you that he offers a shoe possessing the first requisite of excellence—a shoe, made by machines, which is as comfortable, durable and stylish as one hand-sewed—at only one-third the cost.



A thin and narrow strip of leather called a welt is first sewed to the insole and upper. The outsole is then sewed to this welt, leaving the stitches outside so that the insole is left entirely smooth.

When you purchase shoes, see if there is a "sock" lining or thin piece of leather or cloth covering the sole on the inside. If there is, lift it up at the shank of the shoe. If points and stitches show underneath it, the shoe is not a Goodyear Welt.

**Write today for the following booklets which will be sent you without cost:**

1. Contains an alphabetical list of over five hundred shoes sold under a special name or trade-mark, made by the Goodyear Welt process.
2. Describes the Goodyear Welt process in detail and pictures the sixty marvelous machines employed.
3. "The Secret of the Shoe—An Industry Transformed." The true story of a great American achievement.
4. "An Industrial City." Illustrated—descriptive of the great model factory of the United Shoe Machinery Company at Beverly, Massachusetts.

**United Shoe Machinery Co., Boston, Mass.**



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## What Users Say

Mrs. H. C. F., Seattle, Washington — "I use Armour's Extract of Beef many ways to great advantage, but will cite only one. A little added to a glass of milk gives a flavor that is a pleasant change both for baby and his grandmother."

Order a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef from your grocer. Notice its richness and appetizing aroma.

Then make your soup according to the cook book rule—all but the stock. When your recipe says "add stock," get out your Armour's Extract of Beef and allow a teaspoonful to every quart of liquid.

You will have the most satisfactory soup you have ever served, with a delightful flavor that ordinary soups cannot boast.

For Armour's Extract of Beef is the richest, most concentrated soup stock any cook could wish.

One jar costs little more than the materials necessary for a small supply of old-fashioned soup stock, and it goes twice as far.

It saves fuel, time and trouble—no more stewing over the kitchen stove.

Mrs. W. K. Hurley, Texas—"I find that Armour's Extract of Beef saves me time, worry and expense. I have long depended upon it to help me out in my cooking and could hardly keep house without it. I should advise every housekeeper to send for that valuable little cook book, 'Popular Recipes,' and learn how it helps them economize."

*A postal mailed to Armour & Company, Chicago, will bring you "Popular Recipes"—free. It will show you the many uses of Armour's Extract of Beef.*

Save the cap or the paper certificate under the cap from every jar of Armour's Extract of Beef you buy. Send either to us with 10 cents to pay for carriage and packing. We will send you a beautiful silver tea, bouillon or after-dinner coffee spoon or butter



spreader free — Wm. Rogers & Sons' AA — in an artistic design known as the Armour Lily Pattern, each marked with your initial.

*For a limited time we will allow each family to have 12—a set that would cost you \$6.00—for \$1.20. This offer is restricted to residents of the United States.*

*Address Dept. E 108.*

**ARMOUR AND COMPANY**  
  
**CHICAGO**



# THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XIV.

MARCH, 1911.

No. 2.

## Whims of the Wheels.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK CARTER.

**W**HEREVER things are continually on the move,—as they are along the right-of-way,—there are bound to be enough cuts and shuffles in Fate's great game to turn up any number of quaint and amusing incidents. In this respect, railroad men above all others have little cause to complain of the monotony of daily routine.

The odd, the humorous, and the unexpected are always cropping up, on the trains, in the yards, and all over the length and breadth of a great system. Mr. Carter, who, as you all know, is a veteran railroader, has gathered a few of these tales of travel, ranging in their scope from Maine to California, all of which ring as true as a sound wheel, though some are as weird and marvelous as stories from the Arabian Nights.

### Humorous Situations, Narrow Escapes, Queer Encounters, Freak Accidents, and Other Peculiar Happenings Both Off and On Moving Trains.



**A** YOUNG Western couple took it into their heads to elope in the month of roses and weddings several years ago. They boarded a train on the Southern Pacific and got out into Nevada, when they decided that the wedding ceremony simply could not be postponed another minute. Accordingly they wired ahead for the agent at Winnemucca to procure a license and a justice of the peace for them.

Having been taught that it was his sacred duty to please the patrons of the road, the agent immediately procured the license.

Being a justice of the peace himself, he was ready to do his duty, and boarded the train before it had come to a stop at the station platform.

Meanwhile the dining-car had been cleared of tables and chairs, and the bridal pair was waiting. The chef and a couple of waiters with mandolins and guitars played the wedding-march, the agent read the service, the conductor gave the bride away, and then the Pullman passengers, in their capacity of wedding guests, sat down to the best the car could afford.

Pitched in a different key was an incident that occurred in the same month and

year on the Louisville and Nashville, near Birmingham, Alabama. About four o'clock in the morning a coach full of dozing passengers was suddenly roused by a series of blood-curdling shrieks. When they looked for the cause, they found a woman perched on the back of a seat staring with protruding eyes at the floor beneath. When she was able to explain, she said she had felt something squirming between her feet, and upon investigating found it was a six-foot rattlesnake. The whole car-load instantly concluded that it could hear further particulars to much better advantage from the backs of the seats, so the change of location was accordingly made, while a hurry call was turned in for the train crew.

The conductor and two brakemen broke open a tool-box, from which they armed themselves with axes, sledges, and saws. The rattlesnake, whose sensibilities had been hurt by the unseemly conduct of the passengers, put up such a spirited fight that the interior of the car was in ruins before it was finally despatched. The mystery of its presence was explained by a telegram awaiting the conductor at the next station.

It was from the owner of the snake, saying that his prize had escaped from its box, and that he had not discovered his loss until after leaving the car. Would the conductor please take good care of it? What the conductor said need not be repeated here. Such things should be forgotten.

#### Close Shaves with the Reaper.

Passengers who have been pluming themselves on their adventure in the New Haven coach, which, in the month of June, 1910, jumped the rails, while running twenty-five miles an hour, bounced along on the ties for a few car-lengths, and then flopped over on its side without hurting any one, will be taken down several pegs on learning that their experience was nothing when compared with an incident that occurred March 24, 1901, at Columbus, Ohio.

A Big Four freight-train had stopped on a crossing, when a Baltimore and Ohio passenger-train, mistaking or disregarding signals, or perchance misled by a wrong signal, dashed between two cars, pushing them apart wide enough to make room for the passage of the train, with no harm to anything except the varnish on the coaches

and the draw-bars on the box cars. No one was so much as scratched. After the danger was over the fireman realized that he should have jumped, and, as he had always been told that "it's better late than never," he forthwith proceeded to jump. Score, one broken jaw.

This was completely outdone, however, on August 22, 1909, when a passenger-train on the Great Northern, near Darts, Washington, fell through a bridge which had been burned by a brush fire, to the ground, forty feet below, without killing or fatally injuring any one.

Even this pales into insignificance when compared with the feat of another Great Northern train, a freight, which, on May 27, 1901, ran into a push-car which a contractor's gang tried too late to hustle in on a siding. This trifling affair probably would never have been heard of if there had not been over a ton of dynamite on the push-car.

As it was, the locomotive was blown completely off the track, everything was stripped off the boiler, a great hole was torn in the road-bed, several box cars, a steam-shovel, and a trackman's shanty, seventy-five feet away, were utterly demolished. It seems incredible, yet no one, not even the engine crew, was hurt.

#### What One Engine Did.

This is doing pretty well, but, after all, the palm really belongs to a Rock Island switch-engine. This switch-engine, which was old enough to have outgrown the recklessness of youth, but belonged to the age when they made throttle-valves that would not always stay put, was standing sedately enough on a side-track at Council Bluffs, Iowa, on January 17, 1901, with no one on board.

Presently a Wabash passenger-train came along. It was attending strictly to its own business, but the switch engine took exception to it. The yarder's throttle flew open, and it dashed through a split switch, butted a coach off the Wabash train and sent it sprawling into the ditch. The shock derailed the switcher, but it scrambled along on the ties until it ran into a Union Pacific switch-engine and knocked it also into the ditch.

This second shock deflected the Rock Island engine far enough for it to reach over and yank the engine off an incoming



passenger-train of its own line and hurl it into the ditch. Then it stopped with its nose in the dirt and its cab tilted at a rakish angle to gloat over the ruin it had wrought. In all this weird mix-up no one was seriously injured.

### The Trials of a Trespasser.

Still, any one who fools around a railroad must take his chances of getting hurt.

There was a North Carolinian who took the broad and easy path afforded by the railroad on his way to a turkey-blind with his trusty double-barreled shotgun, containing a heavy charge of buckshot in each barrel. As related by General Manager L. E. Johnson, of the Norfolk and Western, the turkey-hunter presently met a fast train, and, with true Southern chivalry, stepped aside and gave it the whole road.

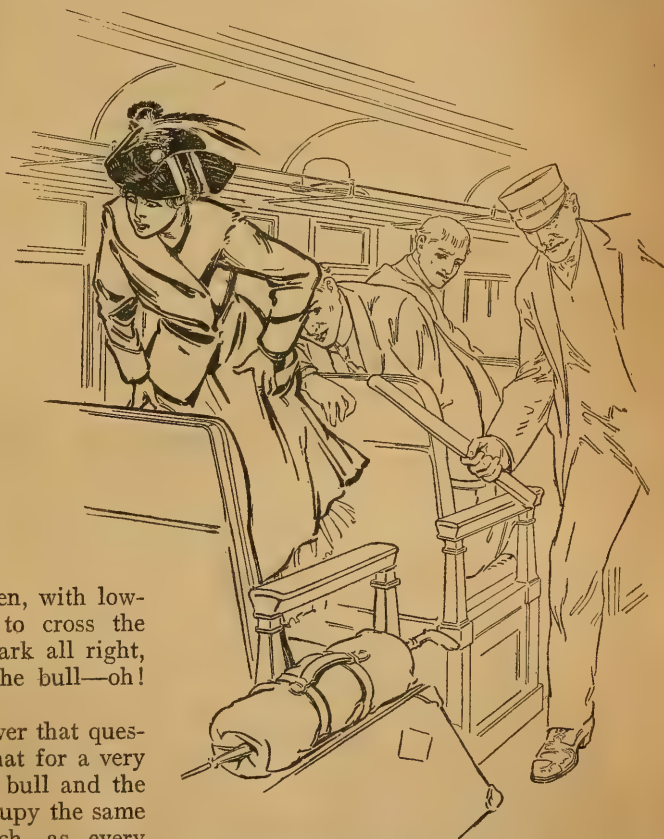
A little scrub-bull which had also wandered onto the track was less polite, however. Instead of getting out of the way, the bull drew a mark in the ballast with one forefoot, threw some dirt on his back, and then, with lowered head, dared the train to cross the mark. Well, it crossed the mark all right, at fifty miles an hour, and the bull—oh! where was he?

Probably no one could answer that question in full, but it is known that for a very brief fraction of a second the bull and the turkey-hunter both tried to occupy the same spot at the same time, which, as every one knows, is impossible. The result was that the turkey-hunter was knocked into a pond, which broke his fall and undoubtedly saved his life. He was severely hurt. His shotgun was knocked out of his hands, and in falling was discharged, and two cows that had the misfortune to be in range of the buckshot were killed.

When he recovered, the turkey-hunter, as was natural, sued the railroad company for illegally, unlawfully, and against the peace of the sovereign State of North Carolina, throwing one bull at him by which aforesaid illegal and unlawful act

he suffered grievous bodily harm. At the same time, which probably was also natural, the owner of the cows sued the turkey-hunter for shooting them.

After two notable trials, the unfeeling court held that the railroad company owed the turkey-hunter nothing for hitting him with a bull, but that he owed the farmer one hundred dollars for killing his cows. When such things as this can happen, is it any wonder that railroads are unpopular?



THE PASSENGERS WERE SUDDENLY AROUSED BY A SERIES OF BLOOD-CURDLING SHRIEKS.

No, he who wants justice from a railroad will get quicker action if he takes matters into his own hands. There was a Kentuckian whose cow was killed by a Louisville and Nashville train a dozen years ago. When the engine that killed the cow came through on its next trip the owner of the cow was at the station waiting for it. Stepping up to the engineer, he demanded pay for the cow.

"Oh, that's all right!" airily replied

the engineer. "The company will pay as soon as it gets around to it."

"Look-a-hyar, stranger," replied the Kentuckian, "Ah do' know the company, but Ah know you-all killed my cow; and if you-all doan' pay fo' her Ah'll fill you so full of holes they kin use yer carcass for a colander. Do you heah me?"

The cow was paid for on the spot.

Another man who was too shrewd to trust his cause to the blind goddess was a passenger in a Pullman car which left the rails near a bridge on the Norfolk and Western a few years ago, and plunged down the bank into a river, that was swollen by a freshet. The doors being closed, the windows being double, and the trucks having dropped off, the car floated slowly as it floated down the river.

It was very early, before the passengers were up. The men inside broke open the ventilators, and, with the aid of outside help, all hands were rescued. There were two women passengers who tumbled out of their berths, clad only in their night-robos and with their hair done up in curl-papers.

They had to hang on to the curtain-pole with the water up to their arms; and it certainly looked as if they were going to drown with the rest of the passengers. Yet General Manager Johnson declares upon his honor that when they were rescued their hair was neatly done up. How they managed it, sloshing around in the water nearly to their chins, with death staring them in the face, only a woman can understand.

#### His Modest Claim.

Among the passengers was one man who alone in all that carful did not put in a claim for enormous damages for lost baggage. On the contrary, he was very active and very helpful to the company in resisting unreasonable and unjust demands. Naturally the company felt very grateful.

One day the considerate man was asked what he had lost. Very modestly he confessed that he had lost a satchel containing a quantity of costly clothing, including some fine silk underwear, but he made



THE CAR FILLED  
SLOWLY AS IT  
FLOATED DOWN  
THE RIVER.



no claim for this. The company was trying hard to get along, and he believed in doing to others as he would that others should do to him.

Besides that, he was only too glad to get out alive. Still, he also had in that satchel a watch and some jewelry, mere trinkets, worth altogether \$250. Rather than have any trouble about it, he would allow the company to pay him for the watch and jewelry; that is, if it really insisted. What could the company do but shell out \$250 as quickly as the money could be counted?

In due time the car was fished out of the river, and in it the lost satchel of the considerate one was found. Here is an inventory of its contents: One cotton shirt, one pair cotton socks, two collars, one pair cuffs, half-pint whisky.

However, it is not always the cunning passenger who triumphs over the grasping corporation, but, on the contrary, it is the passenger who sometimes gets the worst of it. When the Erie was newer than it is now, Conductor James Tinney, in going out of Jersey City, came to a passenger, a woman with a baby, who refused to pay her fare.

#### Infant Indemnity.

She gave no reasons, she did not argue, she simply declined to pay for riding to Paterson. Did Conductor Tinney get nasty and act rude to a lady? Not he. Rule No. 8 of the rules and regulations of the New York and Erie Railroad, in effect March 6, 1837, read: "Rudeness or incivility to passengers will, in all cases, meet with immediate punishment." Conductor Tinney was not hunting for punishment. At the same time railroads in those early days had a rule in effect like No. 5 of the rules and regulations of the

Concord and Clermont R. R., in effect January 1, 1850, which read as follows:

"If fares are refused to be paid, or checks delivered, they (the conductors) will secure themselves, if practicable, by



STARTED TOWARD THE BAGGAGE-CAR WITH A BUSINESSLIKE AIR.

the detention of baggage or by removing the person from the cars."

As the lady had no baggage, Conductor Tinney could not secure himself; all he could do was to bow courteously and pass on. He even went further than that. When the lady alighted at Paterson, it was Conductor Tinney who was on hand to help her down. He even went so far as to take the baby while she stepped to the platform. When she held out her arms for her darling, Conductor Tinney, smiling sweetly, said:

"Now, madame, when you pay your fare you can have the baby."

"I won't pay you a cent."

"Very well, then, I'll keep the baby."

It's a mighty fine boy and dirt cheap at the price."

With that he tucked the baby under one arm and started toward the baggage-car with a businesslike air. The lady followed, at first in a rage, then in tears. Then she opened a well-filled pocketbook, showing that she had not refused to pay for her ride from lack of means, handed over the exact change, and received her baby and a bow that Beau Brummel never equaled in his good-for-nothing life.

### A Celestial Strategist.

Not all railroad employees are the equal of Conductor Tinney, unfortunately for the railroads. In 1877 silver was at a discount in California; that is to say, no one would accept more than ten dollars of it in one payment. One day a Chinaman walked into the Southern Pacific ticket office at San Francisco and asked for three tickets to Stockton. On being told that the price was ten dollars and a half, he counted out the sum in silver.

"You'll have to give me gold for these," said the agent icily, holding on to the pasteboards.

"Ah you too muchee smartee; you no catchee gold allee time," retorted the Chinaman, shoving the silver over.

"Come now, fork over the gold; you know the rule."

The Chinaman scooped the coins back into his pocket. Then, with a cold glitter in his almond eyes, he snapped:

"How muchee one ticket Stockton?"

"Three dollars and a half."

"You takee silver one ticket?"

"Yes."

"Gimme one ticket Stockton."

The silver was counted out and the ticket was tucked into an inside pocket.

Again the Chinaman demanded: "Gimme one ticket Stockton."

After the second transaction had been brought to a successful conclusion and the silver transferred to the railroad till, the celestial traveler, for a third time, laid down three dollars and a half in silver coin and said:

"Gimme one ticket Stockton."

Picking up the third ticket, his face expanded into a heathen leer as he said to the discomfited agent:

"You too muchee smartee."

But speaking of railroad rules and the

fidelity with which they are observed, the prize incident occurred on the Watford-Rickmansworth branch of the London and Northwestern in 1873. On this branch, five miles long, there was only one train, but it was operated on the staff system, in which the only rights recognized are conferred by the possession of a steel wand.

One day the solitary train was made up at Watford, and the passengers were shut in ready to depart for the junction, when it was discovered that the staff was missing. It had been forgotten and left at Rickmansworth on the up trip.

Now, the rules explicitly provided that the branch must be operated by the staff system; there was not a word about running trains on time-card rights or on train orders. Clearly there was nothing to do but send a guard on foot to Rickmansworth, five miles away, for the missing staff in order to release the train; therefore it was done, and the train finally proceeded strictly according to regulations, but two and a half hours late. Of course the passengers missed their connections, but what did that signify?

That was wonderful presence of mind, for an English railroad man, but not quite up to the exploit of Dennis Cassin, an engineer on the New York Central, who was coming south through Sing Sing with a freight-train in May, 1875. Cassin was following as close as the rules allowed behind a passenger-train.

### He Gave Her the Water Cure.

As he was running slow and had three gages of water, he shut off the pumps entirely; for in those days they stuck to the good old pump. He had barely done so when five convicts dropped from a bridge down on the tank, and rushing into the cab with cocked revolvers, they ordered Cassin and his fireman off.

It was a bold attempt at escape, which would have succeeded but for Cassin. He knew better than to attempt resistance, and he also knew something about locomotives. As he climbed off his seat-box, he reached down and turned the little lever beside the boiler-head, opening the pump-valves wide.

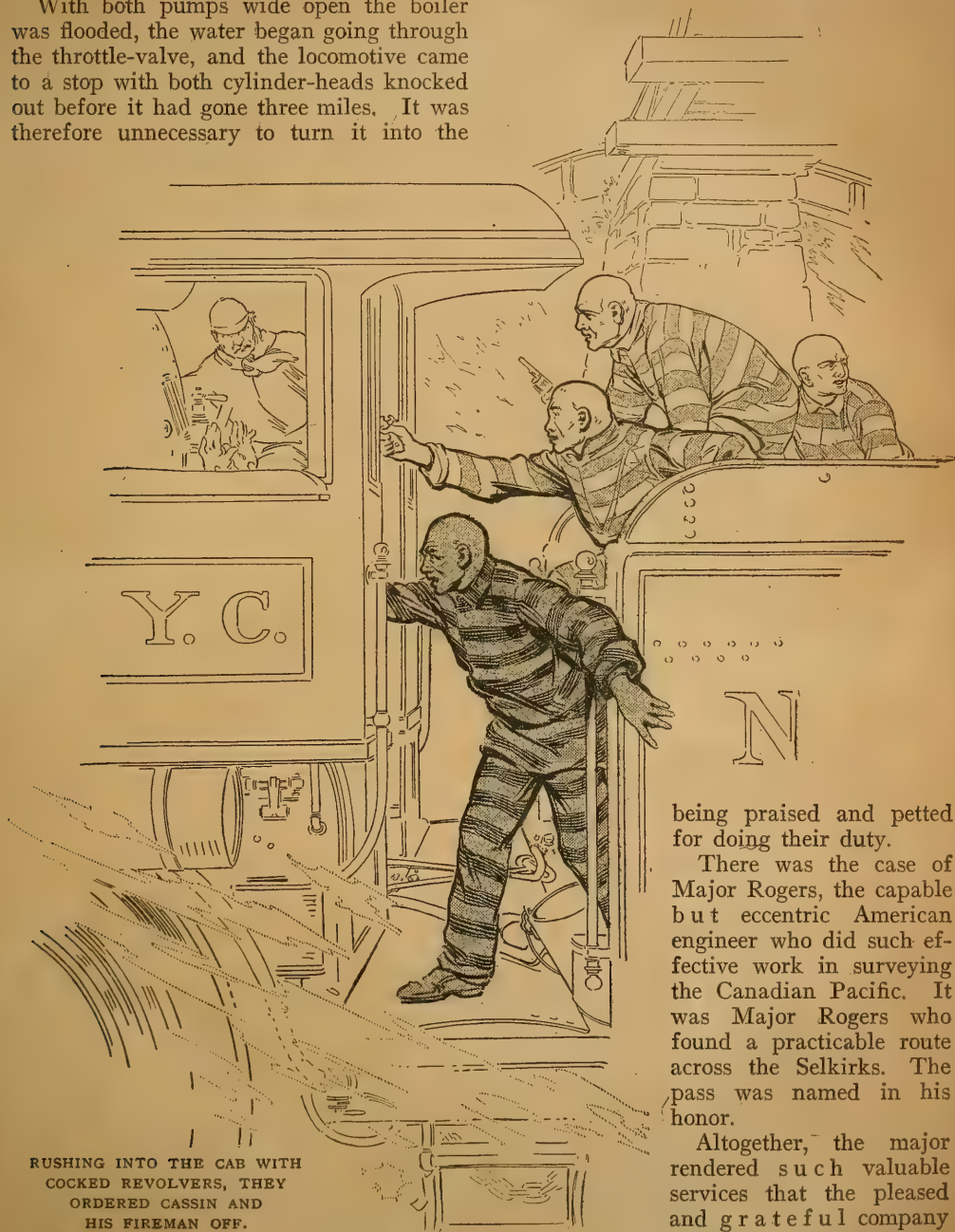
His act was not understood by the convicts, who instantly opened the throttle and shot down the track after the passenger-train. The prospects for a terrible



wreck seemed bright. With those reckless desperadoes in the cab it undoubtedly would have occurred if it had not been for Cassin.

With both pumps wide open the boiler was flooded, the water began going through the throttle-valve, and the locomotive came to a stop with both cylinder-heads knocked out before it had gone three miles. It was therefore unnecessary to turn it into the

ceived ten credit marks and a letter from the superintendent, and perhaps even a gold watch or something, but in the good old days railroad men were not used to



RUSHING INTO THE CAB WITH  
COCKED REVOLVERS, THEY  
ORDERED CASSIN AND  
HIS FIREMAN OFF.

being praised and petted for doing their duty.

There was the case of Major Rogers, the capable but eccentric American engineer who did such effective work in surveying the Canadian Pacific. It was Major Rogers who found a practicable route across the Selkirks. The pass was named in his honor.

Altogether, the major rendered such valuable services that the pleased and grateful company voted him a bonus of five

thousand dollars. To the unutterable distress of the auditor, months rolled by and the check was not presented for payment.

At last Major Rogers paid a visit to head-

river at a switch, as had been ordered when Cassin gave the alarm.  
If that incident had occurred a quarter of a century later Cassin would have re-

quarters, and General Manager Van Horne took occasion to ask why the check had not been cashed.

### His Only Testimonial.

"Good Heavens, sir! That is the only testimonial I have. I have had it framed and glazed, and it hangs over my bed. I shall never part with it."

Van Horne changed the subject. Next day he bought a fine gold watch, had a suitable inscription to the effect that it was presented to Major Rogers by the C.

P. R., and so forth. The watch was kept in the general manager's desk awaiting Major Rogers's next visit.

On that occasion Van Horne took out the watch, showed it to the engineer without letting go of it, and read him the inscription. Then he returned the watch to the drawer, which he ostentatiously locked. The major's smile of delight faded into an open-eyed look of dismay.

"Why—why, don't I get the watch?" he asked.

"Certainly you get it whenever you present that check and draw your money."

## BOOMING THE TOWN.

A COMMERCIAL traveler who was going through a certain State for the first time, alighted at a way-station which was named for a politician of national renown. He looked about for the town; but there were only a few forlorn houses. Then he looked about for the station; there was only an old freight-car—a small, old-style car, of 40,000 pounds capacity, rigged up with steps leading to its wide-open middle door. The traveler climbed up and peered inside. A pine table held a languidly-ticking telegraph instrument, and in a far corner the station-master leaned back in his chair, his feet on the telegraph-table. There was no one else in sight.

"Where's your town?" asked the traveler.

The station-master pointed with his thumb toward the few houses outside.

"What!" the traveler exclaimed. "Is that all the town you've got, and named for So-and-so, too? Well, where's your station?"

The station-master waved his hand toward the interior of the car.

"What!" the traveler exclaimed again. "Is this all the station you've got?"

At that the station-master removed his feet from the telegraph-table, brought the front of his chair down to the floor, and eyed the stranger sternly.

"Now, look here," he said, "that's all the town we've got, and this here's all the station we've got, and we are named for So-and-so. But you just bear this in mind, stranger, there's a boom on in this town; that's what!"

The commercial traveler's hopes began to rise. "Oh, is that so?" he asked.

"Yes, that's so!" the other replied. "Why, even the railroad is onto it! They're going to give us a new station!"

The traveler's interest increased. "You don't say!" he said.

"That's what they are!" the station-master proudly declared. "They're going to give us a new freight-car of 60,000 pounds capacity!"

—*Youth's Companion.*

## COURTESY IS CAPITAL STOCK.

DID you ever try to figure out the money-value of courtesy? Has it ever occurred to you that courtesy in business may be set down in dollars and cents; that courtesy makes money and that discourtesy loses it?

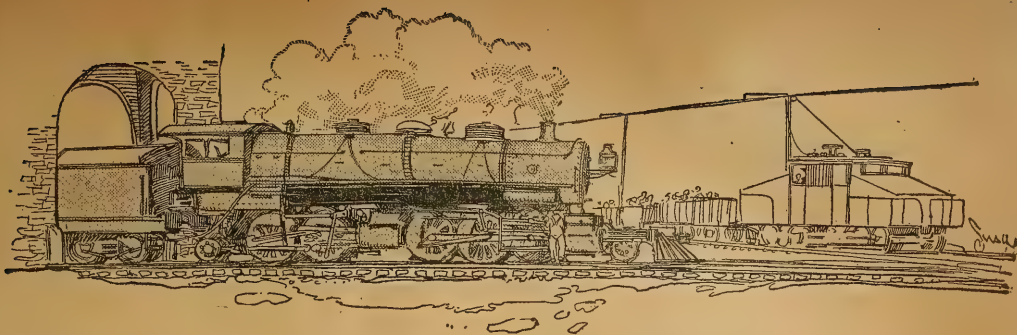
Let us consider courtesy briefly as an asset, as part of the capital stock of the company for which you work. Of course, the question has its higher, its ethical side, and we have dwelt upon this frequently in this magazine; but here, and now, let us make a practical application and see what courtesy means as a business asset.

Take an illustration: A man wishes to travel from one city to another. The fare is ten dollars. He may take his choice of two or more railroads for the journey. He drops into the ticket-office of one road. He finds a grouchy, tactless,

impatient, discourteous clerk behind the counter. Owing to the manner of his reception, he determines to travel over another road. In the second office, he is greeted cordially, is treated politely, is made to feel that his business is desired, that the clerk, as a representative of his company, is glad to see him, glad to sell him a ticket, glad to do all in his power to make the journey a pleasant one.

Is it not clear that in the first instance discourtesy lost one company ten dollars, and that in the second instance courtesy gained ten dollars for another company? The ten dollars gained goes to pay dividends and interest and wages and running expenses. Courtesy, in this case, had a distinct money-value; it could be set down on paper in dollars and cents.—*The Northwestern.*





## NOT ON THE FLIMSY.

BY FRANK CONDON.

### A Discarded Item Which Failed To Show Why Walt Watson Lost His Courage and Vanished.

**H**ALF a dozen editors skimmed over the sheet of A. P. flimsy, sneered inwardly, and, with the brief tightening of the lips that indicates editorial disgust, whisked the offending sheet into the capacious jaws of the waste-paper basket.

"Nobody hurt; nobody killed; nothing smashed, and nothing happened!" they said indignantly. "And those idiots put such trash on the wire for a real newspaper."

The cause:

Albion, March 9.

Itinerant telegraph operator, working extra, failed hand over train-order, but retrieved negligence and prevented collision between two passenger-trains by trick of daring and strength early to-day before he disappeared.

Train No. 2, west-bound and late, pulled out of Southwestern Railway station without the operator having delivered order to hold it for passing of east-bound train. Operator rushed along track, missed steps of last car and fell headlong.

Jumped up, and running caught rear, pulled himself onto vestibule-door, smashed glass and stopped train.

Just enough time get back to Albion when east-bound train rushed by. Operator has not been seen since.

Valuable space in modern newspapers cannot be given over to such piffle. If the operator had missed the rear car; if the

west-bound had plunged into the east-bound; if there had been a list of dead a column long as a broom handle, then, sneered the editors—then it would be worth the attention of the linotype men.

At the moment the insulting news item was being worded a man was sitting in the rear of a barroom thirty miles from Albion, with white linen bandages around his bruised hands and a glass of fiery liquid before him—a rather grimy young man, with the face of a very old man, and the shaking fingers of one who has burned his fires too rapidly.

This was Walt Watson, and he was the operator who had fled from Albion. If a confession could have been worried from him perhaps the "story" would have escaped the paper-basket.

Two comrades drifted into Buffalo during the Pan-American Exposition. They drifted out after the show had ended and the walls were coming down, and simultaneously they entered the service of the Southwestern Railway. One of them was called Stockbridge and the other was Walt Watson.

For a year they raced for advancement.

Stockbridge was a marvelously good operator, and in the course of time he began to attract attention from headquarters. He was as good an operator as Walt Watson.

Stockbridge moved up a peg. Watson remained where he was. Stockbridge knew why.

"Walt," he said one night, "we've got to separate. You and I have been living together since we left school, and I believe we're pretty fond of each other, so you'll forgive me if I say anything that hurts you."

"I've been promoted one notch. You'd have come right along with me if it hadn't been for one thing. You know what that is. You're just a little bit too fond of the stuff that has killed off better men than you and me, and the company knows it. I'm sorry, Walt, but there's nothing I can do. It's a fight that each man has to fight himself—and his friend can't help him."

"I know all that, Stocky. Never mind the preachments. What's the immediate cause of this W. C. T. U. meeting?" Walt asked sullenly.

"Just this," Stockbridge replied. "The Southwestern says I've got to give you up. I've got to pack up my belongings and live elsewhere. In other words, we're not to travel together from now on."

"For your advancement," sneered Watson. "Go ahead, then. There are no strings whatever attached to you. Perhaps I'll relish the change."

Stockbridge made no answer. He silently got his things together and walked out.

"So-long, Walt," he said, pausing in the door. "If you'll take a friend's advice, you'll cut out that stuff."

"It is a good thing," Watson said lightly—"a good thing for every man to mind his own business. It's really profitable."

That was the last Watson saw of Stockbridge for many months. He heard of him frequently, and little by little there grew up within him a feeling of resentment that gradually turned to dislike, bitter and abiding. Dislike gave way to hatred finally.

There was a girl. Watson and Stockbridge met her in Buffalo, and liked her from the beginning. They had bantered each other good-humoredly at first.

"I think I saw her first," Stockbridge laughed. You are hereby invited to attend the wedding, Walt, and if you're good you may wear a waiter's outfit and be our best man. Grace would look amazing good as Mrs. Joseph Stockbridge."

"Your wires are crossed in nine places," Watson had answered. "Grace and I will be doing that little parade down the main aisle, and you can stand in the vestibule and hold the flowers."

Walt was almost right—almost! Grace was fond of both men, but there was a pres-

sure to her handshake with Walt Watson that Stockbridge had never felt. Little by little Walton forged ahead. He had kissed the girl months before Stockbridge had ever suspected, and when the little love-affair was at its most prominent stage the smash came.

The cause was the same that had brought the frown of the Southwestern upon its young operator. Walt called half a dozen times on his sweetheart showing the effect of liquor.

The girl was shocked and disgusted.

From that time on he played a losing game. He was supplanted in Grace's favor. Stockbridge passed him in love as he had passed him in business.

"He's a cur," Watson fumed. "I'll get him for that."

Watson became lax in his work, and eventually the Southwestern dismissed him. He secured new positions—and lost them. From a clean-cut young chap he changed into a shiftless, ill-clad loafer, and became untrustworthy.

Where he was known he could get no work. By changing his name and traveling he picked up a precarious living and secured the funds to buy his old enemy.

Stockbridge forged ahead during the years that followed. He married three years after he separated from his comrade, and the bride's name was Grace. Watson heard of the wedding, and cursed them. Time, instead of cooling his enmity for his former chum, bolstered and increased it, and alcohol did the rest.

In many a frenzy he promised Stockbridge a speedy end if the two ever met.

Then Watson drifted eastward by slow stages. By changing his name repeatedly he landed in brief-held positions. Unknowing, the Southwestern itself paid a frequent wage to the operator who jumped from place to place, and Watson smiled grimly whenever he noticed orders from the chief train-despatcher's office.

They were always signed "Stockbridge."

"He's up and I'm down," Watson reflected bitterly. "He cheated me and I'll get him for it."

He thought of a number of events that had occurred in the years between their friendship and the present. He remembered the days when he had applied for work on a dozen railroads, and of the mysterious information that had always filtered in before he secured the job. He had no references, and reports about him invariably



resulted in disaster. Once he had seen a telegram lying on an office desk. It read:

Sorry. Operator Watson unreliable. Bad record. Drinks.

STOCKBRIDGE, Southwestern.

Far out in Wisconsin Watson had been discharged without cause. A prying and envious coworker had interested in his past the company employing Watson. Stockbridge had again been forced to tell the truth. There were other matters, too.

"Not only is he up," Watson often muttered, "but he's not satisfied to let me alone. He's kicked me farther down every time he has had the chance."

By constantly nursing his animosity for Stockbridge and indulging in virulent outbursts of rage, Watson kept his blood hot, and the friendly feeling of the other Southwestern men for the chief train-despatcher only aggravated his resentment.

He landed in Albion penniless and hungry, and the friendly offices of the night operator secured him a temporary berth at the key.

A husky storm was tuning up for the night when the regular operator put on his coat. Watson was huddled before the meager fire.

"Better watch the line pretty close tonight," said the former. "There is a number of blocks, and Stockbridge is coming down on No. 15 with Miles."

Watson sat up with a start.

"Stockbridge?" he asked.

"The chief," replied the other. "He's been doing this inspection stunt regular of late."

"Great," Watson sneered. "I suppose he rides on velvet cushions in a Pullman private car."

"You're wrong," said the regular man resentfully. "He's no snob. He rides with Miles in the cab when he comes out on No. 15. He's a mighty decent fellow, too."

Watson walked about the diminutive room when his companion had gone, looking over the tawdry fixtures and listening to the clicking of the key. He had borrowed a small advance from the operator. Its result was a brown flask that protruded from his hip-pocket and that made frequent stimulating trips to his mouth.

"Stockbridge is coming on 15," he laughed bitterly. "He'd be surprised if he could look in here when she goes by and see his old friend at the key—the man he pushed down and out."

Watson found a heavy wrench. He stared at it a long time and ran his fingers over the heavy steel knobs.

"I'd like to use this on him," he growled.

"CK — CK — CK — CK — CK—" chattered the instrument.

Watson sank into his chair, and replied.

His fingers had long failed before the regular keys of a typewriter, and it was with difficulty that he could use them at all. Taking a rapid message on the machine was beyond him, so he toiled laboriously with pen and ink.

Suddenly he looked up from his work and stared at the pile of slips on the table. The key clattered and clicked impatiently, but Watson did not heed.

He read the message over again.

Hold No. 2, east-bound at Albion till No. 15 passes.

He looked out into the night. The sleet had changed to a thick, feathery snow. He glanced at the clock, and noted that it was fifteen minutes of nine.

No. 2 was due in Albion at nine o'clock.

During the next ten minutes Watson paced back and forth. The grudge of a half-score years was working in his heated veins, and he was pondering wildly on the revenge.

In the cab of No. 15 Stockbridge was being hurled westward. No. 15 carried five coaches and paused for nothing.

East of Albion lay the worst curve on the Southwestern system—a long, waving "S" bend that shut out the track ahead.

"They'd never know!" the operator muttered hoarsely. "He deserves it! He spiked me! He ruined my life and kicked me down farther than I was! He's a cur, and he deserves it!"

Watson's face had grown deathly white.

Revenge was distorting his view, and the fire of his steady hatred was being rapidly fanned into blind, unreasoning fury and a wild craving for revenge.

Consequences mattered not at all. He saw Stockbridge in the west-bound cab! He saw the east-bound approach. He heard the grinding of steel and wood, the roaring of the released steam, and the passing of the man who had ruined him!

"He'll get it—he'll get it to-night!" he whispered.

The minute-hand was dragging upward toward nine. Watson stood in the door facing the inrush of snow and peering toward the west.

The faint moan of the east-bound struck him. A shiver ran down his body. The pin-point of yellow light appeared, growing larger each moment. In another instant No. 2 drew into Albion and slowed down.

Watson waved the "no order" salute from where he stood. His blood boomed through him and his head began to whirl. A passenger alighted and hurried away.

Watson turned and faced the east.

Somewhere around the long turn No. 15 was gliding along through the feathery snow-storm.

The end was only a matter of moments.

The operator stepped back into his room and pulled on his coat. The order slipped from his hand and fell to the floor, where it lay shining in a ray of light from the feeble lamp. Outside, the bell-cord hissed its command. With a shriek of steam and the jangle of the bell, No. 2 glided slowly forward, for she had stopped on a slight grade.

The feeling about Watson's throat tightened. His eyes were glaring and his hands were shaking so that he could scarcely lift his ragged cap to his head.

"I've done it!" he shouted.

His voice was half a groan and half the outburst of a maniac. Then he started to the door. The tail-lights of No. 2 were slowly swinging past him. He turned for a last look into the dingy office, and as he did so the glint of the fateful order, lying in

the glow of the lamp, struck him between the eyes.

A sudden revulsion ran through him, and in another instant he was chattering with the deadly fear of one condemned.

His body grew cold, succeeding the wild, throbbing heat of the preceding minutes.

With a sudden snap, his tottering senses slipped back into place, and his disordered mind resumed the normal. He forgot everything in the world except that train No. 2 was passing out of Albion and that train No. 15 was rushing toward it.

With a half-articulate yell, he turned and started down the track in the wake of the rumbling train. That's all.

Very clearly and succinctly the little newspaper despatch tells the rest.

Watson stumbled ahead, fell several times, caught the rear of No. 2, and stopped the train.

He tumbled off into the snow and faded away like a wraith. No. 15 shot by and into the west—and the incident was ended.

The next morning Stockbridge was acquainted with the details. The regular operator at Albion was dismissed before noon.

"Who was the operator at the key?" Stockbridge inquired of his assistant.

"Dunno," that gentleman responded. "Somebody, but I don't know who, said it sounded like Clifford."

"Clifford," the chief repeated—"Clifford. Never heard of the man."

## THE TICKET AGENT'S DREAM.

**A**FTER standing behind the ticket-window at Petoskey for three months, this is what the ticket-agent dreams:

"Have you a lower for Friday night for St. Louis?"

"No, madam; but we have some beautiful uppers, with a colored elevator in connection."

"I just can't ride in an upper. Is there no way you can get a lower for me?"

"Not this season, madam; but we have under construction for next season a car that will have all the uppers built beneath the lowers, so there will be no uppers."

"Won't that be lovely!"

"Yes. They will also have pipes connected with and projecting out ahead of the engine, so that the air you receive will be in no way related to the air you get."

"You don't tell me."

"Yes. And when the sleepers are made up into a solid train for the north it will be known as 'The Ozone Special.' You'd better let me sell

you an upper; it beats walking. Besides, we will furnish you with a beautiful yellow ticket which just matches the elevator."

"Do I have to transfer at Chicago?"

"Yes, ma'am, if you are a somnambulist; otherwise, you won't know that Chicago is on the map."

"I don't know just what to do, I am so afraid I can't get into an upper."

"We have a drawing-room for Cincinnati, if you would care to go there."

"But I'm not going to Cincinnati; I've just got to start for St. Louis, Friday night. I will think it over and let you know later. Give me a nickel's worth of pennies, please. Does this gum-machine work?"

"Yes, ma'am; everybody it can."

"Well, I'm stopping at Waboon Lake; I'll call you up later and tell you what I decide to do."

"Yes, please do; and if you decide not to go, call us up and let us know at once, and tell us why."—*Pere Marquette Monthly.*



# How the Free Riders Sleep.

BY J. H. CRAIGE.

**W**HEN one thinks of the traveling hobo clinging by the "skin of his teeth" to the trucks, the roof, or the brake-beams of an express train going at the rate of sixty miles an hour and enjoying, at the same time, a repose akin to that which he might find on a feather bed, the idea—well, it just doesn't seem to jibe, does it? To entice Morpheus under such conditions seems about equal to playing a parley with sudden death, suicide, and fool-hardiness written on the card.

From Cape Cod to the Golden Gate the hobo journeys by night and sleeps where most men would fear to travel in the light with their eyes wide open. On the top of a car, clutching the grimy ventilator tubes with the grip of a vise, curled up in the vestibule of the blind baggage, or wedged above the whirling axles of the trucks—it is all the same to him.

The astonishing part of it all is that he usually comes through alive.

## The Peculiar Instinct That Permits a Rider of the Beam to Sleep Soundly and in Safety When It Would Mean Instant Death to Lose His Grip for a Moment.

**N**IGHT is the hobo's traveling time. He insists on riding a fast express. Securing a time-table of the road on which he wishes to travel, he picks out the fastest night-train, lies in hiding until she is ready to pull out of the station where he is waiting, and swings aboard her rear end, thus dodging the railroad bulls, who always hang about the front end of a train, watching the blind-baggage, where the inexperienced tramps try to ride.

Once aboard, he is safe until the next stop, which in the case of an express-train seldom takes place in less than an hour or two. Even when a stop is made, perched on the roof or on the trucks of the rear car, the hobo is far from the lights of the station where the forward cars stop, and is practically sure of an undisturbed ride as long as the darkness lasts. During the

eight or ten hours from dusk to dawn a good traveler can easily put from three to four hundred miles behind him.

Unsoftened by springs and cushions, the steady *thud, thud*, of a moving train has a most decided soporific effect on the human frame. Add to this the effect of the darkness, and the fact that the tramp on the road seldom gets any repose in the daytime, and you have a combination of circumstances which makes sleep during the journey almost inevitable.

It is only to be expected that death will claim a heavy toll among these free riders. Each year records from five to ten per cent of their total number killed or injured, but the survivors go on taking chances.

One philosophic hobo, whose partner I saw killed near Eugene, Oregon, last summer expressed the tramp's view of the matter very well. This was his comment over the mangled remains:

"Poor old Bill's gone. We'll miss him, but it won't make any difference to the world. There's plenty more where he came from. Next."

Strangely enough, he was "next." I heard a few days later that he had been ground to pieces under a Portland yard-engine, an ignominious end for a veteran blown-in-the-glass bo who had traveled over the road since his boyhood.

There are plenty more where he came from. Railroad reports show that in the neighborhood of ten thousand tramps are killed or maimed every year. Of these, perhaps fifty per cent are "good people," the title which the more expert professional tramps apply to themselves.

The other fifty per cent is made up of "gay cats" or occasional tramps; men who will work hard and regularly for a time, but who are periodically forced to take to the road, either because of labor conditions or through the call of *wanderlust*.

#### "Gay Cats" Only Amateurs.

Compared to the real tramp, the "gay cat" is a poor traveler. The drudgery of habitual manual labor has either stiffened his muscles or life indoors has dulled the keenness of his animal senses, and left him more a product of civilization and less a primitive savage than his brother, the full-fledged tramp.

He is slow of hand, foot, and brain. His perceptions are faulty. In the parlance of the prize-ring, "his judgment of distance is on the blink." He is poorly fitted for survival in the hostile and pitiless environment of life on the road, and accident overtakes him at every turn.

When he makes a flying dive for the hand-rail of a moving train, he often misses it and is thrown under the wheels. His faulty instincts make him try to occupy most insecure positions, from which he is jolted by the motion of the train. Frequently, deserted by that guardian spirit that seems to guide the feet of the wayfarer, he steps from behind a train, and meets his fate in the path of the express that is rushing down the next track.

The professional tramp who is a good traveler is a very different individual. Although seldom a powerful man, he is as lithe, alert, and active as a panther; a perfect type of the primitive cat-animal. Since the passing of the Indian tracker,

there has been no type of man whose animal instincts and senses have been so perfectly developed. His judgment is seldom faulty, his hand never falters, and his foot never slips.

#### Death Claims Many Victims.

Despite his greater fitness to survive, however, as many "good people" are killed and maimed on the road every year as "gay cats," and because of the smaller number of regulars, the percentage of casualties among them is thus far greater than it is among the "cats." The reason for this is that under ordinary conditions the "cat" travels by day on freight-trains, where there is little temptation to sleep and little danger to him if he does, while the regular, adopting the habits of the feline whose traits he possesses, travels by night and sleeps in the daytime.

The expert bo disapproves of local trains and he has little use for freights, except for an occasional nap in an empty box car, if he happens to find one going in his direction.

Perhaps a natural conclusion would be that the first time a hobo succumbed to sleep in such places as he generally travels there would be another gap in the ranks of the tramp army, but here the subconscious mind, that most discussed and least understood of psychic phenomena, comes into the case.

#### Feats of the Subconscious Mind.

According to the best authorities, both medical and psychological, the subconscious mind lives at the back of the brain, just over its near relatives, the mind centers which govern the beating of the heart, breathing, and other involuntary functions of the body.

In the subconscious mind habits are formed. It is by careful education of the subconscious mind that the boxer acquires the ability to perceive an opening and to strike simultaneously. If he were compelled to stop and think before hitting, his opportunity would be lost, but he has formed the habit, and the eye perceives and the hand strikes without conscious mental action on his part.

The subconscious mind forms the connecting link between the conscious, reasoning mind, and the brain centers which gov-



ern involuntary action. The lower forms of life have only the ganglia governing the involuntary processes. In addition to this the higher animals have also the power of forming habits necessary to their preservation.

Man adds to these the ability to reason and plan, but in the case of civilized man the power of reason has so far removed him from the exigencies of animal existence that he has lost through disuse the subconscious alertness so prominent in the make-up of the savage and the wild beast.

By careful education and constant exertion of the will, the civilized man can acquire to a certain extent the subconscious alertness enjoyed by his savage ancestors. It is by education of his subconscious mind that the hobo acquires the facility of sleeping in an insecure perch on a moving train without suffering invariable and instant annihilation. He does not acquire this faculty through design or by choice, but by necessity and with fear and trembling, as most other faculties necessary to existence are acquired.

#### Keeping a Grip While Sound Asleep.

When a tramp begins to ride trains at night, his constant fear is that he will fall asleep. Stretched out on the roof, or crouched on the trucks, he sits shivering, flexing his muscles, shaking his body as much as his situation will permit, pinching himself, and resorting to every possible expedient to keep awake, in deadly terror lest sleep relax his grip and he fall to a speedy and horrible death.

Perhaps during his first few night-journeys this terror is so intense that it overcomes his fatigue and he stays awake, or he sleeps so lightly that he does not know that he has slept.

During these journeys the hours of intense fear make a tremendous impression upon his subconscious mind. Later he happens to travel with an old-timer, and sees the careless abandon with which the veteran allows himself to sink into slumber. Also he observes that nothing happens to his comrade, and his terror lest sleep overtake him is considerably abated. Still, the fear education continues, although in a more moderate form.

Gradually his fears fade away and he allows himself with less and less misgivings to doze and nod on his nightly rides,

until at last he reaches the stage where he stretches himself out for a nap every time he has a chance to make himself tolerably comfortable on a moving train, with all the carelessness of the veteran whose slumber aroused his admiration in earlier days.

#### Change of Speed Dangerous.

Then the education of his subconscious mind is complete, and he is able to hold down anything that turns a wheel, asleep or awake, with a certain amount of security. There are two psychological moments, however, during which it seems to be impossible for the average man to educate his subconsciousness to remain on guard.

One of these is when the train on which the tramp is traveling changes its pace or motion, while the other is when the sleeper awakes. Though we can educate the subconscious mind to perform almost any regular series of simple movements or adapt itself to almost any conditions, without the guidance of the conscious mind, as soon as the regularity is broken or the conditions change the operations of the subconscious mind cease.

It is a peculiar fact that if a tramp falls asleep on a train traveling at a rate of thirty miles an hour, a change in speed to sixty or to fifteen miles an hour will often place him in serious danger. Either the shock to his mental processes will be sufficient to arouse him, or he will sink into deeper slumber, in which nothing is more probable than that some serious accident will befall him.

One of the most shocking accidents of this kind that I have ever witnessed occurred last summer near Battle Mountain, Nevada. It was just before dawn, and a great many tramps were riding the train, making their way toward Reno, to the Jeffries-Johnson pugilistic battle which was scheduled to take place in a few days. I myself was riding a rear truck, and many other tramps were strung along the whole length of the train.

#### He Lost His Hold.

The trucks on the Union and Southern Pacific Pullmans were not designed to accommodate a tall man with comfort. I was far from sleep and was having a most miserable time. As I turned over for about the nineteenth time to get some of the

cramps out of my body, while I blessed the trainmen who had made it necessary for us to ride the trucks, the emergency brakes suddenly screamed on, and our speed, which had been previously about thirty miles an hour, was cut down to almost a walk. A few seconds later the brakes were released and the train proceeded at its former speed.

A short distance out of the town we struck a curve, which jolted every one sharply to the left. Instantly a series of ear-piercing screams rose from under the car ahead. Then they stopped and a red trail appeared on the ties below.

When we stopped, some one inside the train who had heard the cries caused a search to be instituted, and a bundle of red rags was found tightly wrapped around one of the car's axles; all that was left of a tramp who had been riding on the truck. A blue-lipped, blood-spattered man who had been riding the same truck was discovered near-by, too weak from fright and horror to crawl out from under the train.

### A High Dive.

According to his story, the two had been traveling together, and were both asleep on the truck when he had been awakened by the jar of the emergency brakes. He was composing himself for another nap, when he noticed that his partner was reeling dangerously in his seat.

He was about to reach out to awaken him when the train struck the curve, and toppling back, the sleeping man allowed his coat to become wrapped about the revolving axle.

Despite his struggles and screams he was unable to free himself, and was slowly drawn into the whirling mill. I heard later in San Francisco that the survivor had gone mad.

When a man is very alert or the change of pace or motion of the train he is riding is very pronounced, he usually awakes. In doing so he runs scarcely less risk than the man who sleeps on, for the moment when the alert subconscious sentinel is dismissed and the drowsy sentinel of awakening consciousness takes charge is one of great danger.

A man's first impulse when aroused from sleep is to stretch and yawn, and there are times when these may bring the most dire results. Some time ago, at North Platte, Nebraska, a sudden awakening involved me

in a farce-comedy that might very easily have been a tragedy.

The train, on the roof of which I was traveling, stopped suddenly and with quite a jolt. The first thing I can recall is awakening with a gulp from that terrible race-old falling dream, and reaching out frantically for something to stop my descent. Then I lurched off the train and began to fall in sure enough earnest.

Luckily I lit on a truck piled with mail-sacks awaiting an east-bound train and was not hurt in the least. However, I came within an ace of falling on one of North Platte's leading citizens. That gentleman let out a bawl that would have done credit to one of his own steers, and before I had made up my mind as to whether I was still dreaming, or had really had a fall, one of the town constables appeared on the scene and escorted me to the village lockup. The next day, as my prosecutor did not appear, the same rural constable who had arrested me escorted me back to the railroad and invited me to beat it.

Another of the chief causes of disaster to tramps is liquor. Night riding is almost always cold, and often the tramp has no more nerve than he needs, and resorts to Dutch courage. Every railroader sees so many near-accidents to drunken tramps, that he is apt to wonder that there are not more casualties than really take place.

Almost all tramps who have the subconscious faculties of the mind highly developed are men of strong will and individuality, whose mind and purpose are so strong that it would seem that they rule their actions even when asleep by sheer force of character. However, I have seen some startling exceptions to this rule.

### Strange Case of Denver Joe.

Perhaps the strangest case that ever came under my notice was that of Denver Joe, a child of the road whom I met in Winnemucca, Nevada.

Like many road monikers, his title was misleading. He was not from Denver at all, but from Los Angeles. His age was indeterminate. He looked sixteen, but was probably much older.

It was only a few days before the historic pugilistic battle at Reno, a hundred miles or more to the west, and the boes were flocking over the road in such number that the distracted railroad authorities in an en-



deavor to stem the tide were stationing "sapping parties" of husky railroad "bulls" and deputy "bulls" at every division station, armed with clubs, and with instructions to "give it to the tramps good and plenty," after which they were to jail the remains.

Numerous tramps were hanging about the town waiting to catch the first mail-train out, which ran through at about eight o'clock in the evening. I had seen several of these constables, lurking about the station with large business-like clubs, so I had about decided that I did not want to catch that early mail.

There were a dozen fight specials coming through that night anyway, and I knew that the bulls would become sleepy before I would. I tried to warn some of the tramps whom I knew, but got a laugh for my trouble, so, hunting up an unused feed-bin on the side of the station overlooking the track, I worked loose a board and climbed in to await events.

I had scarcely arranged things to my liking when the board was pushed back again and Denver Joe wiggled in, bringing with him numerous hand-outs that he had collected from the Winnemucca back doors.

All he said was: "Help yourself to whatever you want, partner, and wake me up when you go." Then he lay down and was asleep in an instant. As he told it afterward, he had been traveling steadily for two nights and a day, and had been kept so busily on the move by the Winnemucca bulls that he had gotten very little sleep in the last forty-eight hours.

### On the Observation-Car.

While I was helping myself to such of the hand-outs as I fancied, the eight o'clock train came through, and I saw, with a good deal of very heathenish delight, I must admit, several of the gentlemen who had scoffed at my advice get a thorough taste of the sap-sticks.

When the tumult and the shouting died I took a nap, and awoke somewhere near midnight, as closely as I could tell by the stars. It was cold and the station was deserted. A train was approaching. When it stopped the last car was about even with my feed-box.

"Wake up, partner," I called, and reached over to shake my young friend, expecting to have considerable difficulty in

waking him. To my surprise he rose immediately, without a word and without signs of weariness.

"Come on," I said, and we climbed out of the box, went around to the far side of the train, and climbed to the roof unnoticed.

The coach on the rear end was an observation-car. Riding on its roof was horribly cold and disagreeable. I went back to the rear end of the car and found that I could climb down to the observation platform. I went back and shook my friend.

As before, he came without a word. We climbed down, found some chairs and an Indian blanket, and traveled all night quite comfortably. In the morning we rode into Sparks, the end of the division.

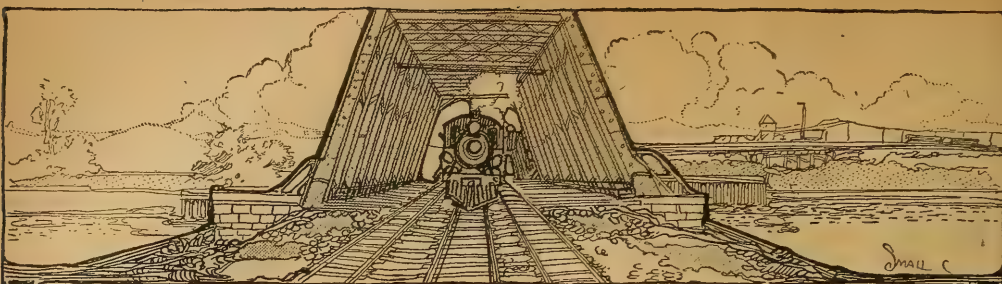
We both slept through the greater part of the journey and awoke at about the same time, shortly after dawn. When my companion had rubbed his eyes and looked around, he asked with mild curiosity where we were and how we got there, to which I responded that he ought to know as much about that as any one.

He replied that he certainly did not know where we were, and furthermore, that he had not slept since he had left Ogden, Utah, which by his computation was two days and two nights before he had met me. He did not seem to remember anything since he had struck Winnemucca the morning before, except meeting the detective.

He wound up with the assertion that the S. P. was a mighty poor road to ride on, to which I agreed, and once more demanded to know how he had got where he was.

When informed, he took the matter very philosophically, and told me that he had always walked in his sleep, and that when he was little his mother could make him do anything by speaking to him when he was sleeping, from which one might infer that that was the only time the old lady could influence him in any way.

We were separated going through the snow-sheds on the road to San Francisco. I was combed off by a State policeman at the first stop, but he got through by crouching behind a dining-car ventilator. I simply went up to the head end and got into a day coach, I secured a hat check and rode through to Sacramento without question. When we got there Joe was not on the roof, and he did not show up in San Francisco, though I waited at the Market Street depot every day for over a week at the place we had agreed upon.



## THE FEVER OF THE RAIL.

BY LOUIS EPHRAIM BOYER.

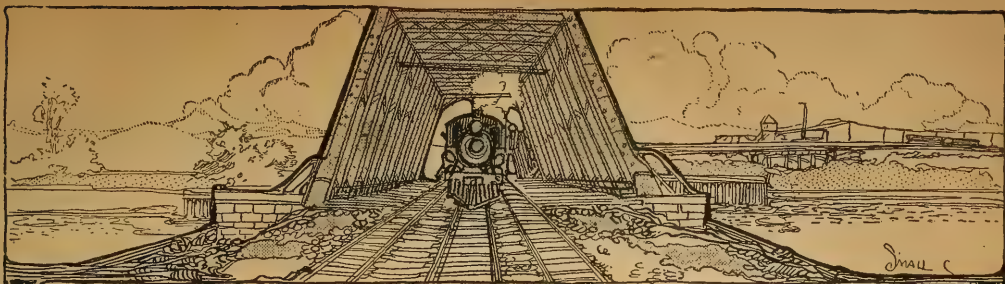
Written for "The Railroad Man's Magazine."



HEY may talk of fevers, chills,  
 And a thousand other ills  
 That go to make the doctors' human code;  
 But the worst I know of yet—  
 Makes a fellow fuss and fret—  
 Is the hopeless, restless fever of the road.  
 With the smoke and grease and dust,  
 And the cinders, oil, and rust,  
 And a million funny, friendly railroad smells—  
 And the lights—white, green, and red—  
 Runnin' through a fellow's head—  
 Once he's worked there—why, he won't work nowhere else.

They may have their tariffs, rates,  
 And their traffic-sheets and plates,  
 And the policies that seem to run the line;  
 But the whirl of No. 2  
 When she's twenty overdue,  
 To me is like the joy of rare, old wine.  
 And I love the busy yard,  
 With the engines chuggin' hard,  
 And the whistles, bells, and sweatin', swearin' crews;





And the north- and south-bound freights,  
And the sidin' clearance waits,  
With the firemen a-cussin' at the flues.

There's the traffic's steady stream,  
And the hiss'n' of the steam,  
And chugs and roars and other nameless sounds;  
And there's "locals"—always due—  
With an extra "work" or two,  
And crews a gettin' ready for the "rounds."  
There's the wheezing noise of "air,"  
And the headlights' guiding glare—

There's the station whistle of the through "express";  
Oh, the clicking of the wheel  
On the burnished strands of steel  
Is as soothing as a mother's soft caress.

When the "caller" comes in vain,  
And another's on my train,  
And I'm far beyond the reach of discipline;  
When I take my last, long run  
On my final 31,  
And I'm not laid out by heated box or pin;  
When I've made my last mistake,  
And old Time throws on the brake,

And the boys they miss me when they pass the cup—  
I won't heed the semaphore,  
But I'll walk right in the door,  
An' I'll git a job in hades firin' up.

# Observations of a Country Station-Agent.

BY J. E. SMITH.

No. 34—The By-Gone Combination of Telegraph Operator and Station-Agent Who Was Paid for Overtime Only When There Were Thirty-Two Days in a Month.



READ a tramp or vagrant article the other day, on the old-time country physician, and the old-time country circuit-rider, pioneers of the Middle West, who are no more and whose places can never be taken, because there are newer methods and newer manners and "all things change."

It brought to my mind the old-time combination telegraph operator and station-agent, who is likewise passing. He was part of the same community as the doctor and the circuit-rider. He filled his niche and is fast being modified and modernized by the newer order.

I remember him as a busy, important man in his community—a man harassed and haunted by a multiplicity of detail, fussy and arbitrary, but withal closer in touch with the affairs of all the people about him than either the doctor or the preacher.

On our line the station-agent is no longer doing the railroad telegraphing.

It is done in towers five miles apart, and by three men on eight-hour shifts.

On the same road twenty-five years ago, there were telegraph offices only every ten or fifteen miles, and the old station-agent with a paralyzed arm and St. Vitus jerks took the orders with one hand, billed out freight with the other, held a mail-bag under one arm, the express bills between his teeth, and fastened the checks on the trunks with his toes—all at the same time in one

hocus-pocus movement that was quicker than the eye, and that would have aroused the envy of the nimblest shell-and-pea artist.

On our road he is now only a memory. His present-day prototype gives the movement of trains no heed.

The telegraphing has fallen to the man in the tower, who does nothing else.

The towers are furnace heated and built of steel and cement. They are light and airy and comfortable, but always located at the edge of the town, or a little ways out where passing tracks are possible.

"This is a pleasant place to work," I assured the first-trick man.

"Is it?" he asked with a Missouri accent. "Cheerful surroundings," I added.

"So I am informed," he answered with a suspicious assent. "All the same, if you had to rivet your gaze on the said surroundings eight hours every day, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, for the rest of your natural life, you wouldn't enthuse over it. You wouldn't gush any—you wouldn't slop over about it.

"Scenery is the commonest thing there is to a tower job; but I never heard of an operator wanting to stay with a tower job on account of the landscape. I never heard of one hating to leave because he could get a good view of a Turner sunset, or feast his eyes on a Rosa Bonheur flock of grazers. Did you?"

"Anyway," I persisted, "you haven't anything else to do but telegraph."



"We have to walk out here, that's a mile and a half, and we have to walk back."

"But you only work eight hours."

"Add another hour or so getting to it, then throw in Sunday, and you have about the same as ten hours per day."

"The company should arrange to bring you out here in a coupé. Has any one ever suggested it to 'em?"

"What do those soulless wretches tell

from eighty to a hundred a month. They don't have the responsibility an operator has, and they don't work much longer, and we only get sixty. We got to be educated to do this work. Any one can be a brakeman. A second-trick man goes to work early in the afternoon. All he gets to see is the parade; no big tent for him. Misses everything. He don't get off until eleven or twelve o'clock at night. Can't go any-



WHEN A BOY WANTED TO  
LEARN TELEGRAPHING  
HE HUNG AROUND  
THE DEPOT.

us?" he said. "This: Whenever little Willie's legs grow weary, other pedestrians are eager and waiting."

I tried the second-trick operator.

"An operator has a pretty flossy job these days compared to twenty-five years ago," I ventured, as an introductory observation.

"Huh? He has! Any one who thinks a tower job's a snap ought to be led to it. What do them brakemen get? Anywhere

where or see anybody. Hasn't any afternoons or evenings to himself."

With this melancholy reflection, he tilted a dinky cap back into an ambush of riotous hair, adjusted his balloon pants so as not to impair the crease, and slid down in his chair. Then he fished up a harmonica and played, with fiendish vigor, "Turkey in the Straw," adding the "Virginia Skee-daddle" for extra measure.

The next number on the evening program was a song with both guitar and catarrh accompaniment. It was a sad song as I remember it, about a maiden fair, and I think she had hair; eyes, too, if I am not mistaken. She was waiting for him somewhere, in the agony of despair, with heart-strings to tear, but with a devotion that would wear, with a love nothing could im-



ANY HOUR HE WAS SUBJECT TO THE CALL OF  
THE STRANDED CONDUCTOR.

pair; whereupon I slid out. It was too pathetic.

"You have a pretty nice job, haven't you?" I asked of the third-trick man. "Only eight hours in this fancy tower, and nothing else."

"S'nough!" interposed the third-trick man, poising a halting hand. "Some one's been stringing you. Some night when the wind or the rain or the snow or the sleet is cutting high jinks, it's worth a day's labor to get out here, to say nothing of the eight hours and the return trip.

"Say, when a man goes to work at eleven o'clock at night and quits at seven in the morning, he's got to sleep the rest of the day, ain't he? He's got to commence hot-footing along about ten to appear at eleven. Where does he get any time? When you say 'nice' you got the wrong word. Try it again! There's a pocket Webster in the second drawer. Might as well work all night, as to have to poke out about nine-thirty or ten.

"The only eight-hour snap for any man is from eight to four, daylight. Blocking trains is particular work, and when you're here, you're here. Don't forget that. You haven't a minute for anywhere else. You never see any one, and it's lonesome work; with only a block wire and the despatcher's wire, we can't even hear anything of interest. You can't tell us we are better off than our grandfathers. Tell it to Sweeney!"

"What's the chances of promotion?" I asked all three of them.

Chorus:

"None. From third trick to second, to first. Once a tower operator, always a tower operator!"

"Anyway, it's nice and quiet, and you haven't the public to annoy you."

Chorus:

"That's it, solitude! It's deadly lonesome! Come on, oh, you populace! Welcome to our midst, oh, you rabble!"

Now, I can assure the tower operator that the pioneer operator of a generation ago was not so keen for the association of his fellow man. Fact is, he did not have much else.

Taking train orders and noting the movement of trains was only incidental to him.

He was either station-agent or first aid to the agent wherever located. Usually he was the whole works. He was hung with titles and marks of eminence like an Oriental prince. He was station-agent for the A. and Z. Railway, agent for the Jeffersonian



Express, and manager of the Eastern Union Telegraph Company. The combined and aggregated salary was—Counsel objects; question irrelevant. Objection sustained.

Anyway, none ever accused the Eastern Union of paying any of it.

The genius who invented telegraph-schools was then an infant on the bottle or a truant schoolboy.

The modern institutions of learning wherein a healthy lad comes in fresh blown from the farm and hands over ma's butter-money for a course in telegraphy, and gets in return a scroll worded in five colors, a Latin phrase, and a personal eulogy signed by six grave and learned professors and titled examiners, had not then been evolved.

When a boy wanted to learn telegraphing he hung around the depot until the agent put him to sweeping out, toting the mail-cars, and lugging in the coal.

After a year or more, he was ready for a job. He went to it eagerly, unadorned with pants that flapped like a sail, unornamented with a dinky cap, and unembellished with a flowing necktie of seven colors. But he knew about what to do when he landed. He knew how to handle a coal-dust fire so the stove would not blow up. He knew how to truck freight and heave sample trunks, bill out freight, and keep the office accounts.

To-day, he is conducting the railroad company's business at the important points. Hard knocks made him fit.

In the *élite* and luxuriant present it is from the perambulator to the hammock, to cushions, to the padded-leather office chair, while in the long-departed days the route lay via the coal-hod and the two-wheel truck.

The old-time telegraph-office in the depot lifted many a town to a boasted eminence over surrounding towns. It was the stand-



A BOILER-VOICED PATRIOT PROCEEDED TO ENLIGHTEN THE THRONG.

ard recognition of importance, and they were only here and there. It was an outlook upon the world. It was the means of quick communication with all other important centers.

The man at the depot who could sit at the desk in a din of clicks—there were usually two wires, one railroad and one commercial—and out of the confusion of noises could reduce a message to writing that any one could read with the help of the school-teacher and the postmaster, was looked upon with awe and respect as one marvelously endowed.

There were no telephones. That miracle came later.

There were but few daily papers and they were five cents straight, preaching the party doctrine the same way. The people were rampantly partizan. Elections were of the knock-down and drag-out variety, where every man was voted—the stripling youth, the senile aged, the half dead, the lame, the blind, and the halt.

I think every old operator will recall election nights at the country depot crowded with patriots from all around to get the returns.

The waiting-room and office were stuffy and heavy with the breath of politics, and the old oil-lamps burned with a sickly red from a starvation supply of oxygen.

The old political wheel-horses and bell-wethers hung close over the operator, the

snort of battle still in their nostrils, and the scent of warfare on their breaths.

Then came a portentous "Hist!" while the operator bent low over his instrument, followed by the suppressed exclamation, "It's coming."

The operator traced something across the clip—a strange chirography like unto Chinese or Timbuctoo—but he translated it to those about him, whereupon a boiler-voiced patriot proceeded to enlighten the throng by reading aloud with impressive oratorical effect.

"Montpelier, Vermont.—Early returns indicate that Vermont has gone Republican by the—"

A yell of triumph drowned the rest of it. He raises a silencing hand.

"Hure's a nother'n."

"Jefferson, Mississippi.—Early indications are that Mississippi has gone Democratic by the—"

Triumphant yell No. 2 answered yell No. 1, quite equal in volume and intensity, and hopes seemed even.

At 10 P.M. he sent a message to the State capital notifying a waiting world that Liberty Township had gone Democratic by 23.

Then came some scattering returns from New York State, and the leaders figured and speculated, "If we come down to Harlem River with so much, we'll carry New York."

The dispute and argument raged over the operator's head, until there was a sort of nebulous conclusion that somewhere on the line of the Harlem River an irresistible force was about to meet an immovable body with the usual scientific result, and his majesty take the hindermost.

Along about three or four in the morning the crowd thinned to a remnant, and the operator, with spent vitality, announced "No more to-night."

Then he blew out the lights and staggered for the outside and gulped in the pure night air like a famishing creature.

An American citizen, heavily burdened and fearful for the fate of the Republic, followed him for confidential information. He had yelled long and lustily. He thought the operator might know more than had been read aloud.

"Do you think we're beat?" he asked in smothered, confidential tones.

"Looks like it," grunted the operator.

"Ain't that tough? I'd ruther lose a

hundred dollars, I tell you, 'an have 'em beat us."

He turned back, and the gloom of the night swallowed him up.

Note that fine American sentiment. Note that spirit of sacrifice. Note that unfaltering devotion.

That same fellow had remained perched upon a fence all the afternoon receiving alternate deputations of workers from both parties, and was not "persuaded" until late in the evening, when he went up, personally conducted between two wheel-horses, and voted. He remained for the returns with the old operator to the last minute, and feared the worst.

Viewed commercially, getting the news for the people netted the old operator just two dollars. The sovereign citizen got no more for the part he played. Two dollars in this far-away day was a lump sum, and people had to have the telegrapher's services or remain in darkness.

The old operator had no levers to throw. If he got an order for a train he went out and hung up a red flag. If he was occupied at the moment with other duties he could easily forget it. Of course, the instructions were to put out the flag immediately on receipt of the train order, and there were specific rules to that effect; but a busy man in all ages of the world will postpone incidental details from time to time and in the end forget.

Usually as the engine whistled for the station or came thundering by, he would remember the order and make a wild dash for the flag. This, as a rule, got the conductor. As the engineer did not sign the order or have it read to him, but had only an impersonal interest in it, the conductor was all that was necessary, anyway.

Now and then, the train got away entirely, but so long as nothing happened, and as there were no State or inter-State commissions to meddle, it wasn't such a serious matter.

After a time, some genius conceived the idea of having a tin wing-signal attached to the building outside and turned from inside the office by a lever, a rope, or a pulley, and save the operator from undermining his constitution by exposing himself to the elements without while hanging up a train-order flag.

This raised the mortality rate among operators, and placed them in the insurable class.



Great forward strides were made about this time. It was found that if a bay window was put in the telegraph-office an operator could see a train coming some distance away. Simple idea, isn't it? Nevertheless, the early depots were as flat as the first school-house or the pioneer church, and were planted within about six feet of the rail, so that the passengers on and off

The old operator resented the invasion, opposed the onward march, and showed his opposition by just tying the new apparatus down, giving everything a clear track, and went ahead expensing, booking, way-billing, and blundering as before. Discipline finally broke him of the string habit.

We are now back to both the old and the new.



NORMAN LIND.

A YOUNG MAN WITH RAH! RAH!  
CLOTHES, PERSONALLY CON-  
DUCTED BY A YOUNG,  
DEAR THING.

were jammed into one unmanageable and immovable mass and more or less endangered whenever a train came in. Some of these buildings remain in service to the present day.

The world continued to move, for very soon another signal sharp conceived the idea that if the train-order signal showed red all the time and the voluntary act of the operator was required to show white and permit a train to pass without stopping, there could be no failure on the part of the telegrapher. Negligence and forgetfulness would stop the train, thus reversing previous conditions.

We use the semaphore, and we also hang out the little red flag.

In this day of the block and tower, the train-order has been reduced to a scientific brevity, thus:

"No. 32 meet No. 41 at BJ tower."

A generation ago the trains were minutely described by thumb-print measurements, and were then formally ordered to "meet and pass at Grimes Siding."

Get the thought. If only the word "meet" had been employed, two trains would have stood at Grimes Siding nose to nose in a technical deadlock. Having "met," no provision was indicated for fur-

ther movement. By adding, "and pass," it was at once clear that one train should go by the other.

Do not smile, please. This is a mighty serious article. It was a good many years before the word "meet" was officially made and finally understood by all to mean "pass."

Fine point that. Shows how a railroad by education and perseverance can put one over on Noah Webster.

The old-time side-wheel operator whose sending was like the water from a jug, would commence repeating a train-order sitting down. He would gradually come upright, however, until he was on his tip-toes and bending over the table. He would hit the word "pass" with fifty dots, and would fall over in a dead lump on the dash in "a," and call up the reserves for the concluding dots in the two "s's." When it came to hurdling the word "pass" the awkward "mitt" made it a prolonged, agonizing, acrobatic feat.

It was absolutely necessary to eliminate it to save laying out the trains.

Then there were the happy holidays for the old operator, when every one went somewhere, when all the trains were late, when every one was getting a package or sending one away, when he was overwhelmed with a beseeching, complaining, expostulating public, until he blasphemed Santa Claus.

But with all this there were happy moments, for at regular intervals he would receive a "death message" for some one in the country or in a near-by town, and with an office message to deliver by special messenger. There were no telephones. Thereupon the old operator would sublet the delivery contract, or hold the message until night and go himself, and clear two dollars and fifty cents through the special delivery service which, while of doubtful promptness, always came high.

That source of revenue has been eliminated. The telephone has woven its web to every man's door, and the "death message" is phoned. All that comes back is, "Thank you."

When there was no night office, the old operator was considered always on duty.

If a train crept into his station in the night, and got on a siding and could not see the headlight of the train it was to meet, some member of the crew would go prowling about the village to rout out the operator. Any hour of the night he was

subject to the call of the stranded conductor. He had no hours. He got no extra pay. The only "overtime" that came his way was when there happened to be thirty-two days in the month.

If any one had told that the day would come when nine hours would be made the legal limit of one day's labor for the railroad operator, he would have poohpoohed, taken to his prayers, and figured on the end of the world.

Then, again, there was the public, the great public—always on duty, always insistent.

Many a night the old operator, faithful and accommodating, has laid his head on his pillow to be rudely awakened after the first hour's deep sleep by a vigorous thumping on the front door.

He collects his drowsy senses, is annoyed but not alarmed, and answers from the second-story window.

"Bill Jones wants you to come to the depot right away!" comes the voice from below.

"What does he want?"

"I dunno. He says it's important!"

"Anybody dead?"

"Nope."

"Think he's lookin' for something or somebody?"

"I dunno. He says for you to come right over. He's waitin' there for you."

"All right, tell him to wait. I'll be over after a while."

Then the old operator, with a little of the spirit of human cussedness and resentment still surviving within him, turns over and falls into a deeper sleep than ever, while Bill Jones shifts around on a hard, unfriendly truck, blinking at the dog-star, seeing the moon slip behind the great beyond, and, at length, slinking away after a prolonged session, with meanness in his heart and maledictions on the head of the railroad man that had no accommodation about him.

Nevertheless, the old operator answered the night call many times for mower parts, binder repairs, and catalogues, for the farmer comes into the country village only after he has done his sixteen hours on the farm, and he is not backward about calling any one out to serve him. The merchant and blacksmith answer the call with cheerful servitude, for they need his patronage. The old operator was the first to rebel. He was the pioneer who bowled out the slogan,



"There's a time for work and a time for play."

Time works changes. The old order passes away. One day the store-clerk came over with a package of collars and cuffs and expressed them to Troy, New York. When they came back they were whiter and more shiny than the finest china, and they were exhibited in the store window as a

"It's called a telephone. It's a contrivance where two people can be a mile apart and talk to each other and hear just the same as if they were in this room!"

The old operator had his doubts and said he would have to see and hear one of them for himself before he would believe such a story.

"That would be lots more convenient



A FARMER SLIPS UP BETWEEN BREATHS  
IN HIS TOURING-CAR.

marvelous modern achievement in haberdashery.

Then a bold and venturesome groceryman received a shipment of fresh oysters direct from Baltimore, where nothing but the canned product had been before. The community began to wake up.

Then the school-teacher dropped in and asked the old operator if he had read anything about the wonderful invention of a shrewd Yankee up in New England by name of Bell?

than telegraphing," observed the teacher. "I allow it will take the place of telegraphing some day."

"So would perpetual motion be lots more convenient than the old turbine down at the grist mill," replied the old operator in subtle defense of the old order of which he was a trained part, and showing suspicion and distrust of any departure therefrom.

One day a new man breezed in from Chicago.

"I'll tell you what I saw," said he. "I

saw a fellow in 'Ch' office take a message right off the wire on a typewriter machine and never break. And there it was just like print. That's telegraphing for you, ain't it?"

"Huh," answered the old operator. "There was some trick to that. I'll never believe they'll get to printing them right off the wire on machinery until I see 'em do it."

The postmaster came over.

"What's this I see in the papers," he asked, "about the railroads dividing up these United States into Eastern time, Central time, Rocky Mountain time, and Pacific time? Ain't President Hayes got anything to say how this country ought to be divided up?"

As a commissioned servant of the U. S. A., he was riled.

The old operator could not explain it.

"We've always run by Columbus time," he explained, "but I understand it's going to be St. Louis time, and the time's going to be divided into four parts, with an hour between 'em. Every road has its own time. I understand they are going to be made all the same."

"Air the railroads going to have the sun rise and set as usual, or air they goin' to change that?" asked the postmaster with sarcasm.

"I reckon they'll do about as they durn please with their own clocks, won't they?" replied the old operator.

That was long, long ago. The old operator has gone to his reward. Tears and flowers.

The depot where he battled with the public has crumbled to dust, and a new station, porte cochered and minareted, stands in its place.

Away down the track is a tower where the three operators on eight-hour shifts handle the movement of trains with never a jarring note from the public.

The village has its white houses, its graceful trees, its bricked streets, and its happy children.

A young man with rah! rah! clothes, personally conducted by a young, dear thing with a two-bushel and one-peck hat, saunters blithesomely and care-free toward the tower.

It is the second-trick operator of the newer order.

A farmer slips up between breaths in his touring-car for the binder parts. The agent has notified him by phone that they had just arrived. He don't look much like the farmer of the olden days, either.

It is all so different—so much better. Pity the old operator could not have lapped over into the next generation.

## SUPERHEATING NOT A NEW IDEA.

THE superheater is of necessity coming to the front with rapid strides, chiefly owing to the urgent needs and calls from every quarter for fuel economy. Superheating is not a new-fangled idea, as some persons suppose, the opinion of some being that the superheater on a locomotive is something that has been imagined in the mind of some enthusiast on fuel economy, and is consequently additional apparatus with which to fill up the already crowded front-end of a locomotive, and which will result in nothing. Superheating is not by any means a new idea, though at present it is being put to uses that were unheard of years ago.

Ever since the laws of expansion and contraction have become recognized, superheating, both of solids and gases, has been practised with a definite purpose in view, viz., to gain a greater efficiency out of the substance being heated than could have been obtained by any other means.

There are two or three known laws that govern the working of the superheater on a steam-engine. From one of these, called Mariotte's law,

it is found that *the density of a gas increases as the pressure increases, and decreases as the volume increases.* From another, known as Gay-Lussac's law, we learn that *if the pressure remains constant every increase of temperature of one degree F. produces in a given quantity of gas an expansion of 1.492 of its volume at 32 degrees F.*

Now the principle of this should be very easy for a fireman to understand, in that every degree of superheat produces an expansion of the steam, which results either in greater pressure, if the volume is constant, or in greater volume if the pressure remains constant. The steam generated in a locomotive-boiler is called saturated steam, and in fact steam in any boiler is in the same condition, saturated; that is to say, it has a certain amount of moisture with the steam. This is due to the bubbles of steam coming up through the water being surrounded by a thin film of water, and this thin film naturally causes an amount of water to become mixed with the steam; thus it is called saturated steam.—*Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen's Magazine.*



# IN THE HORNET'S NEST.

BY DAN DUANE.

## The Longest and Most Turbulent River Will Always Find Its Way to the Sea.

### CHAPTER XXII.

#### When Greek Meets Greek.



SETH WATERS cantered down the pike astride of the brown horse, comfortably seated in the saddle, urging him on with the long reins of the bridle. He smiled complacently as the horse broke into an easy lope. He smiled, because it was pretty good work to make a getaway, not only with a horse, but with a saddle and bridle as well.

In the darkness he did not know where he was going. It lacked a few hours of dawn, but the horse seemed to know the road, and Seth let him have his way.

He seemed to be a good roadster, and he kept up the same easy, steady lope. Once or twice Seth was inclined to let him out, but he thought it best not to do any hard riding just then.

When the day dawned he might possibly run the risk of sheriffs—then he could let the brown horse show what was in him in the way of speed.

As he cantered along he smiled in satisfaction at the marvelous manner in which he had made his escape. In the first place, fooling the farmer was a ten-strike. Killing the dog so deftly before it had a chance to bark was, surely, the work of a master. Annexing the overalls and the bread, to say nothing of a good horse with a saddle and bridle, placed him beyond all peradventure in the front rank of the nimble-fingered gentry who steal for a pastime.

Seth was more than proud of himself. Having met with such unusual success since his hastened departure from Rosalia,

he now thought that it would be an easy matter to get just what he wanted, and at any time.

Food and transportation were to be his for the asking. Should the man whom he might ask deny him—then that man would have to pay the penalty.

Mile after mile of roadway the brown horse covered before the first stars began to fade and the gray of a new day appear on the horizon. When the dawn finally burst so that Seth could see the country around him, the horse had slowed down to a walk.

He was approaching a cañon. He could tell from the high hills that surrounded him that its entrance was not far off. As the day grew brighter he took in his new surroundings with a whimsical leer on his face.

Truly luck was playing right into his hands.

The horse walked on and on. Seth did not urge him. He would ride into the cañon, find a secluded spot, and camp out for a day or two. He had the two loaves of sour bread with him; and then a cañon always indicated water. Things were coming his way.

In his heart, Seth loved the wilderness, and he loved to be alone. Eating, with him, was only a means to an end. If there was a slim chance of getting food—only the merest chance—Seth was satisfied. He liked to be alone.

Alone with a horse or a dog, or the birds that caroled in the gay foliage of the California wonderland—it was all the same to him. On the gray days when it rained he was satisfied to curl himself up under a sheltering rock—if that were the only thing handy.

If it were a matter of talking, he would talk aloud to himself, or to his horse or dog. He only asked and prayed to be alone—alone in the mighty world, unmolested, free—at will to mount his horse or call his dog, and go whither his fancy directed.

So long as this condition lasted, Seth knew that he was safe, and so we gather that his desire for the lonesome life was more to satisfy his criminal instincts than to commune with nature. When he picked out a little white spot just beside a faintly running stream about a mile or so inside the cañon, he was fully satisfied that he was never so much alone in all his life.

The spot that he selected was surrounded by a growth of giant sequoia, and the chaparral at its base was thick and home-like. It looked as if no other man had ever looked on it before. The very air he was breathing seemed disturbed at the presence of a human being.

The road that he followed into the new paradise showed the traces of traffic. The wide-tired wheels of the big, covered schooners, and the long, narrow hoof-prints of the patient mules, told him that it had been traversed—but it was evident that he was the first man who had come to stay.

He had some trouble in reaching the white spot. The underbrush was thick and almost impenetrable. The horse got one or two pretty bad scratches. One of them bled profusely. This worried Seth more than anything else just at that moment.

He tethered the animal under a tree, where it would be hidden from the passing multitude should any part of it happen along the roadway. Removing the saddle and bridle, he filled his hat from the stream, washed the horse's wounds carefully, and, tearing the stolen overalls in strips, he bound the wound that bled.

He bound it tightly, first applying a poultice of mud from the bed of the stream, and was soon gratified when the bleeding had perceptibly ceased. He watched it for some time until it stopped altogether. Then, satisfied that his surgical work was well done and had taken effect, he stretched himself on the soft grass and went to sleep.

When Seth awoke he sat up rather hurriedly, and, naturally, looked at his horse. The animal was just where he had tethered it but, strangely, it was looking straight ahead, its ears bent forward.

"Another one of those durned panthers," meditated Seth.

The horse, realizing that Seth was awake, neighed in a subdued sort of a way, but all the time it kept looking steadily ahead. Seth arose and stood by the animal's head.

He peered into the bushes ahead—and saw a man.

The stranger was a small, wiry man, dressed in a somewhat dilapidated suit of clothes. His blue shirt was open at the neck, and his sombrero was pulled down over his eyes. Seth would have made two of him, and could have kicked him into the middle of next week.

Seth would have gladly imparted this information to the stranger and then carried it into effect—but the stranger was armed.

His foot rested on a fallen stump; his elbow rested on his knee; his finger rested on the trigger of a shining rifle, and his eye rested on Seth.

"Up!" said the stranger in a voice that was unusually high-keyed.

Seth raised his hands over his head rather clumsily, saying as he did:

"I ain't armed."

"Turn around," said the stranger.

Seth turned, his hands still above his head.

The stranger, convinced that Seth had nothing in his hip-pockets, ordered him to step forward.

Seth did as he was ordered. He walked to within two feet of the other and stopped.

The stranger prodded Seth's wearing apparel with the barrel-end of his rifle, all the time keeping his finger on the trigger, while Seth kept his hands in the air. Then he knocked off Seth's hat, pried around his much worn shoes, and went through a few other gyrations until he was absolutely certain that Seth was telling the truth.

"All right; put 'em down," said the stranger.

Seth let his long arms drop to his side and picked up his hat. The stranger stepped over the log, and slung his rifle over his shoulder as he did so.

"I don't mind meeting you, stranger," said Seth; "but if you will tell how on earth you found me here, I will deeply appreciate it."

"Heard ye snorin'," replied the little man.

"Snoring!" remarked Seth.

"Yes"—and just the faintest glimmer of a smile crept over the little fellow's face—"you was a tearin' it off at some speed."



"You don't say."

Seth was somewhat surprised at his own carelessness. He should have waited until night before going to sleep.

"Had a long ride?" asked the stranger.

"Fairly long."

"Where from?"

Seth paused before he answered:

"Over there."

He gave a nod with his head, and the stranger could have taken any direction that pleased his fancy—north, east, south, or west.

"That road only leads in one direction," said the armed man.

"I know that," replied Seth.

The crafty Seth didn't know. He didn't know just where on top of the great, wide world he really was; but, whatever the mission or motive of the armed man, Seth was not going to divulge even an inkling of his ignorance.

"It leads to Santa Maria," went on the stranger.

Santa Maria! A town about thirty miles to the north of Rosalia.

Seth took it all in without blinking an eye.

Santa Maria! The road led to Santa Maria! Then he had been traveling in a sort of a circle, and was not so far away from Rosalia as he had expected.

This information meant a great deal to him. It meant, perhaps, his life—but so calm remained the muscles of his face that the stranger discerned nothing of the whirling thoughts in his mind.

"Fine horse you've got."

The stranger approached the animal and stroked his back. The horse was no longer nervous. He realized that the stranger was a friend.

"Where did you get him?"

Seth did not answer quite as readily as a highwayman of his ability should. He hesitated just long enough to give his visitor an idea that all was not just what it should be, and then replied:

"I've always had him."

The last word had hardly been uttered when the stranger said:

"No, you ain't; you stole him!"

Seth had to accept the insult, bitter and truthful as it was; he was unarmed.

"Can't get in an argument with me," said Seth.

"Ain't no argyment needed long as ye tell the truth," said the little man.

Some philosophy in that, thought Seth. Comes pretty near hitting the bull's-eye.

"He's a pretty good animal," the stranger continued, walking around the horse and eying him critically. "I should say that he was somethin' on the road. Bet he'll make some distance 'tween sunrise and sunset."

Then it dawned on Seth that the stranger wanted his horse.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### A Deal in the Wilderness.

"I AIN'T got the slightest idea in my nut," the stranger continued, "that this horse is yours. I'm pretty certain thet you stole him."

"Suppose I did—if it will please you any," said Seth.

"It will give me less feelin's 'bout takin' him."

"That so?" Seth looked at his man quizzically.

"Thet's so," said the stranger, raising his voice, and smiling as if to indicate that he held four aces and all the trumps in the little game that he was playing.

He was still walking around the animal, which was now grazing quietly, looking at it with keen eyes.

"Don't seem to have no brand on him," said the stranger.

"Never noticed any," Seth replied.

"Guess you're pretty good at the game, pard. Never knew a good horse-thief yet as would take one with a brand, if he could help it."

That almost pierced Seth's diplomacy. It was all he could do to keep from landing on his strange companion, regardless of the consequences.

"He was that way when I bought him," Seth said, as soon as he could smother the anger that was dwarfing his better self.

"Ha! ha! ha!" The stranger laughed. "Say, bo," he went on, "don't come any of that fool talk with me. You stole that horse, and you know it. I ain't been around these parts not to know a stolen plug when I sees one. I'll bet I could get on his back now, and he would take me straight to the barn where you found him."

"Well, supposing I did," said Seth with determination. The stranger being so intent on the point, Seth thought it best to take another tack.

"It's all the same to me, even if you do confess."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean to take him!"

"You mean to what?"

Seth stepped closer to the stranger as he uttered those words.

"Just what I said," the little man remarked with a coolness that made Seth Waters wince. "I mean to take him. I need that horse in my business. Come, now! Look lively! I ain't got no time to waste! Put that there saddle an' bridle on him, quick! I want to get out of here."

Seth hesitated.

The stranger made a motion with his rifle. He indicated clearly that business was his bent.

Seth picked up the saddle and slung it on the horse's back. He worked slowly; but he was thinking all the time.

He needed time to think. He wasn't going to let this man get away with the game.

Just as he was about to put the bridle in the animal's mouth, he turned to the stranger and said:

"Look here, pard, you ain't going to leave me here—"

"Get that bridle on—quick!" said the other as he slung his rifle to his armpit.

It was evident that sentiment would have no effect on this man. Seth adjusted the bridle, buckled the throat-latch, and threw the reins over the saddle-horn. Then he turned to await further orders.

"Stand ten feet in front of him!" the bandit commanded.

Seth measured the distance and came to a halt.

The other man walked to the horse, untied the rope by which Seth Waters had tethered him, and, with his rifle firmly grasped in one hand, started to mount.

For some reason or other, the horse was a bit skittish. He began to describe a circle, as a horse will when a strange mount tries to get astride him.

The stranger was unprepared for this. The horse circled and reared. The rider tried hard to get his seat.

Seth Waters saw his chance.

Quick as a flash he dashed. He had but one object in mind just then—the rifle. That weapon was the law and order of the scene.

Ere the stranger was aware, Seth Waters had the barrel of the gun gripped in his strong hands.

His grip was the grip of the man who is desperate and is playing only to win.

As he tugged at the rifle, he gave the horse several lusty kicks in the belly with his right foot. This made the animal lunge all the more.

The stranger had one foot in the stirrup. Plainly, he was on the defensive. He hung onto his gun with a grip of death, but Seth was more than a match.

In another moment he had wrested the rifle from the smaller man's hand. He stepped back a few feet, master of the situation.

The stranger was on the horse's back! Digging his heels into its flanks, he made a dash for the opening in the chaparral to the open road.

Seth leveled the gun and fired.

The man fell forward, the blood gushing from his mouth. He fell head first into the thick underbrush. If he spoke a word, Seth did not hear it.

The horse stopped short—frightened and trembling. Seth rushed up to the animal and grabbed the reins.

He administered a kick to the body that lay motionless at his feet, and uttered several imprecations which, to him, were quite necessary as a parting shot.

The stranger did not hear. He had gone to his reward.

Seth wanted to make a complete job of it, so he turned the body over and rifled the clothing. In one of the pockets he found ten loaded cartridges; in another, a plug of tobacco; in another, a jack-knife that had been recently sharpened, and—to his great amazement—four dollars and fifty cents in United States coin.

"Everything is coming my way," he said as he wrapped the money in his handkerchief, dropped the cartridges in his pocket, took a chew of the weed, and mounted the horse.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

"Heads" She Is.

HE started up the cañon, leaving the body to the tender mercies of the buzzards and the wolves. Thinking it best to put as much distance as possible between him and the scene of his most recent depredations, he urged the horse to a fast lope.

He rode on at a pretty rapid pace, until it seemed that he had put three miles be-



tween him and the scene of the murder. Then he let the horse come down to a walk, and, between a walk and a canter, he traveled on and on.

As the afternoon was waning, he found himself not far from a dilapidated farmhouse. It was a low shanty built in an opening in the cañon.

The small yard surrounding it contained a cow and a horse, also a large dog of the Newfoundland variety, which barked lustily as he approached.

There seemed to be chickens and pigs everywhere—the one cackled noisily and the others grunted defiance as he rode up to the front gate.

There was no other form of life visible.

Seth felt certain that the combined barnyard chorus would bring forth any human being within hearing distance. He was not a little surprised, therefore, when no human form came forth to greet him.

Placing his hands to his lips, he gave a loud cattle "halloo," but this only frightened the barnyard into a scamper.

Dismounting, he walked up to the only door of the shanty and knocked. A faint rustling inside told him that there was some one living there.

Without further ado—the rifle dangling from his left hand—Seth opened the door and walked in. In the one large room of the mansion a weak, emaciated woman lay on a rough couch.

She tried to smile. Seth approached graciously, removing his hat, and giving other assurances that he was to the manor born.

"What do you want, sir?" The woman spoke, but her voice was hardly discernible. Then she lapsed into silence, and the twitching on her face showed that she was suffering great pain.

"I am traveling toward the south, ma'am," replied Seth Waters in his very best style. "I am hungry, and came here to see if I could purchase food."

"I am sick, and cannot get up," said the woman. "My husband has gone to Santa Maria for a doctor. I would like to help you, but it is impossible."

"Your husband gone to Santa Maria for a doctor—and you here alone!"

Seth looked as if human sympathy were his with a mortgage.

"There was no one to stay with me. I am too weak to get up."

This awful picture of frontier life, of the fortitude and patience of the women

who braved its hardships that their husbands might have a chance to seek fortune in an untried and untrodden land, touched the heart of the desperado.

"How far is it to Santa Maria?" he asked.

"About twelve miles to the southeast," she directed.

"That way," said Seth, pointing in the direction in which he had been traveling.

The woman nodded.

Seth Waters thanked her and started to go. She spoke to him again—this time a little louder and with some exertion.

"If you are very hungry," she said, "and can wait; my husband will be here shortly. He will get you something."

"No, thank you," replied Seth.

Brutal as he was, he would not let a woman think that he would hang around for food. That wasn't Seth Waters's idea of the manner in which things should be done.

Had she been strong and well and denied him food, had she asked him to depart like a common tramp, he would have held her up with his rifle and made her cook the very best on the place for him. But, as I have said, food was not a matter of great importance with this man.

However, he left the place with commendable courtesy and closed the door. Then he slunk around to the kitchen entrance and stole a piece of bacon that was hanging near the door.

"It may come in handy," said Seth, as he jumped on his horse and rode in the direction of Santa Maria.

He had partly decided to spend a few days in that old Spanish settlement. As he sauntered along, he wondered if he really looked sufficiently respectable to make the visit.

It had been so long since he had been where civilization assembled that he began to wonder if he were quite safe in taking a risk.

However, he would take time to think it over. Swerving the horse to one side, he rode up the somewhat steep side of a small mountain.

He spied a huge rock and a clump of trees. These afforded shelter for himself and his horse, and he was easily pleased at his selection when he dismounted and looked around him.

To be sure, it wasn't much of a place for the horse, for the grass was pretty short,

and there was no water; but the animal had had his fill only a few hours before, and Seth did not worry.

He gathered some sticks, and soon had a fire. Taking his knife from his pocket, he sliced some of the bacon. In the absence of a pan, he held the bacon over the fire at the end of a long stick. He cooked it to a turn, laid the strips on slices of the sour bread, and enjoyed a really good meal.

As he devoured his food, he turned over in his mind all the various points of the situation.

Santa Maria was one of those towns where strangers arrived at all times of the day or night; for, at the time of this story, many and peculiar were the wanderers over the face of the far western country.

Men and their families would travel by horse from the farthestmost parts of southern Mexico far up into the newly found El Dorados of wealth which are now the thriving States of Colorado, Nevada, and California.

They would return to the south with their well-filled pouches and mingle with the new faces from the East. In these crowds were men of all kinds and character. One might rub elbows with an honest prospector on one side, and with the most daredevil desperado on the other.

It was a common thing for a strange horseman to ride up in front of a saloon, dismount, and walk in and be at home in a few moments. These strangers were usually well-heeled with pistols and money. No one asked where they got the latter lest he get a taste of the former.

So, taking all these things into consideration, Seth Waters decided that it might not be bad for his health if he passed a few days mingling with the bright spirits of the old town.

It might be a trifle distasteful to his mode of life to arrive there with just four dollars and a few cents. That wouldn't go very far. It wouldn't buy much liquor; and if he were invited to sit in a poker game, it might vanish with the first pot.

Really, he should have more money. There was the sick woman whom he had just left. In some corner of her shanty there might be a hidden stocking containing some hard-earned savings.

He needed them more than she. But—no. He suddenly thought otherwise. He would not rob a woman. At least, he would not run the risk of so doing.

Attacking a woman was one thing not tolerated in the variegated system of highway robbery of that country. There was some sort of admiration frequently expressed for a man who could make a clever horse "deal"—as the game of horse-stealing was popularly called—and the courageous road-agent had his host of worshippers. But the man who would rob a woman—he was hunted to his hole and hung!

No, it would not do to rob a woman.

Seth slept calmly that night beside the sheltering rock. In the early forenoon of the following day he took a reef in the horse's cinch, threw his leg over the saddle, and started down the hill.

When he reached the road, he paused for a moment and took a coin from his pocket.

"Heads for Santa Maria," he said as he flipped it in the air.

He caught it on his palm. It came "heads."

## CHAPTER XXV.

### "Dead or Alive!"

SANTA MARIA boasted of some dozen or more saloons in a population of only several thousand. Seth stopped at the first one he saw. Outside, several horses were hitched to a watering trough, and he found a place for his thirsty mount beside one of them.

He walked inside. A motley crowd was standing around the fly-bedecked bar, and another crowd was watching a poker game in a side room. Seth stepped up to the bar. Instinctively the bartender passed over a glass and a bottle. Seth threw down a coin, filled his glass, and turned, resting his elbow on the bar to drink.

As he did so, a small, official-looking notice in a battered frame arrested his attention. Perhaps he might not have noticed it had not the top line particularly caught his eye. It read:

### \$1,000 REWARD!

He walked across the room to learn whose head was worth so much money.

The glass almost dropped from his fingers and the marrow almost froze in his veins when he found that it was his own.

It read, "for the capture of Seth Waters dead or alive."

"Dead or alive! Dead or alive!"

Seth repeated the words again and again.



Then he read on: "For the murder of Philip Garrick, *ranchero*, of Rosalia."

A further paragraph announced that the reward would be jointly paid by the county authorities and Carmita Arcana.

Seth read it once more so as to get it well posted in his memory, and returned to the bar.

"Did you know him?" asked the bartender, stopping in his work of polishing glasses to become sociable.

"No," said Seth. "Give me another."

"First time I ever see a reward of that size posted up in this place for a man," the bartender went on. "Guess they must want him pretty badly."

"Why don't they run him down?" asked Seth with his most gifted touch of carelessness.

"They'd have a husky gettin' that feller," said the bartender with a smile. "He's the slickest thing that's been in these parts in years. He'd shoot on sight or rob in a minute. I guess nobody wants to tackle him unless he can do so in the dark and then get the drop on him."

Seth did not dislike this rather exaggerated opinion of his ability.

He threw the second drink down his throat.

"Have one on me," said the man behind the bar, passing the bottle.

"No, thanks," Seth replied. "I'm just passing through town on my way south—and that stuff only agrees with me when I take just a little of it."

He put the change in his pocket and went once more to the notice. Again he read it very carefully, especially the rather minute description of himself.

He had a twinge of fear as he wondered if he were in any immediate danger. He wished that he could look into a mirror without being observed, to see if the description of his features tallied with his present appearance. He hoped that his recent life in the wilderness had sufficiently changed him to render him unrecognizable.

He turned again. The man behind the bar was looking at him.

"Seem interested in that," he said.

"I was just thinking what I would do if I had that thousand," Seth replied. "It's a lot of money."

"Bet your life," said the bartender.

Seth stepped outside and mounted his pony. He rode on into the little town, whose houses were scattered irregularly in

order to give their owners plenty of space for flowers and sunshine, and whose business streets were quaint with the idleness of the period.

"Dead or alive," he repeated. "Dead or alive."

He rode on and he saw another saloon. He did not dismount, for he thought it best to go through Santa Maria at a jog and make for the hilly wilderness beyond the city's borders. Once there, he would be free with his thoughts and his horse, and would plan a journey for the future.

There was the customary amount of lethargy in the old town. No one even turned a head to notice him—him, Seth Waters, on whose head was a reward of a thousand dollars if he were captured dead or alive!

It was a wonderful feeling! It thrilled him! The very thought of being able to ride unnoticed through the streets of the town when he was wanted—dead or alive!

The situation so thrilled him that he laughed almost outright. Then that deadly notion that has been the cause of so many a man's downfall—just one more drink—came to him.

Just one more drink to celebrate his victory! Just one more to the old world and Rosalia and Carmita, whom he had so beautifully fooled, and he would take his way to the mountains, and the price for his body would become a relic of the past!

The next saloon was in the center of the town's activity. Like the first one that he visited, there were some horses tied to a trough outside. This place seemed to be a bit gayer than the first. There were a dozen or so men seated on the porch. From the interior came the dulcet tones of mandolin and guitar, played as only the people of the southland can play.

The men eyed Seth Waters rather keenly as he entered the place—and he seemed to be more than usually conscious that he was being observed. Then he tried to make himself think that his imagination was getting the best of him.

As in the former place, he ordered a drink. As he lifted it to his lips, he turned and scanned the walls. There were more people in this place than in the other. Some of them were standing against the walls and it was difficult to see, but Seth's keen eyes peered hither and yon and soon they rested on the notice posted in a rather conspicuous place at the end of the bar.

He swallowed the whisky and sauntered over to the notice. He had left his rifle outside, strapped to his saddle, as he thought it best not to attract too much attention by bringing it into the place.

Perhaps, if he had not done so, the following incident would not have happened without the side issue of a struggle.

Seth had just turned to go. About the middle of the room, two men, who had been watching him closely, stepped in front of him.

One of them leveled a revolver.

"Hold up your hands, Seth Waters!" commanded the armed man.

Seth was so terribly taken by surprise that his breath came in short, quick gasps.

"I'll do as you bid, because I'm unarmed; but I'm not Seth Waters."

His hands went over his head.

"That don't go with me," said the man with the gun. "I've seen you a hundred times over in Rosalia, Seth. I know you—and my friend here knows you."

The speaker was Dick Clancy, a young rancher who owned a great tract of grazing lands between Rosalia and Santa Maria. The man with him was Tom Ferris, his head *vaquero*. He had also been a *vaquero* for Philip Garrick.

In an instant the saloon was in a commotion. As fire spreads over dry grass, the news that Seth Waters had been caught spread throughout Santa Maria.

"Search him for his gun," said Clancy to Ferris.

"I'm unarmed," protested Waters. "My gun is strapped to my horse. I tell you, this is a mistake!" he went on loudly. "Get through with this work and take me to court. I'll quickly prove that I'm not the man you say I am."

Ferris made a hurried search and was convinced that Waters was unarmed.

"All right," said Dick Clancy. "Lower your arms."

An immense crowd had gathered outside. Seth Waters was marched to the jail. Dick Clancy was on one side holding his arm. Tom Ferris was on the other.

The residents of the town came from all directions. They blocked the street to get a glimpse of the now famous bandit and murderer. When the entrance to the jail was reached, it was with some difficulty that he was gotten inside.

Once in the custody of the sheriff, he was lodged in a cell. He was asked if he

did not care to have a barber trim his beard and long hair. This Seth refused. If there was any hope for freedom now, it would be due to his unnatural growth of beard, and there was no law in the land that could make him shave against his wishes.

However, ere the day ended it was pretty generally agreed that the man in jail in the little town of Santa Maria was the real Seth Waters, and that Dick Clancy and Tom Ferris were the richer by a thousand dollars. And the most excited man of all was the bartender in the first saloon where Seth stopped. He had come breathless to the jail and had told his story to the sheriff.

That worthy took him to Seth's cell and let him have a look at the prisoner.

The young man, as he stood in front of Seth's cell, swore at him.

"What's the matter, sonny?" asked Seth.

"Why didn't you tell me who you were when you was in my place? I might have had that thousand dollars instead of those two fellows!"

Seth Waters simply grinned.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### A Woman's Way.

**W**ORD was quickly sent to Rosalia.

Through that city and on beyond, from mouth to mouth, the news was spread. Seated in the little room of her old uncle's home, Carmita first heard it. She was sewing the thickest of crêpe to her black dress, for she had sworn never to wear color again. Philip had been to her the world. Now that he was gone, she would always wear mourning.

She knew that the day would come when Seth Waters would be found. Ever since the death of Philip, as day slipped into day and no news of the man came to Rosalia, her friends told her that he would never be heard from again. But Carmita was not of that belief. She persisted that he would some day be brought to justice.

"You are foolish," they said. "He is far beyond danger of apprehension."

"I have willed it," she replied.

She was sitting in her old uncle's home when a young *vaquero* dashed up to the front door.

The horse was flecked and panting. The rider was almost breathless. He was one of the fine young Western *vaqueros* who



had herded cattle for years on the ranch of Philip Garrick.

Carmita saw him dismount. She saw his trembling pony, and she read his face. She knew—knew all. He did not have to tell her as she opened the door to let him enter.

"They've got him!" she said excitedly, as the first smile that her face had known in days illuminated it. "They've got him! I know! Where?"

"He's in jail—in Santa—Santa Maria!" the *vaquero* gasped.

"Are you game to go there with me?" said Carmita.

"If you wish it, madam," he replied. "But my horse is all in. I must have another."

"There are horses in my stable," she answered. "I have kept them ready day and night—day and night—waiting for this! I knew this news would come."

"Will you drive or ride?" the *vaquero* asked.

"We can make better time on horse-back," Carmita replied. "I want to get there before sundown. Go to the barn and help the man saddle the two horses in the first stalls. I will be ready in a moment!"

She dashed up-stairs and put on her riding habit and a black sombrero. She was ready before the horses. When the *vaquero* appeared, riding one and leading the other, he dismounted with all the gallantry of the gentlemen of his time to assist her to mount.

Before he had a chance to lower his hand that she might place her foot on it, Carmita was in her saddle.

"Come on!" she shouted as she dashed through the gate.

The *vaquero* followed, but he had some trouble in catching up. *Mazeppa*, bound to the back of a wild steed, never rode so madly as did this woman filled with the hope of wreaking the vengeance that she had harbored in her soul ever since her heart's ideal was killed.

Her horse's hoofs kicked up a cloud of dust as he galloped on—and for some miles this was the only guide that her companion had to keep him in her path.

Carmita's teeth were clenched as he dashed madly on. She urged her steed at every faltering sign in his gait.

Now and then she felt the small pistol which was strapped to her waist. She wanted to be sure that it was there. She might

have to use it. Why had she been practising with it so much of late?

Just outside the limits of Santa Maria she reined up and dismounted.

Taking a handful of grass from the roadside, she wiped the foam that had flecked her horse's body. Her companion cantered up. She bade him do likewise. He obeyed without parley.

In a few moments the animals had regained some of their wind and looked as if they had not been driven beyond human endurance.

Carmita did not want to attract too much attention as she entered the city. The hour was somewhat late, and a woman on a hard-ridden horse might be more than ordinarily noticed. So they entered the town more slowly.

"Do you know where the jail is located?" she asked.

Her companion replied that he could take her straight to its door.

In ten minutes they were there. Carmita was the first to dismount. She handed her reins to her companion, saying:

"Wait here."

In another moment she knocked on the door of the jail. The sheriff opened it and she entered.

She told him who she was and of her interest in the prisoner. She told him that she had come all that long distance to identify him.

At her urgent request, the sheriff took her to Seth Waters's cell. He was stretched on the hard couch, his body heaving with the regularity of sleep.

The sheriff called to him, but he did not respond. Then that officer entered the cell and awoke him. Seth sat up and looked at his jailer.

"A lady to see you," said the sheriff.

Seth Waters only grunted. He had little or no use for women. His first thought was that some religious fanatic had come to help him save his soul. He did not want to see a woman, and he plainly said so.

"This lady has come some way to see you," the sheriff continued. "I think she knows you. Get up, anyhow."

Seth stood up and faced Carmita.

She looked at him with the keenness of a lynx. She eyed him from head to foot through the prison bars.

Then her eyes filled with tears. There he was. She knew him. She had seen him around Rosalia and the store kept by old

Eugene too many times not to know him, and not to be able to recognize him through any disguise whether real or false.

There stood the man who had murdered the only man in the world she had ever loved! There stood the man who had brought more unhappiness into her life than life itself. There stood the man she hated, that she loathed as one would loathe a viper. There stood Seth Waters!

The tears came to her eyes. For a moment she lost control of herself and caught the bars for support. Then she regained her strength and her courage.

Seth Waters stood before her, the picture of sheepish docility. Surely this was the most trying situation in which he had ever been placed.

"Seth Waters," said Carmita, "I know you. I know you, and you can't get away from that. I would know you among a thousand men. Tell me, are you sorry? Are you sorry for the misery that you brought to me?"

"Am I sorry—for what?" he replied. "You are mistaken, madam."

The sheriff was called into his private office. The two were left alone.

"You killed Philip Garrick," she said. "You shot him down in cold blood."

"I never shot him—or any other man," protested Waters.

"You lie! You lie! You dog—you lie!"

Carmita turned white with rage. Stepping back a few feet, she drew her revolver. She had kept it carefully concealed until now.

Leveling it at the man in the cell, she said:

"Seth Waters, prepare to meet your God!"

"Don't shoot—don't!" he cried.

Carmita continued:

"Such men as you do not deserve a trial. You ought to be shot like dogs!"

He saw that she was desperate. He reached through the bars. His long arms were stretched to their fullest, his long fingers clutched in the madness of a caged beast. He ran into a corner of the cell and crouched there.

(The end.)

"Don't shoot! Don't, don't shoot! Help! Help!" he yelled.

Carmita stepped to the bars and took deliberate aim. Seth Waters cried once more—this time for pardon. For the first time in his crime-filled life he was at the mercy of another, and—a woman at that!

Carmita pulled the trigger. Seth Waters rose to his feet with startling suddenness and placed his hands on his heart.

His cries were silenced. He fell to the stone floor—dead.

There was commotion in the other cells, but Carmita was undisturbed. The sheriff and several of the trustees rushed to her with blanched faces.

Before they had time to speak she told them what she had done.

Handing her revolver to the sheriff, she said calmly, but with deliberation:

"I have avenged the death of Philip Garrick. I have killed the man who murdered him. I swore that I would do it. You may do with me as you please."

"Who are you, madam?" asked the sheriff, taking the weapon and leading her to his office.

"I am Carmita Arcana. Philip Garrick was the man I loved."

That night the *vaquero* rode back to Rosalia alone. The next day, by universal request, Carmita was given her liberty. The old Governor of the State knew her and knew that she had told the truth. She returned to old Caillo's home.

Years afterward I saw her there. She was still the same beautiful Carmita. The white hairs had come to her, but her face had all of its old glory and wonder.

She had never forgotten the vow that she had made to her lover, her Maker, and herself—that she would marry no man but Philip Garrick.

Through all her life she devoted herself to the old Catholic mission at Rosalia, patiently and calmly waiting for the final call when she would join Philip across the great shadow.

In the little acre of God that nestles in the shade of Mount Whitney, their graves are side by side.

Big pay checks bring big cares. Be sure you can make good with the one before you want to grab the other.—Creaks from the Pay-Car Door.



# The Miracle of the Mails.

BY THADDEUS S. DAYTON.

**H**ANDLING the United States mail is a sacred duty, and the government on whom this duty is imposed fully recognizes the importance of its sacredness. If you post a letter with a two-cent stamp in the right hand corner of the envelope, that letter is the property of the United States until it is delivered at its destination, and the government has only one object in view—to deliver that letter with the greatest possible speed wherever it is destined to go within the limits of the two-cent rate.

Perhaps no other country in the world handles so much mail matter as the United States. If it were not for the splendidly equipped R. M. S., the alert and keen-eyed clerks, and the fast mail trains—what would the mail service amount to? The railroads truly are the backbone of this gigantic scheme of perpetual motion, handling over twenty billion pieces of mail a year.

## Uncle Sam's Gigantic Task as a Letter-Carrier and What He Does, with the Aid of the Railroads, To Make His Service a Success.

**I**T is the luncheon-hour at Slug & Case's big printing-house in Pearl Street, New York. The machines have stopped. A hundred girls are gathered in groups—eating, chatting, and giggling. Over on a window-ledge, her forehead puckered, one of them is busily writing.

She has the stub of a pencil and some coarse white paper taken from a pile by one of the presses. Her pencil makes hard work of it, but the page fills steadily.

"It's to Jack, up in Alaska. Barrow is the name of the place, wherever that is," she says. "I must mail it to-night. It is something I must tell him at once."

Barrow is one of the most northerly post-offices in the world. No telegraph-wires have been stretched there.

With infinite care and effort she finishes the letter just as the whistle shrills its summons back to work. Hastily she addresses it, and shoves it in the pocket of her work apron.

Down in Wall Street, at the same hour, there is a meeting of a board of directors, composed of dignified, powerful men, whose wealth foots up millions. It is necessary to get word immediately to a member of their company, also in Barrow. The letter must reach him as swiftly as possible. The mail is the only resource. The board calls up the post-office.

"If you get the letter to us by seven to-night, it will catch the next boat out from Seattle. There is mail service there but three times a year," replies the post-office.

The printing-house girl posts the letter to her sweetheart in a box under the Brooklyn Bridge a few minutes after six o'clock. It reaches the post-office at the same time as the bulky linen envelope from the board of directors. Millions are behind the one, the commercial enterprise and force of men of great financial power, and only the love in a girl's heart behind the other; but the United States makes no distinction. The

shabby, pencil-scrawled envelope of the girl rushes across the continent with the same speed as the fat and valuable package that is smeared with stamps and redolent with importance.

When these two letters reached the post-office they fell into a mass of mail that constantly heaped up, and then spread out like the waves of a great river—hundreds of thousands of letters to every part of the country and for every corner of the world—a flood that had no end.

Men were ready for them; the number did not dismay them. Each package-stamp was the pledge of the government for speedy service. Wagons were on hand to convey them to the waiting mail-trains.

Any other body of men would have been confused, but not the United States post-office. With incredible swiftness these heaps of mail were sorted, and these two letters bound for the most northerly post-office on the Western Hemisphere were thrown into the compartment marked "Seattle," with hundreds more.

### Uncle Sam Has the Right of Way.

Inside the hour, with tens of thousands more, they started their journey across the continent with never a second of delay. Every postage-stamp is an imperative command to hurry, hurry, hurry! It is the government's vast and complex task to deliver letters of its citizens. It is the far-flung lines of steel, the trains hurrying at breathless speed, that make possible the daily miracle of the mails.

In their journey westward these two Alaska-bound letters reached a city that was tied hand and foot with a big and bitter strike. Not a wheel was turning in the railroad yards. Sullenly the strikers and the stricken faced each other, but the fast mail-train whizzed by just as it had every day for years.

Other great interests might be tampered with and delayed, but not the postal service of the United States.

Only war or the forces of nature can stop the progress of the mails. In the cities the wagons of the Post-Office Department have the right of way over all other vehicles. When the rails are blocked the first cars that go forward are those marked "United States Mail." On the high seas the mail-steamers are forbidden to stop merely to save property. They may pause

in their rush across the ocean only to rescue imperiled lives.

At Seattle the boat that was to carry the Alaskan mail was waiting, ready to cast off its lines as soon as the pouch of letters was aboard. It was only a little pouch; but the steamer waited for it, just the same.

Through desolate seas where the fog hangs thick, over long trails across the mountain ranges that towered above endless leagues of black forest—by steam, by dog, by man—the two letters posted in the center of the metropolis of the western world moved forward and northward.

The pouch that held them was as lean as the dogs that toiled onward with the sledge. It was the same sort of grimy sack of canvas and leather, stenciled with the initials of the republic, that holds the letters wherever the flag flies.

Here is one problem of the hundreds of thousands that the postal service of the United States has to solve, aided by the railroads. It is no more difficult than innumerable others. It is only more picturesque.

At any cost, at the expense of any effort, the government must deliver with all possible speed the letters entrusted to its care. The motto of the old "Star Route" service still prevails—"Certainty, Celerity, and Security."

By fast mail-train, by stage, by any other means of transportation possible, the government must deliver letters to Alaska, the Philippines, to any town within its dominion, no matter how remote. Every impediment of time and distance must be surmounted. Thus, in Alaska, all other plans failing, the reindeer post came into play.

### The Railroads' Little Bill.

Only once a year, and then during the summer, mail can reach Barrow by water. The two other mails a year must be carried overland. Reindeer have proved the only method. Here is a condition where neither man-power, steam-power, nor dog-power can prevail.

Twice a year, therefore, in this part of Alaska lone figures wait in the red-roofed schoolhouse or on the snow-banks for the incoming mail, the sledge with three reindeer hitched tandem.

Only thirty civilized people live in Barrow, but it is just as important in the eyes of the postal service of the United States to



get letters to this little community as it is to deliver them to some populous city that is linked to the rest of the country by all the facilities of modern transportation.

It is even more important, for enormous sums have to be spent to make service like this in out-of-the-way parts of the world as adequate as possible. It is a profitable proposition to deliver many times a day huge quantities of mail to cities like Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and New York; but when it comes to the few letters that are destined to far-off places it is a very different affair.

So, the two-cent stamp that Mary Smith put on her letter to her sweetheart at Barrow represents but a thousandth part of what it cost the government to deliver it.

### **\$50,000,000 to the Railroads.**

The importance of the railroads in this problem of postal transportation may be gaged by the fact that in 1908 the government paid the railway companies close to \$50,000,000 for hauling the mails. This enormous sum is nearly twenty-five per cent of the total expenditures of this branch of the Federal service. In addition to this, the Post-Office Department paid over \$17,000,000 to its 15,000 railway postal clerks that year.

Nearly \$70,000,000 is, indeed, a stupendous sum; but when the railroads, and the part they play in postal service, come to be analyzed in connection with the huge amount of detail work they are turning out daily, even this vast amount seems small. For the railroads not only carry the mails from place to place, but while doing so they are transporting on their trains 6,000 traveling post-offices, where each hour of every run letters by the hundreds of thousands are being sorted for distribution.

A bare statement of this sort is only interesting in a statistical way; but here is an instance of how the mails are handled when they are being whirled rapidly across the country at an average speed of forty miles an hour, taking all trains—not only the limited, but the slower ones—into the average.

If the mails were to wait in the post-offices until they were properly sorted and distributed, there would be a tremendous delay. It is probable that in a large number of cases it would take from twelve to twenty-four hours longer for the mails to reach their destinations. On fast mail-

trains everything possible is sorted after the train starts.

It takes nine hours for the fast mail to reach New York City from Pittsburgh over the Pennsylvania Railroad. On that train the four postal clerks sort out on each trip from 30,000 to 40,000 letters. They make them up in small packages for the different sections of the cities of Philadelphia and New York. Each branch office in these cities gets a package, or perhaps even more than one, of the letters that are to be distributed in the territory that it covers.

Not only this, but special packets are made up for each of the large hotels, banks, department-stores, and commercial houses. That is the way the railway mail works, doing everything it possibly can to save time by seconds and minutes.

Sixteen per cent of all the mail in the United States originates in New York City, eleven per cent in Chicago, while Boston and New England originate about eight per cent. It is the gigantic publishing interests of New York that raise this percentage so high, the mail-order business in Chicago being largely responsible for that city's having the second place.

The entire country is divided into eleven parts for the systematic working of this railway mail service, the division superintendents being stationed in Boston, New York, Washington, Atlanta, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, Cleveland, St. Paul, and Fort Worth, Texas.

People are so accustomed to getting letters without delay that they do not stop to think of the complicated machinery necessary for delivery.

### **6,000 Mail-Trains a Day.**

Naturally, that division of the East that comprises the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware and the eastern shore of Maryland has the largest daily individual share of this business. Other divisions may perform prodigies in quick deliveries, but this second division of the railway mail service—the first is at Boston—has its daily schedule of 6,000 mail-trains. Of these, 4,500 are what are known as "baggage-men's trains"—that is, carrying only closed pouches for the South and West. This leaves 1,500 distinct movements in this territory every twenty-four hours where distribution in mail-cars is going on.

All mail service on the railroads is incidental to passenger business. The passengers are first considered from a revenue-earning point of view on all fast trains, and the mail service is comparatively insignificant.

Except for the rather empty honor of being mail-carriers, and hence having the most speedy service between given points, it would, as a matter of fact, pay the railroads better not to carry the mails at all.

Even the experts in the Post-Office Department concede that the railroads are being paid only about half what should come to them. They have to furnish cars and adapt their schedules so as to provide for innumerable connections, and in the long run the business is highly unprofitable to them.

Altogether, a superior sort of service has to be given. On the New York Central lines, from New York to Buffalo, 129 trains a day are run for mail service. This is probably the largest account on the government books with any railroad.

The New York Central is now being paid annually nearly \$2,000,000, with an additional allowance of \$265,000 for postal-cars. This is at the rate of \$4,518.67 a mile of road a year for 411,838 pounds of mail a day on the average that is hauled over 439 miles.

Thus, one single railroad gets more than one-twenty-fifth of the total governmental expenditure for this purpose.

This happens to be because this road carries an enormous quantity of through mail and has a number of big cities and prosperous smaller towns along its tracks.

### How the Rates Are Made.

It is interesting to turn from this to the heaviest postal weight carried on any railroad route of the country. This is between New York and Philadelphia over the Pennsylvania lines. The run here is short—only ninety miles. The government pays this company a little less than \$500,000 a year, but a much higher rate a mile per annum—\$5,448.91—for an average of a little less than 500,000 pounds daily.

The government has a peculiar way of paying for the mail service. It weighs the mails once every four years, dividing the entire country into four sections, and over a period of ninety days weighs every pouch and every package in one of these divisions

each year. Section 1, embracing the entire East, was weighed in the spring of 1909. It takes almost a year for the government's experts to tabulate the figures and establish new average rates for the succeeding four years.

Notwithstanding the fact that these four great railroad divisions are known in the Post-Office Department as "contract sections," the railroads really make no contracts at all. The nearest they come to it is signing at each "weighing" what is known as a "Distance Circular." This is a statement on the part of each railroad as to the number of miles and fractions of a mile between each of its stations. It is required by the government in order that it may take financial advantage of any shortening of the lines that has occurred during the preceding four years.

### 21,000,000,000 Pieces of Mail.

The road that signs this "Distance Circular" also agrees, according to the printed statement, to carry the mail in accordance with the government regulations. That means at the rate fixed by law. What the government pays is 10.96 cents for each mile traversed. In 1905, the latest year that has been calculated, the postal-cars of America traveled 407,000,000 miles—equal to about two round trips to the sun.

As to the rights of the railroads in these postal-carrying matters, former Congressman Jesse Overstreet, of Indiana, when he was chairman of the Post-Office Committee of the House of Representatives, said in a speech that, in his opinion, the railroads were not alone obliged to carry mail at the direction of the government, but that every trolley-car could be pressed into service if necessary and be forced to become a mail-carrier.

During 1908 the railway post-offices—the postal-cars on the trains—assorted and reassorted 21,650,000,000 pieces of mail. Twelve billion was first-class mail. As to this, a leading post-office authority recently said:

"It is estimated that during the fiscal year 1908 the public posted about 7,159,000,000 pieces of first-class mail, and about 4,739,000,000 pieces of other classes—all for domestic destination. Of the first-class mail, about seventy-five per cent was despatched to railroads, and of the other classes over ninety-seven per cent."



# AT TIGER-TAIL SIDING.

BY RICHARD MAXWELL WINANS.

**A Cub Operator Kicks So Hard at Fate That  
He Manages To Block a Train-Robbery.**

**W**HEN the big Atlantic rumbled out onto the table, groomed and polished to the very last touch, Dan Thomas, her grizzled old driver, was there to look her over.

There was fast work cut out for 377 that night, and she was one of the few on the line that was able and fit to swing the trick; she and her engineer, Dan Thomas.

"Evenin', Dick!" said Dan, turning to the ruddy fireman fresh from the bunk-house and ready for his run. "How's your workin'-pressure readin' to-night?"

"Poppin', Dan," was the hearty response. "Got a white feather showin', and the gage comin' up steady. Never felt better in my life; and if the symptoms was any stronger, I reckon I'd git a right smart uneasy."

"Mighty glad you're feelin' fit," was Dan Thomas's quiet comment; "you'll need



"YOU'LL NEED ALL YOUR SURPLUS GINGER TO-NIGHT."

all your surplus ginger to-night, Dick—and then some.”

“What’s on, particular?” queried Dick, throwing his bundle to the gangway.

“They’re givin’ us 17 away behind the card to-night, along with mighty sharp orders to close up the gap in the schedule over our division, and it’s goin’ to eat up a lot of steam to do it,” said Dan, as he started across the tracks for the despatcher’s office.

The rails had been bad on the eastern side of the divide all the afternoon, and Dan Thomas would pick up the heavy limited at the top of the big hill nearly an hour late. Almost all the way over his division, the run was a drift down into the valley through the foothills, it was true, but there was a good deal of level track and some grades to negotiate, and with the almost endless, tortuous curves, it was anything but the easiest run on the line.

To the officials of the road, however, there were very urgent reasons why the sealed express-car on that train should be in Ogden on time, to be sure of making connections with the Espee for Frisco, and they intended that it should be, or would know the reason why, as it was their greatest concern to get it off their hands and on to another line. The general superintendent was aboard and a number of officers representing the express company—all of them men who were a good deal handier with a forty-five than with a pen. If anything was to happen to that car on its way to the Frisco mint, they wanted to be present.

On the train was a telegraph-operator, equipped with what the old linemen know as an emergency outfit, and in case of an attempted hold-up they were prepared to tap the wires at any point for the purpose of sending out a general alarm in all directions. Several disastrous experiences in recent years had made the management cautious, and they were determined in this case to play the winning hand.

“Hully Gee! But ain’t it hot four ways from the Big Oven to-night!” sighed Joe as he pushed his chair away from the rough little telegraph-table, walked over to the window and raised it. Then he propped back the screechy little door so that it was open wide.

“It’s as hot as it’s lonesome, out here in these man-deserted foothills.” He raised his elbow and leaned against the door-frame, drawing a breath of fresh air into his lungs as he looked off over the darkened range.

“I don’t reckon it ever gits much hotter than it is right now after that hill-ripping thunder-storm, even down in Death Valley, and if it’s any more lonesome there, then I pity the poor souls who go through the agony of dyin’ in it’s forsaken confines.

“If a fellow wanted to take up the long trail quiet-like, with no one around to make a scene, I reckon he couldn’t select a more forlorn and lonely spot than this here Tiger-Tail Sidin’ to make his start from. If it’s on the map, I don’t want no acquaintance with the location, that’s all. It sure is the limit.”

Joe resumed his seat, and the interrupted task of writing, a task to which he devoted unusual care, for it was a letter intended for a certain other lonesome individual just across the divide, whom Joe had reluctantly left behind when they sent him to take his turn on duty at one of the desolate little work-train sidings among the foothills.

It was a trick the boys were all given a turn at, during the course of their breaking in, but Joe had chafed at it more than the others, because a few of them had been torn from a daily communion with the only girl.

Joe did the best he could, however, to bridge the unspeakable chasm with two letters a day, handed to friendly trainmen, fastened to the little bows he fashioned of twigs to slip over an outstretched arm as the trains whirled by.

It was easier for him to write out the few messages that came in to him over the wire than to shape up things he wanted to say in a love-letter, so Joe filled and lit another pipe and pondered deeply.

He was soon in the throes of creation again, the up-curling smoke from his pipe rising and drifting lazily out through open door and window, the pungent aroma of the burning tobacco acting as a sedative to his whirling brain.

Three times the instrument near him sounded his call. Joe, however, was far away over the divide, where two brown eyes were looking dreamily into his, and he did not hear.

What were sounders and calls and despatchers and orders and even railroads, when—then Joe came back.

The despatcher was getting desperate, and he was hammering Joe’s call over the wire in jig time, when Joe straightened with a start, reached over, and answered the call.

Then there were some sharp questions to answer as to the delay, and in the inter-



missions the sounder snapped out some stinging personalities about absence from post and inattention to duty that put Joe on his fighting edge. But the chief was on the wire, so Joe wisely held his hand.

The order told him that No. 17 was carrying a special consignment of express which was good reason for giving the line more than the ordinary attention that night. All lights and switches were to be immediately inspected and tested, and the operator's re-

down to his fingers—"I wonder why Dan quit the key in his prime and took to firin' on the line. He sure was a past master at jigglin' the key; couldn't any of 'em send or take faster than him.

"Queer thing, that!" and Joe drew another match along the leg of his overalls.

"Joe, let me give you a tip," says Dan the day he got me my first job.

"I had a surprise-party handed me proper, one night shortly before I give up



WITH THE LITHENESS OF A PANTHER, THE FIRST MOVED ACROSS THE ROOM.

port filed at once. He was to report every thirty minutes thereafter. They weren't taking any chances of a loose facing-point piling her up along the line on her run that night.

"So long, you cranky old snappin' turtle," Joe growled when the chief had cut out and he had his order on the board. "I guess 17 won't muss up my front yard on account of a loose switch at this no-man's turn-out. Dan's known me ever since he began pounding the code into my pate, 'way back when he was still workin' the key, an' he always found me Johnny-on-the-spot every time the game was called."

Joe pushed his chair aside, picked up a lantern and raised the globe to light it for his round of the switches.

"I wonder—" and Joe let the match burn

the key,' he goes on. 'It caught me right off the reel when I wasn't lookin', an' it got my nerve.

"And this is the tip,' says he; 'don't you ever get rattled just because something happens to drop on you, no matter what it is.

"The yellow streak is barred in the railroad game, kid!' I remember, Dan concluded very emphatic. 'So, if you ever get anything handed to you, why, don't go up in the air, but just hang on and do business regular without gettin' it tangled up,'" and Joe was on his way to the switches.

When he had gone, a swarthy face appeared in the rear doorway. With a look in the direction of the receding lantern, he crossed the floor to the table and picked up the copy of the order Joe had just written.

"So," he grunted, "thuh tip's straight. Got thuh stuff aboard an' rushin' it through. Oh, yes; the switches will be all right, ole hoss. Don't you worry about that," and he disappeared in the darkness to the east of the shanty.

"They're right as a clock, Mr. Snappin' Turtle," and Joe slid the lantern on the table, opened his key and called the despatcher, tersely sending his report.

Relighting his pipe, he hitched his chair close to the table, and with half an hour on his hands before making his next report, he was soon absorbed in the more pleasing work of finishing the interrupted letter.

Again Joe's mind went trailing over the mountains, and, oblivious to his surroundings, he was unaware of the presence of the burly form that soon appeared in the little doorway at his back.

Besides the first there was soon another, and at their heels came a third. With the litheness of a panther, the first moved across the room, and with the sweep of an up-raised arm the butt of a heavy revolver landed in a stinging blow on the side of Joe's head.

"Got him easy, Bill," and other feet clattered over the rough-planked floor.

"Where's thuh string? He's plumb stiff, an'll mighty like stay asleep till mornin', but there's no use invitin' trouble by takin' a chance. Git thuh rope on his mitts, an' tie 'em so's he can't wiggle a finger.

"There, now. Set him back an' lash him tuh th' chair so's he can't work loose if he does come out of it," and the light rope was wound around his arms and body, crossed and knotted to the back and seat of the chair so hard and tight that there was little leeway for the unconscious man to breathe.

"Not enough rope for his legs, eh? Well, what of it? He ain't a goin' to do no walkin' in his sleep, an' he can't untie no knots with his feet. He's helpless as a stuffed jack-rabbit.

"Put your pliers away, Jack. If we cut the wires they'll be looking for trouble and have a special out after us in no time. Just leave the key shut the way it is and they'll more than likely think he's gone to sleep on duty. He doesn't look like he'd be able to send any messages for a while."

Outside there was the clank of iron as a switch-bar was shifted and fell into place, and the eastern switch was open. Number 17 was running against trouble now.

If Dan caught the red in time to stop,

the outcome would depend on how well the special crew on 17 were prepared to fight. If he didn't, 17 would be ready for the wreck train and the scrap-yard.

The noisy little clock had ticked off half an hour when the inert form on the chair quivered. A spasm of trembling ran over the body, the muscles twitched, the fingers unclasped and Joe stirred, then was still.

Another ten minutes, and he moved again. There was a mumbling of inarticulate words, and gradually into his dazed brain came a blurred conception of what had happened.

As he gradually regained the use of his muscles, he strained at the cords that held him. He was helpless, but awake at last.

"You murderin' devils! If you hadn't roped and hog-tied me so bloomin' well, I'd soon have the whole line listenin' to me," and Joe struggled to shift his chair across the room toward his key.

"If I can only git close enough to reach that key with my chin, why, maybe I—" his foot slipped and struck heavily against the battery-jar under the end of the table. "Hully mackerel! if I wreck that juice-tank the play's off," and Joe again turned his head toward the goal he was striving for, his key on the table to the right.

"Great howlin' wildcats!" he exclaimed as he found himself unable to budge the chair any farther. "They've got th' block on me goin' an' comin'! They've lashed one of the chair-legs to that spike in the wall. The key's closed; an' so's th' game, I reckon."

His head bowed in despair as he realized his helplessness. Suddenly he looked at the clock.

"Forty-five," he muttered reflectively. "Forty-five. If Dan's got back the lost time, 17's jest about pullin' out o' her last stop on the run—that is, till she strikes this lay-out," and Joe's head again bent over his breast.

With a mental picture of disaster that was to follow torturing his aching brain to desperation, he shuffled his feet on the floor in a frenzy of anxiety, and again there came the clink of glass as his shoe struck the battery-jar.

"You thievin' coyotes!" he cried, and began working his feet feverishly toward the jar. "There's just one more bet to make in this pot—an' the bettin's up to me. I'm goin' to call your hand, jest to show you I ain't of the four-flushin' breed. I think I got you topped, at that."



Crowding down in his chair as much as the ropes would permit, he stretched his right leg toward the wall and soon had worked a battery-jar at least six inches closer. He drew it inch by inch toward him until he could place his foot over its edge. Then, with his toe in a loop of the wire that led to the zinc plate on top, he raised it gently from its position. Tediously, but surely, he lifted it, until it was free of its liquid bath and the sounder on the table gave a sharp click. He then lowered it to the solution, and the sounder clicked again.

With every muscle strained, and his nerves at highest tension, he began working the plate up and down with methodical intervals between the contacts of zinc and liquid that he hoped would be understood somewhere along the line.

It was slow work. The dots and dashes were long drawn out. The message lacked the speed of a nimble finger on the key, but Joe was getting his warning on the wire, even though it was in a toilsome, painful way.

The message was short; only four words and his signature, but it required a full minute to work it out with his foot.

After all, however, it was an uncertainty in the end, for there came no answering tap on his sounder. The trick might fail in turning yet. Heedless of that, he continued with the dogged perseverance of a man playing a losing game pluckily to the end. Each minute the message was repeated, over and over again.

"What yuh got there?" sang out Dick, as Thomas climbed aboard the engine with a bundle wrapped in a small flour-sack. "Some neighbor's back fence tenor you're takin' out for a farewell tour of the line?"

"Cats be shot! That's the quickest way with 'em, anyhow," and Dan raised the lid of his seat and dropped the package inside.

"It's a couple of pounds of good, strong smokin' for Joe down at Tiger-Tail Sidin'. I'm thinkin' he's lonesome in that dump o' nights, an' he'll be burnin' the heart out of his pipe for company when he can git the right fillin's, an' I know the kind he likes better'n any other."

"Always had a soft spot for Joe," said Dick, giving the bell-cord a pull as Dan answered the signal to back out on the line.



TEDIOUSLY, BUT SURELY, HE LIFTED IT UNTIL IT WAS FREE OF ITS LIQUID BATH.

"I'd back him in any game he played," said Dan, as he set 377 rolling out.

As she bumped gently against the forward car of the limited, the superintendent pulled himself up into the cab. With a glance at the gage he laid his hand on Dan's shoulder.

"How's your nerve to-night, Thomas?" was his familiar greeting.

"About on a par with the steam-gage up there, Mr. Daniels," was Dan's good-natured reply as he turned his head toward the boiler-head, "and I reckon it's regis-terin' about all she ought to carry."

"That's good," said the superintendent,

stepping close to Dan perched on his seat. "I want you to give her the whip to-night. Get every possible turn out of her on the straightaways, and take every curve that will stand the strain on speed."

Catching the hand-rail, he was about to swing down when he called back:

"Miller's handing you the ball, so you're off. Remember, you've got to make the junction on the card! Do you get that? All right," and he was gone.

"Depend on this husky to keep the pot a boilin'," was Dick's comment as the 377 took the slack out of the couplings and picked up the heavy load in her wake.

"After all that, he can depend on me to run her in on time, providin' she holds together, even if I have to drag in some of the track and a part of the road-bed along with it." Dan gradually opened up the throttle as she clattered through the switches, cleared the yards and started on her long race against time that was to make a record for the division.

There were only three stops to make on the run, and they were far between. After they swung through Hell Gate she began the four-thousand-foot drift into the foothills through the Frying Pan country and into Red Rock Cañon.

Dick was leaving behind him a volcanic trail of black smoke and cinders as the long string of lights reeled and whirled down the crooked passes, while Dan sat stolid and rigid as part of the cab-fixtures, his keen eye following the lines of steel ahead, his one determination being to catch the schedule if the curves held and she stuck to the track.

With the mighty roar of mountain thunder, 377 was sweeping around the benches, through the cuts and over bridges, her flanges grinding fire on the sharp curves, her eccentrics as close up as she would cut her steam.

There was but one more stop to make, and with only forty miles from there on to cover over straighter track, she had a fighting chance of recovering all her lost time. Dan was making good, although he knew he was putting a terrific strain on both train and track to do it.

When the lights of the last little town before their next stop loomed ahead, Dan whistled for the yards, cut her off to ease her up on the switches, then removed the gauntlet from his hand, drew a 'kerchief from his blouse and wiped the sweat from

his perspiring face and neck. As he finished, they approached the last switch-lights, and replacing his 'kerchief he reached up to open the throttle and gave her full head again.

When the bar was out and 377 was settling into her long strides once more, Dan reached to his hip and produced a heavy black plug of tobacco. He'd been too busy to enjoy a surreptitious bite until now, and he felt that he had earned the luxury of a chew after covering the longest and hardest end of the night's run with the schedule assured for his division. The book of regulations had a paragraph of protest against the use of the weed on duty, but they were still more specific against making such reckless speed over this division, for that matter. He had disregarded the last on orders; he could now afford to disregard the first on inclination.

At the last stop, before the final spurt into the end of the division, Dan looked over his machine, his deft hand testing the temperature of the various bearings with exceeding care, while his can was busy filling the partly emptied cups.

"Kind o' leary about Tiger-Tail Sidin'," said the conductor, coming up from the telegraph-office and laying his hand on Dan's shoulder. "Can't get the operator."

"What's that?" and Dan's face was a study as he straightened up. "Can't get Joe Tam? Something's dropped out; take it from me!"

"No; been tryin' a half hour. Don't answer. Guess the kid's asleep at the Bend."

"Asleep!" roared Dan, as he whirled about, his face set. "Cut that! It ain't so! I got Joe his job, knowin' he was right, an' I'll stand for him, personal. D'y'e understand! Does the old man know?"

"He's up at the key now," was the response. "Says he'll fire him soon as he gits him on the wire in the morning. The wire's working all right. He just don't answer."

"Well, just put it on your book that he won't—not for that," Dan retorted, with feeling. "That storm that rolled through here before we got in has been jugglin' the wires to the west, you'll find—and that'll be the answer."

"Thomas," and the superintendent stood beside them, "hold her easy down through the Paw. Trees reported blown over the track a couple of miles out. Hand-car crew sent out long enough ago to have cleared away by this time; but keep her in control ready to stop sharp, unless you get the all-



right from the section-men, and then cut her loose."

"All right, Mr. Daniels," and Dan lifted his torch to read the yellow flimsy handed him. "No stops from here in. O.K.?"

"Not for anything less than an open switch, a wash-out, or a land-slide, Thomas," and Daniels was about to make a sprint for his car, when he turned: "That cub down at Tiger-Tail is off the job tonight. Watch your lights when you pick up the bend. There'll be a vacancy down there in the morning," and he was off.

"In which case, there'll be two on this line," muttered Dan as he swung for the gangway.

For a mile or more Dan had her pulling hard. Then, as he headed into the stretch where trouble was reported, he closed the flow of steam to a thread and laid his hand on the air, his eye sharp ahead to catch the first show of a light.

Rounding a curve, he suddenly cut on the air, opened the sand, turned her over and give her the big hole. The lights ahead were swinging across the track.

Stopping close to the débris on the line, Dan jumped from his cab and ran forward, uttering scathing commentaries on the slow work of the section-men. There was hard-gained time slipping into the gap again, with small chance now of regaining it."

"Wake up, you sleepin' coyotes!" yelled Dan as he laid hold with his own hands and began tearing at the mat of brush and mass of boulders and tangle of tree-limbs.

"Give a lift here on this rock, Dick," and they were rolling off a boulder that had been dislodged by the upheaved roots of a fallen tree.

"We're mighty lucky we're not going the other way," he called. "It'll take a couple hours' work to clear that inner track, but I guess the section-gang will be able to let us through in less than half an hour."

At the foot of one of the telegraph-poles beside the track, he caught sight of the emergency-operator adjusting his instrument to send out Daniel's order for the wrecking outfit at Hanford to hurry to the scene of the slide. Dan waited until he had finished the message and was about to climb the pole to disconnect his wires, and then stepped forward.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I'd like to raise Tiger-Tail Sidin'. Joe is a friend of mine and I think he's in trouble."

"All right," said the operator. "I must

report to Daniels, but I'll be back in a few minutes. Here's the climbing-irons."

Left to himself, Dan went up the pole, made the proper connections and, descending, jerked open the key and hurriedly sent Joe's call out over the wire. He felt sure that it would be ticked off in the little station at the siding if the wires were working properly, but as yet there was no answer. He repeated the call, but there was no response save a few disjointed clicks of the sounder. Again and again he called, but still no answer, only more spasmodic clicks.

"Something's surely wrong," he muttered. "They couldn't raise him at Cold Springs, and here I can't get him either. Guess I'll have to give it up."

Once more he sent the call, and then the sounder began to again move slowly up and down. It's dots and dashes came like the working of a crippled wire, but gradually they took on a semblance of Morse.

Only the sound of the workmen clearing away the débris and the throb of the engine broke the silence as Dan knelt by the little instrument on the rocks, intently listening, all attention, with his face gradually taking on a surprised look of understanding.

"It's mighty piece-meal sendin'," he whispered to himself, "and I'll bet there's not an operator on the line that can make it out, but I guess I've picked it up straight enough, and the signature don't leave any doubt of who's puttin' it on the wire."

"What's up, Thomas?" Daniels shouted down from the tracks.

"Not over sure myself, yet. Only think there's a sleeper awake, that's all," and there was a trace of irony in Dan's reply.

With the outfit slung over his shoulder, he had soon made another ascent of the pole with the experience and the agility of a younger man.

"This is takin' a right smart flier in the prerogatives of railroadin'-rules, I reckon," he said to himself as he groped among the wires, "and the super on the job, at that. But I'm goin' to play this hand alone, and we'll see if Joe and I can't show him that there's two of us awake on this line, anyway. We'll know, leastwise, when we strike the bend at the Sidin'."

In almost no time he had found a through wire, and the click of the instrument came down to those below as he opened the key and begun calling the office at the western end of the division, a town about five miles beyond Tiger-Tail Siding.

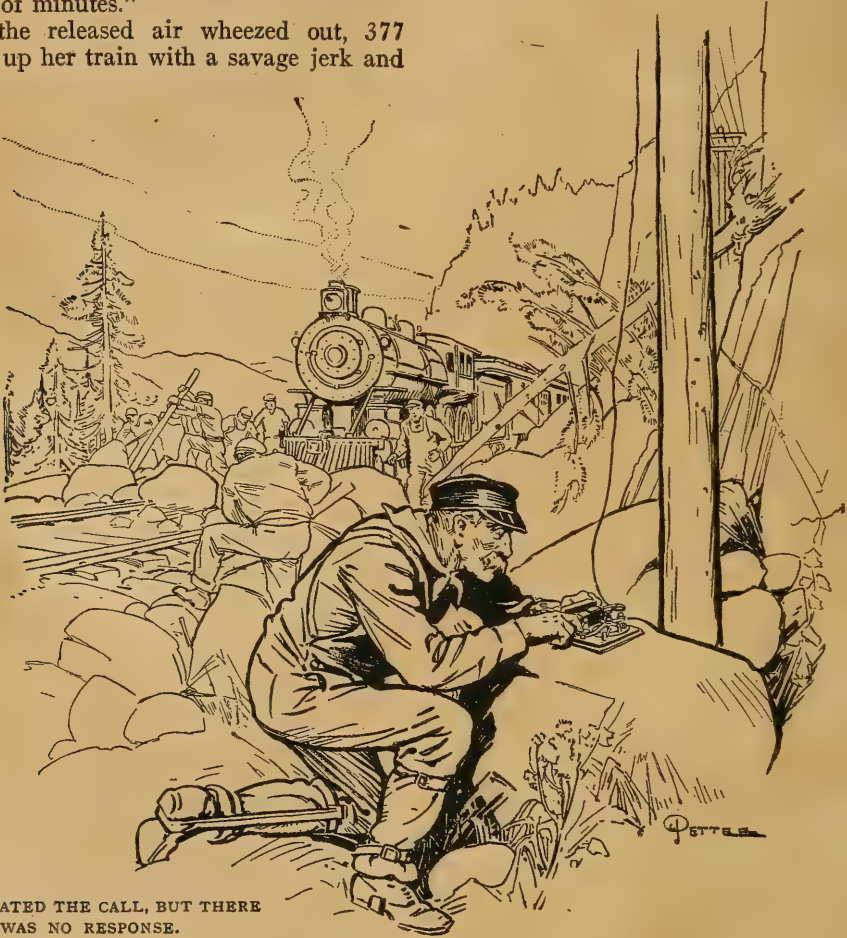
When the answer came, he started his sending sharp and fast, increasing in his nervous excitement until he made the key fairly hum. He was in a fretful hurry to get away, and deeply anxious, too, over the result of his message. Twice the operator broke in on him, he was so beyond his speed.

As he closed the key he called to the fireman. "Stand by, Dick, and take this outfit. We ought to be pulling out of here in a couple of minutes."

As the released air wheezed out, 377 picked up her train with a savage jerk and

The nervous strain on the engineer in racing against the schedule at a terrific pace with a heavy train, over a road-bed handicapped by heavy curves, was now overshadowed on Dan's face with an unspoken something that made him look haggard in the dim light of the cab.

She was reeling off mile after mile now, lurching and swaying and swinging as she



HE REPEATED THE CALL, BUT THERE WAS NO RESPONSE.

was away on the home-stretch with her safety humming and every pound pulling on the draw-bars, the heavy grade helping her to quickly catch her topmost speed.

"Keep a shakin' that box an' meltin' the coal, Dick. Burn her insides out, if you have to, for I'm goin' to cut off the corners from here in," and Dan began playing every advantage for an extra-fast turn of the wheels. Forty miles to go, and a better track. He'd do it if 377 had it in her.

pounded the rails sidewise on the crooked trail.

Ten miles, fifteen—Dan began nervously pulling his watch. Eighteen miles, nineteen—they flashed by the lights of a little town setting in the gloom of a hillside—twenty miles. Dan held the watch in his hand now. He was calculating the time for every move at the junction and the running-time to the siding. Another mile and still another and—Dan straightened in his seat



as a man from whose shoulders a heavy burden had been lifted. He replaced the watch in his pocket. If the thing was according to his understanding and they had acted promptly, it must be over by now. The lines on his face disappeared. The mental strain was over.

Rising from his seat, he removed the cloth-wrapped bundle from the box.

"Hey, Dick!" he yelled, holding out the package. "I don't think there'll be any letter to pick up from Joe to-night, but you can throw that for him at the sidin'. I cal'late he'll need a right smart of that black tobacco to steady up his nerves."

Down through the pass and on to the approach of the Tiger-Tail Bend, 17 rolled with undiminished speed, although Dan reached forward and placed a hand on the air as he peered ahead for the lights of the siding. Then, as he rounded the bend, he straightened again.

Ahead there appeared the headlight of an engine on the spur; many lights were swinging all clear, and 17 bolted through with a deafening roar and a blinding whirl of lights and smoke and cinders, safe on her

way to the end of her run and a regained schedule.

There was much talk along the line of how Dan Thomas, the veteran engineer and one time telegrapher, had preempted the prerogative of the despatcher, by ordering out a special and posse from the junction-yards to rout a band of train-robbers and clear the switches before 377 swung through, trailing the crack limited of the road in her wake.

The superintendent first learned of what had really happened when he alighted from his car at the junction. With a bound he was off to find the engineer.

"Dan Thomas, you're a brick!" he exclaimed as he placed both hands on the old veteran's shoulders and looked him squarely in the face. "You outgeneraled me, Thomas, I'll admit, but I won't hold that against you, for I take it you were playing even for what I said about that cub at the siding being asleep—and you won."

"Oh, by the way, Thomas," and Daniels stopped as he turned to go; "I'm going to take that 'cub' back to headquarters with me. I need him."

## HIGH-SPEED DEVELOPMENT.

IT is not a matter of very great difficulty to trace why the railroads of other countries have further progressed in making minutes equal miles than what has been accomplished here. The development which the high-speed locomotive has attained abroad, and particularly in England and France, is largely due to the high plane occupied by the motive-power department in the scheme of organization which prevails in those countries. The able men who are at the head of this particular branch of the service are free to work out their ideas in practical form, and to remain untrammelled by the interference which too often here renders the mechanical department subordinate to a degree far out of keeping with its real importance.

The foreign motive-power chief is supreme in his capacity. He reports only to the board of directors, and he has large funds appropriated annually for the sole conduct of experimental work along the lines which might accrue to the benefit of the service. Consequently, a thing which is known to be good does not have to be abandoned merely on account of some incipient failure in minor details, or when the costs commence to run up without definite return. On the contrary, the advantageous arrangement prevailing is such that errors can be corrected and the entire scheme

slowly perfected until it is capable of doing better work than the existing appliances.

The mechanical department thus endowed with positive authority, can afford to spend the money in the necessary education of the men who will handle any new type of power which it may have evolved. In France, through an admirable system of premiums, it rewards the engineers and firemen for good work, as it just as effectively, through a system of fines, punishes them for any dereliction of duty. The principal effort, however, is to imbue these men with the spirit of hearty co-operation, and the success of this laudable endeavor does not fall far short in constituting the real reason why the United States has been outstripped in the speed question at least.

They have nothing to learn from us, but we have much to learn from them in the conduct of this particular feature, and until the position as head of the motive-power department is endowed with the dignity and given the latitude in the way of expenditure which should properly be associated with it, not to mention freedom from interference, that department cannot be in a position to assume the lead in working out these world problems.—*American Engineer and Railroad Journal.*

# Running a British Railway.

BY ROBERT H. ROGERS.

**W**HILE traveling through Europe in the interests of the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, Mr. Rogers did not spend all his time studying the operation of continental systems. After making the run from Paris to Calais on the foot-plate of the wonderful De Glehn locomotive, told in our February number, he crossed the channel and presented his credentials to the officials of the great common-carriers of the British Isles.

He was cordially received and, in a number of cases, was conducted personally through the yards and shops by the railway executives themselves, and given the freedom of the engines on several well-known fast trains. In this article Mr. Rogers gives a vivid pen-picture of the operation of a British railroad's mechanical department, pointing out every phase of the work as compared with our own way of doing things.

An American is inclined to smile when first he sees an English locomotive with its incommodious cab and without headlight, bell, or pilot; but, as Mr. Rogers points out, an English engine has no more use for these features than a dog has for two tails.

## The London and Northwestern Railway, Great Britain's Banner Road, Compared with an American Line in Engines, Shops, and Labor Conditions.



HE London and Northwestern Railway may or not be the best selection as a representative of British locomotive performance and shop practise, but I largely confined myself to it while in Great Britain, because, without a doubt, it is the best-developed railroad for its mileage not only in England but in the entire world.

It is almost impossible to appreciate the magnitude of the capital, equipment, and operation which these 2,977 miles of road can exhibit, a mileage, by the way, so small from an American view-point that the road, if in this country, would scarcely be classed as one of our great railroad systems.

The London and Northwestern, however, is a marvelous enterprise, and before telling you of its practical side, to study which was my real mission abroad, some

statistics given me by Frank Ree, its general manager, may be of interest.

These figures were compiled for the year 1908, and many items, to say the least, are amazing:

Capital authorized.....	\$653,865,603
Revenue .....	\$75,523,519
Number of locomotives.....	2,967
Passenger-cars .....	9,503
Freight-cars .....	76,436
Horses .....	5,609
Road-wagons and carts.....	6,611
Vessels .....	16
Vessels jointly owned.....	8
Stations .....	850
Double-track mileage .....	1,678
Total miles of road.....	2,977
Train-miles run in 1908.....	48,732,644
Daily non-stop runs of 100 miles	47
Passengers carried (exclusive of season-tickets) .....	82,933,250
Tons of freight and coal carried.	51,964,172



Tons of railroad-tickets issued...	60
Number of persons employed...	81,000
Men qualified to render first-aid...	8,062
Employees' time-books issued...	500,000
Meals served in dining-cars....	1,000,000
L. and N.-W. post-cards sold...	9,074,995
Signal-towers .....	1,450
Signal-levers in use.....	37,000
Signal-lamps lighted every-night	20,000

The total engine-mileage for every three hours is equal to a trip around the world; for every thirty hours it amounts to a trip to the moon, and for every fifteen months, to a journey to the sun. The tickets issued during the last ten years, if placed end to end, would make a belt around the earth one and one-quarter inches wide. For each of the London and Northwestern's 3,000 miles of road, there is one locomotive, four freight-cars, twenty-six passenger-cars, and thirty men.

A study of the perfection of detail which must be attained to make all this possible, should be of interest to railroad men in this country, but it does not properly come within the scope of this article, except in relation to the operation of the mechanical department. The intention herein is to tell of how the engines are run, and how they are taken care of in the roundhouses or "running sheds"; features which become interesting in comparison with our own procedure in America.

What is said of the London and Northwestern in this regard is of equal application to any railroad in England, where all locomotive work is attended with painstaking care practically unknown in American practise.

### Nothing Is Overlooked.

I have rarely seen a British engine not sufficiently clean for exhibition purposes. There is never a leak about the valve-stem or piston-packing, or about any of the cab-fittings. The chief mechanical engineer made me eventually understand that such conditions would no more be allowed to exist than to start an engine out only working on one side.

After prolonged knocking around the "running sheds" and riding on the locomotives, I became satisfied that this spirit was reflected throughout the entire mechanical department.

I would like to reciprocate the attention bestowed on me by taking my informant

around a bit among some of our roundhouses, and he would note features of neglect which he would find hard to reconcile with the capital invested. This is one-half, at least, in explanation of the care which they take of their equipment over there. To them it is money, and it is practically handled as such.

Notwithstanding the cheaper labor and material which prevail in England, engines cost as much to build as they do in this country. The workmanship is generally superior and they are built to last.

Although the London and Northwestern, through changes in motive-power administration and ideas, has "scrapped" more engines in the past few years than any road in England, they were still able to show me engines in every-day service over thirty years old. In this country, the rapid succession of new designs renders power practically obsolete for main-line requirements in at least ten years.

### The Largest Railroad Shop.

At the Crewe shops of this road I found 8,000 men employed in the locomotive department alone. This plant is unique in the amount of manufacturing done. This includes the making of boiler-plates, the rolling of rails, the manufacture of steel castings, signal and interlocking apparatus, and a variety of other things used on the road.

This great works, the largest railroad shop in the world, all things considered, builds all the new engines required for the London and Northwestern, and, in addition, turns out about seventy new engines a year for renewals. The painting of the new engines is so thoroughly and beautifully done that it becomes really the work of artists instead of painters. It requires all of two weeks, but does not have to be repeated for six years. Fifteen months is the usual period between general repairs.

The men in the large repair-shops in England are a comfortable lot. They take life easily and impress the visitor as not intending to work too hard. In fact, in going about the shops the men seem to be inclined to make the work last as long as possible. This may be readily explained, however, by the fact that piece-work is quite common in England, and whenever the men make one and one-third times their day-rate, the price per job is reduced.

This readily explains the "navy-yard" pace of the shopmen. Their speed limit is set by the employers, and it is little wonder that repairs are extravagantly expensive.

English foremen are officials with considerable dignity. I met several among them who were technical-school graduates. The workmen hold them in apparent awe, which is in marked contrast with the democracy and freedom so characteristic of an American railroad shop. The foreman in that country is not "Bill," "Fred," "Charley," or "Dick." He is Mr. So-and-So, and you mustn't forget to touch your cap, either.

The "works manager" of an English road is what he ought to be—a real official with his duties confined to the shops themselves. English roads do not have the counterpart of our master mechanics with responsibilities of various kinds over shops, roundhouses, engineers and firemen, wrecking-crews, and what not, with far too little help, and obliged to place dependence on their general foreman for the important shops.

It will not be very long before the Crewe works will turn out its five thousandth new engine. Every effort is being made to have this coincident with the coronation of King George V, in view of the fact that 5,000 minus 2,967, (the present number of locomotives operated,) leaves 2,033 to be accounted for which have lived their day on the Northwestern.

### Keeping a Fund.

An admirable provision is made for the maintenance of rolling-stock on English roads generally by setting aside each year a definite amount to be spent for this work. This amount is increased from time to time with the increase in the amount and capacity of the equipment, and it practically forms a depreciation fund for keeping the rolling-stock up to a uniform condition of efficiency.

It might be unfair if I said that the Crewe shops are the best operated in England, but I certainly thought them to be the most interesting, because there is practically nothing used by the railroad which is not made there. The nearest counterpart in such extensive scope in this country can only be found on the Philadelphia and Reading Railway, whose Reading shops manufacture everything, from pressed steel car-

shapes to locomotive boiler-tubes. This shop has not purchased anything for repair purposes in more than three years.

Notwithstanding the appeal of the Crewe shops to a railroad man, I was principally attracted by the roundhouse end of the procedure. These "running sheds," as they are called, are all under the direction of the "running superintendent." Their conduct is entirely apart from the supervision extended over the general repair and building-shops, such as Crewe represents.

### The Great Western's "Family Tree."

In this connection the organization-plan of a running department may be of special interest.

"Chargemen" are equivalent to foremen; "fitters" are machinists; "boilersmiths" are boilermakers, and "chargemen shedmen" are simply roundhouse labor-gang foremen. "Tubers" are the men who calk leaky flues, and "tube-runners" or "flue-blowers" keep them clean between trips. "Fire-droppers" are ash-pit men, pure and simple, and "bar-layers" are those who look after the maintenance of the grates and attachments, or, as we call them in some quarters, "gratemen."

The diagram shows very clearly who reports to who, and through it can be traced the responsibility which leads ultimately to the head of the running department.

Upon the arrival at the "running shed," the engineer and the hostler who relieves him make a careful examination of the engine. The former reports all defects before going off duty. The engine is then left near the coal-shed in charge of the coal-shed hostler, who places it in proper position for coaling.

All of the work reported by the engineer, and that subsequently discovered by the "running shed" inspectors, is attended to without fail. I have never known of a job, which might still run a dozen trips without causing any trouble, to be let go out without receiving attention.

It may be said that when these locomotives back against their trains they are in as good shape as human watchfulness and skill can place them.

An engineer need feel no uneasiness under these enviable conditions. In the month of May, 1910, there were but two passenger-engine failures on the entire London and Northwestern system.



After being coaled, the engine is taken by the hostler to a point beyond the coal-shed, where his helper, or a boy appointed for the purpose, cleans out the smoke-box. I thought this to be a painfully slow and cumbersome operation. The smoke-boxes should have drop-pipes, through which the sparks could be dropped without the necessity of any one entering the smoke-box.

The engine then passes to the fire-track, or ash-pit, where one fire-dropper stands on the foot-plate and another in the pit. A couple of grate-bars are either pulled up by the former, or pushed up by the latter, and through the opening in the grate thus provided, the contents of the fire-box is dropped into the ash-pan, from whence it is raked into the pit.

They don't seem to enthuse over drop or dump-grates in that country, but they appeal to me as being far more sensible than this clumsy method, in which the grate-bars have to be knocked out of place every trip. It may be added that with very few exceptions the fire is always drawn on arrival.

On completion of this performance, the engine is taken into the "running shed" to be "stabled," and to have the flues cleaned out; the next item in the regular routine which is never departed from. If the shed is of the longitudinal type, which is commonly used in England, with three or four tracks running straight through it, it become necessary to have the tubes "run" or cleaned immediately, because after being placed in position another engine may be put in front of it, rendering the operation of tube-cleaning impracticable. If, however, the shed is round, similar to our round-houses, the operation may be performed at a time convenient to the "tube-runners."

### Furbishing Up a Locomotive.

To clean a set of flues requires from forty to sixty minutes. I was much amused to note that the flue-cleaner used the primitive arrangement of a long rod with a piece of canvas threaded into the end. I did not see flues cleaned by compressed-air anywhere in England; although at Paddington, on the Great Western, I did locate a system of blowing them by steam, the latter being furnished from a small vertical boiler.

Next in order comes the wiping or cleaning of the engine. In the majority of English roundhouses each cleaner follows his own engine, and gang-cleaning, such as

is universally followed in this country, is not popular. Needless to add that this work is performed with scrupulous care.

When ready for business, those engines are things of beauty beyond dispute. Not a single part is missed in the wiping, including the brake-levers under the tender and even the bottom of the ash-pan. This is one of the time-honored institutions also, and they would no more think of slighting it than they would the work.

After wiping comes the "bar-laying," in which operation the grates previously knocked out to dump the fire are replaced. This is done either by a long pair of tongs from the outside, or by a boy who goes into the fire-box and who, after putting them into place, rakes off the accumulation of ashes from the top of the brick arch.

The "lighter-up" then throws a few shovels of coal around the fire-box, and one or two scoops of fire in the center, and the locomotive is again ready for business. Of course there may be running repairs, such as reducing brasses, applying packing, and what not, which may further delay the engine several hours, but what has been outlined is the inevitable procedure in connection with every engine which appears on the coal-shed track. After all is finally completed it is set outside to make house-room, exactly as in our own practise.

### Some Amazing Wages.

Labor is very poorly compensated in English railroad shops, even when the cheaper possibility of living is taken under consideration. Skilled boilermakers and machinists receive wages which in American money would amount to \$1.68 for a day's work of maybe twelve hours, if it happens to be a "running shed" in which they are working, and other occupations are not nearly so well paid. In many instances, engineers hauling the fastest express-trains do not receive over two dollars for a round-trip run lasting all day.

On one occasion I came down from Glasgow to Carlisle on the engine of the London West Coast Express, which is operated between the two cities jointly by the Caledonian and the London and Northwestern Railways. This was a non-stop, round-trip run from Glasgow to Carlisle, which are 103 miles apart. The engine left Glasgow at 10 A.M., and returned about 7 P.M. All the engineer received for that round-

trip was eight shillings, or \$1.92, and his fireman 4s. 6d., or \$1.08.

Imagine a man in this country running a limited express-train 206 miles for \$1.92. On many of our roads such a run would pay the engineer \$8, while the fireman probably gets \$5.

When that British engineer asked me what a corresponding run would pay in my own country I didn't have the heart to tell him the truth.

Another thing, it is well to bear in mind that engineers over there, as well as here, are about the highest-paid skilled labor on the railroad. If the above may be taken as an average for their pay, and I believe it may, as I made many inquiries along that line, what of the minor occupations about the "running sheds," the "tube-runners," "bar-layers," "lighters-up," and so on?

I do not believe that for unskilled labor, that is, labor without a trade behind it, the average pay is more than 4s. or ninety-six cents per day.

In "running sheds," where piece-work is in vogue for wiping engines, blowing flues, and other work which is going on all the time, it is of course possible to make more than this, but not a great deal more. I mentioned in the beginning of this article what happens to the piece-work rate as soon as it becomes evident that big wages are being earned.

Engineers seem to be well content with their pay and with their position. I have been in many of their homes and they appear to live comfortably and enjoy life when off duty, but I can't understand how they do it. The current story on this side of the water that money will go three times as far in England is a fallacy.

### Divided into Classes.

It is difficult to get the commonest kind of a meal for eighteen cents. One fairly decent is thirty-six cents, and a good one, sixty cents. I imagine that if a railroad man is caught away from home he buys the eighteen-cent kind or goes without, because he could not afford many of the others.

These men should have more money. They are divided into classes, and they are years and years working up to a place in the first class at the head of the fast express-trains.

The through-freights, or "goods" trains, are worked by second-class men, and most of the long runs are what is called "double

home," although instead of doubling back, which might be inferred from the designation, exactly the reverse is the case.

For instance, on the Great Western Railway, a train from Swindon to Exeter is worked through to its destination, and the crew takes rest at Exeter, returning to Swindon the next day on the balancing train. The effect of this arrangement is that an engineer and fireman must be away from their home terminal at least three nights in a week and must necessarily pay board, unless bunk-rooms are provided by the company, and I saw very few of them on English railroads.

The local freights are worked by third-class men, and are almost invariably "single home" jobs—that is, the men take rest at their home station. Switch-engines are worked by the lowest grade of engineers, known as "turners," or "pilotmen."

### Climbing the Ladder.

In addition to switching, this grade does most of the relief work, although at some stations where the relief-men have to frequently do long-distance work, third-class men are employed. Relief work is of course most irregular, and is provided for the purpose of keeping the hours of the trainmen within reasonable limits when trains are running late, owing to fog, congested state of the road, or other causes.

It struck me as being a long trip from a fireman's berth to that of a first-class engineer. The firemen generally rise from engine-cleaners, and pass through all of the grades enumerated above, before getting hold of the throttle of a switch-engine. On some of the roads, the men firing the important trains are runners themselves, who have been tempted to give up hauling a freight-train for the shorter passenger hours, even though the pay is less for firing than for running.

The actual running skill required to get the fast British trains over the road on time, did not impress me as being nearly so great as that of the men who handled the De Glehn compounds hauling the Paris-Calais boat-train on the French Northern Railway. In the first place, the locomotives are in perfect trim when delivered by the "running sheds," the road-bed is perfection, and the block-signaling system is the finest in the world.

In the majority of instances the engines



are of the two-cylinder simple-expansion type, exactly as they are here, although a great many of them are built with their cylinders inside the frames and driving a cranked main-axle, instead of being outside and driving the wheel through a crank-pin. Compound engines are no longer popular in England, and since the retirement of the late Mr. Webb, from the London and Northwestern Railway, they have practically disappeared from that system.

Consequently in the cab there is no bewildering complexity of detail, of which I told you in connection with that wonderful De Glehn engine, and which almost requires a specially made man to get out of it what it can give.

These English cab interiors are quite simple. Although, of course, somewhat differently arranged than ours in accordance with varying practise, the basic features are the same, and you would have little trouble in identifying them after a little study. They are generally arranged to be handled from the left side.

The throttle, or "regulator," shoves down in opening instead of pulling out, and the reverse-gear generally operates through a screw-wheel. If the reverse-lever is used, it has some supplementary device to assist in throwing it over. They think that the "Johnson bar" in our practise is too strenuous a detail to cope with, and in many instances which I can recall, I don't know but that they are right.

English locomotives are not disfigured on the outside by pipes as ours are, as they have their injectors and check-valves on the back-head of the boiler in the cab. They also use sight-feed lubricators, air-sanders, and are about equally divided between the Westinghouse automatic and the Eames vacuum brake. They do not have bells, head-lights or pilots, such devices being entirely superfluous in view of the fact that nothing can by any possibility get through the thick edges which line the track on either side.

### In the Cab of the Northern Mail.

I rode on the engine of the midnight Northern Mail from the gloomy Euston Station in London to Crewe, and I also rode that of the famous West Coast Scotch Express, but I believe the former was the most interesting experience. The train consisted of thirteen mail "vans," the contents of

which must be in Glasgow and Edinburgh by late breakfast time, and those two cities are 400 miles away.

When we finally got under way with much discordant clanking of safety-chains and banging over switch-points, I knew enough about railroading to appreciate that this engine had a job cut out for her if she was to get that three hundred tons of weight behind her over the 158 miles to Crewe in only three hours.

It was dark as Erubus as we slipped through the interminable suburbs of the "city of appalling vastness." There was no moon, and as the worthy and prosperous merchants who reside thereabouts retire early, few lights other than the signal-system illuminated our path. Nevertheless, this energetic *Precursor* plunged valiantly into the gloom, and with every revolution of her big seventy-eight-inch drivers settled down to a more businesslike stride.

In less than twenty miles, however, I was completely disillusioned in regard to the oft-claimed easy-riding qualities of engines in the land of beef and ale. This one cut the most remarkable capers of any on which I have ever ridden. Sometimes she would lurch to the right, and instead of recovering herself promptly, would apparently tear off about three miles before again assuming an even keel, and then the performance would be repeated on the left side. Occasionally this would be varied by an up and down, or rocking-horse effect, which created the impression that she was trying to climb over something.

### Not an Easy Rider.

Finally, during a pleasing interval where we appeared to skim easily through space, with no rail-contact whatever, I ventured to inquire of the principal gentleman in charge the cause of such extraordinary gyrations.

"She hasn't got enough behind to hold her down, sir," he answered. "That blawsted mail in the vans don't weigh much, ye know, and she hasn't got enough to hold her steady. She'll cut up worse than that going through 'Ampton 'Eath, sir."

I suppose we went through 'Ampton 'Eath, but I didn't see it. There was no seat on the fireman's side of the cab which I was occupying, and in trying to avoid interfering with him, dodging hot injector-pipes, and striving to keep from falling off

altogether in the presence of that peculiar jump-effect, kept me in a perpetual dance which would easily have put the efforts of the Moki Indians to shame.

Finally the driver beckoned me to cross to his side, and indicated a nook wherein I might stow myself behind the little shelf on which he sat. Several times subsequently on the run, I might add, I was constrained to throw both arms around that ample British waist in the manner of the lady who became the bride of young Lochinvar, but matters finally adjusted themselves.

We stopped at Rugby and took on five more mail-cars, and after that she steadied down considerably. The lack of weight in the train may have had something to do with that weird motion, but I am rather inclined to the opinion that it largely resulted from the absence of equalizers on the engine. They believe in hanging their driving-springs independently of one another, a foolish practise, which if it were not for the absolutely perfect track, would prevent any one from living on the foot-plate of the engine when at high speed.

The run into Crewe was a wild dash of about sixty miles in sixty-five minutes. On that home-stretch this thoroughly efficient engine afforded a grand exhibition of what machinery will do when it is right. The additional cars taken on at Rugby did not occasion her the slightest discomfort. There were times when the speed reached easily seventy-five miles per hour; an exhilarating pace through the soft air of that English summer night.

Never once did the pointer on the steam-gage vary five pounds from London to the end of the run, and she burned a surprisingly small amount of coal. One injector, working constantly, but throttled about half way down on water, kept the boiler fully supplied. The engineer watched this feature with unusual care, and was very clever in maintaining the water in the glass to practically the same level from start to finish.

With this exception there was nothing unusual in his work, because these clever engines do not require unusual ability to keep them moving. The experience of that trip brought it home to me conclusively that English locomotive designers aim at a machine which will produce results when operated with a minimum of intelligence.

This is exactly the opposite of the ideas prevailing across the channel, where, although they put the stuff in the engine,

the engineer has to certainly work his points to get it out.

Maybe the English plan is the best after all, despite my enthusiastic endorsement of the De Glehn compound in a preceding article. At high-speed the engineer is fully occupied in watching the signals and the water. Probably it would be just as well not to bother him with the control of independent cut-off gears, variable exhausts, receiver-control valves, and what not.

I noticed particularly that this English engineer never took his eyes off the road for a moment, not even when replying to the few brief questions which I asked him, whereas my friend in France was so constantly occupied with adjustments and readjustments of his controlling-gear that he scarcely saw where he was going.

The men in the cab on this mail-run called every signal to one another in a distinct tone. The engineer would indicate the color, and the fireman would affirm it, or vice versa. Going into Crewe, where there is an intricate interlocking system, the fireman gave his undivided attention to the various semaphores, designating them by letters.

"All right on R." "All right on X," and so on went their calls. It was quite evident that they were carefully trained to keep a good lookout at all times; a feature which has unfortunately not been well developed on French railroads.

The heavy thinking is done by very few men, and they are enormously compensated. F. M. Webb, chief mechanical engineer, or locomotive superintendent, of the Northwestern, received for a salary £7,000, or \$35,000 per year. They are willing to pay well a man who can think for his entire department.

It is practically unknown for a subordinate official, not to mention the vast rank and file, to take the initiative. The features of personality and individuality which endow American railroading with such a picturesque aspect are entirely lacking in Great Britain, because the men through the absolutely inflexible system of organization must be largely automatons.

The general scheme is also a wonderful example of absolute subordination, a subordination so complete that individual effort is seriously hindered, if not altogether checked. The men are not naturally self-assertive, as in this country, and could not be, in the face of the prevailing systems.





I COULD HARDLY GET HIM TO  
STAY IN THE CAB.

## BALDY KNOX'S PREMONITION.

BY JAP KUBOVEC.

**An Eagle-Eye's Warning Foretold a Wreck  
but Gave No Hint of a Real Love Affair.**

**T**O the scrap-pile with such a railroad!" snorted Baldy Knox, engineer of the 1646 with train 66, five hours late as usual, as he leaned out the cab-window and sourly watched Brooks, the head brakeman, line up the switch and give him a sign to pull in on the siding.

"Now we go into the hole here for that special, which also means that we'll probably be stuck for No. 1," he growled, jerking open the throttle with a few more select railroad expressions, while the 1646 picked up the slack and slowly dragged the long, heavy train in on the siding, leaving the main line clear for the coming train.

Baldy finished oiling around, and was soon back on his seat-box.

"I had a premonition that something

like this was due to happen just because I wanted to be home early to-day," he explained to Brooks, who was standing in the gangway.

"Here I was aiming to attend the auction and buy those two lots adjoining mine, and now I lose the chance to make a good investment with the few dollars I've sweated and slaved for on this pike."

"That sure is hard luck," admitted Brooks. "I know the lots. They are a good buy. But, say, why don't you wire the wife to go and put in a bid for you? She knows what you intend to pay for them, and might get them as cheap as you could."

"I can see there is no hope for a man like you who never reads the funny papers, Brooks," laughed Baldy. "Did you or any one else ever hear of a woman going to an auction and buying anything without pay-

ing at least three times what it was worth? My wife is one of the finest women in the world, but she has as much right around an auction as you'd have around a Sunday-school.

"But, speaking of premonitions, did either one of you ever have a feeling that something was going to happen while you were out on the road, and then find that it really did?" asked Baldy, reaching over and lighting his pipe at the gage lamp.

"No? Well, as long as we're stuck here for No. 1 and have half an hour to spare, if you fellows will listen, I'll tell you about one I had many years ago that changed the whole course of my life."

Baldy paused, and looked around to see that his audience were in comfortable positions, and not apt to interrupt his remarks.

"I was just past my twenty-second birthday, and had a good job pulling freight out in the Northwest, when I first meets Kate. It was at a Saturday-night social up at Easton, in the main hotel there.

"The place was crowded, and I was looking around for some one to dance with, when Fatty Simmons waddled by with a fine looking girl. The next time they came by I grabbed Fatty and told him he reminded me of a circus where I had seen an elephant and a Shetland pony doing a waltz together, but some rube way-billed as a floor-manager butted in and told me to shut up or get out.

"I never had any too much beauty, and he was a good deal bigger fellow than I was, so I shut up like a clam; but I kept my eyes on the young lady, and in about an hour I braced Fatty and asked him to introduce me to his friend. He did it, all right, and in a nice, neighborly way; but she backed and filled like this old hog does when she tries to pull a double train.

"Seemed to me as though she wasn't stuck much on meeting me or any of my friends from the way she talked; but I used plenty of sand, and stuck right with her until she gave up in disgust and tried to see if she couldn't drive me away with sarcastic remarks. Finally, however, she turned real friendly, and ended by inviting me to call and see her at the hotel where she worked for her uncle.

"Faint heart never won fair lady, was my reasoning; so I borrowed some money from Fatty, and stayed over to accept the invitation the next day before she was troubled with a touch of forgetfulness.

"She was the one that held the switch-list in the lunch-counter department, and it worried me when I saw how she made the rest of the girls get busy; for even then I was ready to ask her to be Mrs. Leonadis Knox, though I wanted to hold the switch-list and do some of the ordering around myself.

"I sat up on a stool and ate pigs' feet at a nickel a throw until my money was gone, and I had to walk three miles to settle my stomach.

"When I got back to Ruckett my troubles commenced. I had missed my turn 'out,' and the 'old man' gave me an awful calling down for not being on hand, and for not reporting a lot of work on the old bunch of scrap I was coaxing over the road at that time. Then, when I did report work, the crowd in the roundhouse overlooked it, and I had engine failures almost every day.

"I dreamed of Kate by night and I thought of her by day, while my fireman cussed and swore as he tried to fire and watch both sides for signals. The trainmen got into a habit of throwing rocks and chunks of coal against the side of the cab, and some of them got fresh and slammed me with their wireless signals instead of the engine.

"Matters went from bad to worse, and the old man called me in on the carpet and politely but sarcastically informed me that I would either have to get over my crazy spell and marry, or look for a new job.

"'I'm perfectly willing to be tied up for keeps,' says I to him; 'but the young lady appears to be deaf, dumb, and blind whenever I try to tell her about the new schedule I want to map out for her.'

"'You're dippy in the dome,' insinuated the old man, who was a whole lot married himself, if we could judge by the reception he received at home after a late session with the gang. 'A woman would sooner sit and listen to that kind of foolishness than to go to a swell café with a millionaire and eat shrimp salad and ice-cream.'

"It is always darkest just before dawn, according to some book of rules; and I guess it's right, for I had made at least ten trips to Easton without telling my tale of woe when, one day, Kate told me that she was going down to Woodland for a month's visit to some friends. Woodland was at the other end of the division, and I would have plenty of time to see her, for I laid over there every third day.



"I put in all my spare time and a lot of the company's planning where and how I'd pop the question and what I'd say, but the month passed before I knew it, and I stopped in on the last day of Kate's visit, determined to do or die. It makes me swear when I think of it. I hadn't been there five minutes when the call-boy comes up and calls me for an 'extra, soon as ready.'

"Of course, I had to go. Kate walked out to the gate with me, while, conversationally, I slipped and slid around like an engine trying to pull through an inch of

"From then on I attended strictly to rail-roading, and we pulled into Oakland just in time to run into one of those wind and rain storms that hit that part of the country as regular as clockwork, and do their level best to wash out the road-bed and throw trees and telegraph-poles across the track.

"As we were coming through the upper end of town I suddenly caught sight of somebody out on the track with a lantern swinging us down like a windmill. Thinking that the rails were blocked, I shot on the air and stopped, but when the fireman,



SOME RUBE WAY-BILLED AS  
A FLOOR-MANAGER  
BUTTED IN.

soft soap, while she stood there with a teasing smile and informed me that she intended to go up into Canada soon and keep house for a brother who was lonesome and needed her badly. I wanted to tell her that I needed her more than all the brothers in the world, but my tongue failed.

"I never could remember how I told her good-by, or how I reached the roundhouse. We pulled out of town, all right; but the first idea I got that we were not making regular time was about six miles down the road, when Seward, the conductor, comes over the top of the train and asks me to open her up a little, so that a farmer back in the caboose can get to Ruckett before his car-load of eggs hatches out.

Seward, and I got down and went ahead, we did some tall cussing. A rube whose hen-house had been blown over by the gale had stopped us to keep the train from killing some of his chickens which were out on the right-of-way running in all directions.

"We were some mad, I can tell you, and we gave that fellow a tongue lashing he probably remembered for some time.

"The wires were down in jig time, and the time-card badly twisted. We waited over an hour, until No. 9, which was following us, pulled in, and then the wire on the east end came to life, and we got orders to run as second No. 9 to Ruckett.

"First 9 had orders to meet No. 4 at Auburn, forty miles west of Oakland, but



PIGS' FEET AT A NICKEL A  
THROW.

no mention was made of us on account of the order being put out before the wires went down. Seward ordered the hind brakeman to go out on first No. 9 and hold No. 4 at Palmer, eight miles east of Auburn, in case we couldn't make the time.

"I had seen all kinds of flagging in my six years of railroading at that time; but when Seward went back after the brakeman, something sent a shiver of doubt over me. I knew it was the proper thing to do, but cold, clammy chills kept chasing up and down my back.

"The fireman on the passenger was putting out his green flags and lighting his markers, and I was busy lighting the headlight, when Seward came back to the engine and told me to hike right out after them and do the best I could. He stood gazing off up the track, and I could see something was worrying him, too.

"'What's eating you, Seward?' I blustered, in an attempt to get rid of my nervous feeling. 'Don't you think we will be able to make the time?'

"Seward rose to the bait, just as I

thought he would, and muttered: 'Oh, pshaw! Baldy, I know you can make the time, but a feeling has hold of me that I can't seem to shake off. Somewhere up that pike,' and he pointed up the track with a scared look on his face, 'I can see some kind of a mix, and the thoughts of it are worrying me more than I can tell you,' and, shaking his head slowly, he walked back toward the caboose.

"First No. 9 pulled out and went kiting up the road, with Stover, the engineer, shaking his fist at me. I didn't blame him much. Palmer was down in a sag where he always let 'em ramble to make time in getting to the top of the hill, and slowing down to let our flagman off would make him lose a few minutes more. We followed 'em right out, and the excitement of getting started after Stover knocked the nervous feeling out of me until we were a few miles up the road.

"The road from Oakland to Ruckett was about the cussedest and crookedest line that any half-witted surveyor ever laid out. About sixty miles on an air-line, I'd call it, while the rails run for over-ninety miles through the roughest kind of country.

"Up a hill and down the other side all the way, with the caboose still coming down one side while the engine was poking her nose up the next one. Following up and down the teeth of a saw is about the nearest description I can think of.

"Lake was the first station out of Oakland where a night office could be found, and the thought of trouble worried me so that I began to hope the wires would be working by the time we reached there, and the operator would have the red light against us. I eased off on the throttle when we hit the lower end of town and only too willing to stop, but the green light was shining bravely in the semaphore over the little shanty. I whistled twice for the board, hoping to scare the operator into thinking he had made a mistake, but the green still loomed up like a headlight, and the operator only gave me a contemptuous stare as we passed.

"Right out of Lake we hit a steep downgrade, and in all of my thirty years of life on an engine I've never had a stronger notion of quitting than I did right then and there. Whether it was my morbid thoughts



or not, I don't know; but somewhere in the misty road ahead I could see a mixed-up jumble of cars and an engine toppled off to one side.

"I could see people moving around and the steam arising from the wrecked engine just as plain as I could see the front end of the engine I was on. Every little feature was so distinct that I almost fell out the cab-window as I felt myself leaning forward to peer around the end of a car to catch the number of the engine.

"I pulled myself together with a few choice remarks to myself that explained how many different kinds of a fool I was. The next curve we hit I looked back as usual to see if we had all the train, and was just in time to see a fusee thrown off the caboose.

"That settled it. It was easy enough to see that the fireman was scared stiff—I could hardly get him to stay in the cab at all—I knew I was so rattled that I wanted to get off the engine and throw up the job—the bunch back on the caboose were troubled with softening of the brain similar to my complaint, or they wouldn't be tossing off fusees for a stop still six miles away. I was still studying the matter over when we spotted a faint light just as we hit a straight stretch of track about three miles from Palmer. At first I thought it was the embers of a burning tree; but I wasn't taking any chances that night, so I slammed on the air and pinches 'em down to five miles an hour or less.

"The fireman and I were watching the light.

"When it changed to green we both gave a yell. I stopped the string with a jerk and whistled out a flag. I looked back and saw the flagman going back and Seward coming up toward the engine.

"I watched the light flicker as it came slowly up the track, and I might as well tell the truth and say I was a whole lot scared. I'm not naturally a coward, but things were a whole lot mixed up that night,

and I wasn't sure of anything but the fact that every lunkhead on the train, myself included, was expecting something unusual to happen. Whatever it was, it looked to me as though it was right on schedule time and coming up the track to meet us. The fireman was down on the step with a torch held over his head, Seward's lantern could be seen bobbing along over the train, and the hind man was hiking back up the track with his red light. That was the only time in my life that I ever envied a brakeman his job.

"Seward came up and asked the fireman what the trouble was, and I could hear his snort of surprise when he looked up the track. I crawled down where they were, and we went into an excited discussion as to why and what it was. Seward was of the opinion that it was my place to walk down the track and meet it, but I told him the book of rules ordered me to stay with the engine. Then we both agreed that the fireman should go, but the fireman didn't see it that way at all.

"The light kept coming steadily toward the engine. Both Seward and



I RAN FORWARD AND CAUGHT HER.



WE GAVE THAT FELLOW A TONGUE-LASHING.

the fireman began to move back toward the train. I was standing by the pilot-beam with a hammer and monkey-wrench in my hands. I knew the tools would be no protection against a ghost—but I had to have something to hold on to. The light was now a blur of white, similar to the way a white barn looks in a dusky twilight, and flashes of red and green light would be seen.

"Seward and the fireman had played tag until they were two cars behind the engine.

"A cold, clammy perspiration was breaking out all over me, and I wanted to run back with Seward, but was afraid to leave the engine. I tried to lay the hammer down on the pilot to take a chew of tobacco, and was so nervous the hammer tapped away on the iron like the sounder in a dispatcher's office.

"The ghost was now just in the circle of light thrown by the headlight. I picked up the hammer, and was about to hurl it at the specter when the spook suddenly let out a series of cries with my name in each call. I was nervous enough before, but when that white thing began calling, 'Lonny! Lonny! Help! Help!' you can bet your pay-check I was half crazy, and only weakness kept me from running. Then it suddenly dawned on me that it was a woman, and the voice sounded like Kate's. I ran forward and caught her in my arms just as she fell.

"It was Kate. Kate, with her hair hanging down her back, her white dress covered with dirt and marked with blood-stains from gashes in her hands. How she came to be there, or what the trouble was, did not enter my mind. All I could think of was the story I had tried to tell her so often, and my voice started out like a phonograph with the regulator broken.

"Seward came running up, and had to grab me by the shoulder and shake hard before I could set the brakes on my tongue; but I had already received my answer in the way that Kate clung to me and sobbed out her story. After I had left she had hurried to the station and taken first No. 9 for home, passing us at Oakland.

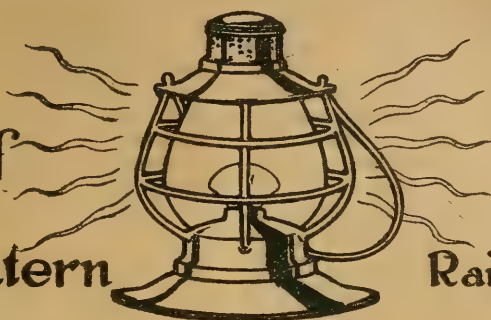
"Just outside of Palmer 9 had hit something. The crash was terrific. Several trainmen had been killed, and no one remembered to flag. She had grabbed one of the tail-lights and started back to meet us. The light had two green sides and one red one, which gave the flashes of both colors as she changed the lamp from hand to hand. We put her in the caboose and pulled on into Palmer.

"That's exactly just how I popped the question and won my wife; but why we were all so badly scared that night is something that I've been trying to figure out ever since."



# WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

By the  
Light of  
the Lantern



Questions  
Answered  
for  
Railroad Men

ASK US!

**W**E like to be as useful to our readers as we can; but, because of the great popularity of this department, we are forced to impose certain restrictions. It is limited to the answering of questions of an informative, technical, or historical nature only. Letters concerning positions **WILL NOT** be answered in this department. All letters should be signed with the full name of the writer, as an indication of his good faith. We will print only his initials.

**D**ESCRIBE methods of taking the port-openings and squaring the valves with the Young valve-gear, which is so similar to the Walschaert gear.

(2) How are valves squared with the Baker-Pilliod valve-gear?

(3) Suppose the valve-travel on one side of an engine was more than on the other side, how would this affect the cut-off when the reverse-lever was near the center of the quadrant?—T. J. M., Havre, Montana.

(1) Since the Young valve-gear can be driven equally well by either the Walschaert or the Stephenson motions, any familiarity with the setting of either motion will suffice in this case. In order to obtain the port-openings, remove the valve-chamber heads, whereupon the valves can be plainly seen. The adjustment of any valve-motion, so far as mere squareness is concerned, is dependent upon the equal travel or motion of the valve on either side of a certain middle line, which must necessarily be the center line of the exhaust-port. Therefore, in the Young gear, simply mark the valve-stem as the admission-port begins to open, just as you would with any other gear. The idea is to get marks on the valve-stem from which to work, and these once obtained, the subsequent procedure becomes easy.

(2) The Baker-Pilliod valve-gear when properly constructed and adjusted to the locomotive, passes outside of the pale of the constant con-

sideration of the engineer or mechanic. While liable, of course, to a certain amount of wear and inaccuracy, it is not subject to those erratic variations so peculiar to some forms of valve-gearing. Generally speaking, the eccentric-rod is the only part that may occasion a renewal of adjustment, as the wear of the bearings at the main-crank or in the main driving-boxes may cause a slight variation in point of length of the eccentric-rod.

The gear reach-rod and eccentric-arm, as well as the valve-rod, are all fitted with means for adjustment in regard to length, so that the equalization of the travel of the valve can be readily effected in the original assembling of the parts. The amount of lead, or opening of the valve at the beginning of the stroke, can be increased or diminished by lengthening or shortening the lower arm of the bell-crank.

It will be readily appreciated that by lengthening the arm of the bell-crank attached to the valve-rod connection, an increase in the length of the valve-stroke will be made, and this increase will be added to the amount of valve-opening at the end of the piston-stroke. A corresponding decrease will occur in the case of shortening the bell-crank arm.

These organic changes are seldom required, and it is questionable whether in the instance of a change in the amount of valve-opening being necessary it would not be advisable to make a

change in the combination-lever. By shortening or lengthening this lever, the stroke of the valve will be affected in a lesser degree.

In brief, assuming that the design of the valve-gearing is correct, the adjustment of the parts is a matter comparatively easy of accomplishment, and the contrivance, when once adjusted, has the rare quality of retaining that degree of accuracy which approaches as near perfection as can be expected in the strenuous aggregation of diverse forces which have their being in locomotive service.

We might add for your information, that the original Baker-Pilliod valve-gear, to which your question no doubt refers, has now been considerably modified and improved, and many slight defects in the old gear have been successfully eliminated. In its new form it has recently been applied to several high-speed locomotives of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, and other roads have spoken quite highly of it in high-speed service.

(3) Under the conditions which you mention, the steam will follow the piston farther on the side with the longest valve-travel, irrespective of the position of the reverse-lever, except that the discrepancy will probably be more in evidence with the lever closer to the end of the quadrant. If the error is sufficiently great, it will cause the valves to beat very much out of square, and it should be corrected by raising the side of the valve-motion which swings the longest; that is, of course, after the travel has been equalized on both sides. This adjustment may be made either by shortening the link-hanger or by putting a liner of proper thickness under the rocker-box of the long side. It is difficult to give any rule for the exact amount which the hanger should be shortened, or the rocker-box raised, as they are operations in which past experience proves the best teacher. It is said that one-sixteenth alteration in the hanger means a difference of one inch in the cut-off, but it would be better to prove it for yourself.

As the proper answers to your various questions require unusual space, we are holding Nos. 4 to 7, inclusive, until the next issue.

**W**HAT other roads in addition to the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, and the Baltimore and Ohio run their trains by block-signals?

(2) When trains are run by block-signals, does the dispatcher control the road as he would with train-orders?

(3) What roads use Prairie type locomotives to any extent?—G. C. B., Clinton, Iowa.

(1) There are very few roads to-day on which the block-system is not employed in one of its varied forms—automatic, controlled manual, staff, or telegraph block. The latter is presumed to be least advanced of modern signaling, and is about the least in evidence among the different systems. If you are particularly interested in what has been done and what remains to be ac-

complished in block-signaling, you can obtain a great array of statistics by addressing the secretary of the Interstate Commerce Commission, Washington, D. C.

(2) Yes, the train-dispatcher is always in evidence, no matter whether block-signals are present or not. About all the latter do is to help him out in his work, but there can be no relaxation of the eternal vigilance which has become the slogan of successful and safe railroad operation.

(3) The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe; Lake Shore and Michigan Southern; Chicago, Burlington and Quincy; Northern Pacific, Great Northern, and the Wabash railroads seem to favor engines of the Prairie type.

**A.** B., Sioux City, Iowa.—A. J. Johnson is superintendent, and P. Fraser, assistant superintendent, on the Buffalo, Rochester, and Pittsburgh Railway, at Du Bois, Pennsylvania.

**W.** L., Chicago.—The Western Pacific Railroad is about the largest piece of new construction in the western part of this country at present. It extends from Salt Lake City, Utah, to San Francisco, California, about 950 miles. The master-mechanic of this road is T. M. Vickers, Stockton, California. Beyond this road there are no actually new railroads under way, but many surveys have been completed for extensions to existing lines, and track-laying is being pushed in several instances. None of these, however, are of sufficient scope to necessitate any recent appointments to existing organizations.

**A**RE car-loads of freight routed via rail and lakes, transferred at Buffalo; or, are the cars themselves ferried across the lakes?

(2) When was the first railroad opened between Baltimore and Philadelphia, and what was its name?

(3) When a train is being helped by a pusher-engine how is a sudden stop made?

(4) Did you ever publish an article on the freight-claim department?—J. L. C., Baltimore.

(1) The Pere Marquette car-ferry is across Lake Michigan, and handles much freight in that direction without unloading. At Buffalo, the freight is generally transferred, although we believe that there is a car-ferry in operation between Lewiston and Toronto.

(2) The Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad was completed in 1838, but the Susquehanna River was not bridged until 1862. Previous to that time the road was operated in two sections: from Baltimore to Havre de Grace, and between Port Deposit and Philadelphia. The Baltimore and Port Deposit Railroad, which was the primary link in the through line to Philadelphia, was finished to Havre de Grace in 1837, and formally opened on July 6 of that year. Sleeping-cars were operated on the Baltimore-Philadelphia



line as early as 1838. They were so constructed that the seats used in day-travel could be converted into two or three tiers of comfortable berths. In addition to these, the company adopted, in 1847, reclining-chair cars for its trains running at nights. A few years ago the name of the road was changed to the Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington Railroad, and it is included in the operation of the Pennsylvania Railroad system.

(3) Close the throttle of the engine on the head-end of the train and apply the air and it will not go very far even if the pusher fails to take the hint for a moment or so.

(4) See "In the Claim-Agents' Office," by T. S. Dayton, published in THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE for August, 1909. Back numbers can be secured by sending 10 cents for a single copy to this office.

**H**OW is a switch worked so that when the car approaches within about three feet of it it is automatically thrown? It is located on a steep grade, one track continuing on straight and the other turning off at an angle.—C. McK., Pittsburgh.

For light steam or dummy roads, electric roads, or wherever the rolling stock can use heavy curves, automatic switches can be arranged at turn-out points to be thrown by the locomotive itself. The point-rail, as ordinarily arranged in these devices, is held by a housed spring in about the center of a cross-tie at the point. This spring closes the switch after each wheel-flange passes by, the action being similar to that of the hinge-rail of a spring rail-frog. Not many of these are in use; in fact, you will have to make quite a search to find any mention of them in standard works on tracks. We are unable to give any information in regard to the switch which you describe, as it is a locally contrived affair which those using will no doubt explain to you.

**A**BOUT how many engines has the Michigan Central Railway, and what type are they?

(2) Has this road any articulated compound locomotives?—K. B. K., Hastings, Michigan.

(1) 585 locomotives. The majority are the 8-wheel and 10-wheel types for passenger service, and the mogul and consolidation for freight.

(2) No.

**C.** W., York, Pennsylvania.—The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad has 2,004 miles of road, 1,226 locomotives, and 37,828 cars, of which latter 2,444 are passenger-cars. It also has a controlling interest in the Boston and Maine Railroad, with 2,288 miles, 1,093 locomotives, and 27,710 cars; and in the New York, Ontario and Western, with 494 miles, 181 locomotives, and 7,287 cars. The New Haven also practically controls the Long Island Sound Steamship

business and many miles of trolley roads in New England. It is a great railroad system, with engines of all types. The Pennsylvania terminates at Chicago and St. Louis.

**W**HAT is the Mikado and the Rocky Mountain type of locomotive, and what roads use them?

(2) About how many miles of track does a despatcher control on an Eastern Railroad?

(3) Does the Long Island Railroad use electricity to haul freight?

(4) Where are the Pennsylvania yards in New York City?—J. E. O., Savanna, Illinois.

(1) The Mikado type has a two-wheel truck, eight connected driving-wheels, and a trailer; hence, 2-8-2, according to Whyte's classification, which has been adopted in this country for locomotive wheel-base definition. There is no such thing as Rocky Mountain type, at least, not according to the classification mentioned. We have never heard of it.

(2) It varies with the length of the division. About 150 miles of road would be a fair average.

(3) Not to any great extent, although it is planned to include this service in the general electrification of that road.

(4) They are at Sunnyside, Long Island. The motors take the trains from Harrison, New Jersey, under the Hudson River and New York City to Sunnyside, stopping on the way at the new Pennsylvania station in New York City. All trains go through to Sunnyside after discharging passengers, and the car-cleaning and inspection is made at the large yard there.

**W**HAT are the diameters of the passenger-engine drivers on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad which are numbered 700, 1300, and 2100?

(2) Where is the water between the rails system used?

(3) How many miles of standard-gage road are there in Nevada?

(4) Have you any record of a railroad in Texas called the New York, Texas and Mexico Railway?

(5) How long is the railroad-bridge across Salt Lake in Utah?—F. B. S., Monessen, Pennsylvania.

(1) The "700" engines on the Baltimore and Ohio were originally of the 8-wheel American type (4-4-0), with short fire-boxes. They were all sizes, however, and there is some variation in the driving-wheel diameters. It is recalled that those numbered from 752 to 775 had a 69-inch wheel, while it was very much lower under the 796 and others, but 68 inches would about represent the 700 class. There is a difference also in the 1300 class in this regard. The first of these, numbered from 1300 to about 1307, were built in 1892. They were assigned for the heavy-grade work on the Baltimore and Ohio, between Keyser

and Grafton, West Virginia, and had a 66-inch wheel. The next few engines of the 1300 class, which are all 10-wheels (4-6-0), had 72-inch drivers. The 78-inch drivers begin about with engine 1320 and run up to 1336. These latter engines were employed for many years in the fast-trains service between Washington and Philadelphia. Some of them were originally compound-engines, but since then simple cylinders have been applied, and many of the rebuilt engines are still in that service. The 2100 class (4-6-2) all have 74-inch driving-wheels.

(2) Track-troughs for scooping water while running are used on the Pennsylvania, the New York Central, Baltimore and Ohio, Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, Reading, and on several other roads where long non-stop runs are in evidence.

(3) There are 1,884 miles of railroad in Nevada.

(4) We have no record of this road.

(5) From dry land to dry land, the "cut-off" over the Great Salt Lake covers twenty miles of pile construction. As an example of engineering, and ingenious and substantial construction, there is nothing comparable with it anywhere. It was opened November 28, 1893, and took two years to build. It sweeps away 43.77 miles, eliminates 3,919 degrees of curvature, and 1,515 vertical feet of grade, cuts down the running-time of the fastest train fully two hours, and, through its practically gradeless route, increases the tonnage movable per horse-power almost beyond power to calculate. The total length of the cut-off, from Ogden, Utah, to Lucin, Nevada, is 102.91 miles, while the former route around the head of the Lake was 146.68 miles long.

**L.** G. Y., Youngstown, Ohio.—The division superintendents of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway are located at New Franklin, Sedalia, and Kansas City, Missouri; Parsons, Kansas, and Denison, Texas. We have no information in regard to any oil-burning engines on that road or the other matter on which you request information.

**D.** W., Trenton, New Jersey.—The Pennsylvania station in New York City is the largest and best-equipped station in this country at present. It will be years before its full capacity will be tested, as it was built to anticipate so far as possible the requirements of the future. The area of the station and yard is 28 acres, and in this there are 16 miles of track. The storage-tracks alone will hold 386 cars. The length of the 21 standing-tracks at the station is 21,500 feet. The station building is 784 feet long and 430 feet wide. The average height above the street is 69 feet, while the maximum is 153 feet. To light the building requires 500 arc, and 20,000 incandescents.

(2) There are 289 Pennsylvania and Long

Island trains handled out of the Pennsylvania's New York City station at present; 876 trains are operated in connection with the Boston South Terminal station on summer schedules, and about 400 trains use the new Union depot in Washington, D. C. The St. Louis terminal handles more daily trains than the Washington depot, but less than Boston. The exact figures in this connection are unfortunately not available at this writing. The statistics in regard to passengers handled for 1909 have not come to hand as yet, but we can, no doubt, advise you in next month's magazine.

(3) We do not care to attempt any comparison between the popularity of railroads, in fact, it would be impossible to do this with any degree of fairness. They all serve their individual fields satisfactorily, and in the majority of instances comparison would be impossible in view of varying conditions.

**G.** B., and others, New York City.—We do not know of any concern shipping railroad men to South America. As we have often said before, we cannot too strongly advise against a railroad man giving up a good job in this country to take up the same work in another. Do not think of going there until you have talked the matter over thoroughly with some one who has returned with experience. It is our opinion that you will then give up the idea.

**G**IVE methods for obtaining degrees of curves.  
—B. E. B., Ralston, Nebraska.

The simplest way of describing a railroad curve is by giving the length of the radius, *i. e.*, the distance from the center to the outside of the circle, or one-half the diameter. The shorter the radius the sharper the curve. The length of the radius is usually stated in feet. English engineers often state the radius in chains (1 chain = 66 feet). The length of the radius of a railroad curve is measured to the center of the track.

Civil engineers designate railroad curves by degrees, using the sign ° for degrees and ' for minutes, there being 60 minutes in one degree. The exact length of radius, which, with an angle of one degree has a chord of 100 feet, is found to be 5729.65 feet. For the sake of convenience, 5,730 is generally taken as the radius of a one-degree curve. If the angle at the point of the "V" is two degrees and the sides are prolonged until 100 feet apart, the length of each side is (almost exactly) one-half as long as when the angle is one degree, or  $\frac{1}{2}$  of 5,730—2,865.

For a three-degree curve, the radius is one-third of 5,730, and so on. For perfect exactness, the length of 100 feet should be measured, not along a straight line connecting the ends of the "V," but along the line of the circle of which the sides of the "V" are radii; *i. e.*, the arc should be used and not the chord.



The difference, however, is so slight, for any curves ordinarily used on main lines of standard-gage railroads, as to be ignored in practise. For extremely sharp curves, of say 100 feet radius or less, it is usual to express the curve by feet radius rather than by degrees. A very simple method of finding degree of curvature without mathematical calculations, is to run out 62 feet of a steel tape, and stretch it between two points against the inside rail on the curve. Then measure from the exact center of the tape, the 31 foot mark, to the edge of the inside rail, and this distance in inches represents the degree of curvature.

You will have to make our other question regarding "expansion-plugs" between rails more explicit before we can attempt an answer.

**L.** G., Urbana, Illinois.—It would be impossible to learn telegraphy from a book, and we have none to recommend. There are a number of good schools where this profession is taught. Write to the International Correspondence Schools, Box 861, Scranton, Pennsylvania.

**I** S there a road in the Northwest known as the Alberta Central? Who is its master-mechanic?—V. E., Chicago.

The Alberta Railway and Irrigation Company, 66 miles long, from Lethbridge (Canadian Pacific connection) to Sweet Grass (Great Northern connection), is probably the road to which you refer. It operates a total of 113 miles, and has 8 locomotives and 85 cars. T. McNabb, Lethbridge, Alberta, is master-mechanic.

**H** OW does a locomotive work?—F. E. C., Toledo, Ohio.

We cannot reply to this as briefly as you have propounded the question, and we are somewhat at a loss how to answer you at all. We don't know how much elementary knowledge you possess in regard to a locomotive. However, we will do the best we can.

The steam-locomotive consists of a boiler and engine, mounted on a frame which is supported on wheels, the latter being turned by the engine. The boiler contains water, and has a fire-box, forming part of it, in which fuel is burned to supply heat to the water and convert it into steam. The steam passes through a valve, called a throttle-valve, thence through pipes to the steam-chests; from which valves, operated by a connection from the main-shaft or axle, automatically admit it alternately to each end of the cylinders, and exhaust it therefrom into the atmosphere through the exhaust-pipe and stack.

The expansive force of the steam moves the pistons, piston-rods, and cross-heads back and forth, and as the cross-head moves in guides, and has one end of the main-rod connected to it at the

wrist-pin, while the other end of the main-rod is connected to the crank-pin on the driving-wheel, the reciprocating motion of the piston is thereby changed into the rotary motion of the driving-wheels. This description could, of course, be elaborated in detail to fill a dozen magazines the size of this, but the above may suffice to give you an idea. You might read to advantage "How a Locomotive Boiler Works," and "The Inside History of a Locomotive," which appeared in THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, September and October 1907, respectively.

**I** HAVE argued that locomotive driving-wheels are cast and have a steel tire; and that the freight-car wheels are made of cast iron. Is this right? I would like to know whether there is any wood-fiber under locomotive-tires, and if there is a wood-fiber driver in existence.—G. P., New York City.

You are right in both contentions. Locomotive driving-wheels may be of cast iron or cast steel, the latter being now in more general use. Both have a steel tire which is bored somewhat smaller than the wheel, and then heated to secure the expansion to get it on. The contraction when cold ordinarily serves to hold it, but in many cases additional safeguards are employed, such as tire-retaining rings and set-screws passing through the wheel-rim between the spokes and into the tire.

Wrought-iron wheels for locomotives have been used in England, and, no doubt, many may be found there yet. Their construction is decidedly interesting in view of the fact that it requires many sections welded together to form a wheel, and the completed job represents about the highest development of the blacksmith's art. Freight-car wheels in this country are always of cast iron, without tires, but the tread is chilled or hardened. Wood-fiber is not used as you suggest.

The Baldwin Locomotive Works has turned out close to 60 engines in a single week. Even then, probably, the capacity of the plant was not fully tested.

**H** AS the Pennsylvania Railroad any engines of the Pacific type larger than the 2115 of the Baltimore and Ohio?

(2) Which engine do you consider the speediest of the two types, the American (4-4-0) or the Atlantic (4-4-2)? Equal size drivers, cylinders, etc.—H. C. V., Pittsburgh.

(1) The Baltimore and Ohio engine 2115, of the 4-6-2, or Pacific type, weighs 229,500 pounds, while the heaviest Pennsylvania of the same type has a total weight of 272,500 pounds. The Pennsylvania engine is also some 33,000 pounds heavier on drivers. The tractive effort of the Baltimore and Ohio engine, however, is in excess of this monster, and under even conditions it should prove as efficient.

(2) Your first pencil sketch indicates an

American, or 4-4-0 type, that is, a 4-wheel leading-truck, and 4 connected drivers with no trailer. The addition to this wheel arrangement of a single rear-truck, behind the drivers, converts the American into the Atlantic, or 4-4-2 type. Although there should be very little difference, if any, in speed under the equal conditions which you mention, it would be in favor of the Atlantic type, as the small rear or trailing-truck permits the fire-box to be greatly widened over the 4-4-0. Consequently, with larger grate area and heating surface, there would be more assurance of continuous high-steam pressure, which is a most important factor in the consideration of high locomotive speeds. It might be added that the Atlantic type is recognized as the high-speed engine in both this and foreign countries where the load behind the tender is in keeping with its capacity.

In regard to the other question in your letter, the comparison between Baltimore and Ohio 2115 and Baltimore and Ohio 1441 and 1451; although we have the completed dimension figures on 2115, we regret very much that they are not at hand at this writing for the 1441. These tabular comparisons which you request are always very interesting, and it is our intention to give them in that form whenever wanted. If it will be of any value to you, however, without the tabulated data, we can say there is little comparison possible between the two engines mentioned and the big Pacific 2115. They are Atlantics (4-4-2), and are much lighter than the latter. We will publish the dimension-tables next month, and you may draw your own conclusions. You need not apologize for your interesting letters, as we are glad to hear from you at any time. The harder the nut you give us to crack the better we like it. If we don't know ourselves we happen to be so fortunately fixed that we can soon get in touch with some one who does.

**G.** G., Valparaiso, Indiana.—All railroads running west from Chicago require an eye examination for operators, but in regard to the physical examination we are not so certain. This would of course apply on roads maintaining an employees' relief department. It is nothing which any man in possession of average good health need fear.

**L.** J. D., Chicago.—(1) The grade on the Santa Fe over Raton Mountain is the steepest of any on the three roads you mention.

(2) Don't know of any road using two firemen on the same engine in this country as a regular thing, although in view of the large number of Mallet engines being introduced it may be going on experimentally.

(3) The longest stretch of straight track on the Canadian Pacific Railway is from Regina to Arcola, where there is 91 miles without a curve. The Santa Fe has about 50 miles between Fort Madison, Iowa, and Galesburg, Illinois.

(4) The length of the Canadian Pacific Railway, from Montreal to Vancouver, is 2,898 miles, or to Seattle, 3,064 miles. That of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe is, Chicago to Oakland, 2,578 miles.

**R.** M. P., Craftonville, California.—(1) The ordinary duration of any apprentice shop is four years, unless some special arrangement is made to the contrary.

(2 and 3) There is generally steady work for an apprentice winter and summer, and his pay is raised a small amount every year.

(4) A start can be made at any time when the road approves the application.

**H**OW should a fire be built up in a locomotive before starting on the run?

(2) How often should fresh coal be applied to a fire?

(3) If a hole appears in the fire, how should it be treated?

(4) State as fully as you can just when the blower should be used?

(5) In making station stops should a fresh fire be put in at shutting off or when starting?

(6) In approaching long down-grades how should the fire be handled?—C. A. J., Salt Creek, Colorado

(1) The success of a trip over a division depends very much on how the start is made. A fireman with an interest in his work should reach the engine soon enough before starting-time to have the fire in the condition most favorable to making steam for the start. A hard and fast line cannot be recommended, because the conditions under which the start is made must influence to a great extent the kind of fire that must be on the grates. A heavy, hard-pulling train starting upon an ascending grade through the street of a town and long yards, will call for a fire different from that which is necessary when the train is light, and easy grades are met at the start without yards and streets that demand the fireman's attention to signals. At all events, when the train is ready to start there should be a glowing fire on the grates of a depth sufficient to keep up steam until after the reverse-lever has been notched back and the train worked into speed.

(2) The good fireman maintains the fire in a condition to suit the work which the engine has to do. At parts of the road where the grades materially increase the work to be done, he makes the fire heavier to suit the circumstances. This is done gradually and not by pitching a heavy charge into the fire-box at one time. This system of steady firing keeps the temperature of the boiler as even as possible, and has the double result of being easy on the boiler and using the fuel to the best advantage. The fire should be maintained nearly level and the coal supplied so that the sides and corners of the fire-box are well filled, for there the liability to drawing air is most imminent.



With this system closely followed, there should be no difficulty in keeping up a steady head of steam.

(3) When a hole appears in the fire it should be promptly located and filled, either by throwing lump-coal into it or by leveling the fire to cover it. It is, of course, apparent that the presence of a hole concentrates the draft largely in that quarter and has a most detrimental effect on the combustion which should be going on uniformly all over the grate-bars.

(4) The blower should be used principally to carry off the smoke, which has a tendency to trail when the engine is shut off. It can best be prevented by refraining from putting in fresh coal for a few moments before the throttle is closed. Other uses for the blower will from time to time suggest themselves to any observant fireman. The blower should not be left on any longer around stations than is absolutely necessary. In addition to the discomfort occasioned by its noise, it will blow away considerable steam at the pops.

(5) When approaching a stopping-place, the fireman should be careful to have a sufficiently heavy fire prepared as a preliminary, so that he will not have to commence firing until the start is made. If this has been neglected, however, it is better to throw in a fresh supply of coal while the engine is standing at the station. The common practise of throwing open the door and commencing to fire as soon as the throttle is opened is very hard on the fire-boxes, because the cold air drawn through the door strikes the fire-box sheets and tubes, contracting the metal and tending to produce leakages. Firing just as a train is pulling out of a station is bad for another reason. At that time, the fireman should be assisting the engineer in looking out for the signals.

(6) It depends entirely on the conditions of the road and run. If other grades are to be surmounted, care must be taken that the fire does not burn down too low for the hard pull to come. This is a point where your experience will form a better guide than anything we can say here.

## FROM THE SANTA FE LETTER FILE.

THE following letter, while in reality referring to some claim papers which had been forwarded to the superintendent, might convey the impression that the animal in question accompanied a formal letter:

yeso N Mex augs 11-1910

Mr F L Myers  
Dear Sir

The cow that was kild Hear the seccion Boss sent in W G Searcey it has Bin So Long I Dident now whether you had got it or Not Pleas Let Me Hear from you & oblige.

S. E. T—

\* \* \*

A section-foreman who had been given a better section concluded his letter of thanks to the roadmaster with the following rather ambiguous statement:

I have moved now and will do all in my power to gain best results. I think I will like this town very well, also my wife.

\* \* \*

A letter received by Roadmaster O'Dowd, at Temple, Tex.:

Mr. F. D. Odoll, Sir: I have work at Temple in yard for Paul-yugems 6 day and had to come home and the clerk said he would forde my check to Dallas, Texas, Oblige me, please Sir Yours

S. B—

I had it mad paybil at Temple, pleas send it to S—.

\* \* \*

The following letter was received at the San Francisco station a short time ago:

S. F. 5-19-1910

Santa Fee Freicht Depot, San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Sir:—Enclosed i send you the freicht

Bill, the Bill from the Marbel Yard and your paper. Thise is for the Marbel Slap that was brocken during the time myn Furniture was en route from Fresno to hieere. I shipped the same on the 19th last month and it arrived her on the 21st. When i send the Expressman down to haul it he found that the slap was broken. He singht for this on the Freight Bill from Fresno, and afterreweight of the furniture he paid \$3.00 more. I paid for all the charge, me in Fresno \$19.90. The broken Marbel slap is 3-6x1-6x06 as you see on Bill and weight 65 lbs. As you told me to have one made and send in the bill for it, wath i here with do i did not got the slap before to 2nd of this month and is still yet at the marbel yard for i have not paid for it yet. So please will you let me knowe wath the Compagnie is going to due, as you told me the Comp. gives only \$10 on 100 lbs. Please notefy me as sune as you can as the man from the marbel yard wants his money. Hoping to here from you soon i remane

Yours verye

Thruly etc., etc.

F— D—

—Santa Fe Employees' Magazine.

\* \* \*

Scorning matrimonial bureaus, the young lady who wrote the following letter to J. C. McKee, agent at Waterloo, Oklahoma, keeps her eye open for available material and proceeds in her own manner:

Guthrie, Okla.

Santa fa depo agent  
Waterloo

i hurd their wos a new santa fe depo agent down their that haint never been merryed yet i am 18 years old an good lokin an can read an rite perty good if i never did went to school let me no how old you was i haint never merryed myself yet eather

yourn forever

# THROUGH BY SUNRISE.

BY WILLIAM S. WRIGHT.

## Clifford Tells a Story and Love Finds a Way To Unite Three Happy Hearts.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### Love's Demands.



GENUINE acknowledgment of love is never lost on a sincere woman. Elaine Aldyce felt in the innermost recesses of her heart that George Clifford meant every word that he had uttered on the deck of the Titan.

There was something in his tone and manner that precluded any possibility of doubt. George Clifford loved her. Of that there was no gainsaying.

The question that rankled in her heart was whether or not she loved him. Love, to her, was the purest and holiest condition that a united man and woman could know. It should exist as strong in the one as in the other. There should be no doubts. The woman should not only be sure of the man, but sure of his love.

The man should not only be the lover and protector of the woman, but know that she has found in him the ideal of her fancy—for it is on fancy as much as character and will that a woman builds her love.

Then, too, it was for life—life so far as she would know it. She recalled the words of her dear dead mother—a woman who was a wife and a mother in every sense of that holy combination. Her mother had said: "When you marry, my daughter, be sure that you love—be sure that you love. That is the only basis on which a girl should marry."

All this, and a thousand and one more thoughts, flashed through Elaine's mind as she tore herself from George Clifford's

arms and ran like a startled deer to her stateroom.

One or two of the belated passengers saw her and noticed the strange look on her face as she passed them, but they simply surmised another case of seasickness and an overcome lady hastening to the confines of her stateroom.

Once inside, she hastily removed her hat and coat. As the great tears welled to her eyes and blinded them, she threw herself on her bed and wept.

For a long time her sobbing might have been heard by any one passing her door. She seemed to be able to do naught but cry. Then the tears gave way to thoughts—thoughts and thoughts and still more thoughts that would not down came crowding into her brain.

This was the first time in her life that a man had proposed to her. It came as a shock to the girl—for her life had been lived outside of such idea. When it does come to such a girl it is a matter of the most serious import. It affects her whole life.

Sleep soon calmed the troubled girl—sleep without dreams or qualms—and when she awoke the stream of sunlight that illumined her room made her sit up and marvel. She arose and looked in the glass at her red and swollen eyes.

"What a sight!" she said, womanlike, and then she set about her toilet, for she must appear on deck soon and—oh, how would she tell May Pierce!

There came a soft knock at the door.

Elaine opened it cautiously. A white-capped stewardess stood outside.

"Miss Aldyce," she said, "Mr. Clifford wishes to know if you will take breakfast with him and Miss Pierce in the restaurant."



The three fellow travelers had been accustomed to take their meals together in the regular saloon, and an invitation to the restaurant was a little out of the ordinary. Many of the modern ocean liners have an *à la carte* restaurant in conjunction with the regular dining-saloon, where passengers may go at will at any hour of the day or night.

Elaine hesitated a moment. She could not quite comprehend why George Clifford should have sent such an invitation.

"Oh, I don't think—I really don't think that I will take breakfast this morning," she said hesitatingly. "Tell Mr. Clifford that I shall not take breakfast this morning. I will meet him and Miss Pierce later for luncheon."

The stewardess departed, and Elaine turned to make herself presentable. But in a little while she was interrupted by the telephone in her stateroom.

She placed the receiver to her ear. The musical tone of George Clifford's voice greeted her.

"Do accept my invitation—Elaine."

He hesitated before speaking her name.

She did not reply.

"Elaine," he repeated lower, "don't you hear me?"

"Please don't," she said.

"Won't you accept my invitation?" he asked.

"What for?" she asked—and she knew not why she should make so foolish a remark.

"Breakfast in the restaurant," he said.

"I want you to come at once."

"Commanding—already!" she answered as her voice broke into a ripple of laughter.

Clifford would have given worlds if he could have taken her into his arms at that moment.

"Why won't the regular saloon do?" she asked.

"Do!" said George, with some emphasis. "It has been closed for an hour. You must remember that you have been sleeping overtime to-day. Miss Pierce and I have been pacing the deck, waiting for you. If you don't come soon, I'll devour the anchor-chains. I'm as hungry as a starved wolf."

"I didn't think that I would take breakfast this morning," said the girl.

"Nonsense," replied Clifford. "You must come. We will wait fifteen minutes for you. Meantime I will go to the steward and order. Besides, Elaine, the English

coast is on our bow, and by the time that breakfast is over it will be in splendid view. Now, Elaine, don't be foolish. Come as I wish."

There was something in his voice that seemed to assure Elaine that she should go.

Heretofore she had been immune to such pleading. Nobody could make her do anything against her wishes. Now she felt that it was her desire—nay, her duty—to say that she would do what he so earnestly requested. Some inner motive that had never before manifested itself in her being seemed to be saying, "Yes, yes, yes!" and ere she was aware of it she had said "Yes" so clearly and audibly that there could be no mistaking her meaning.

"Good!" Clifford's voice had the ring of real delight. "Miss Pierce and I will meet you at the entrance to the main saloon. Don't be long. Think of my terrible hunger."

Elaine's fifteen minutes grew into twenty and even thirty before she did put in an appearance.

She had dressed with lightning-like rapidity, but when the final moment came for her to leave her stateroom and face the man who the night before had asked her to be his wife the strain was a little too much.

Just how many times she tried to open the door and step into the passage she could not tell. For moments she sat, trying to muster her courage. She knew that George would be calling her again—and, then, his appetite! She should have some consideration for that!

George Clifford was on the verge of starting to telephone a second time, when he and May Pierce chanced to glance up the wide staircase that led down to the main saloon. They looked just in time to see Elaine—a queen in her simple stateliness—hesitating at the top step.

Clifford thought she had never looked so glorious before. She was attired in a pretty morning gown; a jaunty hat was set natively on her well-combed hair; she seemed to be the allegory of womanly perfection.

She turned her head away for a moment, and then started down the stairs. Then her eyes caught those of George Clifford, and her face lit up with a smile that was a radiant beam of glory.

Clifford responded with a reassuring smile that dispelled her fears as the morning sun dispels the shadows.

She knew that awful danger—the danger

of meeting him face to face—was over. His smile set her at ease.

He arose and held out his hand. She took it, and looked straight into his face; but, as he pressed her hand with all the warmth of heartfelt assurance, she blushed just the faintest crimson and turned away.

"Miss Pierce and I are starved to death," said Clifford. "You wait with her a minute, and I will see if breakfast is ready."

He darted into the restaurant. The girls were left alone for a moment. Keen is the perception of woman—aye, keener and more penetrating than that of man. Although Clifford had not divulged to May Pierce—either by look or word or sign—even the slightest hint of the understanding that had arisen between Elaine and him, its truth flashed into her mind.

As Clifford dashed to the restaurant, May took her friend's hand.

"What a beautiful morning!" said Elaine.

But two and two and four and four and eight and eight had been dashing through May Pierce's brain, and each addition was just what she anticipated it would be. She didn't heed the time-worn remark about the weather, but, looking Elaine straight in the eye, she said:

"Elaine—Elaine—I think I know why you are so late this morning."

"Why, May, dear—"

"Oh, Elaine, may I—" She drew close to her chum and whispered with every atom of sincerity:

"I congratulate you."

Elaine tried to brush away a tear. There was no use denying. May was a woman, and therefore she knew. Had she been a man, Elaine would have answered. But "you can't fool a woman," and no one knows that fact better than a woman.

Most of the passengers were on deck at the time, peering into the clear offing where the sharp outline of old England's coast was growing more perceptible with each revolution of the boat's propellers. The few who were below at the time, and happened to see two pretty young women in each other's arms, hugging and patting and kissing, might have been a bit surprised; but they were no more surprised than George Clifford when he returned to escort them to the restaurant.

He knew, the moment he saw them, that the cat was out of the bag. At heart he was not sorry, for it would divert the conversa-

tion to the subject that was foremost in his mind—and, too, it was evidence that Elaine had taken him seriously.

"I congratulate you, too," said May, offering Clifford her hand. "I congratulate you. You have got the very best girl in all the world!"

"Oh, I haven't accepted him yet!" Elaine said almost aloud, and then looked around, fearing that some one had heard her.

"Oh, but I—" Clifford hesitated.

"A woman always has the privilege of changing her mind," said Elaine.

But there was something in her smile and in the look that came into her eyes that made him understand that she wouldn't.

No matter how pleasant a trip at sea may be, no matter how jolly the journey, or how fine the weather, the sight of land is always welcome. The vast ocean, as observed from shore, fills one with awe. Its power and majesty are difficult to comprehend, and frequently the observer looks at it with a touch of fear. But the sight of land from the sea is an entirely different matter.

One looks upon it as an old friend. It seems to hold out some welcoming, cheering hope, and as it grows from a dim, darkened outline—as the ship approaches—until it takes the more visible form of mountains and valleys, with cities nestling here and there, it seems to assure us that we belong to it, and not to the vast stretches of water that surround it.

Something of this sort stirred the heart of Elaine. When the trio went up to the hurricane deck, after the rather elaborate breakfast which Clifford had ordered and which partly served as a feast to celebrate the engagement—although Elaine said that she would not as yet give her consent—the green cliffs of the British mainland were plainly to be seen.

The passengers were all on deck now. Those who thought that they knew were pointing out spots of interest.

The big boat had the currents and the tide in her favor. As the land loomed larger, she seemed to move faster. Before the day was more than three hours past the noon, the Titan was inside the harbor.

Elaine had stood on one side of George Clifford and May on the other. Every new thing that came to their view caused them all the joy of the traveler who is making his journey for the first time.

Finally the Titan was ready for the dock.



She was slowly nosing into the little harbor studded with all manner of craft. More busy than all the rest were the puffing tugs that were to see the liner safe alongside her wharf.

"We had better go down now and finish packing," said May, breaking the silence.

She darted off, leaving George and Elaine alone.

"Isn't it glorious, Elaine?" said the man.

"Glorious! Yes, it is very glorious and wonderful; and I am so happy. I had almost forgotten the real quest of our journey," Elaine said with some feeling.

"I want you to tell me something before we land," said George, leaning close to her.

He slipped her hand into his and waited.

"I want you to say 'Yes,' now—before we go ashore. Just look up into my eyes and say 'Yes.'"

Another moment passed. She did not take her hand from his. He was so close to her that she seemed to be leaning against him for support.

Then, all of a sudden she turned her wonderful face up to his. Her eyes mirrored the glory of life. Her lips parted. She silently muttered so he could just barely hear: "Yes."

A shudder ran through her body. The man, whose wife by that word she had promised to be, squeezed her hand with all the assurance that the situation afforded.

They hurried to their staterooms, for there was little time left for the final packing.

When they appeared on deck again, they had all their traveling-bags with them. England being a free-trade country, the traveler is not molested by inquisitive customs' agents. All that one need do is to go ashore with his trunks.

The only obstacle to his landing is the numberless porters and carriers. These men are ever ready with open palms for tips, but they will work with a will once they receive the price of a drink.

Elaine and May stood aside and admired the clever manner and the swiftness with which George despatched their luggage.

In a few moments they were aboard a train bound for London. There they spent the night. In the morning, when they looked out of the windows of the little hotel near the Inns of Court—that historic section of old London devotedly loved by its corps of barristers—a dense fog enveloped everything.

One must really experience a London fog to understand its density. It will settle over the city for days. During its stay, it is impossible for one to see three feet ahead of him.

Many of the stores are closed. The jewelry establishments put up their heavy steel or iron shutters to prevent robbery. The cabmen—on whom the burden of traffic depends—are obliged to lead their horses. They lead the animal by the bridle with one hand, and in the other they carry a torch—the flames of which prevent them from colliding with other vehicles.

The fog kept them indoors for three days. It was declared to be the densest that London had known in years. On the morning of the fourth day it raised sufficiently to allow them to proceed to Euston Station without hindrance. From Euston Station they took the express to Devon.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### In the Fog.

**D**URING the three days that Clifford and the girls were held prisoners by the fog of old London, they passed the time telling stories. Both Elaine and May were particularly fond of tales about dogs, and they were not slow in letting George understand that a good dog story would please them more than anything else. So George agreed, and I know that you will want to hear the story that he related about Cobs before we journey on with our friends to Devon. This is just as he told it:

"How can we do it?" Mrs. Lawrie asked.

"It's rough on him—and us," replied Jack Lawrie, tracing the pattern of the carpet with a restless boot-toe, "but—it's—got to be, I suppose. Just like parting with one of ourselves, isn't it? Cobs is—"

Cobs, himself, prevented the finishing of the sentence. Hearing his name, he had leaped out of the hall window-sill, from which point of vantage he had been watching his chum, Fifi, the French poodle, who lived next door, trying to catch sparrows on the lawn. Cobs grinned broadly and chuckled with every muscle of his body when the sparrows dodged the poodle's rushes and chirped contemptuously from the maple boughs.

Resting his chin on his master's knee, Cobs looked up with topaz eyes that were

limpid wells brimming with loyalty. His stump of a tail with "measured beat and slow" declared his affection for his master.

"Good old chap," said Jack, looking down into the honest eyes of the dog.

With a sigh of satisfaction and an acceleration of the tail signals, Cobs removed his chin and crossed the room to pay his *devoirs* to his mistress. Receiving from her a hearty patting and some loving words, he waited until his gentlemanly instincts told him that it was proper to take his departure for the hall window.

A silence fell on the young couple.

"After all, Bea," said Jack, "it's only for a time, you know. Chusmann is a very decent sort. He loves dogs, too. Cobs is sure to have plenty of grub, which he mightn't get for the present if he stuck to us."

"I know, dear," quavered the little woman. "It isn't that I think that Cobs won't be treated kindly or be well taken care of. But—it's the parting with him. I'm sure that he'll be just as miserable without us as we'll be without him."

Jack rose and took the girl in his arms and stopped the quivering of her lips with a touch of his own.

"Of course, of course," he said soothingly, "we'll all of us feel this—breaking up of the family, most awfully. But don't forget, Bea, that it's only for a time. Why, the very moment we get that snug mite of a flat not far from Riverside Park, so that Cobs can chevy sparrows and fish for sticks to his heart's content, he'll join us again."

"Are you sure that Chusmann will give him up when we want him?"

"Well, he's consented to sign an agreement to the effect that as soon as we've paid him what we owe him, plus the amount of Cobs's board-bill, Cobs himself is to be returned to us in good condition."

Bea nodded a rather dreary approval of the arrangement.

"Cobs is worth in the open market to-day—" began Jack.

"Market?" said Mrs. Lawrie, her big eyes wide with vague fear.

"You blessed innocent," laughed her husband, "I believe that you think of a market in connection with saws and cleavers and gory butchers' blocks. No, I don't intend that Cobs shall grace a pot-roast, which, I believe, is Aleutian Islandese for dog-served-in-every-style."

"Don't, Jack."

"All right, dear. But as I was about to say, I could sell Cobs to any fancier for at least a couple of hundred dollars. Chusmann admits this. We owe him nearly fifty dollars. So you see he's got lots of security for his debt. And, Bea, the bully old fellow whispered to me, just as I was leaving: 'My frent, Meester Lawree, ef you want any meats more, alretty, take 'em. Ve'll sharge 'em up der dog against. You hoongry don't go, s'long dis store opens is, yes? My regarts the leetle frau to and compliments mit this, the bag in!'"

"So that's where the chicken came from?" said Bea, with a rippling laugh.

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me before? I was horribly afraid that our troubles had driven you to desperation—and our neighbor's roosts."

"I'd raid them soon enough, if I thought you needed a fricassee."

"Silly!" replied the wife, snuggling close to him. "Are you never going to get over that kind of nonsense?"

"Never," said Jack stoutly—and husband and wife straightway forgot their troubles in remembering the things that love had wrought for them.

For three generations the firm had been Lawrie & Son, importers of fiber. The concern was the biggest in the business, and the canniness of McKenzie Lawrie, the founder, seemed to pass, with other assets, from heir to heir. It was an unwritten but stanchly honored law that the eldest son of the head of the firm should, at birth, be made a full-fledged partner, his share of the profits being duly placed to his credit in the care of a regularly appointed guardian.

When this son was of an age to begin his life-work, he took up his burdens of the business as a matter of preordination. And this routine had stood for four generations, Jack being the last link in the chain of the Lawrie traditions.

Long before his son had left college, Mr. Lawrie, with the fatuity of a stubborn father, had planned a matrimonial alliance for Jack, which would mean the ending of an ancient business feud between Lawrie & Son, and its only rival of note, Closely, Bardon & Hollister. As a matter of fact, there wasn't a Bardon or a Hollister any more, but there was a Closely, and he was legions in himself. Closely had an only daughter. Bethida was a trifle *passé*, per-



haps, but she looked pretty well at dinner if the candle shades were of the right color and sufficiently opaque. She was square-shouldered, rode to hounds, and was a member of several women's clubs. But Closely was rich. He limped with a superb gout and possessed a nose of the hue and dimensions of a beet-root. He wasn't averse to an honorable peace with Lawrie, if it didn't mean an appearance of defeat and a lessening of revenue.

Lawrie had sounded Closely about the welding of business interests, by means of a union of Jack and Bethida, and Closely jumped—metaphorically, of course—at the idea. Then followed discussions and conventions, and at length it was agreed that the interests of the two firms should be pooled on the day of Jack's engagement to Bethida, to the utter confusion and overthrow of all rival fiber concerns, great or small.

Jack, on the completion of his college course, was promptly shipped to Europe, and told to remain there for at least two years.

"I am going to make you travel, my boy," said Mr. Lawrie, "so that you may find out how deuced little you know. Of course, you will make an ass of yourself, but don't be more kinds of an ass than you can help. You'll get a liberal monthly allowance, but not a penny more. If you fall into traps, especially those that are baited with petticoats, you will have to wriggle out of them as best you can. Don't look to me for any assistance."

Jack departed, followed his father's instructions to the best of his ability, and returned to the land of his birth freighted with a fair knowledge of the world in general and Paris in particular.

He plunged into business, and at once gave evidence that he was fitted to play the secondary rôle in the cast of Lawrie & Son. After a time, Mr. Lawrie senior bethought himself that affairs were ripe for the introduction of Miss Closely. Jack met the girl, and was a trifle disgusted, but yet more amused, at her mannish fads. Miss Closely, having in mind her approaching thirties, made up to Jack as best she knew how. But the young fellow, in his wildest flights of fancy, never dreamed that Miss Closely, who had been taken into her father's confidence, looked upon him as a prospective husband.

Of course, he never suspected that his

father had taken the liberty of mapping out his matrimonial career.

So a year passed. The husband of Jack's only sister died suddenly, and the widow and her two children became members of the Lawrie mansion on Madison Avenue. The girls were respectively six and eight years of age. Elinor, the eldest, was very delicate. It was decided to entrust the preliminary education of the girls to a nursery governess, and Beatrice Tolliver obtained the position. It may be that way down in the tough old heart of Mr. Lawrie there was a touch of compunction for Beatrice, whose father had died after the going up of his firm, which was put out of business by Lawrie & Son's cornering operation.

Miss Tolliver was a wildflower kind of a girl, with eyes of vivid violet and a personality that exuded the delicate sweetness of an evening primrose. Jack promptly fell in love with her, and after months of quiet and persistent wooing, she at length acknowledged that she had just as promptly fallen in love with him.

Of the storm in the Lawrie household when Jack told his father of his feelings for the girl, of the threats, promises, and entreaties with which Mr. Lawrie sought to shake his son's determination to make Beatrice his wife, of the final expulsion of Jack from the firm, plus his two thousand five hundred dollars, and minus his brilliant prospects, and of the amazement that filled the fiber world when, on the day of Jack's marriage, the sign over the offices on Water Street was altered from Lawrie & Son to Lawrie & Company, this history need not deal in detail.

After a rather prolonged honeymoon, Jack obtained a position as buyer with a rival of his father, rented a little house in New Lyons, a residential city on the Sound, furnished it prettily, and began to taste the delights of the spring-time of matrimony. It was about this time that Cobs came to be one of the family.

Meantime the unexpected was brewing in the caldron of fate. Lawrie and Closely had more meetings.

"Why should we let that condemned young fool of yours stand in the way of consolidation as we intended?" growled Closely.

"Why, indeed," acquiesced the other. Then came the fiber combine, which bred many failures, killed other combinations, and caused trouble in general.

Jack's turn to feel a touch of one of the tentacles of the octopus came in due course.

"Boss wants to see you in his private office, Mr. Lawrie," said the office-boy one day.

"Jack," began the "old man" hesitatingly, "I've got rather unpleasant news for you."

"Yes?" replied Jack, wondering if his father was ill.

"The fact is—oh! hang it, boy, I'll be frank with you. Old Closely has insisted on your discharge, and—we can't afford to disregard his wishes. We've been threatened with reprisals if we don't get rid of you. Closely knows that you know so much about the inside business of the combine that he's afraid we will take advantage of it. And I think you'll find that he has blacklisted you throughout the trade!"

Jack's mouth and eyes looked dangerous.

"If it weren't for dad," he muttered, "I certainly would put an incidental spoke in Closely's wheel. But—I can't as things are."

"You know what I think of you, personally, Jack," his boss went on. "Yet how can I afford to buck the combine? Count on me as a friend and draw on the cashier for a month ahead."

Jack broke the tidings very gently to Bea that night, Cobs listening meanwhile in his favorite pose—his chin on his master's knee, and Bea, to the intense surprise of her husband, instead of crying, "Oh, dear, what will become of us?" or bursting into tears, came to him with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, and, putting her arms around his neck, said:

"What do we care, dear! My clever, brave old boy, you can do just whatever you set your mind on. I'm only too glad that you're out of that stuffy office. So there!"

The prediction that he was blacklisted in the trade proved to be true. All his old friends were cordial—but nothing more. Some were frank, others tried to spare his feelings, but all were as a unit in refusing him employment. Then he turned to other trades only to find that he was rated as a sort of unskilled laborer, and would be compensated as such.

Next he tried to make use of the technical knowledge he had acquired at college, and discovered that he would have to begin at the foot of the ladder, which he couldn't afford to do. He sought a position as

"coach," but found the field overcrowded. He experimented with subscription books and life insurance. Each of these efforts—which in all covered nearly a twelvemonth—brought returns, but of a microscopic sort.

All through those trying days the little wife was a bloom of cheerfulness and comfort. Finally the day arrived when, casting up accounts, he found that he had a bank balance of seventy-three dollars, owed the New Lyons tradespeople about eighty dollars. Another month's rent would soon be due, and he had no employment.

Jack's sister, acting under her physician's advice, had journeyed to the south of France for an indefinite period. So the elder Lawrie was alone in the big house on Madison Avenue. Closely, disregarding his doctor's orders, had celebrated the successful consummation of a big deal with a dinner where the wines outnumbered the courses. The next morning he was found by his valet a purple carcass, the scarlet of his nose defying the pallid touch of death.

Loneliness and trouble wrought a miraculous change in the nature of Lawrie senior, and one day he walked into the office of Jack's ex-employer.

"Ever hear anything of that precious young rascal of mine?"

"No," said the other, "can't say I do. Stay, though, Silsbee, I remember, saw him at the Grand Central depot about a month ago. Said he looked a trifle peaked. Said he was living at New Lyons."

"Umph!" grunted Lawrie senior, and walked out of the office. The other man raised his eyebrows, took some meditative whiffs of his cigar, and muttering, "Shouldn't wonder," began to paw and finger and pull apart a lot of stuff that looked like a tangle of dirty hair.

Lawrie senior was speeding toward New Lyons.

"Looking peaked, is he? Serves him right, confound him. I'll just take a look at the quarters the young fools have. Tumbledown cottage, or a cheap flat, I'll warrant. Hope he's realizing what a fool he's been. Wonder if they have a baby. Of course they have. People who can't keep themselves always try to have a family so as to add to their troubles. If it's a boy, wonder if it looks like Jack."

The train drew into the station. A guarded inquiry at the post-office of the little town put Mr. Lawrie in possession of



Jack's address. But he didn't go there direct.

"They'll be loafing about their piazza, if they have one, and if they happen to see me they'll think I'm here to hoist the white flag," he meditated, and with the assistance of a voluble small boy, made his way to the sea front, determined to wait until dusk before inspecting the home of his son.

On the beach was a small board-walk lined with benches. On one of these Mr. Lawrie sat down, noticing mechanically that the only other occupant was a fat, rosy individual who was smoking a cigar with the aid of a huge meerscham holder of unmistakable Teutonic manufacture. A band played softly from a point on the rocks, the sands were dotted with couples and family groups, and the unruffled surface of the Sound was flecked by specks of snowy canvas.

Mr. Lawrie had been sitting there for fifteen minutes or so, thinking many things and feeling the emphasis of his loneliness by reason of the companionship of those around him, when he was startled by something cold and clammy being insinuated into the palm of his hand.

Looking down he saw Cobs—Cobs, with a kindly light in his eye, and a cordial, if not effusive, wag of his stump of a tail. Seeing that he was recognized, Cobs once more put his nose trustingly into the hand of the fiber magnate, sniffed meditatively, and again beamed a welcome of a very sincere sort.

The fat, rosy one on the bench burst into unctuous laughter.

"Vell, vell," said he, "Cobs wants frents to make yet. Cobs not often hands shakes like dat onless he would be chumps, yes."

"Does he belong to you?"

"Ach, no. I myself wish dat he yas mine. He lives his peeples vitl—Meester Lawrie and Meesus Lawrie. Fine peeples, yes. See dem dere on the sand—der leetle frau mit the blue dress. Ach, der nicest peeples as vas. But—"

"But what?"

"Vell, I t'inks me dey vas pretty hard up. Dey owes me money, but I don't mind, no. Dey goes to live in New York soon alretty. Cobs he stay mit me ven dey goes."

"Why do you take charge of Cobs?"

"Oh, chust arrangements, frents between. Dat's all. Cobs, he like New Lyons better as New York, yes." And Chusmann wheezed laboriously.

But Mr. Lawrie, accustomed to draw inferences from hints, guessed the situation on the instant, and he felt almost angry with himself because he experienced no satisfaction in learning that Jack was suffering for his alleged disobedience. So he looked long and longingly at the young couple on the sands. He saw how the girl unconsciously leaned against her husband and how the latter as unconsciously supported her, and, seeing, felt something within him soften, melt, and vanish.

Then, with a parting pat for Cobs, who had been snuggling confidently against his leg all this time, and a friendly nod to Chusmann, Mr. Lawrie, with the loneliness tugging more strangely than ever at his heart-strings, made his way back to the village.

The Lawrie cottage stood in one of the parks of New Lyons wherein each house is separated by a lawn and there are shade-trees in abundance.

The roads in the park are of the serpentine sort, so that a landscape effect is obtained within the compass of a small area.

Opposite the cottage is a wooded slope, on the crest of which stands the house of the rich man of the town. From a picturesque standpoint, the scheme of New Lyons is admirable, but its police force is of an uncertain quantity, and the town council is economical in the matter of street-lights. The town is one of the halting stations of the migratory tramp.

The Lawrie family had just finished their meager supper. The dishes all being washed and things generally tidied up, they were comfortably seated in their little den, when Cobs came to his feet with a bound. Giving tongue to his battle-cry, he made a rush for the street door, at which he scratched frantically.

"Something up for sure," remarked Jack, as he opened the door. The dog, with a fierce growl, bounded over the piazza railing to the lawn below, and made for a writhing heap in the roadway. Jack followed, but before he could overtake the dog, the heap resolved itself into two men, one of whom rose, only to fall prone again, while the other was striking desperately at Cobs, who was clinging like a leech to his wrist.

Cobs was too skilled a warrior to allow himself to be finally vanquished on account of a preliminary advantage, and so

he suddenly loosed his hold. At once the man turned and ran. This was what Cobs wanted. Before the biped had gone a couple of yards, the quadruped, with a long antelope-like leap, had fastened his fangs in the back of the man's neck. Shrieking with pain and terror, he fell backwards, the hot breath and low growls of his captor playing on his face.

"Hold him, Cobs!" shouted Jack. "I'll be there in a moment!" Cobs replied gutturally that he would, sinking his teeth a trifle deeper as he did so.

Bea, peering anxiously from the veranda, heard her husband call:-

"Bring a lamp!"

Bea obeyed. The young people saw with amazement, consternation, and pity that the man who had risen and fallen again was Jack's father—insensible, dust-covered, and blood-stained.

"I'll get him into the house at once," said Jack. "You telephone for Dr. Jarshins and get the spare bed ready."

"What about the other man?" asked Bea.

"Dr. Cobs is attending to him, all right. But I'll see to him presently." Taking his father in his arms, Jack carried him very tenderly into the house which he had never expected to see him enter.

It was two days later, and Mr. Lawrie, weak and shaky, but rapidly recovering from the assault upon him, was lying in bed telling Jack and Bea of his adventure. Incidentally he held the hands of his son and daughter-in-law, and his eyes sought their faces hungrily.

"Dear old dad," said Jack, "so you really wanted to see where we were camped out?"

Mr. Lawrie nodded. "Yes," he said, "and—and—Jack, you didn't have the shades down in the room in which you were sitting."

"No?"

"No, and so, after I'd seen you and Bea, as I then did, if that scoundrel hadn't given me a tap on the head at that moment, I—think—I—should have asked you for a night's lodging."

Jack squeezed his father's hand convulsively.

"Where is our footpad, by the way," asked Mrs. Lawrie.

"In the hospital—as a prisoner. Cobs mauled him badly. The man turns out to be a hold-up who's very much wanted by

the police. Cobs had a narrow squeak for his life, too, for the man was trying to get at him with a knife. He couldn't, as Cobs had sense enough to grab him by the nape of the neck."

"God bless Cobs!" said Mr. Lawrie fervently. "If it hadn't been for him I mightn't have been here with you. Bea, my girl, I don't blame Jack a bit. I was a stubborn, old—"

Bea deliberately placed a rosy palm over his mouth. "You're talking far too much. Now, try and have a good long nap while Jack and I get up a nice little dinner for you."

Mr. Lawrie smiled drowsily and contentedly. "All right," he said, with a yawn, "and, Jack, I'll have that sign—made—over into Lawrie—and Son. Bea, would you like me to buy you—this cottage for—a—wedding present? Good dog, good dog, good Cobs, good—"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### Reunited for Life.

UNCLE Tom and Billee and the household marveled at the three strangers who appeared at the lodge gates one afternoon.

A more glorious sunshine had never been seen on the coast, as Devon was popularly known. It seemed as if a day of peculiar brightness had been specially created for the arrival of Elaine and her friends.

Sunshine does so much to bring gladness into our lives, and when Uncle Tom clasped Elaine to his breast and Billee—now a grown girl just budding into the delight of her early years of understanding—greeted her with all the affection of a daughter welcoming her mother, George Clifford and May Pierce stood aside and let the willing tears come to their eyes.

"Billee," said Elaine, motioning to Clifford, "I have brought home your father."

The man and the little girl looked at each other quizzically for a second. It only took the second for the man to see—to know. The child was less sure. She had lived so long an orphan that it was difficult for her to understand that the tall, handsome gentleman, beaming on her with a kindly face, was really one of the lost parents that she had loved as myths.

George Clifford approached the little girl. Getting down on one knee, he held



out his arms to her. The instinct of the child for its parent—the wonderful instinct inculcated by Heaven never to die—told little Billee that her life would no longer be devoid of the dearest attraction that a child can know.

She rushed into her father's arms, and the kisses that he showered on her face and neck, the tears that dimmed his eyes and the words of endearment that he uttered, assured her that he was really her father, and that his heart was filled with love and devotion.

And Clifford knew that the little girl was his own. One by one her features slowly unfolded before his eyes; little by little Uncle Tom told his story of the coming of Billee into his possession.

And on that day father and daughter were united in life.

The following morning, George Clifford took his little daughter for a walk through the vast flower-gardens of her foster-parents' home.

When they were finally seated under a great oak, planning all manner of wonderful plans for the future, he said to her:

"Billee, dear, I have found a new mother for you. I want you to be very kind and sweet to her, for she loves you dearly—and she is one of the loveliest beings that Heaven ever created."

(The End.)

## OLD ENGINEER HONORED.

### The Erie Railroad's Reward to Harvey Springstead for the Careful and Intelligent Management of His Engine.

**Q**UITE a sensation was sprung on the Erie employees and patrons when engine 970 recently appeared, looking as if it had just come out of the bandbox; the number had been transferred—from under the cab-windows to the sand-box, and the name of its engineer, Harvey Springstead, appeared in big gilt letters on the cab.

No one had seen an engine on the New York Division bearing a man's name since the engineers built the "Daniel Willard" for the Chicago Exposition, in 1900, and this graceful "G-15" engine naturally aroused interest and curiosity as to what it all meant.

The distinction was awarded for the excellent performance, the lack of failures, and the general good condition of the engine while under the

"Daddy, I am so happy. Do tell me—who?"

"Elaine," he said. "Elaine, who brought me to you—who found you for me! Elaine who brought the song of the nightingale to America and told me that my little girl was still alive!"

"I'm so happy, dear daddy," said Billee, throwing her arms around his neck. "Isn't she just the sweetest, dearest Elaine?"

A few days later the marriage was solemnized in the little chapel on Uncle Tom's estate. Billee Clifford was the bridesmaid and Uncle Tom was the best man, and May Pierce was a maid of honor with a great bunch of roses.

She thanked Heaven that such happiness could come to man and woman and a little child.

For some weeks they lingered at beautiful Devon before returning to New York. And every evening Mr. and Mrs. Clifford and Billee sat in the groves surrounding that old English home, and listened to the song of the nightingales.

"Isn't it wonderful, my darling?" said George.

"Wonderful, oh, so wonderful—so wonderful," answered Elaine.

"And the night before you came," said little Billee, "it seemed as if they didn't get through singing until sunrise."

careful and intelligent management of. Mr. Springstead.

The engine was last shopped in October, 1910, having made over 45,000 miles since last previous general repairs.

Engineer Springstead started firing in 1873, on the Goshen way-train, and when "Ed" Haggerty, who was his engineer, retired, in 1886, Harvey, who had just been promoted to engineer, took his place, and has been continuously in the passenger-train service since, with a remarkably good record.

He started railroading when a mere boy and, notwithstanding his long term of service, is still far from the retiring limit, being only 53 years of age, and looks forward to many more years on the running-board.

# LARRY LEFT ALONE.

BY MACDUFFIE MARTIN.

Another Odd Happening Helps To Sustain the  
Ancient Adage, "It Isn't All Gold that Glitters."

**L**ARRY was the first man of his race and color to wander into the forest primeval beyond the Swamac River. That noble body of water was the only route that the Indians had followed into the cold country north of "fifty-three," made famous by the oft-repeated statement that never a law of God or man existed there.

Larry had been a switchman on a little branch of the N. X. ever since he was old enough to go out into the world and support a widowed mother. His father had worked on the line before him, but when he lost his life in a wreck and left absolutely nothing with which to educate his son or keep his widow in bread and meat, Larry was obliged to look into the future without blinking.

It is only natural, therefore, that he should take up the calling in which his father had spent the best years of his life. The division superintendent was willing to give a helping hand. He told Larry that he would have to begin at the beginning, and Larry did begin at the very beginning. On the day that we begin this chronicle of his career, he had worked up to the position of a switchman. And he was a good one.

He was so good on the job that when he announced his intention of quitting and following the ill-conditioned rumors of the Indians that were wafted down from the North, more than one man tried to turn him against them.

These rumors told of wonderful deposits of gold that existed in that faraway spot "north of fifty-three." They were similar to the rumors that made men leave their homes and seek fortunes in the Klondike.

Larry had a mind that turned to riches quickly gained. Unlike his father, he did not believe in a steady position with a certain increase of pay every year and a comfortable, humble home. He didn't want to be one of the great army of men who work for a wage.

He had visions of owning a railroad of his own some day, and when the rumors of gold in the wilderness reached his ears, and he had digested them thoroughly, he said unto himself that he would go thither, come back rich—and, then, who could stop him?

He told his good mother when he started that he would come home rich within a year. Lest she should want for the necessary commonplaces of life during his absence, he turned over to her all his savings—and they amounted to a sum that was not to be sneezed at. Larry was blessed with thrift. All men who know the value of a dollar are blessed with it. He took with him only sufficient to travel so far as the railroad ran—and he haggled with agents for second-class tickets and tourist rates until they were willing to grant his wishes out of sheer despair.

Leaving the final terminus of the railroad, he embarked in a small steamboat up the Swamac. Aboard the boat the rumors were thicker than the gadflies that infested the region in summer.

Larry was told by the red-bearded individual who guided the destiny of the craft that the man who first penetrated the desolate region would not only find gold on the bushes, but he would stumble over it at every step. The only drawback would be the finder's lack of strength to bring back to civilization all that he could carry.

How did the captain know? The In-



dians had told him. He had talked with them time and again on the little wharf at Fifty Hole, the most northerly point on the Swamac where the boat stopped. And, finally, when it did arrive there and started down stream on its homeward journey, Larry watched it with a plaintive watching until it disappeared around a bend between the high palisades that guarded its banks. Then he turned to the Indians.

The gold-fields were miles and miles farther north. He would find them by following the Swamac some ten miles, and then, by making an overland journey of some five or six miles, he would save some distance caused by a bend in the river.

When he reached the river again, he would find a portage. The river could be crossed at that point in a canoe which he would find high on the bank. Once across, he should follow the trail—it would not be hard to find—follow it for another five miles or more. Then Ophir and Montezuma and King Solomon's mines were his!

Larry reached his destination. It was a wild, desolate spot. The river was near by; for that he was thankful. As far as the eye could see, there were great mountains that rolled upward to fields of eternal snow. Around him was a massive prairie, marked hither and yon with clumps of trees and stretches of grass, and the most imposing effect in this wilderness was a small, rocky mountain—perhaps it would be more modest to call it a hill—that jutted out of the earth more like a peculiar monument than anything else.

Undoubtedly, this was the storehouse of the gold. Beyond all doubt, this was the receptacle of his fortune. Within its rock-ribbed sides rested the real thing.

Truly, Mohammed had come to the mountain!

He would delve into it without further ado, fill a scuttle or two of the precious metal, and make his way back to Fifty Hole. Then he would return for another scuttle or two—and so on until he had accumulated sufficient to fill the steamboat when it reached Fifty Hole.

Then he would hike back to his mother and his native town and buy the N. X., and any other road that might happen to be on the market.

When he ceased building his castles in the air, it dawned upon him that he was feeling somewhat lonesome. Of course, there was no human habitation in sight.

Larry was the first of his race and blood to inhabit the place. He had brought bacon and crackers and tea. He had also brought matches carefully rolled in a piece of rubber cloth, and a pipe and some tobacco; but as he gazed over the wild circumjacency, he realized that he had not a place to lay his head.

Perhaps it would be best to return to Fifty Hole and camp there, and make the journey to and from the mountain of gold every day. Brilliant thought! He would then be a commuter in the wilderness. But as he looked at the sun just beginning to tip the mountains in the west, he knew that he could not make Fifty Hole again that night.

Near the base of the mountain of gold he found a little space that nature had caused between two large boulders. The rock rose sharp and perpendicular on either side, the floor was covered with a fine gravel, and the entire opening gave him some six square feet in which to seek some shelter.

It lacked a roof, but that troubled him only a little. The night was clear and there was no sign of rain or wind. Besides, it was only for one night—and surely a man could rough it for one night when fortune was all around him.

He stood between the two boulders—the entrance to his primeval home—and looked around. What a wonderful stillness! What a marvelous quiet! Adjusting his pack so that it rested against the boulder, he stepped outside.

The twilight was just beginning to dim the landscape. He stepped a few feet farther and stopped short; just why, he could not tell. A cold wind suddenly swept over the prairie—the cold, peculiar wind that seems to be born of nightfall, and is known only in such places.

It made him button his coat about his throat. He listened again. He thought he heard a sound.

It was not an unfamiliar sound. He cocked his head to one side to be sure, and then started in its direction. It came from a projection of the hill about a hundred feet away. He walked thither to explore.

The sound was water—water gushing from a spring and rilling along the ground, possibly to the Swamac. He knelt down and drank of it. He hastened back to his cache and returned with his tin kettle and filled it.

"Good!" he said aloud. "I will not have to make a trip to the river every time I want water."

That excitement over, he stood again in the entrance of his primeval home. From the river banks now came the croak of strange throats, and, overhead, some strange bird circled and uttered shrill cries. He looked up at it and wondered why it frightened him.

Then he thought it was about time for food. Gathering some dry branches, he soon had a fire. Over the fire he placed his frying-pan. As it warmed, he sliced a dozen strips from the side of bacon. As he threw the slices into the pan, they sizzled and browned and smelled—like home!

He placed the frying-pan on the ground. Picking up the bacon slice by slice in his fingers he devoured it, with crackers as a side dish and cool spring water for wine.

It was a rough meal—the first, indeed, that he had ever cooked. But what mattered that, when the price of a railroad or two lay at his feet?

In a short time it was pitch-dark. The prairie wind was blowing up colder. Likewise, it was blowing with more force. It is a wonderful wind, that wind of the north-western plains. When it does blow, it has all the force of a northern Titan sweeping the world. There is no obstacle in its path—nothing to block the mighty momentum that it gains as the night comes on.

It blew right into the opening of Larry's primeval home. So great was its velocity, nurtured in the northern Canadian prairies, and increasing in volume as it came on toward the south, that it took Larry's side of bacon and his frying-pan and other objects of primeval art and swept them up through the roofless habitat into the great unknown.

Such slight and simple commodities as his crackers and his Oolong tea were as the leaves of yester year in its path. He drew himself into the further corner of the abode. With his legs close together, his muscles drawn taut, and both hands holding his hat down over his tightly closed eyes, he wondered if he hadn't struck the only and original cave of the winds.

"This is a shine dump," said Larry.

He jammed his hat down tight, for his arms were getting numb. This change lasted only the faintest fraction of a second. The very instant that he dropped his hands to his side, he felt the wind getting under

his hat, and he slammed his hands on it with hammerlike velocity.

Then he removed his hat and placed it between his knees. That gave his arms a rest. He didn't mind the breezes doing a lo-the-poor-Indian stunt with his locks, although he felt the cold pierce his scalp with none too tender touches.

He thought that he would light his pipe and try to smoke. His attempt to fill the bowl in that wind was a farce. In the crass darkness, he could not tell which was pipe and which was pouch; and ere he knew it, the fine-cut was flying up into his face and eyes.

Believing that he had the bowl of the pipe filled, he turned his face to the wall of his abode and brought his matches from his pocket. The first one that he struck went out; so did the second; so did the third; so did the fourth—and so did the fourteenth.

At the end of this score, he decided that smoking was a luxury that he could not afford—matches were too scarce. But he resolved to have one more try. He crouched down—down in the corner of the abode—he drew his coat over his head and doubled himself up into every conceivable posture that would keep the howling wind from his pipe.

Then he took out another match. With the caution of a surgeon cutting through a vein, he struck it on his leg. It flickered and flamed up. With equal caution he thrust it into the bowl of his pipe, and puffed. None of the old, familiar flavor permeated his palate. He simply drew in air. The tobacco that he had put in his pipe—if, indeed, he had really done so—had been carried away by the wind.

"This is a shine dump," said Larry.

He replaced his hat and jammed it tight on his head. Bracing his back against the back wall of his apartment, he sat down, drawing his knees close to his chin. He clasped his hands about his knees, and huddled himself closer and closer together.

He thought that he would be comfortable in this position. To give him credit, he looked at it philosophically. It was only a matter of passing the night. To be sure, he had been a trifle foolish in leaving Fifty Hole that day without knowing more about his destination, but in the morning he would return to Fifty Hole and arrange for the proper covering to give him shelter until he had dug sufficient from the mountain of gold to satisfy his cravings.



Compounds and cross-bars, but it was cold! Colder, indeed, than he had ever felt even in that northern territory of the United States where he had lived since boyhood.

He felt his hands getting more numb and still more numb. He removed them from about his knees and thrust them into his pockets. Ah, that felt good! That was—

Presto! His hat blew off! It was lifted from his head with such marvelous suddenness that it seemed as if some magic wand, not the wind, were responsible for its departure.

"This is a shine dump," said Larry.

He took his handkerchief from his pocket and tied it under his chin. That, at least, would protect his head from the terrible cold. Then he huddled up closer and closed his eyes. Perhaps he might fall asleep. Perhaps the guarding Providence would temper the wind to his shorn and unsheltered seclusion, and let him have a little peace.

He closed his eyes. He closed them so tightly that he clenched his teeth instinctively—and there he sat, and still sat, wondering just how many hours still remained until the dawn. In truth, he had been there but an hour since darkness. It seemed like an eternity.

Finally there came a lull in the wind. Larry knew this because the seemingly incessant and unmodulating noise that it made as it coursed through the trees and over the wastes had somewhat abated.

Inside his primeval abode there was more quiet. Outside, the wind seemed to be taking a more spasmodic velocity. Every little while it would cause a terrific rustling among the trees, and then it would die away as if intent on spending itself with brag and bluster.

"That was some blow," said Larry.

He stretched himself out on the hard floor. With one arm for a pillow, he was ready for rest. His bones ached, and his brain buzzed with the night noises that would not cease, but he began to doze.

Sleep is not recreation; it is re-creation. If ever a man needed to be re-created, Larry did that night. Sleep came to him and wound him in her tender, satisfying arms.

Some moments passed.

Touched by the peculiar instinct that presages fear, he awoke. He sat straight up, with every faculty alert. It was still as dark as Stygian desolation; but it was

calmer, and there was only the faintest breeze astir.

Faint though it was, it brought to his nostrils the most peculiar odor that ever greeted his sense of smell. It reminded him of the animal tent of a circus. He sniffed—and then he sniffed some more.

There was a rustling on the gravel outside—a rustling as if some animal were passing to and fro.

Larry's heart-beats were as audible as the regular striking of a clock. His breath came in short gasps. He could feel his face quiver with fear.

Suddenly, as if flashed from a cannon, two green eyes appeared at the opening of the abode.

Larry surmised that they were eyes, for they moved now and then; and, also, the thing or beast or demon was panting as a dog will pant when out of breath.

At first he thought that it was a dog; but when it suddenly filled the night with the most raucous combination of half bark and half yelp, Larry concluded that it wasn't. Evidently tired of this mode of noise-making, it barked with slow, guttural, soul-piercing profundity, and wound up with a wail so dismal that it smote Larry to the core.

A coyote had scented him out—but it might have been a polar bear or a mountain-lion or a Baltimore oriole, so far as he knew.

Brushing his hand over the ground, he encountered a stone. He raised his arm, and let it fly directly at the glowing eyes. Whatever accomplishments Larry may have lacked, he was a game lad.

He realized that his adversary had him cornered, and he was ready to show fight. The stone was evidently well aimed. He heard it strike something with a thud and fall to the ground.

The coyote emitted one dismal cry and fled. It went on its way bellowing and yelping and howling with intermittent pauses; and from the rapidly diminishing volume of its cry, Larry realized that it had lost no time in getting beyond his reach.

"This is a shine dump," said Larry.

He arose and stepped outside the abode. The peculiar silence of the dead of night now brooded over all. The wind storm had abated; the trickle of the water was apparent once more; the plaintive boom of a night bird was heard across the distance,

and, overhead, the golden stars glistened in a spray of splendor.

Larry walked to and fro, for the chill was still in the air. So bright was the light of the stars that the entrance to his abode was plainly visible, and, indeed, it was easy to read the time of night on his watch. It was only a little after eleven o'clock.

Oh, the long, lonesome night that stretched before him! How in the name of Heaven was he going to live through it? Would the light of day ever come again?

He sat on the ground. He tied the handkerchief tighter around his throat. He got on his feet, and made his way to the rill of water. He stooped and drank. When he started to rise again his foot slipped, and he would have got a good wetting if he had not broken his fall by catching a twig. As it was, one leg was wet nearly to the knee. It made him feel uncomfortable.

He entered his abode again determined to sleep. Despite the saturated trouser-leg and the bitter cold and the disgruntled thoughts that were whirling through his brain, he again took a recumbent position on the ground and closed his eyes.

In a little while he was fast asleep.

Two or three times he awoke and stretched his numbed body. Then he fell into a deeper sleep, from which he did not awake until the sun was fairly high in the heavens, penetrating his body with its warm and comforting rays.

This felt so very good that he decided to lie there a little longer, and get warmed through and through. The leg that had received the wetting was a trifle stiff, so he thought he would rub it a little.

As he reached down, his hand encountered close to his body as queer an object as ever blocked his sense of touch. It was a warm, leathery, moist, pulsating sort of a thing.

Larry squeezed it—he squeezed it rather hard. It emitted a hissing sound, and Larry felt it spring from his grasp something after the manner of a hawser running through a pulley.

The acrobatic avidity displayed by Larry as he got on his feet could never be told in words. He had just time to see a huge rattlesnake make an "S"-like exit through the entrance of his abode and lose itself in a crevice in the rocks.

Larry was thoroughly frightened. He

wondered if he were bitten. It is an old trick of rattlers at night—and he did not know it—to coil up close to a man sleeping on the plains. The warmth of the human body is most pleasing to this poisonous species of reptile. It has never been known to harm a man whose body has afforded a night's shelter. But Larry did not know that.

He drew his lips tightly together, and felt real fear filling his throat. When he could utter a sound again, he simply said: "This is a shine dump."

One resolution was quickly established in his mind. Gold or no gold—Montezuma or no mazuma—that was no place for a white man to sleep. Money was all very well in its way, but if it could only be mined in the wilderness, at the risk of a reptile's fangs, then a job on the section-gang, at a dollar per, were paradise enow! At any rate, he would go back to Fifty Hole and—get breakfast. There was no great hurry in commencing the actual work of prospecting, and a day or so spent in Fifty Hole would give him a chance to recuperate his peace of mind and get another hat.

He began to retrace his footsteps, and ere nightfall he was again within the sheltering confines of the outpost.

That night, after a good dinner and a drop or two of frontier rum, he wandered into a place that bore the name "Angels' Rest."

Three or four frontier outcasts—trappers who were awaiting the opening of their season—induced him to "sit in" a poker game.

It lasted until well into the night. When Larry arose from the table he was minus his spare cash, his watch, his coat and vest, and his prospector's outfit.

The keeper of the place let him sleep on the dilapidated billiard-table because he hadn't the price of a bed. When he awoke, in the morning and sauntered down the only thoroughfare he was good and "sore," and he had a taste in his mouth that was of the "dark brown" variety mixed with a little lemon.

Soon he found himself at the river's bank. There the gladdest sight that had met his eyes since he left home was before him. Tied to her primitive dock was the boat that had conveyed him up the Swamac. Her red-bearded captain was leaning against one of the bitts. Larry could



have punched his smiling, know-it-all countenance—but he needed a friend.

"Back so soon?" asked the captain.

"When do you start for—for home?" was Larry's answer.

"Two o'clock. Going along?"

"If I have to hang on to the rudder."

The skipper smiled grimly. "Cleaned you out in a night, eh?"

"I haven't got a cent—if that's what you want to know," said Larry.

"I'll take you as far as I go," said the skipper. "I'd hate to see a man stranded in these diggin's. Take a hand at leadin' that freight there. That will help pay for your transportation."

Some few nights after, Larry's good mother was startled by a familiar knock at her cottage door. It came just as she was in the midst of telling a few old friends

of Larry's departure, and of the possibility of his great riches.

She looked at her guests with startled countenance and rushed to the door. She swung it open and shrieked in dismay. Was it Larry or Larry's ghost? She would have fallen, but he caught her in his arms.

"It's only me, ma," he said, as he kissed her.

Larry soon explained why his coat didn't fit; why he was wearing a cap two sizes too large for him; why he was covered with soot and oil, and looked, generally, as if he had been used to mop up a roundhouse.

"What can I do for you, my boy," said his mother. "Oh, what can I do for you—I'm so glad that you are home!"

"Cook me a plate of ham and eggs, ma," said Larry, "and sit down and watch me eat 'em."

## RAPID RAILROAD-BRIDGE REPAIRING.

WHEN the Lackawanna Railroad wanted a new draw in its bridge across the Hackensack River, New Jersey, a trifle in steel 195 feet long and 31 feet wide between centers of trusses, weighing 600 tons, it was built on the river-bank parallel to the stream. When finished it was lifted on jacks, swung around on its pivot at right angles to the river and moved out on two boats 90 feet long, 29 feet wide, and 8 feet deep.

Similar boats were run under the old draw, so that when the tide rose the old was lifted up and floated off, while the new one was floated into its place and lowered to position by the fall of the tide. This operation took ten hours, but it was done on a Sunday, when traffic was at its lowest ebb. The drawbridge across the Passaic was replaced in the same way, April 21, 1901, in twelve hours.

On August 11, 1889, Master Carpenter W. K. Beard, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, with one hundred men, moved Mill Creek bridge, a structure 258 feet long, with trusses 10 feet deep and 25 feet apart, weighing 250 tons, 45 feet sidewise to get it out of the way of the stone arch that was to replace it in twelve minutes by the watch.

The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul planned to rebuild the wooden truss-bridge across Grand River, three miles south of Chillicothe, Missouri, when it got around to it. The structure consisting of a pile-approach 1,070 feet long, and four spans of 138 feet, each resting on pile-piers, was to be rebuilt piecemeal, the trusses first, in 1895, and then the piers were to be replaced with masonry.

But the trusses went bad so suddenly that action had to be taken sooner than was planned. When false work was put up for erecting the iron, the river rose and piled a line of driftwood four

to twelve feet deep and extending up stream 700 feet against the bridge, moving the piers so they had to be replaced in a hurry.

After the water had subsided and the drift had been cleared away, the iron trusses were erected on the old wooden piers while the new masonry-piers were being put down from twenty-nine to thirty feet from the old. The four spans of iron, weighing a total of 714,489 pounds, which were placed temporarily on the old piers, were all up November 19, 1895, while the piers were not finished until January 18, 1896.

Girders were put in, reaching from the old piers to the new, on top of which rollers with flanges were placed beneath the bottom chords of the new trusses. Then a six-part block and tackle was fastened to the safety-struts in the end of the first span, a locomotive was hitched to the other end of the tackle, and then, with a conductor and brakeman to pass signals, and bridgemen to watch the tackle and attend to the rollers, that heavy span was dragged endwise thirty feet to its new position as easily as a train-crew could have spotted a car at an elevator: Time, six minutes.

Eight carpenters put in a temporary track as fast as the gap opened up, so that traffic might not be interrupted.

Then, when a suitable interval between trains arrived, span number two was dragged in place. It took nearly seven days of jockeying between trains to get the job done, but the longest time consumed in moving any one of the spans was nineteen minutes.

Preparations added about an hour to the moving time. No passenger-train was delayed, and the longest delay of a freight was ten minutes.



## THE DEAD ENGINE.

BY C. G. BYRNE.

Written for "The Railroad Man's Magazine."

**U**ST back of the door on the playroom floor,  
With drivers shining bright,  
An engine and train are blocking the main,  
And the tracks are lonely to-night.  
For every one of the crew has gone  
And left it standing there,  
On the long iron track that leads away back  
To the roundhouse under the chair.

A laughing boy, a mother's joy,  
Has answered his Master's call.  
And he was the crew, and the manager, too,  
The brakeman, conductor, and all.  
But nevermore at the parlor door,  
Will he whistle the sofa grove  
As his train sweeps down and into the town  
Behind the kitchen stove.

Still as a mouse, a lonesome house—  
No laughing, noisy boy  
To cheer our life, our grief and strife,  
And fill our hearts with joy.  
Your train is here; but you, my dear,  
Our engineer of seven,  
Will need no cars up in the stars—  
The Great White Way of Heaven.



# A Frontier Man-Hunt.

BY R. M. WEST.

THE remarkable schemes that will come into a man's head while he is trying to evade his pursuers often puzzle the most scientific minds. These are not the exact words, but they represent the real sentiment of a famous French detective, one of the most noted sleuths of his day.

This story of Jack Malone, a private in the United States army, is based on truth. It is, perhaps, one of the most remarkable stories of a real man-hunt ever recorded. For nearly two weeks, Malone evaded his pursuers who had him hemmed in on all sides. During the hunt, he even talked and walked with some of them.

**Running Down an Army Desperado Whose Nimble Body and Keen Brain  
Were More Than a Match for the Scores of Men  
Who Were Pursuing Him.**



WHEN I first saw Fort Leavenworth, it was not the fine military headquarters it is to-day. My first glimpse was

in June, 1866, when the little side-wheeler, New Ella, tied up to the old rickety wharf to unload about three hundred raw recruits, of whom I was one.

We were assigned to the Second Cavalry, U. S. A., then scattered all along the frontier, trying to check the murderous raids of the Indians.

The barracks were little, low-roofed, dingy buildings, not at all suited to shelter the many troops coming in every day. The fort was poorly laid out. To-day, with its fine barracks, hospital buildings, officers' quarters, and the beautiful drives, Fort Leavenworth is a splendid place to see.

Across the Missouri River, as I remember, a dense woods ran close into the bank. There was a bridge in course of construction across the river, its approaches on the Kansas side being just at the southern end of the fort. On the Missouri side there was low marshy land and a place called Slab City, consisting of three houses and a saw-

mill owned and run by the Raymond brothers.

In those days there was a class of people called river-traders, who depended for their living on the money picked up from people along the banks of the river. Near Fort Leavenworth, these traders were very numerous. Their stores were supposed to be stocked with what the men from the fort would be most apt to demand.

The trading buildings were not built on the ground, but were afloat on the river. First there would be a long, wide, flat-bottomed boat, from fifty to seventy feet in length and forty feet wide; then a house built on this, with just place enough left on the ends and sides to work the paddles that kept the boat guided in its drifting down stream.

Nearly all of those trading-boats were called "gunboats." Those tied up near the fort were all loaded with liquors and just enough little knickknacks to make a show. The owners did not dare to tie up on the Kansas side very near the fort, but on the Missouri side they were safe. The traders were desperadoes and outlaws—many of whom had a price on their heads.

One big, ugly fellow named Jack Dimming had what was known as the worst den on the river. When a neighborhood got too hot for him he would let go his lines at night and drop down the river to some other military camp or railroad outfit. Jack Dimming had been as far up stream as Fort Benton, and had been dropping down and down until he was tied up about half a mile below Fort Leavenworth on the Missouri side.

### Aboard a "Gunboat."

Dimming had everything on his boat that was calculated to draw a reckless man. There was a dance on board every night. Many a time I have heard the mad music of the horns and fiddles and the laughter of whisky-crazed men and women across the long space of water, while I stood on guard.

Dimming had four or five fellow desperadoes with him, every sheriff knew that he would have to get the drop on Dimming, as he would not be taken alive.

The soldiers at the fort were forbidden to "go over the Rhine" as it was called, but they went just the same. Jack Malone, one of the privates, seemed to be very friendly with Dimming. He was on Dimming's boat every spare moment he could get. By degrees he began to go there on time that was not his. He would neglect roll-call and duty.

First, his commander called him up and talked to him; next, he was punished, but all to no purpose. He would take any risk to get away.

Still, his commanding officer hesitated to be severe. One reason why Malone was so leniently dealt with was the fact that he was a veteran and had been a faithful man. Finally, severe discipline was meted out to him. He was ordered to carry a heavy log on his shoulder four hours on and two off during twenty-four hours.

### Malone Makes a Promise.

Even this did not stop him, and he was swung up by the wrists for ten hours. While undergoing this terrible punishment General Buell, the commander of the fort, stopped and asked Malone what he had done to cause such punishment.

It was an old saying in the army that the soldier's answer was, "nothin'," so that a soldier's crime is known as "nothin'."

This time, Jack told the simple truth.

He seemed to be sorry as well as ashamed of his conduct, and the general admonished him and secured his promise that he would stay away from the "gunboat."

When Malone made this promise, the general ordered him cut down. He then gave orders that Malone be immediately reported if he disobeyed.

One morning, Private Malone was reported absent and not accounted for. That night, he did not show up at retreat or taps. The next morning, as the men were turning out for reveille, we saw him gliding from tree to tree in his endeavor to gain the ranks, unseen by the first sergeant. He managed to slip into ranks, but, as he answered to his name he was told to step to the front.

His captain spoke a few words to him in a low tone, then a guard was called and Malone was sent to the guard-house. He looked more like a fitting subject for the hospital.

Acting under orders from General Buell, the provost sergeant prepared the punishment which was to break him from again visiting Jack Dimming. Malone was stripped and a barrel, with a hole cut in one end just large enough to pass down over his head and rest on his shoulders, was put on him. Then he was marched, under guard, to a large cottonwood-tree.

### Left to His Thoughts.

An opening was made in the barrel so his wrists could be tied behind him. This was done with a piece of rope. The rope was thrown over a limb of the tree and pulled until Malone was bent over almost double. It was then made fast to the tree, and Jack Malone was left to his thoughts.

The day was a broiling one in July. An old sugar-barrel had been purposely used. This caused flies and mosquitoes to add to the punishment.

About an hour before first call for dress parade General Buell walked over to the tree.

"Well, Malone, how do you like this kind of duty?" he remarked.

"Not very well, general," he answered.

"Do you think it better to remain in the fort and attend to your duty or to go over to the gunboat?"

"It is better to do my duty, general."

"Hereafter you will do your duty like a man?"



"Yes, general."

"Now, Malone, do you really mean to say that you won't go over to the gunboat again, if I let you down now?"

"Yes, general, I really mean that I will never go there again."

"Well, I will now let you down, but bear in mind that should you again go there, this day's punishment is only a foretaste of what you will get. You will now go to your quarters and get ready for dress parade — and let me see that you *do* attend dress parade."

"Oh, yes, General Buell, you may be sure I will be there."

The guard that was over Malone and heard him say the words, said long afterward that he knew that the suffering prisoner meant no good to General Buell. Malone staggered to his quarters, and not long after the bugle sounded first call for dress parade.

It was a fine evening, and a large crowd had come from the city. A twelve-company fort, with a good band of music, presents quite a lively scene at dress parade. I was out on duty this day, and was sitting with two others in full view of everything that went on.

Just after parade was dismissed and the companies were returning to their barracks, I saw Malone leave the ranks, and, with his gun at a trail, start on a run for headquarters. In the confusion of the breaking up of the parade no attention was paid to the desperate man.

It struck me like a flash that he was bent on murder. I kept my eyes on him, but of course could do nothing in the way of stopping him nor giving a warning shout, for I was too far away.

He ran like an antelope. At one place

he was compelled to lower his head in order to break through a group of people. He was about ten yards from General Buell.

Something caused that officer to stop and turn half way around, probably the cocking of Malone's rifle. In that moment he must have realized that his time had come. His wife and little girl were with him.



DIMMING HAD EVERYTHING ON HIS BOAT THAT WAS CALCULATED TO DRAW A RECKLESS MAN.

Mrs. Buell raised her hands and screamed. Malone dropped down, on one knee, took deliberate aim and fired. He jumped to his feet and started on a mad run for the woods.

General Buell sank, his hand clasp- ing the bullet in his breast.

"Some one give me a pistol, that I may kill my assassin," he gasped. Those were his last words; he died in a few minutes.

Malone had vanished in the grove overlooking the river.

In an instant, people were running in every direction and officers were shouting to the men to arm themselves and give chase. In half an hour, except for the guards, there was hardly a man left in the fort.

### The Hunt Begins.

There was little doubt that Malone would be captured at once. Although it was nearly all woods along the bank of the river, it was entirely free of underbrush; yet it was conceded that if Malone gained the Missouri side and got into the dense timber he would be hard to find. For this reason, men were hurried across the river in boats and placed at short distances along the edge of the far bank to head him off if he took that direction; but, strange as it may seem, not a sign of Malone was found.

All night there were torches flaming in the woods; along the railroad was a picket line of watching men; boats were patrolling the river; but when daylight came Malone was still at large.

Jack Dimming and his gunboat had disappeared. He had heard the news and very discreetly dropped down the river, although he knew nothing of Malone's deed until told by some of the men giving chase. He did not care, however, to brave the furious people.

It seemed very strange that Malone was able to evade all his pursuers. It was impossible for him to get above the fort, for as soon as he went out of sight in the grove a line of guards was strung all along from the fort to the river bank and another string of men along the main drive between the fort and the city. All this made it pretty sure that he must be still in the long piece of woods which lay between the fort and the city.

### Escape Seemed Impossible.

Guards were doubled and the police of neighboring towns were brought into service. It seemed that Malone must be caught, even if he were a rabbit. All night the big posse hunted and all the next day until well into the afternoon—and still Malone was not caught. Every one was worn out, so a strong guard was left at points where the alarm could be given should he be seen.

When the first shock of excitement was over, the officers of the fort held a council with Mrs. Buell. As it became clear that Malone was not to be found at once, as was so confidently expected at first, Mrs. Buell caused notices to be posted that she would give a reward of \$500 to the man who captured him.

The next day the State of Kansas offered \$1,000 more, and to this the government added still \$1,000. In all \$2,500 was the reward for any one who would bring Malone in, dead or alive.

The heartbroken wife left for her home with her husband's body. As day after day passed and there seemed no prospect of arresting Malone, the excitement died out; but the tireless search went on.

In the early evening of the ninth day, one of the soldiers named Kelly, while on his way to the fort after a leave of absence, stepped down from the railroad track to get a drink of water from a spring. After drinking, Kelly stretched himself on the grass to rest.

### The Whisper in the Bushes.

As he lay there he heard a rustle in the bushes. He did not stand up but lay still, listening. Being off duty, he was unarmed.

For a time all was still. Kelly began to think that his imagination had played him a trick; and he settled down again when in a hoarse whisper he heard—"Kelly."

Startled, yet cool, he answered, "What is it? What do you want?" at the same time jumping to his feet. It struck him that it was Malone, whose voice he knew well. He waited and listened for another call but heard nothing.

Those who knew Malone declared that he would not be taken alive if he had time to fight. All knew him to be well armed and, as every man is supposed to have his cartridge box filled when undergoing inspection on dress parade, he had plenty of ammunition. To accost him unarmed meant sudden death.

The man at the spring, standing there weaponless, felt that he was standing in full sight of the desperate man who, from his place of concealment, could shoot him down should he deem it best for his own safety.

It is not pleasant to be under the trigger—yet Kelly kept his nerve.



Again he called, "Who is it calls me, and what is it you want?"

No doubt Malone was hungry. He had now been in hiding nine days and nights, and it was hardly possible he had eaten much.

It is a fact that Malone from his hiding-place saw Kelly, and his first impulse was to trust him to name a point of meeting, and have him bring him something to eat; but, after calling, something in Kelly's actions warned the outlaw that the soldier would betray him, and he changed his mind.

Kelly turned to go up the path to the railroad. Malone was anxious to destroy any idea that he may have created in Kelly's mind that he had called to him. Malone did not relish the thought of another close searching party. He ran back while Kelly had his back turned, and when he thought a proper distance separated them, disguised his voice and spoke in broken German, asking "How var vas it yet to dot fort?"

Kelly stopped, looked back, but seeing no one, said: "Mile and a half. Where are you?"

Malone replied, "I vas up near dis road in dem bushes. Don't you see me yet already? Say now, vat you dink? Me could enlist if I go oup dere?"

Kelly now knew that Malone was talking to him, but had the presence of mind to keep it to himself. He answered carelessly, "Oh, yes. I do see you now, I think; but your coat looks so much like the brown dirt in the bank behind you I did not see you at first. As to joining the service, if you are the right age, height, and so forth, I guess it will be no trouble to join. Better come along with me; I am going back to the fort now."

As he said this, Kelly scrambled up the steep path to the railroad and down the other side to the river bank. He did this to get out of range of Malone's gun for, as he told it afterward, he could "feel Jack's eyes on him."

Hearing no more of Malone, Kelly made good time to the fort and reported all to his first sergeant. He was then taken to the officer of the day to whom he related his story.

All was excitement again. A large squad of men were ordered down on the double-



HE WAS ORDERED TO CARRY A HEAVY LOG ON HIS SHOULDER FOUR HOURS ON AND TWO OFF.

quick to the cottonwood spring, but before they arrived there it was dark.

A big culvert ran under the railroad embankment near the spring, through which ran a small creek that followed a gully from the big hills behind the fort. Along this gully was very thick brush, in which, though it had been pretty well explored before, Malone was possibly lurking.

But there was no Malone. All was dark and silent as ever. All through the night the other guards lay waiting in the wet grass along each side of this gully.

### Roach's Silent Comrade.

About one hour before daylight, Sergeant Roach, while patrolling near the river was hailed by another guard in a whisper, saying, "Is there any sign of Malone yet?"

"No," he answered.

Then the two kept on down the gully until, coming to a picket post, they were challenged for the countersign. The word was given by the sergeant, the other man standing near enough to catch it.

While the sergeant stood talking to the man on picket the stranger muttered some excuse, then kept on down the gully toward the river. As he passed on, the picket said to Roach: "Who is that man?"

"Don't know; too dark to see his face," replied Roach.

"Wasn't he with you? I swear there is something up! Did you notice he did not speak and kept in the background?"

"And the voice!" added Roach. "When he spoke he seemed to smother his words."

"Halt, there! Halt!" they both shouted, but got no answer.

Listening, they could distinctly hear the hurrying footsteps going down the creek.

"If I was not on post here I would try to overtake that man again," said the picket, "for I believe that one minute ago Jack Malone stood right there."

"My God!" exclaimed Roach, "if that is so, I have been walking with him and I helped him to get out of the trap!"

"Go!" interrupted the picket. "Hurry! Maybe you are not too late yet."

Sergeant Roach started to run, plunging along so that when he was challenged by the next picket, and not hearing the call the first time, he was nearly fired on.

On coming up and giving the countersign, he panted, "Have you seen any one? Which way did he go?"

Yes," said the other picket, "one of the boys went by a minute ago, heading toward the river."

"Did he give the countersign?"

"Of course he did, or I would not let him pass."

Sergeant Roach hurried on after his late companion, and soon encountered the last picket between himself and the river. Consulting him, Roach found that the mysterious man had been there and gone on to the river.

"What did he say to you?" asked Roach.

"Said he had special orders to take a post on the bank of the river further down toward the city," said the picket.

### On a Real Scent.

The mysterious man had told Roach a different story, and there was now no doubt that he was Jack Malone.

The two soldiers went to the railroad track, it being but a short distance from the last picket's post.

As they listened they could hear the patter of feet up the track—the man was running.

So sure were they that it was the assassin that they shouted. Not getting any response, they fired up the track.

This alarmed the searching party in the neighborhood. Many rushed to join Roach and the picket. Roach followed the fleeing man, firing as he went. Others followed, but Malone must have slipped down the dump and hid in the bushes between the railroad and the river and let Sergeant Roach pass him. Once more he had disappeared.



MALONE DROPPED DOWN ON ONE KNEE, TOOK DELIBERATE AIM, AND FIRED.



Fires were built all along the bank of the river; the alarm reached the fort and all turned out; the grove was full of men! Day soon dawned, and men with guns could be seen everywhere. The excitement was intense. If a shot was heard, all would rush to the spot. This state of affairs lasted until nine o'clock in the morning.

At this time, the railroad bridge across the Missouri River near the fort was in course of construction. One of the iron piers on the Kansas side near the fort, about two hundred feet from shore, had fallen, and a big bell-boat, the "Submarine No. 14," was anchored in the stream, working on the fallen pier. The crew on this boat were on the cabin deck watching the soldiers on shore. An old fisherman named Williams was sitting in his skiff drifting down the stream watching his lines.

### The Voice in the Darkness.

Not being in the man-hunt, I was by the wrecked pier walking along the railroad. I accosted two young men standing near a rowboat that belonged to another wrecking vessel that was anchored in the middle of the river.

These two men, members of the wrecking crew, had brought their captain ashore and were waiting until he should get ready to go aboard again. Seeing that I was a soldier, they hailed me and wanted a description of Malone. They said that three nights running, a man had called to them for some one to come ashore and row him over the river.

I talked with the men for some time and made up my mind that Malone was the man who had been calling to them in the night.



TAPPED HIS SPENCER CARBINE SIGNIFICANTLY AND SHOOK HIS FINGER AT ME.

As I looked up the river, I saw the old fellow, Williams, sitting in his fishing boat dropping down with the current, his lines out for fish. It was reported that he had seen Malone drown while trying to swim the river.

I made up my mind to ask him about it. I walked along to get nearer and beckoned to him to pull into the shore. He did not notice me. He seemed to be looking intently down the stream. I looked in the direction of his eyes.

There was Jack Malone.

For a moment I could not believe my eyes. Yet there he was, crouched under a little bush.

When he saw me looking at him, he put his fingers to his lips, then tapped his Spencer carbine significantly

and shook his finger at me in a threatening manner.

Being a cavalryman, I have always had great admiration for the Spencer carbine, but just then my respect for the one in Jack Malone's hands was something profound. I was on my way to the city on a twenty-four hour pass, and so I was unarmed.

To make a move toward the desperate man against such odds would have been suicide. I did just what Malone wanted me to—"nothin'."

I looked at Malone and Malone looked at me. As he sat watching me and, also, keeping an eye on old Williams, I noticed that he was dressed differently than when he ran by me out of the fort.

At that time, he wore a dress coat and cap; he now had on a common fatigue blouse and a campaign hat. The brass buttons were gone from the blouse. Across his knees, instead of the long infantry needle-gun with which he had killed General Buell, he had a Spencer carbine.

When the old fisherman came down opposite him, Malone spoke in a low, quick voice, telling him to pull in and ferry him over the river. This was part of the old man's business, but he declined on account of his fish lines, saying he would lose them. Malone said:

"I will give you two dollars for the job, and you can easily overtake your fishing lines."

### Jumps into the Boat.

The lines were attached to air-tight cans. Malone's offer had the desired effect. Letting go the lines, Williams guided his boat inshore, little knowing the awful character of the passenger he was about to take on board.

As the stern of the skiff grated on the sand, Malone stood up, stretched his cramped legs, stepped in and quickly seated himself in the stern. He ordered the old man to pull for the bell-boat. His idea was this: If he could get the big boat between himself and the shore he was leaving, his chances of escape would be very much better.

Being out of range of the Spencer carbine, I started up the river-bank. As I gained the railroad, I saw the grove full of armed soldiers, some running, others peeking into and under every bush and possible hiding-place.

It was evident that some one besides myself had seen the hunted man and given the alarm. At this moment some one yelled: "There he is! There he is!"

Malone, in full view and range, was crouched up double in the boat. In one hand he held the carbine, with the muzzle within ten inches of the poor old fisherman's heart; with the other, he was steering the boat so as to put the wrecking vessel between him and the men on the bank.

Volley after volley burst out from the bank, but the boat in spite of all went on untouched.

One of the officers yelled, "Silence!" Then he shouted to Williams:

"Old man, that fellow in your boat is Jack Malone who killed General Buell! Turn your skiff inshore! We do not wish to kill you! If you do not, you must take your chances!"

All this time Malone said to the fisherman:

"The first move you make toward the Kansas shore, I will blow the heart out of you!"

The old man was as white as chalk. He was scared so bad that he could hardly hold the oars. He knew it was sure death to disobey the desperate man in the boat, yet at any instant both of them would probably be riddled from the shore. But of the two, Malone's carbine was the most dangerous, so he kept on rowing.

It was pitiful to see that feeble old man tugging at the oars. The agony on his face could be seen plainly by the crew of the bell-boat, whose captain, Joe Snodgrass, ordered to stand out of danger from the shower of bullets.

The water near the skiff was in a bubble from the bullets. Every moment it was expected that the men in the skiff would be shot to pieces, but on they went.

The officers swore at the soldiers, and declared that they were not trying to hit the murderer. They grabbed the muskets from the soldiers' hands, ordered men to stand while they rested the guns on their shoulders for a better aim.

Then they hit the skiff and all around it. They even brought a trickle of blood down the old rower's ghastly face, but the boat went on as if it were armor-clad.

### Between Two Fires.

The soldiers were now frantic. Some ran up-stream to the boat-house to procure more boats, while others fired faster than ever.

The skiff was now in the swift current made by the anchored bell-boat. It swung down and around the stern of the big craft, then passed behind it, out of sight and range.

With others not in the chase, I scrambled to the top of the pier of the bridge. There I had a complete view of the other side of the river and of the skiff and its two passengers. Malone must have had a charmed life. Although not over two hundred yards away when the firing began, he had succeeded in getting the bell-boat between him and the shore without his being hit.

Malone now allowed the old man to take it more easy. From their movements, it could be seen that he was undecided just which way to steer—up or down the river or make a landing.



Big timber and safety were just ahead; but between him and it were four men, sawmill hands from Slab City.

They had heard the firing; they had been watching the chase and knew their man and the reward on his head. But Malone was well armed, a good shot, cool and desperate. Death was behind him, and the four sawmill hands were nothing to him. Malone had just defied a regiment; but now only three men cared to close with him.

### At the Water's Edge.

These men were the two Raymond brothers, who owned the sawmill at Slab City, and one of their employees. They ran to the shore, and then walked along so as to meet Malone when his boat landed.

The fugitive made an attempt to land but some move by the three men made him change his mind, and he steered the boat so as to get a range on them without being in danger of hitting old man Williams.

Even in his own deadly peril, Malone had no wish to see the old man hurt. He sought to keep him out of danger as much as possible, yet he would have killed him instantly himself if it had been necessary to aid his escape. For one moment the frightened fisherman stopped rowing, but Malone raised the carbine and ordered him ahead.

As the boat neared the bank, the Raymonds spoke words of encouragement to Malone which threw him off his guard.

The hunted man stood up to leave the skiff. One of the Raymonds suddenly whipped out a hidden revolver and fired.

He was not more than fifteen or twenty feet from Malone, and the bullet went true.

Malone swayed unsteadily for several moments, and tried to

raise the carbine, but toppled over backward.

The Raymonds fired again, rushed into the water, grabbed the boat and struck the fallen man in the head with a revolver as he made a last attempt to rise.

Malone lay still. They lifted him—one by the feet, the other under the armpits—and carried him onto the bank.

One of the Raymond brothers turned to the old fisherman and shook his hand. Except a bullet tear along the left side of



TRIED TO RAISE THE CARBINE, BUT TOPPLED OVER BACKWARD.

his face, the ugly scar of which he carried to his grave, the exhausted old man was unharmed. The Reymonds then hoisted the limp man on their shoulders and started on a dog-trot up the river-bank until they reached the railroad depot opposite the fort. Then they put their prisoner into a skiff, to avoid all the other boats, and placed him in the hospital.

### Jack Malone's Last Hours.

Malone was dumped on the floor, the hospital steward made a hasty examination and found two bullet wounds, one through the left lung and one in the neck. Either would prove fatal. A bad cut on the top of his head showed where the butt of the revolver had landed.

The Reymond brothers hurried over to the adjutant's office for their money.

The post doctor seeing the wounded prisoner on the hospital floor, said, "Take this carriage out of my office!"

Malone looked up at the doctor and with a bitter smile said something so low that he was not understood.

They took him to the guard-house. There the dying man was placed on a board bunk and to his old comrades who crowded around him he told some astonishing things.

Without betraying any one he made it clear that all the rumors about his being seen in and around the fort on nights after the tragedy were correct. It was in this way that he changed his gun and clothes. He even had been into his own barrack-room and secured an undershirt and a change of socks from his bunk.

To do this it was not necessary to pass a guard as the posts were not very close together, yet for a man who had a price on his head for killing a United States general, who was being hunted by hundreds of men, to go into the very heart of the fort, not once but three times, and even to his

own bunk and out again, seems more than passing strange!

His hiding place during the day was a little hole between two big stones in the woods not over half a mile below the fort. Afterward, we visited it. At first sight, it did not seem possible that a man could conceal himself in so small a place; but the stone had a sharp shelf and Malone, by lying at full length, could slide in so as to be entirely concealed. There he could sleep quite comfortable, while the whole country hunted him.

### Wanted a Second Victim.

At two different times, Malone joined in the chase with the others, when by lying still he would have been captured.

But he could not get a boat to cross the river in the night, and he could not swim.

When asked why he did not make greater efforts to get away in the darkness of the night, he answered that he did not care to live with a price on his head. It was gathered from what he said, that his intention was to kill another officer in the fort before being taken, then, to show himself and get killed by resisting arrest, as he would not be taken alive and stand for trial and execution.

Although he did not give the name of the second officer he wanted to kill, it was supposed from his dying talk in the guard-house, that it was the doctor who insulted him while he was lying wounded on the floor and who refused to aid him in his agony under the tree.

He regretted killing General Buell and said if he had been left in the guard-house after the punishment for one night he never would have done it. He claimed that the suffering all that hot July day, with the flies and mosquitoes, made him crazy. At one o'clock in the morning Jack Malone died.

## PORTABLE ELECTRIC STATION.

**T**O send a heavy electric current over a long distance requires a heavy wire; and copper costs money. Power companies therefore distribute current over large areas by transmitting it at high voltage, but low current to points where needed, and then change it to low voltage in what are called "sub-stations," after which it goes out over other wires to customers. An interesting portable

sub-station built by the Westinghouse company is now in operation on the lines of the Fort Wayne and Wabash Valley Traction Company, the whole equipment being contained in an all-steel car forty feet long. Whenever current is needed in construction-work, the car is sent out and connection made to a high voltage-line instead of the trolley-wire.—*Popular Electricity*.



# THE ALCOHOL ANNIHILATOR.

BY AUGUSTUS WITTFELD.

**Carlock Bjones, Detective, Does Some Inventing  
as Well as Sleuthing, with the Customary Results.**



S chronicler of the remarkable achievements of Carlock Bjones, the talented detective of the Pole-to-Pole Railway, I am conscious that the public will not stand for any flirting with the Goddess of Fiction, neither will it tolerate any wildly improbable tales of impossible adventure.

Consequently, as historian of the great detective, I am compelled to omit many things which I know to be true but which the public, through its ignorance of crime, would stigmatize as fiction-faking, and consign me to the oblivion which seems to be the limbo of the too-truthful or too-accurate biographer.

Rather than offend by overestimating the public's credulity, I will eliminate all seemingly impossible adventures from these chronicles, but shall reserve the right of making them as forceful as is consistent with a reputation for veracity.

The following, which I have compiled from data in my note-book, exhibits the great detective in a new light.

I pushed the button of Carlock's annunciator at one-thirty, and again pushed it impatiently at one-thirty-and-a-quarter. At one-thirty-sixteen Carlock's voice floated down the tube:

"Ah, Watchem, come up."

In my astonishment, I swallowed my impatience, and taking the lift, I was soon in Carlock's apartments. I found him leaning over a table in the center of his chemical laboratory.

"Ah, Watchem," he said, "you are in a hurry. What train are you thinking of taking to the Muttonhead race-track?"

With difficulty I caught my breath,

which his sudden question had knocked completely out of me.

"How do you know that I am going to the race-track?" I gasped.

"Dead easy," he replied. "I know you are in a hurry by the way you pushed the button. You are never in a hurry unless you are seeking pleasure. Your only form of pleasure seems to be in picking the horses that can run away with your money. Consequently, you are bound for Muttonhead Bay."

"Marvelous," I commented. "Perhaps you can tell me what horse I have picked."

"With a brain like yours, Watchem," he replied, "you are incapable of picking anything but a loser. Now, if you want to put your money on a winner, I would advise that you invest it in this remarkable discovery I have just made. Take it from me, it's got the hundred-to-one shots looking like the discard in a poker game."

"What is the nature of this great discovery, Carlock?" I asked.

"Watchem," he replied, "you have often scoffed at my assertion that some day I would make a discovery which would astound the scientific world and make the achievements of the master minds of chemistry look like two bits and a nickel. As you pushed the annunciator-button, I had just brought to a successful termination the work on which I have been engaged. In a short time the scientific world will be endeavoring to grasp the full significance of my discovery."

"What have you discovered, Carlock?" I asked.

"Watchem," he replied, "I have discovered a compound which possesses the most remarkable property known, or rather

unknown, to chemistry. I have blazed a way along an unthought path. While the reputed master minds of science have groped for the perfection of illusive ideas, I have pursued my researches along this one line. To you, Watchem, shall belong the proud honor of being the first to know of my discovery.

"Of course, as my biographer, the honor is rightly yours. Nevertheless, it is an honor of which you should be proud. When, in future years, the world pays a tardy debt of recognition to my genius, and you, Watchem, are reaping your reward in the royalties which your 'Chronicles' will bring, the world at large will remember the great Carlock Bjones for his unparalleled work in criminology, but the scientific world will remember him and reverence his name for this one great discovery."

"Carlock," I appealed, "can't you stop throwing confetti at yourself sufficiently long to put an end to the suspense I am suffering and tell me what you have discovered?"

"I have discovered," said Carlock impressively, "a compound which possesses the most remarkable attraction or affinity for alcohol."

"Great guns! Carlock," I commented, "you don't have to hunt for anything like that in a chemical laboratory. Why, I just turned down an alcoholic affinity who tried to work me for the medium wherewith to consummate a union of the elements."

"Seriously, Watchem," said Carlock, "this discovery is something phenomenal. Its magnitude overwhelms me. When I think of the possibilities of this discovery in a perfected state, I realize that I have something which will revolutionize life."

"How does the substance work?" I asked, interrupting Carlock's rhapsody in "I major; no flats."

"Let me demonstrate to you," replied Carlock, holding up a wide-mouthed, glass-stoppered bottle. "This jar contains a white powder, as you can see. Place the jar in the same room with a bottle or vessel containing alcohol, either absolute or diluted to the limit, and uncork both bottles. In less time than it takes to tell the alcohol will have entirely disappeared."

"Say, Carlock," I protested, "I'm not from Saint Looney, but, all the same, I'd appreciate an ocular demonstration."

"That is what I propose giving you," he replied.

He took a bottle of alcohol and poured four ounces into a graduate. Replacing the cork in the bottle, he next poured the alcohol into a small earthen dish or capsule. Then he placed the jar containing the powder on the scales and weighed it.

"Exactly two pounds, including the stopper," he announced. "When I remove the stopper from the jar, I shall place it on the scales with the jar so that the weight will remain unchanged. Are you ready for the demonstration?"

"I am," I replied. "Proceed with your mysteries."

"Keep your eye on the alcohol," instructed Carlock, deftly removing the stopper and placing it on the scales.

I watched the alcohol closely. Almost immediately it seemed to grow less in volume. In less than a minute, I was gazing at the empty capsule.

"What has become of it?" I asked. "What's the trick?"

"No trick at all," replied Carlock. "You will note that the weight of the powder and jar remains the same. The powder attracts the alcohol but does not absorb it, otherwise its weight would be increased by four ounces."

"But what has become of it?" I persisted.

"It has been destroyed. Dissipated into the atmosphere," replied Carlock.

"But what's the use?" I asked. "I don't see the utility of a substance which destroys but does not produce. It seems to me that you have a gold-brick on your hands."

"Not necessarily," replied Carlock. "Even as it stands, there is a diversity of uses to which it might be put. Carried to the point of the perfection I have in mind, this substance could be taken into the fields and with appropriate apparatus I could extract the alcohol directly from the growing grain and store it in containers."

"To your unscientific mind this may sound like an idle boast, but you have only to look at the achievements of recent years to realize that seeming impossibilities are being accomplished daily. In a very few years, Carlock Bjones's Alcohol Extractor will be recognized by science and hold an established place in the world."

"And Carlock Bjones will be posing as



a rival to Petroleum V. Rockefeller and trying to devise ways and means to get rid of his ill-gotten gains.

"And you, Watchem, as my biographer, will be investing in a biograph machine to keep up with the pace."

"Say, Carlock," I said, suddenly struck with an idea, "how would you like to try a novel experiment with your great discovery?"

"What kind of experiment?" he asked.

"I'll hunt up that 'souse' I spoke of a while ago," I replied. "If I find him, I'll bring him up here and we will test your wonderful discovery and see whether it will relieve him of his jag. If it is a success you could open up an office and do a big business unloading the victims of conviviality."

"Watchem," said Carlock, "once in a decade or so, that brain of yours does produce an original thought. Go and find the subject and we will make the experiment in the interest of science."

I left Carlock's apartments and had no difficulty locating the "souse," and pre-vailling on him to accompany me to his doom. When I ushered him into Carlock's apartments his condition was so obvious that the great detective refrained from making any of his deductions.

"What kind of a joint is this?" asked the "souse." "Got anything to drink?"

Carlock opened a cupboard and took from it a bottle of whisky and glasses. He placed them on the table and invited the victim to offer up a sacrifice on the altar of Bacchus. The "souse" filled his glass and sighed because there was no more room for filling. Carlock and I poured out homeopathic doses and we did the tipplers' trio.

"Pretty slick stuff," said the "souse" insinuatingly.

"Yes," said Carlock, placing the alcohol annihilator on the table. "Have another?"

"I don't care if I do," replied the "souse."

He poured himself another drink as Carlock removed the stopper from the jar. By the time he raised the glass to his lips, Carlock's alcohol magnet had taken all the stiffness out of it, and a puzzled expression crossed his face as he gulped it down.

"What kind of a temperance beverage is this you're ringing in on me?" he asked.

"It's out of the same bottle as the other

drink," answered Carlock. "Is there anything the matter with it?"

"Is there anything the matter with it?" repeated the "souse." "Why, that stuff has lost its nationality—it's neither Scotch, Irish, Bourbon, nor plain American. I didn't come up here to be made a guy of," and he lapsed into silence.

Carlock and I watched him with interest, awaiting evidence of the efficiency of the Alcohol Annihilator. Presently he began to lose his bloated, alcoholic appearance and his bleary eyes became brighter.

As the alcohol was drawn from his saturated system and brain, he seemed to undergo a metamorphosis. In less than five minutes, the "souse," who had entered rum-soaked, sodden and maudlin, sat before us a perfect specimen of manhood.

"How in the blazes did I get rid of that beautiful bun I was carrying?" he asked.

"I had not noticed that you were carrying any bakery products," said Carlock.

"Sure, I was," he replied. "Maybe you thought it was a load of peaches or that I was full of prunes. The fact is, I was burdened with a most beautiful jag—'j-a-g', jag. Synonyms: souse, pickled, bun, skate. Where is it? Who's got it?"

"My dear fellow," said Carlock, "perhaps you have mislaid or spilled it. If you had it when you entered, you should have it now. Neither Watchem or myself has any use for a second-hand jag, I assure you. If you must persist in drinking, you should study Professor Boozem's 'How to Take Care of a Jag When You Get One.' It is my opinion that you are a novice in the art; a rank amateur."

The ex-tank looked at Carlock as though he half believed him. Then, looking at the jar of Alcohol Annihilator suspiciously, picked up his hat and departed.

"Say, Carlock," I remarked when we were alone, "that was the slickest thing I ever witnessed. You've got the temperance reformers beat to a fringe. The way you robbed that poor inebriate of his rightful jag was a shame. Why don't you use your great discovery for the redemption of such cases and give up the idea of using it for production of alcohol?"

"Watchem," replied Carlock, "you are not a scientist, consequently you cannot appreciate the lure of an idea. To a scientist, the conception of an idea is the birth of a new existence.

"No, Watchem, I cannot renounce what

is to me an alluring proposition. I would be glad to use it as you suggest, but that would necessitate letting the scientific world into my secret and the time is not yet ripe for a move of that kind."

I backed toward the door, knowing that when Carlock waxed monologuistic it was me for the maddening crowd.

"I'll see you in the morning," I called as I dodged out of the door. "I'm off."

I reached Muttonhead race-track in time for the last event. By a juggling of the fates, I won fifty dollars. I had intended putting a fiver on "India Rubber," and when I rushed up to the bookmaker I thought I would save time by talking shorthand, so I asked for a ticket on "Rubber."

The bookie pushed the ticket toward me. Parting with my money, I pocketed the pasteboard and rushed over to see the race.

As I squeezed into a point of vantage, the horses started. I had no trouble in locating "India Rubber" who, to my disgust, was trailing along as if he were made of lead. After the race, the crowd was yelling for "Rubberneck."

I took the ticket from my pocket, intending to destroy all evidence of my foolishness, when I discovered that fate and a blundering bookmaker had done what talent and brains could not accomplish. I had staked my money on "India Rubber," but I held a ticket for "Rubberneck," the winner—a ten-to-one shot.

I cashed in and joyously returned to the Metropolis. The next morning, when I stopped at Carlock's apartments to tell him the good news, I found everything in confusion. The place had been burglarized the night before, and Carlock's man had found him insensible in the laboratory. He had put him to bed, and a doctor found that he was suffering from shock.

He had been struck on the head with some blunt implement.

His wonderful vitality stood him in good stead, and he quickly recovered. Later, when I spoke to him of his great discovery, I was astonished to learn that all recollection of it had faded from his mind, and strange to relate, he showed absolutely no interest in it.

The jar containing the Annihilator had been carried off by the burglars, and it was impossible to reproduce the compound.

As Carlock's biographer, it was up to me to try and discover how and by whom he had been robbed of his wonderful dis-

covery, and knowing the futility of proceeding alone, I tried to enlist Carlock's interest in the matter.

"Watchem," he said, "I may, as you suggest, have discovered a compound which possessed the remarkable properties you claim, but as it has disappeared and all recollection of it has faded from my mind, why should I waste time to recover it?"

"The chemical and scientific work in which I indulge is performed with the one end in view: broadening my knowledge and making my mind more acute for the problems of my profession.

"For instance, the Alcohol Annihilator, as you term it, would be of absolutely no assistance in helping me deduce the fact that you are in the stock-market."

"How in the world do you know that?"

"Very simple," answered Carlock. "The elbow of the left sleeve of your coat is worn shiny. That can indicate but one thing; you have been using the telephone a great deal. As your duties do not require that you use the gabby-gab machine, we must search for the cause of such activity.

"Frequent calls on the telephone indicate an anxious mind. Anxiety about anything is due to the fact that there are ever-changing conditions present. This condition we have in the stock-market. The fact that you no longer keep posted on current events, but can name the earnings, dividends, and parboiled value of all railroad and industrial stocks, can indicate but one thing. Furthermore, from the condition of your newspaper, which is covered with pencil memoranda, any one can see that you *figure on margins*."

"As you can tell these things so easily, Carlock," I commented, "perhaps you can name the stock I am carrying."

"That," replied Carlock, "is a cinch. You bought for a rise. Consequently, you thought you would pick out a sure thing. You are carrying 'Compressed Yeast, common.'"

"Carlock," I commented, "there is no use trying to deceive you. If 'Compressed Yeast' acts as it should I'll buy an automobile."

I walked over to the ticker, which stood in a corner of Carlock's office. Looking at the tape, I was astounded. "Compressed Yeast" had just broken ten points.

"Carlock," I gasped, "for once you are wrong in your deductions. I am *not* on the stock-market."



# Grit of the Eagle-Eye.

BY ARNO DOSCH.

**W**HEN a railroader speaks of sand, he doesn't always mean the kind that an engine carries in her dome back of the smoke-stack. There is another kind of grit than that which the eagle-eye shoots under the wheels to keep them from slipping, and many followers of the iron trail have a supply of it that never gives out, no-matter how bad the rails or how steep the grade. The men Mr. Dosch writes about didn't do any sliding. They stuck to what they considered their duty with the grip of sanded steel. Are they heroes? Read about them and judge for yourself. At any rate, you'll admit that their stories are well worth repeating.

## Joe Johnson's Last Words.—A Pilot Pick-Up.—How a Train Crew That Wouldn't Quit Met Death in a Dynamite Wreck in Pennsylvania.

**I**'M being—"

"Hey, drop that key! Drop it, I say!"

The words snapped out like pistol-shots and an extra punch from the muzzle of the revolver against Joe Johnson's stomach accentuated each one of them.

"Hands off, I tell you! I mean business!"

In the desperado's voice was that cutting note men have who steel themselves to murder. His fingers worked on the trigger in a way that made Johnson wince, but the operator only raised his hand, as if he were warning a child to keep away.

The action was cool and authoritative and his assailant drew back instinctively. It was but a moment, but it gave the operator time to finish his message.

"—robbed."

Then the butt end of the revolver swung down viciously over the back of his neck and his body slumped across the desk in the corner of the little depot at Lofty on the Philadelphia and Reading.

In nearly every other station and in every tower on the division the operators knew

that Joe Johnson had telegraphed in the very face of death, and when the last letter was clipped in half each shivered as if he had felt the blow that had fallen.

It was late, and the operator at Quakake, the station next below, had leaned back to read after turning Tom Beckert and the late freight loose all the way to Ringtown. When Johnson's last word startled him into a full realization of what was happening, he jumped to his feet and ran out on the platform. All he saw down the track were the tail lights of the freight.

With that gone there was no other help for an hour. He returned to his instrument. There was only one thing left to do, and that was to catch the freight. He quickly put his message on the wire:

"Operator Girard Manor catch freight and send it back to Lofty to help Johnson."

In the few minutes that followed every operator on the division sat over the soulless, metallic companion of his solitude and waited with limp fingers.

A halting jumble of dots and dashes finally broke the silence of the wire. It came like the voice of a half-conscious man and spelled out the words painfully.

"Robbers gone—jumped Beckert's engine—he doesn't know what's up—feeling better—never mind me—catch robbers."

Girard Manor failed to answer all calls for the next ten minutes and all knew the operator was on the track with his lantern waiting for Beckert.

When the train stopped the two desperadoes were standing in the gangway talking to the engineer like any other two men who might have climbed aboard and made themselves at home. Their eyes were fixed on him keenly, however, and as he caught sight of the operator's lantern, one of them quickly asked: "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," replied Beckert, undisturbed. "Orders, that's all."

"Oh, that's all right," whispered the other, as the speed slackened, "I guess he does that at all stations."

The first robber was satisfied at the explanation, but the suspicions of both were immediately aroused when a paper flashed to the cab window. Beckert, reaching down, was even more surprised than they when he looked into the excited face of the operator who passed the flimsy to him with the one word, "Orders."

#### Reading the Warning.

Holding the paper close to the gage-lamp, he scanned it carefully. He read:

"Be careful as you read this. Don't look surprised. You're being closely watched. You have aboard two desperadoes who almost killed operator at Lofty."

Four gimlet eyes peered over Beckert's shoulder, but he showed no signs of being disturbed and as one of the robbers stepped quickly toward him, he carelessly twirled the message out of the window.

The gimlet eyes turned sharply toward the vanishing paper and a hand reached out quickly as if to seize it.

"What was that?" asked the huskier of the two, who afterward gave his name as George Snyder.

"Order giving me a clear track."

His voice was dry and cracked and the words rasped out suspiciously, but he deliberately turned his back on the robbers and went about his business. It took nerve to do it, but he did not dare let them see his face. He could hear them whispering even above the roar of the train and he did not know at what minute he would receive a blow on the head.

They passed through Brandonville and Krebs without a stop and approached Ringtown. Beyond that point Beckert had no orders, and yet, if he stopped, he knew the robbers would escape, as they could easily overpower the operator and himself.

#### A Fight on the Foot-Plate.

As the station hove into view he saw a lantern beside the track and made out the figure of the operator. He felt sure the orders were to go through, so he hardly slackened his speed. He leaned far out of the cab window, and pulled himself back again holding a paper in his hand. This time he knew the robbers would be ready to read the message as soon as he opened it, but he managed to stoop forward and make out:

"Run for Catawissa. Sheriff waiting."

A rough jerk on the arm brought him to his feet and the outlaw named Snyder scowled down into his face.

"Give that to me," he snarled, but Beckert swung around, and just as the revolver flashed in his face let the message drop from the window.

"Stop the train," roared Snyder.

Beckert glanced quickly to his fireman for help only to discover that he also was looking down the barrel of a revolver. Then, with that same dogged courage that prompted Joe Johnson, he put his hand to the throttle, and instead of obeying the bandit's harsh order, flung it wide open. Knocking up Snyder's arm, he hurled him off his feet to the floor and went down on top of him. As he sprawled across the other man's body the second robber fell over them both, while into the pile leaped the fireman like a football player in a scrimmage.

#### Into the Trap.

The revolvers fell out of reach, and while the struggle for them was still on the freight tore through Rerick's, Beaver Valley, and on to Mainville, within four miles of Catawissa, without a whistle to announce its passage. Each operator, catching a quick silhouette of the fight as the engine went tearing by, wired on ahead his version of how the combat stood. To them it was more thrilling than any story they had ever read and each report left them in greater suspense than the one before.

At Catawissa, the sheriff and his depu-



ties were strung out along the track ready to make a flying leap for the train if necessary.

When less than a mile from the station Beckert let Snyder slip from his hands. The desperado reached for the throttle and closed it, too wary by this time to chance passing through another town.

He did not know enough to use the air, however, and the engine did not slacken its speed until within a hundred yards of the station. Snyder jumped. He stumbled and rolled over and over, coming to a dead stop only when the sheriff flung his weight upon him. At the same moment two deputies swung aboard and nailed his companion.

### Saving a Two-Year-Old.

This is one of the stories they tell on the Reading, and there are many others as good, each with its accompaniment of exciting details. When the gang in the round-house begins to tell them off, you are free to believe as much or as little as you please, but for the story of Terrance Cummings, two years old and an obstructor of traffic, any one will vouch.

It happened on a branch of the Jersey Central in eastern Pennsylvania, but it is hard for any one to keep the Reading and the Jersey Central distinctly separated except the auditors of the two companies. The two lines switch back and forth into each other so often, some of the men hardly know which road is paying their wages.

Cal Kimberley, however, was not worrying about this or any other matter as he came twisting down the upper Susquehanna one day about six years ago with a light passenger-train behind. As he rounded a curve, he suddenly saw a little child sitting on the track hardly three hundred feet ahead. It was a down grade and Kimberley knew he could not bring the train to a stop before he struck the baby who sat clapping his hands and playing as unconcerned as if he were in his own back yard.

A cold chill ran through Kimberley. Throwing on the air quick as a flash, he slipped out of the cab onto the running-board and made his way forward to the pilot. He did not know what he was going to do, but he had some wild notion of leaping out as the speed slackened and seizing the child quickly in his arms.

Even before he reached the pilot, he knew

he would not be able to do this and keep ahead of the engine. The train was not slowing down quickly enough.

Then to Cal Kimberley there came a sudden idea. One which added another daring feat to the list of those which had already been accomplished by nerry trainmen.

Twisting one leg about the socket of the signal flag, he swung down head first, grasping the cow-catcher with one hand, while with the other he reached down quickly as the train was about to pass over the baby and lifted him out of danger.

It was not all over, however. The train was still moving and Kimberley, hardly able to hold himself up, encountered a difficulty he had not anticipated. Mr. Terrance Cummings, two years old, was wroth at being disturbed.

He had not asked to be moved, and to be hoisted up in that unexpected manner ruffled his feelings. He squirmed and twisted and kicked until Kimberley thought his arm would break.

"Woo-ow," screamed Terrance with another well-aimed kick, and Kimberley, at the very end of his endurance, suddenly felt his foot slip. As he lurched forward, however, he gave a shove, flung Terrance into the ditch and rolled over beside him.

### The Dynamite Wreck.

If you want to get them to talking on the Jersey Central ask about the bad night they gave the town of Ashley, Pennsylvania.

Ashley is a quiet little village and never got badly excited but once, but it hasn't got over that yet. You will hear the old-timer there still saying:

"I was winding the kitchen clock. I remember that because I carried that infernal clock all over town with me the rest of the night and didn't know I had it."

"What was it?" you ask, "an earthquake?"

On the Jersey Central that night has not been forgotten, and plenty of the boys can still tell you about John Rheig, who stuck by his post and lost his life.

Frank McLaughlin was the first to realize what was coming. They had hardly struck the grade below Mauch Chunk, when he felt the slack in the cars and realized that the brakes were not holding. It was ten years ago, before the general use of air, and there was none on his train. All at once it struck McLaughlin what car he

was standing on, and jumping as if he had set his bare feet on a red-hot stove, he gingerly made his way forward, setting brakes as he ran.

### Riding with Death.

"Sulfur and fire I don't mind," he said to himself, "but that way of going to perdition is a little too sudden for me."

He dropped down on the tender and made his way into the cab.

"What you doing to us to-night, John?" he asked the engineer.

"We're sliding, that's all I know," answered Rheig, "and we'll never stop her on this grade. Maybe we'll pile up a car or two in the yard at Ashley, but it won't do much harm."

"Won't, eh?" Frank asked. "Do you know what's in that first box car there?"

"No. What?"

"Dynamite."

Then Rheig began to take a new interest in the slack, and every time the couplings pounded he held his breath. In a minute Mike Bird, the rear brakeman, came running over the top with the same message, but McLaughlin, starting back over the tops, waved him off.

They ran for miles, couplings pounding at every jump, and it seemed to Frank McLaughlin as if that dynamite car would be shaken to pieces. Its brakes were the worst of all, and he took the most of the ride with the sound of the jolting boxes of explosive right under his feet.

Down the mountain they came, brakes shrieking, whistles blowing, bells ringing, and the dynamite banging around ready at any instant to blow the whole train into the next county. For a second time it got to be too much for McLaughlin and he came down over that latent volcano white as a sheet.

"Listen to it rattling, John," he cried. "Cut and run for it. We're dead ones if we stay."

"No, you don't," Rheig shouted in answer. "Just leave it to me. I'm getting on to her curves and I'll have her going like a lamb before we hit Ashley. If they only knew down there what we're bringing them, they'd give us the right of way straight into Jersey City."

Though Rheig made light of the situation, he fully realized the danger he was running. The grade dipped just below and

in a minute they were plunging down the mountain harder than ever and he thought he heard the dynamite boxes himself. Below there was a short level stretch and then Ashley.

"Get back over there and make for the caboose," he yelled into McLaughlin's ear. The brakeman started back, but not for the caboose.

He was no coward, and he decided he could stick it out if Rheig could.

The lights were out in Ashley, except around the depot. Two engines were slowly churning along the main line unconscious of the imminent catastrophe. Rheig suspected their presence and tried to give warning to the men in their cabs, but the roaring death was on them all in an instant.

### What Ashley Saw.

The rest of the story is Ashley's. The town was in its first sleep when Rheig, still struggling to control the runaway train, plunged through the yards and crashed into the engines, knocking them both from the track.

Then came the explosion.

*Woof! Boom!* Letters the size of this page would not express what that explosion meant to Ashley. The jar that followed shook the whole town out of bed amid a rain of crashing glass as every window went to pieces. Even in Pittston, three miles away, the people made for the street in a panic.

The air was still reverberating from the shock when Ashley's population began to hit the street in whatever costume lay nearest at hand, and as Rheig lay dying in his cab, the last thing he saw was this motley crew of townspeople, streaking it down the street as if their lives depended on it.

They fell to on the wreck just as they were, many of them shoeless, some only in their shirts, but they worked all night as they were. Five engines had been blown to pieces and everything else in range had been knocked askew. They took Rheig to the hospital, and found the bodies of Frank McLaughlin and Mike Bird, who had stood by the brakes to the end, although they might have saved themselves by retreating to the caboose. In the morning the rescuing party had to send for clothes to wear home.



# HONK AND HORACE.

BY EMMET F. HARTE.

## Fate Hands Our Two Old Friends a Lemon and the Swan Sings at Valhalla.



ANY, varied, and eccentric are the ways in which you get the little, yellow, ovoid fruit with the acrid taste handed to you in this whirligig world of adulterated foodstuffs, adventures, and vicissitudes. Yes, many and varied are the ways.

Life is a whole lot of an odd - come - short; about the time you get your lid firmly settled on your devoted dome and shuffle up to grab the hand-rail of opportunity, preparatory to a long, pleasant trip through the land of easy money, a clinker rolls under the ball of your foot, and it's you for the road-bed, edgewise.

Honk says I am prone to pessimism, indigestion, ingratitude, and foibles every so often. Maybe so. Still, there's worse guys than me that have pie every meal.

What have I done that I can't joy-ride through life a little, and hear the bul-bul sing? I've never robbed no poor widow woman nor killed no kids with a club,

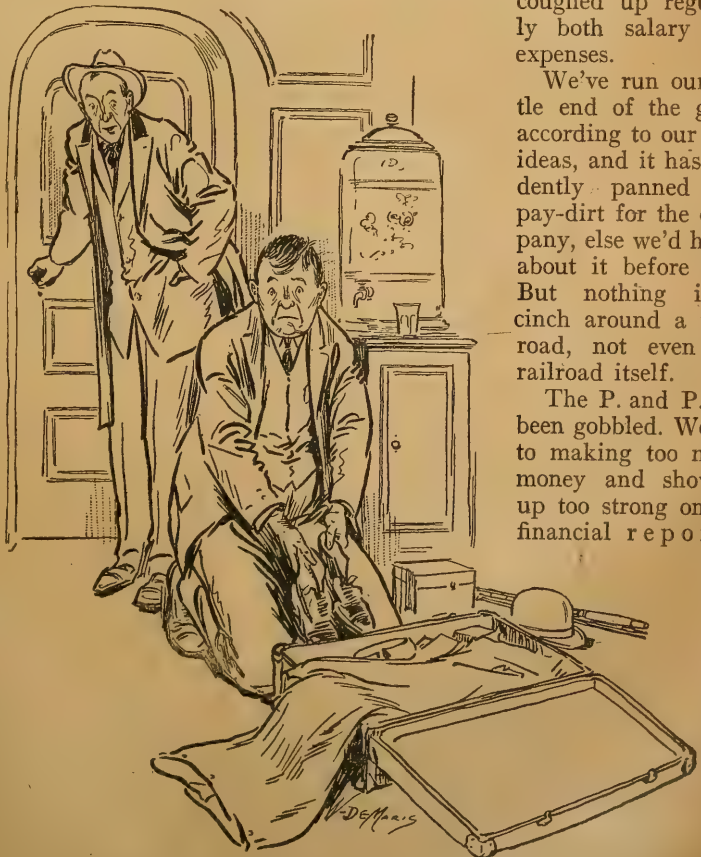
and I pay my bills—if I've got the price. What the—but, ah! Beg pardon, I'm sure!

I forgot that you didn't know about it. I'm a bit unstrung yet. Like a fiddle after the dance, as it were. The P. and P. Railroad has treated Honk and me pretty royally these last few years. They've let us

do as we please, and coughed up regularly both salary and expenses.

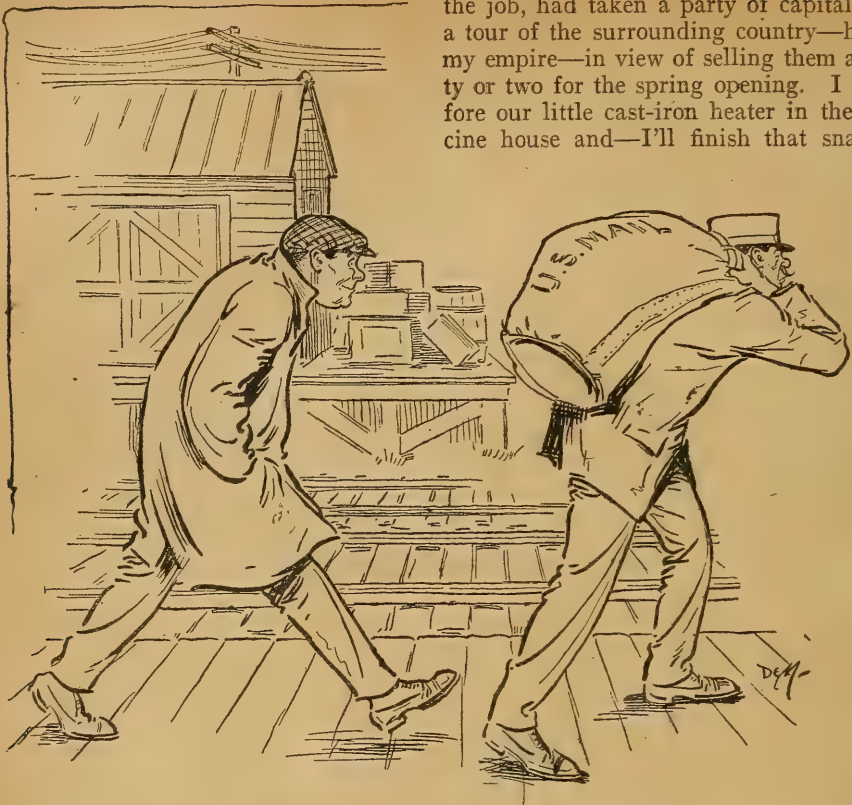
We've run our little end of the game according to our own ideas, and it has evidently panned out pay-dirt for the company, else we'd heard about it before this. But nothing is a cinch around a railroad, not even the railroad itself.

The P. and P. has been gobbled. We got to making too much money and showing up too strong on the financial reports.



"I GOT MY TIME THIS MORNING."

Series began in the November, 1908, Railroad Man's Magazine. Single copies, 10 cents.



the job, had taken a party of capitalists on a tour of the surrounding country—his and my empire—in view of selling them a county or two for the spring opening. I sat before our little cast-iron heater in the medicine house and—I'll finish that snatch of

"I'D WATCH THEM WHISK THE SACKS UP FROM THE DEPOT AND FOLLOW, MY FACE ILLUMINED WITH HIGH HOPE."

What! All that traffic profit going into the pockets of the unanointed? Hey-day and tut-tut! It's all right for the ordinary people of this country to have a good time and enjoy themselves, but money is not a matter of sentiment; so the Transcontinental just took a sponge and dabbed it on the map and absorbed the P. and P., same as a book-keeper removes a gob of ink from his ledger with a new blotter.

You know what happens when a railroad company changes management. You don't? That fellow over there with the hunted look says he does. All right. They clean house, don't they? You bet me. And the old-timers get theirs, don't they? Some of them, at least. They do.

A snatch of poetry occurs to me when I think about the affair:

"Ah, distinctly I remember, it was on a bleak December."

It was cool weather, even in Valhalla. Honk, devoted soul, always alert and on

poetry now. I might as well do so before I forget it:

"Each separate, dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor."

I wasn't seeing spooks particularly. I was smoking an old Missouri meerschaum pipe of tender memory, though a bit husky as to throat and given to gutturals, and I was reading a scientific treatise regarding the startling adventures of one Reade and a steam-horse.

All unthoughtful, unsuspecting, and unprepared, I sat in my sock feet, poring over my book, with the phonograph peering over my shoulder and the little brass teakettle purring on the stove. I was comfortable and content. Hark! Our sounder clicks. It is my call. I answer. It is well. I am here. Horatius is at his post.

Glibly come the fretful dots and dashes, a rhythmic stream of crowding symbols. I know that brass-pounder at the other end. He thinks he's a lightning-striker; but—



Heavens! what's this? It was gossip pure and simple, but fraught with meaning.

He said that the P. and P. was defunct. We were dead-and didn't know it! At headquarters, everything was shot to pieces! Rumors hissed and whined over the wires, and dire, dismayful forebodings skulked in the shadows! Everything was going to be revolutionized, remodeled, renovated, and reconstructed!

Sweeping and drastic reforms were to be instituted! No more tobacco on duty! Save the whittlings from lead-pencils and use old envelopes for scratch-paper! Retrenchment and economy, from John O'Groat's to Land's End! A new régime, from cellar to garret!

It didn't take the seventh son of a septemtet to foresee what would happen. I've been present at some of these retrenchment flurries before; so, in place of my rapt contemplation of "the ghosts of dying embers on the floor," I turned my attention to the handwriting on the wall. And I'll say this, my suspense was not long drawn out.

The morning motor brought a bulky package—my package that fortune had handed me. Fourteen mimeographed pages of red tape, rococo, and *'raus mit 'em*.

Cut expenses and hedge was the watch-word.

Cultivate a light touch on the telegraph instrument so's not to wear off the varnish.

Be sparing with stationery.

Stationery cost money, and money was scarce. All lead-pencil stubs were to be turned in before new ones would be supplied, and one typewriter ribbon was supposed to last five years.

These were among the general instructions, applicable to all. When it got down to Valhalla specifically—ow!

Deeply as they must have regretted it, Honk had been retained on the pay-roll. In return for that favor he had been appointed a committee of one whose duties would be to do all the work at Valhalla. From porter to passenger-agent, he was to be the whole curdle.

The medicine house would be returned to the shops, repainted, refurbished, and replaced in the service where it belonged. Then followed the incendiary list—the names of those fired.

It was lengthy and exhaustive. It covered the ground thoroughly, and lo! "Ben Adhem's name led all the rest," as a poet who forgot to leave his address once said.

I was fired. The torpedo had been at-

tached to me and exploded. The can tied to me proper. My time was enclosed. They wished me well. If I starved to death, they hoped I'd get off the Transcontinental premises first; not that they didn't like me, but they had other uses for the space.

Of course, it made me sore. It makes anybody sore to have this arson crime committed on their person. But I had quit gnawing the woodwork and settled down to a slow boil when Honk returned. He came in, rubbing his hands and untroubled. His boasted clairvoyant sense hadn't hooked him anything out of the charged air.

It so happens occasionally. They said Napoleon was caught cracking jokes on the morning of Waterloo.

"Well," he said, "I nailed 'em. Four fat rascals, with money and discernment, signed up. They're going to subdivide two thousand acres of land into five and ten-acre tracts, to be sold for five dollars down and fifty cents a week. No interest, no taxes, and water rights included in the purchase price. First excursion second Tuesday in March. What are you doing, Horace?"

"I'm packing up my little traps," I said. "Me for the wildwood. I got my time this morning."

"Wha-at!" he cried. "Show me! I'm from Sedalia! What'd you do? Who canned you? Ptt! Huh! I'll let 'em know who's boss around this dump! Where is he?"

He peered out the window, scowling.

"Keep your vest buttoned," I advised him, "and glance over that. The P. and P. has fallen into the hands of the Philip-pines."

I pressed the documentary evidence into his trembling clutch. He read the sheets one by one, commenting betimes:

"Thunder! Huh! Fire and pestilence! The deuce—well, I'll be—whoever heard of such—huh? Aw, rats! Rotten! Curse 'em! A million maledictions on 'em! Lem-me get to that wire"—the latter, as he finished and threw the sheets under the table.

There was no half-heartedness about the uproar he instigated, either. They were gathering up broken insulators along the right-of-way of the Transcontinental for a week afterward, and they said they hadn't heard such sending at the headquarters office since the night Willie the Wizard had the d. t's. They thought lightning had struck somewhere along the line.

He got answers, too, right away. He got an armload of 'em. The new management told him the exact location of the switch where he was to take the siding and pull his fire. They cited him to a line of back away back and muffle.

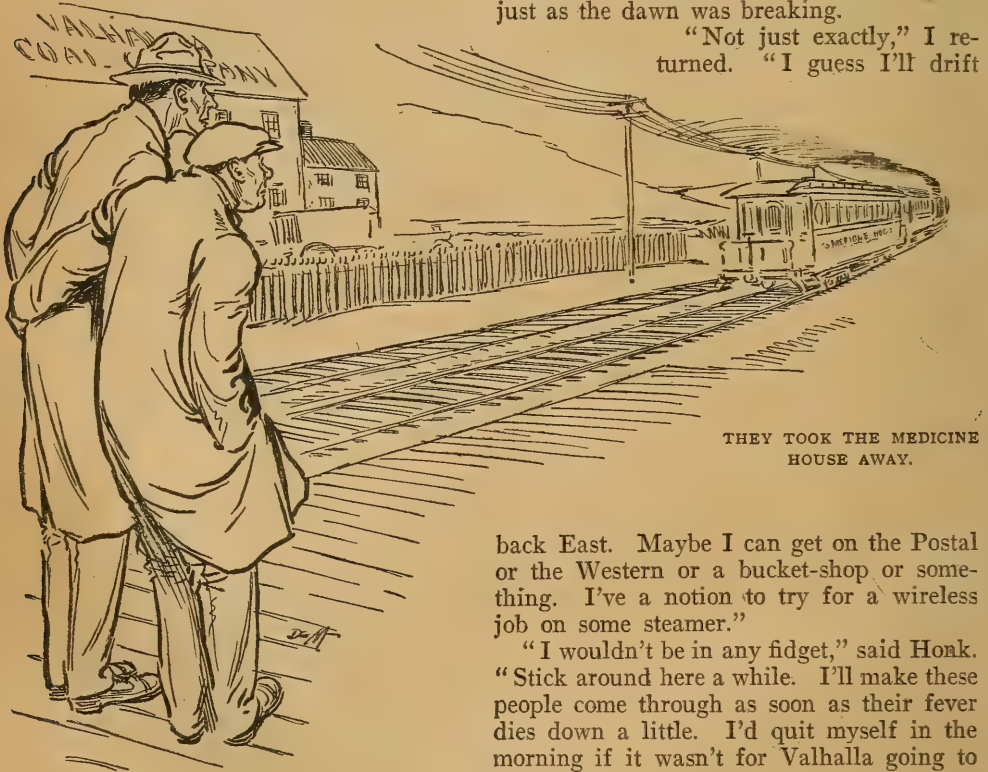
They impressed it upon him that he didn't have a word to say, that he was known at headquarters by a number preceded by two ciphers, and that any say-so he might have had formerly in the private powwows and war conferences of the company had been

I was still fired.

Supper-time came and went unheeded. Neither of us were hungry. We sat up the rest of the night and talked it over. If the new management of the road didn't toss and tumble on their downy couches, with burning ears, that night, on account of somebody talking mean about 'em, it was through no fault or oversight of ours. We read their titles clear, and wished 'em bad luck to a finish.

"I don't suppose, now, you've got anything in view, have you?" Honk asked, just as the dawn was breaking.

"Not just exactly," I returned. "I guess I'll drift



THEY TOOK THE MEDICINE HOUSE AWAY.

corked up in a sealed tube and flung into the most remote corner of the Sargasso Sea.

They mentioned that the goat industry had been discouraged all along the line lately, and hinted in so many words that when any advice or suggestions as to running the road, emanating from Valhalla or elsewhere, seemed imperative, they would warn him a week or two in advance.

They remembered things to say after they had finished, and reopened the discussion. It was some quarrel—lasted till nearly midnight. Honk came out of it in a cold sweat, clear fizzled out, and all he'd accomplished had been to exhaust himself.

back East. Maybe I can get on the Postal or the Western or a bucket-shop or something. I've a notion to try for a wireless job on some steamer."

"I wouldn't be in any fidget," said Honk. "Stick around here a while. I'll make these people come through as soon as their fever dies down a little. I'd quit myself in the morning if it wasn't for Valhalla going to the dogs just as we've got her on a firm footing."

I waited till his explosion had spent itself and the blue haze had cleared.

"You're right," I said with fervor. "I agree with you. Man's inhumanity to man is the root of all evil, and birds of a feather gather no moss; but I'm no guy to run after 'em and try to lick the mitt that soaked me. I'm as independent as a hog on ice. I'll see 'em in *hoc sic semper* San Jacinto first! I'd hate to think that was the only job there is, anyhow!"

"Ho-hum!" sighed Honk.

"I'll hang around here a day or two," I added. "At least, until I can get an an-



swer to some letters I'll have to write. If I didn't have to make my own living, I'd be glad to stay here forever and watch you work, but I can't do it consistently."

He was either too sad or too sleepy to vouchsafe a fitting reply to this bon mot.

That day I contributed materially to the outgoing mail from Valhalla by launching a couple of dozen missives. I also franked about ninety-seven dollars' (day rate) worth of messages hither and yon. There seemed to be little doing.

One or two said they were sorry they hadn't known about me the week before; there had been a hum-dinger of an opening at So-and-So, etc. But it was filled now, etc.

I had one chance to sub. two weeks in a broker's office at some jerkwater village on the Pumpkin Vine Route at the munificent salary of thirty-five a month. I turned it down arrogantly. Then I went to bed and slept the clock around. A thousand blessings on the man that first invented sleep!

Honk tried to appear frolicsome and kit-tinish when we foregathered at the festal board that evening, but his quips were off tone. Our old comrade, the phonograph, fell off the table by some mischance, and busted itself wide open most disastrously, so that thereafter its chatter was stilled.

The wintry wind yowled and mourned around the coach, and the windows rattled; it wasn't cold particularly, it didn't get very crimpy in Valhalla, but the wind had a bleak whang to it.

Honk mentioned several wild and incoherent things I might do to achieve fortune and fame without leaving Valhalla, from running a box-ball alley to organizing a trust company.

"Why don't you start a nursery, Horace?" he proposed. "There's a fine opening here. Why, you could clean up a thousand on sweet potato plants this spring. Or open up a pool hall. That would suit you to a t-y-ty—"

That was the haphazard way his mind was warping back and forth, like a barkentine with a broken rudder.

"Why not open up a radium factory?" I returned. "I wouldn't need to make but a couple of pounds or so, and then I could retire and buy North and South America for investments—"

"A mysterious and wonderfully fascinating substance, Horace," he commented vigorously. "You know the black sands

along the Pacific Coast are rich in pitch blende—" and so on for an hour or two. Honk was always set on a hair-trigger when it came to a scientific discussion.

Scientific discussions, poetry, grand opera, and sociology are all right to while away time with when you're on your vacation up in the Catskills or cruising in your yacht on the dark blue Mediterranean, but when a hearty eater like me is the next thing to broke, in winter, and knows that nowhere in the world is his name recorded on a payroll, he is apt to lose interest in the topic and fall to figuring, abstractedly, on how long it is till the grass gets green again.

"I wonder if I could deadhead it as far as Cleveland, on a pinch?" I said, interrupting Honk in the middle of the compound word, radio-activity. "I've got a brother-in-law there that runs a sausage factory, and he'll give me a job skinning dogs any day I drop in on him."

Honk was too full for utterance.

Within a couple of days I began to get replies to my applications. It is surprising how many different ways there are in the English language by which you can turn a man down and not hurt his feelings. The most favored method, it seems, is placing his application on file.

I have applications on file in nearly every city in Uncle Sam's domain. Nearly all of them are indorsed and annotated so that I am to be given a shot at the first vacancy. Some day I'll be swamped with jobs when seventy-five or a hundred positions mature on the same day.

The flood of mail quit coming after a few days, but I continued to appear regularly at the post-office. I'd watch them whisk the sacks up from the depot and follow, my face illumined with high hope.

Afterward I'd return, drooping, saddened, disconsolate. There was a certain corner where I'd turn into the home-stretch to the medicine house, and there my downcast spirits would revive and I'd look forward brightly to the next mail again.

One thing occurred during this dark and gloomy chapter in our lives which I view in retrospect most tenderly. My resources had shrunk to one solitary, well-thumbed, dog-eared ten-dollar bill, which I clung to and refused to spend for even the necessities of life. It was the last of my summer's wage, and I cherished it.

"Loan me a small chew, old scout," said Honk to me one day.

"I haven't got a d'erned bit," I confessed for the first time in all history. "I guess I'll have to quit. I haven't got no money to buy any with just now." Honk stifled a sob or a chuckle or something, and turned away without a word. Later that day I found a whole brand-new dime slab in my coat pocket, where he had surreptitiously placed it. It was a thing most affecting.

They took the medicine house away soon afterward. We stood on the platform, shivering in the raw, wintry wind, and watched its familiar lines fade away in the distance. That was the mostest unkindest cut of all—to go Shakespeare one better on superlatives.

That night we slept on cots in the freight-room. It was chilly and uncomfortable. We both caught colds and rheumatism, also neuralgia, catarrh, and influenza. We took quinin and whisky for it—or them. I took the quinin and Honk the whisky.

"I guess I'll have to jimmy on my way," I said that morning. "The Transcontinental people don't know how to treat guests. I'll hit for Kansas City first, I reckon."

Honk begged me to stay on yet a little while longer; he hated to see me go. He said he'd stand good for my board and lodging till spring at the Palazzo or anywhere else I'd select, but I told him I was no moocher, and refused to be shaken.

I might have secured a job clerking in one of Valhalla's enormous retail emporiums, maybe, but a railroad man don't think of things like that till it's too late.

It was a pathetic parting. I stood, with all my earthly belongings in a suit-case, and wrung Honk's hand while the wind whipped my legs with the tail of my last winter's overcoat.

"Write me a card every day till you get settled," he insisted. "And if you need five or ten or twenty-five, wire me. I'll borrow it somewhere for you. And good luck, old boy, good luck!"

"The same to you," I snuffled—I had a bad cold, you know. "Remember the Maine, and don't forget to take your medicine regular. Turpentine and lard on a flannel rag is good for sore throat," I shouted from the steps of the motor-car.

He went inside the station and slammed the door behind him.

At Millardsville I had the good fortune to strike Uncle George Jackson on Number 77. Uncle George would carry me to the outer edge of eternity if every trainmaster in the universe were aboard the same train.

"If I was you," said Uncle George, after working his train and hearing my hard luck story, "if I was you, son, I'd hike for Fort Worth. They tell me it's a coming metropolis. Booming. All kinds of work there, and pay you your own price."

"I'd rather risk K. C. or Omaha," I said, but Uncle George persisted in lauding the Texas village all the way. The last thing he said, after he'd fixed it up for me with the con on the east end, was: "Good-by, son. Don't forget Fort Worth."

Naturally, then, after a fruitless sojourn of a week in the river towns, during which I had spent my ten and pawned my suitcase, and hadn't been able to connect with anything that had the remotest resemblance to a meal ticket, I turned my face toward Uncle George's Mecca.

I dead-headed a hundred miles or so down the Frisco, struck a hostile crew, and went on my uppers. Me, that a few short months ago had snorted in the exuberance of my pride, a common Weary Waggles, hitting the rods and feeling within me the gnawing insistence of an impatient hunger.

"What is it?" my faithful stomach kept asking. "Is your throat cut?"

But for a few friendly station-agents, I would have gone into an early decline, so relentlessly does fortune rub it in when once she gets a good man going. And it was a long walk to Fort Worth, I began to believe.

However, I never reached the place after all. One day, at the zenith of my degradation and misery, I drilled into a homespun, catawampus sort of a hamlet far down in the Indian-infested hills of Oklahoma.

The place was called something that sounded like Wakickewa. I've never been able to spell it without the official guide, and it isn't worth troubling about anyhow; let it go Wakickewa. They said it was Cherokee or Blackfoot for "He dies hard, but we've got him."

It was a town of some twenty souls, a mule team, a sad-eyed cow or two, and a drug-store where, for a dollar-fifty, you could buy a bottle of "bitters" that would make you trumpet like an elephant. I'm not addicted to the bitters habit, but the incumbent of the railway station, one Arthur, Arturo, or Artie Birdsall, was.

He was a lonely genius and almost crazed with the solitude of his vigil, so he welcomed me right warmly, and I remained to divert him a while.



To be exact and adhere to the bare facts without rhetorical adornment or fanciful figures of speech, the guy was seeing blue-eyed woggle-worms with yellow pompons on their ears when I arrived, and they were calling him from the despatcher's office with a clamorous insistence that sounded urgent to me.

I took the key with one hand and shooed Arturo away with the other. He was arguing with me at the time with the leg of his office-chair. It seemed that they particularly desired a wayward freight-train held at Wakickewa for fear it couldn't pass the up passenger some miles beyond on the single track, which was all they happened to have along there. And the freight in question was then whistling for our out-skirts.

I manipulated the board, *et cetera*, and everything went off without mishap.

Young Birdsall recovered in a few days and was profusely apologetic to the company, but they couldn't see him for the smoke, and the expected happened.

To pad out a short story, and make a serial of it, I got the Wakickewa station. It paid forty-five per—a princely stipend to me at that time. In fact, it was all clear money except twelve dollars for board, as,

aside from bitters, there was nothing in the village for which to spend money.

As soon as I was comfortably ensconced—there really wasn't enough work on the job to keep an insomniac awake—I sent a hallo message to Honk, in Valhalla far away.

I expected a reply within the hour, but none came. The day passed without word from him.

I wondered if he hadn't gone from Valhalla, maybe to become, like me, a wanderer up and down the face of the earth, to die at last ignobly and rest in the murky waters of some darkling stream or in an unmarked grave in the northwest corner of some back-number cemetery.

I conjured up all sorts of morbid conjectures about him, having nothing else to do, while a couple of days worried by without news of him, sick, dying, or dead.

That Wakickewa place was a lively burg. Phew! Very few trains bothered to stop at all. All the freight consigned there since the town began could have been loaded in one twenty-four foot car; and nothing at all had ever been shipped out.

The southbound local slowed down and came to a standstill one evening after I'd been there ten days, and they began to dump



THE GUY WAS SEEING  
BLUE-EYED WOGGLE-  
WORMS WITH YELLOW  
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IT HAD A SUIT-CASE IN EACH HAND  
AND A SMILE FROM EAR TO EAR.

a line of trunks and packing-cases out of the baggage-car. I wondered what traveling salesman was so far gone as to alight there by mistake, or if it was a show troupe stranded and looking for a place from which to start on a thousand-mile walk back to New York.

At that moment, a familiar form swung from the smoker. It had a suit-case in each hand and a smile from ear to ear.

It was Honk, buoyant, breezy, and blithesome as ever! We fell into each other's arms.

"Howdy!" he said. "Howdy! I came

as soon as I heard from you. How's your chewing holding out? This is a punko place, ain't it? But we don't need to worry about that, for I don't think we'll sojourn here any great while.

"I've got a great business on foot. You see, I brought my trunks along to save time. This place looks malarial to me. You're not so fat as you was, are you?"

"How's Valhalla?" I asked.

"Gone to the dogs," he said. "I've quit 'em. The place will be gone back to barbarism inside of a year—overrun with weeds and wolves. We got away just in time."

## TRAVELING AIR-BRAKE SCHOOL.

**T**HE Lehigh Valley Railroad has recently sent out an air-brake instruction car in which an expert is employed to coach its employees on the subject of air-brakes and answer any questions which they may put to him. It is intended that this migratory school shall keep the men always well informed on this phase of railroading operation, as the car will make periodical trips so that they will have no excuse for getting rusty. The instruction-car is fitted out with all the latest air-

brake equipment, both for cars and locomotives, so that the instructor may give practical demonstrations along with his talks. A general bulletin conveys to the employees information as to the time of the car's arrival at points along the line. If this does not result in an attendance sufficiently large, special notifications are sent out. The instruction is for the men in both the transportation and shop departments, since at one time or another they must deal with air-brakes.



# The Railroads' Clearing-House for Immigrants.

BY PETER MULLIGAN.

**D**ID you ever try to give traveling directions to a man who could not understand English and whose language you could not speak? If so, you can readily imagine what it means to sell tickets and personally direct to their destinations the hundreds of foreign immigrants who arrive in New York harbor almost daily.

This is the work the immigrant clearing-house has undertaken and which it handles so well that few if any of the bewildered newcomers from abroad ever manage to get lost, strayed, or stolen.

Mr. Mulligan shows us how this organization, which operates with the smoothness of a well-oiled machine, not only protects and guides the immigrants to their homes, but also carefully looks out for the interests of the railroads themselves.

## How Steerage Passengers of the Great European Liners Are Collected, Tagged, Apportioned to the Railroads, and Made Ready for the Immigrant Trains.

**E**IGHT hundred and fifty out of every thousand immigrants that formerly entered New York harbor, stopped in the big city at the gateway of the new world and filtered gradually over America. Within the past few years, however, by the establishment of what is known as the immigrant clearing-house, the situation is reversed.

Eight hundred out of every thousand now never set foot in New York at all. They are distributed by the railroads directly from the ocean steamers to every part of the country.

Each of the great deep-sea liners, after its passengers have passed the health officers at Quarantine, docks and discharges its immigrants into the Ellis Island boat that comes alongside. Past the sky-scrapers of lower Manhattan, at which they gaze with wide-eyed wonder and longing,

the newcomers are carried to the pinnacled group of red brick buildings that from the bay seem to fringe the Jersey shore.

In single file, with hands and heads cumbered with bags and bundles, with children sticking like burrs to their mothers' skirts, they soon find themselves staggering up the narrow incline pouring into the maw of Ellis Island, the vast registration-room where the morally, the physically, and the financially unfit are rejected.

### The Eternal Question.

"Where are you going?" is the question put to each of them who has successfully passed the swift and searching eyes of the inspectors and clerks.

Thereafter, until the immigrant has reached his final destination—whether it is Scranton or San Francisco—that is the question he has to answer over and over

again. It begins when the clerks commence to sort out the groups of thirty into which, by law, the immigrants are divided on the ship's manifest.

Those whose destination is New York, and have fulfilled all the requirements, are allowed to pass without delay to the ferry-boat. The remaining sixty or eighty per cent, bound for other parts of the country, then become the railroads' own, to move quickly, kindly, comfortably, with little or no friction, to their journeys' ends.

The machinery for this work has been simplified until it is now able to handle and carry away thousands of persons a day, without confusion or delay, and at the minimum cost to each railroad.

Only yesterday a confused mass of alien peoples went thronging into Manhattan, unacquainted with customs and language, the prey of all varieties of sharpers. Today a system sends each just where he wants to go, expeditiously, pleasantly, with his meager funds unimpaired; a separation of individuals that under the old regulation took many weeks and was accompanied by endless complications.

Through long corridors and down flights of stairs, with an inspector at every turn to guide them, the immigrants pass. The railroad department fills a large portion of the lower floor of the huge station. It is divided into two sections; one for the baggage and the other for the immigrants themselves.

### Handling a Many-Tongued Host.

Only fifteen per cent of these people, railroad bound, and ten per cent of the entire number of immigrants, are to make their way to New England points. The rest of them are to be transported to the West and South, near and far.

The transporting of these is the business of the immigrant clearing-house. No more ingenious combination of interests has ever been planned. With the precision of an army, the many-tongued hosts are moved forward, their tickets examined, or tickets provided for those who have steamship orders, sorted into great cages of wire netting, like immense aviaries, and then with guides for each party, taken off on barges for the great railway terminals.

A clerical-force of not more than a dozen men transact all this railroad work for the nine lines that comprise the immigrant

clearing-house. Ten to fifteen inspectors and twenty to fifty baggage handlers, according to the low or high tides of immigration, make up the rest of the cohort.

The railways that compose the immigrant clearing-house are with one exception trunk lines leading westward. Whether a man or a family is to be sent to Trenton, New Jersey, or to Spokane, Washington, it is all the same as a matter of detail.

The nine lines are: the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, the West Shore, the New York, Ontario and Western, the Erie, the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, the Central Railroad of New Jersey, the Lehigh Valley, the Pennsylvania, and the Baltimore and Ohio, all of which are members of the Trunk Line Association.

### Eager to Visit New York.

It is at the door of the big railway room that the question: "Where are you going?" asked of every immigrant, gains its greatest insistence. It is a broad doorway, but no one passes through without being questioned. Over its threshold files an endless procession from all the nations of the earth.

One interesting circumstance is that no small proportion of these people answer this question with the only English words they know: "New York." Then follows this dialogue, sometimes in Arabic or Finnish, oftener in Italian, Yiddish, German, Magyar, or the Lingua Franca of the Mediterranean littoral:

"Show me your railroad ticket or steamship order.

"This says you are going to Hurley, Wisconsin. Across the room there. Give it to the clerk there and he will give you a ticket."

"But I want to go to New York."

"Are you a citizen of the United States?"

"No. I want to go to New York."

"You are ticketed for Hurley, Wisconsin. You can't go to New York unless you get an order from the chief clerk."

"But I want to stop in New York and see some friends."

"Jimmie," to another railroad inspector, "take this man up-stairs to the chief clerk."

In a few minutes the immigrant is back again. He has been unable to satisfy the chief clerk that an exception should be



made in his case, and that he should be allowed to brave the dangers of New York without some one being responsible for his ultimate safe delivery to the railroad company.

So far as possible it is the object of the railway agent of the clearing-house to send out all the passengers from each individual ship over a single line, irrespective of the route their tickets call for. Suppose immigrants from the Lucania, the Adriatic, and the Kaiser Wilhelm all reached Ellis Island the same day.

The Lucania immigrants might go out over the West Shore, the Adriatic's over the Pennsylvania, and the Kaiser Wilhelm's over the Erie. The object is to apportion the immigrant traffic as equably as possible. On other days the other roads would get their share one after the other, so that by the end of the week or month each road would have received the proportion of the business to which it is entitled.

### A Saving for the Railroads.

It takes no little judgment for the clearing-house agent to distribute these people so that each road will be thoroughly satisfied, but the system has been so carefully worked out that there is no difficulty. By cooperation the railroads have brought the cost of this service to a minimum, and instead of each having to maintain a complete equipment at Ellis Island the individual expense for each road is only about \$12.50 a day when the tide of immigration is not at its flood.

The preferences of each immigrant is carefully considered. If a man or family have tickets to go west by the Pennsylvania and the train-load from his ship is scheduled to travel by the West Shore, he will invariably be asked if he especially wishes to go by the Pennsylvania, and if he declares that he does that will end the matter and he will be sent by that route without the slightest effort being made to change his desire.

There is no iron hand about this railroad routing. The other day a swarthy Magyar approached an inspector appealingly.

He had been in the United States before and spoke English. He explained that a

ship friend of his who was ticketed by the Lehigh Valley wanted to go with him by the D. L. and W. instead. Could it be arranged?

"Certainly," replied the inspector. "You can both go by the same line and by any route you wish."

### Making Up an Immigrant Train.

The object of all this system of shipping simultaneously as many people as possible by any one line is to enable that road to make up its special immigrant trains.

An immigrant train is not generally sent out with less than a hundred tickets. The few immigrants whose travel preferences do not coincide with the day's schedule are carried on the regular trains of the roads they select.

An immigrant train generally starts from its New Jersey terminal at from six to eight o'clock in the evening. It takes practically all day to sort out the steamer loads of passengers and to transfer their heaps of baggage. The latter is quite a complicated task, and there must be accuracy and despatch to get the barges that ply between Ellis Island and the Jersey shore loaded up at the proper time.

From the railroad room where tickets are sold and orders exchanged, the immigrant passes into the baggage-room to identify his property, and thence into the great room of wire cages, one for each railroad terminal. These cages radiate out from a common center like the spokes of a wheel.

Before the immigrant reaches his designated waiting place, the last before he leaves Ellis Island, he is asked again and again the old question, "Where are you going?" and with the following, also new to his ear:

"Are you hungry? When did you eat last? Do you want to telegraph to any one?"

There is no insistence as to any of these inquiries. The average immigrant, at just this point, is so bewildered that he has generally forgotten all about eating, and may be faint from hunger, but not know it unless he is reminded. Also the matter of telegraphing may have quite slipped his mind.

This is the first of two articles on the handling of immigrants by the railroads. The second, "With the Immigrant Specials," will appear in our April issue.

# VANISHING RAILROADERS.

BY JOHN W. SAUNDERS.

The Thousand-and-One Nights' Tales of the Early Days  
Before the Railroads, When We Had to Fight Indians.

## CHAPTER V.

### Saving the Life of Boone,

**B**OONESBOROUGH was one of those forts, or stations, erected by the early settlers of Kentucky to protect themselves and families from the incursions of their savage foes, and was the scene of many a thrilling and soul-stirring incident.

It was erected in April, 1775, by Daniel Boone, and was located on the southern bank of the Kentucky River. It was the first fort built in that region, and its erection excited the fears of the Indians, who were highly incensed at the rapid advancement of the whites into their beautiful hunting grounds, which feeling was still further increased by the British, who had forts north of the Ohio, and offered them bribes for every scalp or prisoner they took.

Such being the incentives, Boonesborough was besieged on several occasions by the Indians in large parties, sometimes assisted by their white allies.

It was the first birthday of American Independence, July 4, 1777. The sun, which was just peering above the eastern horizon, gave token of a brilliant day. The birds had laved themselves in the clear, cold rills, and were commencing their matinal songs.

The gate of the fort opened and two young men came out. They made their way to the adjoining fields to commence their daily toil. They entertained no fear of immediate danger from the proximity of Indians, as it had been the practise to send scouts up and down the river every week to look for Indian "signs."

But a few days before the scouts had been out. They scoured the country on both sides, and no trail or other evidence of the Indians had been seen. Hence these two young men took no precaution against an attack—not even taking their guns with them.

At that very moment a body of the redskins was creeping silently and stealthily through the underbrush of the adjacent forest toward the fort.

Totally unconscious of their peril, the youths went on until they were within about sixty yards of the Indians' covert, when, as they were about commencing their labor, they were fired upon by at least a dozen rifles.

The whole scene passed under the eyes of a young man who, for a few preceding moments, had been leaning upon his rifle, gazing listlessly after the two youths from the gate of the fort, where he was awaiting the laggard steps of two companions who were to go out with him that morning on a hunting excursion.

In an instant how changed was his appearance! With body erect, his nostrils dilated like a war-horse in action, his hands firmly grasping his faithful rifle, and with his eyes fixed on the spot where the smoke was lazily rising in the morning air, he stood, the personification of intense excitement.

The young men in the fields, who had been uninjured by the first fire of the Indians, were now running for life toward the fort. Behind them followed a dozen swarthy warriors, thirsting for their blood and scalps.

They had nearly reached their goal when a shot from the leading Indian, who had

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paused to fire, brought down one of them within seventy yards of the gate.

Dropping his rifle, the savage sprang forward with a shout of triumph, and proceeded leisurely to scalp the body. He had presumed too much, however, on the distance between himself and the fort, and paid the penalty of his presumption.

Springing his rifle to his shoulder with a jerk, Simon Kenton—for he it was who had been watching the scene from the gateway—drew a bead upon the redskin, and he tumbled over dead. Calling to his companions of the fort, who were gathering in numbers, he bounded forward in pursuit, regardless of the superior numbers of the enemy.

The Indians, retreating gradually, drew Kenton and his companions into dangerous proximity to a large body of their fellows, who were concealed in the thickness of the adjacent woods.

It must not be supposed that all this had taken place without alarming the inmates of the fort. When, however, Boone and others called out by the sound of the firearms rushed to the gate, nothing was to be seen or heard but the firing in the near-by woods and the bodies of the young man and Indian in the foreground.

Ordering those around him to fellow, Boone started for the scene of conflict, to which he was directed by the increasing reports of rifles.

He found the Indians, as well as Kenton and his companions, treed. The latter might easily have been overwhelmed by numbers, but this was not the object of the savages.

Kenton, observing a warrior aiming his rifle at Boone's party from behind a tree, aimed, fired first, and killed the Indian where he stood.

Boone, turning to cheer on his men, discovered that a body of the enemy had made a reconnaissance between him and the fort, and cut off his retreat.

Quick as thought, he gave his orders, "To the right about! Fire! Charge!"

At them they went, one to ten. It was fearful odds, and the whites suffered accordingly. Out of fourteen, seven were wounded, among whom was Boone himself, whose leg was broken by a ball from the rifle of a stalwart warrior who rushed forward to tomahawk him and secure the scalp, a trophy which would have made him a chief.

He was not destined, however, to attain the much-coveted honor. Kenton, who had just rammed down his last ball, and who was on the retreat, saw the danger of his chief, met and averted it.

There was not a second to lose; the savage was already over him, and the next instant would decide the fate of Kentucky's noblest captain.

With the fury of an enraged tiger, and with the seeming impetus of one of his own bullets, he sprang forward. Not waiting to bring his piece to the shoulder, he thrust it full at the breast of the Indian and discharged it.

The force of the blow and the discharge caused the savage to measure his length in his tracks.

Dropping his rifle, Kenton took his friend and commander in his arms—and he was no light load—and carried him in safety to the fort.

After the gates had been made fast and everything was secure, Boone sent for Kenton, and, taking him by the hand, said: "Well done, Simon! You have behaved yourself like a man; indeed, you are a fine fellow."

This, coming from Boone, who was naturally taciturn and not much given to compliment, was no faint praise. Kenton had well earned it, however, for he had killed three Indians with his own hands and saved the life of his leader.

## CHAPTER VI.

### The Capture of Kenton.

SOME months later, Kenton, who had remained at Boone's and Logan's stations until idleness became irksome, determined to have another bout with the Indians. For this purpose he combined with Alex Montgomery and George Clark to go on a horse-stealing expedition.

They reached old Chillicothe without meeting with any adventure. There they saw a drove of horses feeding in the rich prairie, of which they secured seven, and started on their return.

On reaching the Ohio River, they found it lashed into a perfect fury by a hurricane, and the horses refused to cross.

Here was an unlooked-for dilemma. It was evening. They felt sure of being pursued, and no time was to be lost. They rode back to the hills, hobbled their ani-

imals, and then retraced their steps to see if they were followed.

The next day, the wind having subsided, they caught their horses, and again endeavored to cross the river, but with the same result. The frightened horses would not take to the water, and they were driven to the alternative of parting with them.

Selecting three of the best, they turned the rest loose, and started for the falls of the Ohio; but avarice whispering that they might lead the others, they returned and endeavored to retake them.

This was by no means an easy task. While busily occupied in their endeavor, they were surprised by a party of mounted Indians, who had followed their trail. The whites were separated. Kenton, hearing a whoop in the direction of his comrades, dismounted, and crept cautiously in the direction of the sound, to discover, if possible, the force of the savages.

Dragging himself forward on his hands and knees, he came suddenly upon several Indians who did not discover him at the moment.

Being surrounded, and considering the boldest course the best, he took aim at the foremost Indian, but his gun missed fire.

He was immediately pursued. Taking advantage of some fallen timber, he endeavored to elude his pursuers by dodging them and hiding among the underbrush, where their horses could not follow; but they were too cunning for him, and, dividing their forces, rode along on either side of the timber.

They began to "beat it up"; and as Kenton was emerging at the farther end, he was confronted by one of the savages, who threw himself from his horse and rushed at Kenton with a tomahawk.

Kenton drew back his arm to defend himself with the butt of his gun. As he was about to strike, another stalwart savage seized him in his powerful grasp and prevented the descending blow.

Kenton was a prisoner. He yielded with what grace he could command to superior numbers. While they were binding him, Alex Montgomery made his appearance and fired at one of the Indians, but missed his mark. He was immediately pursued. In a few moments one of the Indians returned, shaking the bloody scalp of his friend in Kenton's face. Clark succeeded in making his escape. Crossing the river, he arrived in safety at Logan's station.

That night the Indians encamped on the banks of the river. In the morning they prepared to return with their unfortunate prisoner. Some little time elapsed ere they succeeded in catching all their horses.

At length, when they did succeed, they determined to torment their captive in return for the trouble he had caused them.

They selected the wildest and most restive horse of the number, and bound Kenton to his back. A rope was first passed round the under jaw of the horse, either end of which was held by an Indian, and, even with this advantage, it required the assistance of others to control the vicious beast.

Kenton was first seated on the animal's back, with his face toward the tail and his feet tied together under the horse. Another rope confined his arms, and went round the horse, drawing the prisoner down upon his back. A third was secured around his neck, and was fastened to the horse's neck, and thence extended longitudinally across his body to the tail of the horse, where it was secured.

In this way he was securely fastened to the frantic animal beyond the possibility of escape. To be certain that he was secure, they fastened another rope to his waist and fastened it to the one which served as a girth. Finally, they fastened a pair of moccasins on his hands to prevent him from defending his face.

During the time they were preparing him for his ride, they taunted him by asking him if he wanted to steal more horses. They danced around him, yelled and screamed, and in every possible manner exhibited their delight at the anticipated suffering of their victim. With yells and "thunder shouts" they turned the savage horse loose. He bounded away in fright. He darted through the woods, rearing and plunging, and inflicting on his tortured rider countless wounds and blows as he dashed against trees and rushed through the tangled brush.

Kenton and the animal were lacerated with thorns and briars. Finally, with wasted strength and trembling limbs, the horse returned to the spot from which he had started.

Kenton was suffering beyond description. He longed for death to release him from his torture. But the Indians were not yet satisfied. They mounted other horses, and drove the animal on which Kenton was bound over a wide range of territory.

When the time came that the infuriated



animal could move no more, and simply dropped in its tracks, the trusty tomahawk ended the white man's misery.

## CHAPTER VII.

### The Escape of Christopher Miller.

**W**HEN General Wayne took command of the expedition destined to act against the Indians of the Northwest, he was fully aware of the difficulties which lay in his way, and the almost insurmountable obstacles to be overcome.

The enemy against whom he had to contend pursued a vastly different mode of warfare from that with whom he had recently fought, and vigilance, subtlety, and cunning were of far greater need in the commander of such an expedition than the orthodox skill of a military chief.

It was highly necessary to be constantly upon the alert to prevent surprise. To guard against the machinations of his crafty foe, he organized several corps of spies composed of some of the most efficient and experienced woodsmen and Indian hunters which the frontiers afforded.

The command of these companies was given to officers distinguished for their intrepidity and coolness in danger. Among others who merited and obtained this honor was Captain William Wells, who had been taken prisoner by the Indians while a child and brought up under their tutelage.

He had been engaged in the action with St. Clair, and commanded a select body of the enemy stationed opposite the artillery, and did fearful execution among the men.

Feeling assured, after that event, that the whites would be revenged, and anticipating their ultimate success in the contest, Captain Wells left the Indians and joined Wayne's army.

His knowledge of the country, of the Indian language, and, above all, of their habits and mode of fighting, made him a valuable scout.

Among his men was one by the name of Henry Miller, who likewise had served an apprenticeship with the Indians, but had escaped, leaving his younger brother, Christopher—who refused to fly—in their hands. Captain Wells's men performed many deeds of valor and bravery during the campaign, which raised them high in the estimation of the commander and excited against him the implacable animosity of the Indians.

On one occasion he was directed by Wayne to bring in an Indian prisoner. Selecting a few of his band, he started on his perilous duty.

Cautiously and secretly they entered the Indian country, hoping to surprise a straggling party, but met none. Searching carefully in the neighborhood, they came upon a party of three Indians gathered about a small fire, cooking venison.

They had judiciously selected their camp, having located it on the apex of a small mound cleared of underbrush. It gave them a free and uninterrupted view of the woods around them, thus rendering it difficult to approach without being discovered.

Wells tried to make a clump of trees near the base of the hill. It was a daring move to make for it—but Wells determined to make the attempt.

Calling two officers—Miller and McClellan—the three dismounted. Tying their horses, they commenced to creep on all fours in a zigzag direction, taking advantage of every inequality of ground, every shrub and rock, to shelter and conceal their approach.

In this manner, after much exertion, they reached a fallen tree and for the time were covered by its branches.

Here they arranged their plans. One of the Indians was on his hands and knees blowing the fire; another was seated opposite to him engaged in conversation with the third, who was standing in front of the fire. All appeared to be in the best spirits in anticipation of their meal.

It was arranged that Wells and Miller were to shoot the two on either side of the fire, while McClellan, who was as fleet of foot as a deer, was to charge through the smoke and capture the one in the center ere he had time to recover from his first surprise.

Resting their rifles on the trunk of the tree, they aimed at the hearts of their foes. In a moment, two reports awoke the echoes of the surrounding forest, and McClellan was bounding at his utmost speed toward the camp.

Two of the red-skins fell dead, while the third, discovering the rapid approach of the intrepid soldier, dropped his rifle and fled toward the river. At the point where he approached it the banks were twenty feet in height.

McClellan was at his heels, however, followed by the others of the party. There was no opportunity to double, and the In-

dian was forced to leap off into the water below. He stuck fast in the mud, floundering and trying to get out.

McClellan, discovering his situation, sprang upon him, threatening him with instant death unless he surrendered.

The rest of the party appearing on the bank above, the Indian found his escape hopeless, and yielded himself a prisoner. After considerable exertion Wells and Miller managed to drag McClellan and the Indian out of the mire.

The Indian proved sulky, and refused to speak. In washing the mud off him, they discovered that he was a white man.

The captive refused to utter a word. Miller, thinking it might be his brother whom he had left among the Indians, rode up alongside him and called him by his Indian name.

The effect was instantaneous. The man started, turned toward his brother and in the Indian tongue eagerly demanded how he came to know his name.

Miller easily explained the mystery, and the brothers were locked in each other's arms the next moment.

The prisoner was Christopher Miller, who, by one of those providential occurrences by which the white man seems to be protected from danger, while the red man is fated to extinction, had escaped instant death at the hands of his own brother. Had his situation in camp been different; had he been on either side of the fire, instead of in the center of the group, his death would have been inevitable.

After scalping the two dead Indians, the party returned to headquarters with their prisoner. He was ordered to the guard-house by Wayne, who interrogated him in regard to the intentions of the Indians. He remained for some time sulky and reserved, notwithstanding the efforts of Captain Wells and his brother to induce him to abandon the Indians and return to civilized life. On being released unconditionally, however, he agreed. Joining Wells's company, he served faithfully during the rest of the campaign.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A Fist Fight in Old Kentuck.

**JOE LOGSTON** was one of that class of "half-horse, half-alligator Kentuckians," who could, to use his own words,

"out-run, out-hop, out-jump, throw down, drag out, and whip any man in the country.

Joe was a powerful fellow, six feet three in his stockings, and proportionately stout and muscular, with a handsome good-natured face and a fist like a Janney coupler.

Fear he knew not. Fighting was his pastime, particularly if his scalp was the prize for which he fought.

On one occasion he was mounted on his own favorite pony, which was leisurely picking its way along the trail, with its head down. Joe was enjoying a feast of wild grapes which he picked as he came along.

Neither dreamed of danger until the crack of two rifles on either side of the path killed one and wounded the other.

One ball struck Joe, grazing the skin above his breast bone. The other pierced his horse's flank. In an instant, Joe was on his feet, grasping his rifle—he had instinctively seized it as he slipped to the ground—and looking for his foe.

He might easily have escaped by running, as the guns of the Indians were empty, and they could not pretend to compete with him in speed. But Joe was not one of that sort. He boasted that he had never left a battlefield without making his mark, and he was not going to begin now.

One of the savages sprang into the path and made at him, but finding his opponent prepared for him, he sought refuge in a tree.

Joe, knowing there were two of the Indians, looked earnestly about him for the other, and soon discovered him between a couple of saplings engaged in reloading his gun.

The trees were scarcely large enough to shield him. His back was partly exposed. Joe, quick as thought, drew a bead, fired, and struck him.

Now that his rifle was empty, the big Indian who had first made his appearance rushed forward, feeling sure of his prey, and rejoicing in the anticipated possession of Joe's scalp.

Joe was not going to lose the natural covering of his head without a struggle. He calmly awaited the savage, with his rifle clubbed and his feet braced for a powerful blow. Perceiving this, his foe halted ten paces, and with all the vengeful force of a vigorous arm, threw his tomahawk full at Joe's face.

With the rapidity of lightning it whirled through the air, but, Joe, equally as quick



in his movements, dodged it, suffering only a slight cut on his left shoulder as it passed.

Then he rushed in. The Indian darted into the bushes, and successfully dodged the blows made at his head by the now enraged hunter, who getting madder and madder at the failure of his successive efforts, gathered all his strength for a final blow.

This the cunning savage dodged as before, and the rifle, which by this time had become reduced to the simple barrel, struck a tree and flew out of Joe's hand into the bushes ten feet away.

The Indian sprang to his feet and confronted Joe. Empty handed, they stood for a moment measuring each the other's strength.

It was but for a moment, for the blood was flowing freely from the wound in Joe's breast. The other, thinking him more seriously wounded than he really was, and wishing to take advantage of his weakness, closed with him, intending to throw him.

He reckoned, however, without his host, for in less time than it takes to tell it, he found himself at full length on his back with Joe on top.

Slipping from under with the agility of an eel, the Indian was soon free. They were both on their feet again—and again closed. This time the savage was more wary, but the same result followed, and he was again beneath his opponent.

Having the advantage of Joe in being naked to the waist and oiled from head to foot, he could slip from the grasp of the hunter and resume his feet with wonderful alacrity. Six different times was he thrown and as many times did he regain his feet.

Finally, their struggles and contortions brought them to the open path, and Joe concluded to change his tactics. He was becoming weaker from loss of blood, while, on the other hand, the savage seemed to lose none of his strength from his many falls.

Closing again in a close hug, they fell as before; but this time instead of endeavoring to keep his antagonist down, Joe sprang quickly to his feet, and as the Indian came up he dealt him a blow with his clenched fist between the eyes which felled him. Then Joe threw himself with all his might on the Indian's body.

This was repeated every time the Indian rose. It soon began to tell with fearful effect upon his body as well as his face, for Joe was no lightweight. At every succeeding fall, the Indian came up weaker and

seemed disposed to retreat. This Joe decidedly objected to, and dealt his blows more rapidly, until the savage lay apparently insensible at his feet.

Falling upon him, Joe grasped the Indian's throat with a grip like a vise, intending to strangle him. He soon found, however, that the savage was playing possum. The Indian was up to something, the purport of which Joe could not immediately guess.

Watching with the keen eye of a lynx, Joe discovered that the Indian was trying to disengage his knife which was in his belt. The handle, however, was so short that it slipped down beyond reach, and he was working it up by pressing on the point. Joe watched the movement with deep interest, and when the Indian had worked it up sufficiently for his purpose, Joe quickly seized it.

With one powerful blow he drove it to the hilt in the Indian's heart.

Springing to his feet, Joe now turned to the other red-skin. He lay still, his back broken by Joe's ball. His gun was loaded and he was trying to raise himself upright to fire it, but every time he brought it to his shoulder he would tumble forward and again renew his struggle. Concluding that he had had enough fighting and knowing that the wounded Indian could not escape, Joe returned to the fort.

Although he presented an awful sight when he reached there—his clothes being torn nearly from his body, which was covered with blood and dirt from his head to his feet—yet his story was scarcely believed by many of his comrades. They thought it one of Joe's "big" stories.

"Go and satisfy yourselves," he said.

A party started for the battle-ground where their suppositions were confirmed. No Indians were to be found, and no evidence of them except Joe's dead horse in the road. On looking carefully about, however, they discovered a trail which led them a little distance into the bushes. There they discovered the body of the big Indian buried under the leaves by the side of a stump. Following on, they found the corpse of the second, with his own knife thrust into his heart and his hand still grasping it, to show that he came to his death by his own hand.

The knife with which Joe had killed the big Indian they found after a long search, thrust into the ground where it had been

forced by the heel of his wounded companion. He must have suffered intense agony while thus endeavoring to hide all traces of the white man's victory.

## CHAPTER IX.

### Defending the Wagon.

**B**ETWEEN the Blue Ridge and the Western range of the Alleghany Mountains, in the northern part of the State of Virginia, is located Shenandoah County. It derives its name from the beautiful river, one branch of which flows through its entire length, from south to north.

Woodstock, a thriving town was settled previous to the French and Indian War by hardy German yeomanry from Pennsylvania, who were tempted to leave the rugged hills of the Keystone State, by the glowing reports which had reached their ears of the surprising fertility and surpassing beauty of the valley of the Shenandoah.

Gathering their household goods, they reluctantly turned their backs on the homes of their first choice, and took their way through pathless forests to "the promised land."

Arriving at their new home, they selected Woodstock as the nucleus of the settlement, and commenced with a will the laborious task of felling the forest and the erection of their homes.

A stockade fort was erected as a protection against the incursions of predatory bands of Indians. A short time sufficed to place these hardy settlers in circumstances which, if not actually flourishing, were comparatively thrifty. They promised so well that they were led to look forward with hope and anticipation to a long-continued prosperity.

They were a plain, frugal, industrious people, unacquainted with luxuries and only desiring the substantial requisites of the simple life. These were furnished in abundance by the fertile soil of the valley in which they had taken up their abode.

Among others who had been attracted to the beautiful valley by the glowing accounts of its fertility and comparative security, were two heads of families by the names of Sheets and Taylor. The former was of German parentage, the latter of English birth, but having both married American women, and being drawn together by that invisible bond of sympathy

which, in a new country, where danger is a common heritage, unites with a stronger tie than that of blood—they were more like one family than two separate households.

Being driven from their homes by the massacre of two of their neighbors' families, they hastily collected a few necessities, and with their wives and children started in search of a new home. Woodstock was the nearest town, where there was a fort, and toward that place they directed their wagons.

The Taylor family consisted of himself, wife, and three children; that of Sheets numbered but three—himself, wife, and one child. The few articles which the limited room in the wagon and the hurried nature of their departure allowed them to remove, were a chest of drawers, a feather bed, a brass kettle or two, some few culinary articles, and the axes and rifles of the men. These belongings, their horses, and a stout wagon, were all they had saved, yet they were happy that they were alive, and trudged along satisfied if they could but reach a haven of safety from the barbarities which had been inflicted upon their less fortunate neighbors.

The greater portion of their way lay through the forest, where every sound to their affrighted ears gave token of an enemy lurking in their path. The rustling of a leaf, or the sighing wind, awoke their fears and called up their latent courage.

At length they had reached the brow of the hill from which they had a view of the beautiful valley where they hoped to find a haven of rest. They paused for a moment to admire the scene which opened before them—to admire the natural glories of their new home. As they spoke, the deadly rifle of a concealed foe was leveled full at their breasts. A savage red-skin, thirsting for their blood, stood within a few feet of them. Hidden by the thick underbrush which grew by the side of the road, five tawny warriors, painted and bedecked with their war feathers, lay crouching like wild beasts ready to spring on their prey!

Just as they started to resume their way and descend the hill toward the settlement, the crack of two rifles and the whizzing of two leaden messengers sent the two men to their death! The aim had been sure, and both Taylor and Sheets fell without a groan, pierced through the heart with the fatal bullet of an unerring aim!

Quick as the flash from a summer cloud—



were all the fondly cherished hopes of the wives and children—their safety and future happiness blasted and stricken to earth with the fall of the heads of their families.

No cry was uttered by the bereaved women. Their feelings were too deep for utterance, and there was no time for grief.

They looked around for the foe and for means of defense. Nothing was within reach but the axes of their husbands. These they seized and awaited the onset of the savages. They had not long to wait. Pushing aside the foliage, five stalwart warriors sprung, with a grunt of satisfaction, from the thicket into the road, and made for the wagon to secure their prisoners.

The first to come up, seized the son of Mrs. Taylor and tried to drag him from the wagon. The little fellow resisted manfully, looking up into his mother's face as if to implore protection at her hands.

The appeal was not lost. Seizing the ax with both hands and swinging it above her head, she brought it down with all the vengeful force of her arm on the shoulder of the Indian, inflicting a wound which sent him off howling with pain.

Turning to another she served him in a similar manner, while Mrs. Sheets had sent a third back to his lair with a severe blow which severed his fingers.

The other two Indians were wise enough to keep outside the range of their blows, but endeavored to intimidate them by their terrific yells and brandished tomahawks.

Nothing daunted, however, the brave, heroic women maintained their threatening attitude of defense, until wearied of their endeavors and fearing the approach of relief from the garrison of the fort, the two unwounded Indians rushed into the thicket for their rifles.

It was their intention to end the conflict. Taking advantage of this opportunity the women started the horses. The red-skins not daring to pursue them, they reached the fort in safety. A corps was sent out to bring in the dead and scalped bodies of their husbands.

## CHAPTER X.

### Boyd Before Butler.

**A**FTER the fearful massacre in the valley of Wyoming, the United States government awoke to the necessity of striking a blow which should teach the Indians

and their allies of those early times the bloodthirsty tories, that it was strong to punish such inhuman acts. An army of five thousand men was assembled, in the fall of 1779, to penetrate the Indians' country in western New York and destroy the nest of vipers at Niagara, which was the headquarters from which the Indians drew their supplies and received their rewards.

The expedition was under command of General Sullivan, and embraced, among other corps, a part of Morgan's riflemen.

After a severe battle at Conewawah—now the city of Elmira—Sullivan reached Little Beardstown. There he encountered a deep stream which required bridging before the army could cross.

While waiting there, Lieutenant Boyd, of the rifle corps, a young officer of great promise, was sent across the river with twenty-six men to reconnoiter.

Piloted by a faithful Indian guide, Boyd and his party reached the village, which they found deserted, although it was evident that the Indians had recently been there, for their fires were still burning.

Night was approaching when Boyd had completed his reconnaissance, and he concluded to camp where he was.

In the morning, at the first dawn, some few of his men were on their feet. Approaching the village, they discovered two Indians skulking about. One of these was shot by a man named Murphy, a brave fighter who feared no man even though he endangered his own life.

Suspecting that more Indians might be in the neighborhood, and having performed the duty assigned to him, Boyd commenced to retrace his steps.

He soon discovered that a large body of the enemy, chiefly Indians, were lying in ambush between him and the army. Seeing that his case was a desperate one, and having no other alternative, he determined to cut his way through.

Forming his men in a solid phalanx, and cheering them lustily, he led them to the attack. The first charge was unsuccessful. Singular as it may seem, not a man of the little party was killed, although they were opposed by some five hundred savage warriors and tories.

The second and third attacks were more unfortunate, almost all of the party being killed. Only two or three succeeded in getting through. Boyd and a man named Parker were taken prisoners on the spot.

As soon as Boyd found himself in the hands of the bloodthirsty and revengeful Tories, he demanded an interview with Brandt, the Indian leader, preferring to throw himself upon Brandt's well-known clemency rather than trust to the generosity or forbearance of his Tory colleague.

The chief, being near, presented himself. Boyd, giving a secret-society sign and grasping his hand with the grip of a brother, claimed his protection.

Brandt, belonging to the same society, recognized both, and claimed the two prisoners as his own, promising and assuring them that their lives should be spared.

They would have been, had not Brandt been called away from the camp on duties of importance. Advantage was taken of his absence by Colonel Butler to endeavor to extort from the prisoners, under threat of torture, information regarding General Sullivan's army.

In the council-house of the village there assembled a remarkable group of men. Before a table, on which were scattered maps, papers, and writing materials, was seated a short, fleshy, ill-favored man, whose head indicated but few moral or intellectual faculties, and whose features were as expressive as his head.

He was cold and cruel. His dress was the uniform of the Royal Greens, of which regiment he was the colonel. This was Colonel John Butler.

Opposite to him sat an aide-de-camp, prepared to commit to paper the statements of the prisoner. In front of Butler, kneeling upon one knee, was the light, active form of Lieutenant Boyd. His white hunting-shirt brought him out in bold relief from the dusky forms of the savages, two of whom held him in their grasp, while behind him stood the stalwart form of Little Beard, the most vindictive and cruel of the allies of Great Britain.

He was distinguished for a diabolical invention for torturing a prisoner; and whenever this was on the program, he was master of ceremonies.

With one hand twined in the long hair of Boyd's head, he wielded a tomahawk in the other.

The tomahawk was raised to strike the death-blow on the signal from Butler. Behind him stood the other prisoner, Parker, in the hands of a fourth savage. Several warriors and soldiers completed the group.

Colonel Butler lost no time in interrogating the prisoner.

"What is your name?"

"Boyd."

"Your rank?"

"Lieutenant."

"What corps?"

"Morgan's rifle corps."

"What is the number of Sullivan's army?"

"I shall not answer the question."

"Boyd, life is sweet, and you are yet a young man; there is no possibility of your escape, and you have only one alternative; either answer my question immediately or you must die."

"Colonel Butler," replied the intrepid soldier, "I am in your hands; do with me as you see fit. I know your power and your will to put me in the severest torture, but you cannot shake my determination to refuse to answer your questions."

"Your death be upon your own head, then. Take him away."

Parker was questioned in like manner. With equal spirit he refused to answer. He, too, was handed over to the tender mercies of the barbarous savages, who commenced at once their brutal and fearful orgies.

Tying Boyd to a tree, after stripping him of his clothing, they formed a ring about him and commenced their infernal dance over a prisoner at the stake. Every means which artful cunning could invent or hate conceive was brought into play to intimidate the courageous Boyd, but without effect.

They pierced him with their knives; shook their tomahawks in his face; stuck sharp sticks into his flesh, and then threw their hatchets as near to his head and body as they could without killing him. Finding that their endeavors to frighten him were of no effect, and fearing the return of Brandt, they finally cut a hole in his body and drove him around the tree until he dropped dead. He was then beheaded, and his head stuck on a pole beneath a dog's head, which ghastly trophy was left when they retired from the town.

Parker, who had been compelled to witness this scene in anticipation of a similar or worse fate, was simply beheaded, owing to their haste.

His body and Boyd's were found and buried the next day by the army in passing through the town.

(To be continued.)




# Ten Thousand Miles by Rail.

BY GILSON WILLETS,  
Special Traveling Correspondent of "The Railroad Man's Magazine."

## No. 10.—SIDE SHOWS IN THE SHOW-ME STATE.

Adventures of a Hard-Working Gateman—How Shelbyville Found Itself—  
Saved by Snowballs—Hogan's Eminent Domain—Jim Reach's  
Love of Baseball—Tim Murphy's Tide of Tears.

SOMEBODY dropped a set of false teeth on the long platform of the Kansas City Union Station, where you walk up and down while waiting for your train.

Gateman Ralph Eldridge was the first to spy the teeth, and he gave them a little kick to the left. Detective Bradley saw them next and gave them a little kick to the right. Matron Everingham saw them next. She daintily kicked them forward. Mr. King, tourist-pilot for the Missouri Pacific, saw them next, and he gave them a swift kick aft.

So there was that vicious set of false teeth roaming at large in the depot enclosure, unrestrained and unmuzzled, a sinister thing lurking in the path of the passers-by, a horrible public menace.

Now it came to pass that before the station-porter overtook that set of menacing false teeth with his broom, it was encountered by an elderly man from Texas.

Gateman Ralph Eldridge noticed the old man, and suspected that he had escaped from a sanatorium, for his right foot was encased in a carpet-slipper of many colors, the most conspicuous hues being green, blue, yellow, violet, and crimson.

Eldridge also noticed that the old man hobbled, rather than walked, about the platform.

Then, all of a sudden, Eldridge's ears were assailed by a scream that meant mortal

agony. He turned around to behold the carpet-slippered man sitting on the platform with his knee up against his chin trying to extract the false teeth from one of his slippers.

Eldridge rushed up to the sufferer just in time to hear him make these few philosophic remarks:

"What kind of a station management is this, anyway? Hang the man who left his false teeth here to bite a mouthful out of my foot, and me with rheumatism and a thousand miles to travel before I reach my private physician in Texas!"

"I'm sorry, sir," said Eldridge, his voice tremulous with sympathy for the excruciating pain of which he was a witness.

A crowd gathered. Depot Detective Bradley came up and asked the old gentleman his name.

"I'm Henry Wilson, of Texas! I mean to employ a lawyer and bring suit against this company for letting a set of false teeth stick their fangs into this rheumatic foot of mine! It's criminal negligence!"

Matron Everingham ministered deftly to the Texan. Then Pilot King of the Mop piloted the poor bitten man to a bench, where he sat perfectly still till the Rock Island's Golden State Limited came along, picked him up and hauled him out of Missouri.

Two weeks later, Detective Bradley said to Gateman Eldridge confidentially:

"The legal department of the K. C. U.

S. Company is as white as a sheet from fright."

"What's the matter?" gasped Eldridge.

"And you, Ralph, and me, and the matron, and the whole bunch of us here are to be summoned as witnesses."

"What ails you, Bradley?" asked Ralph.

"Remember that agent from Texas that got bit by that false teeth? Well, he's sued. He's sued for damages for criminal negligence on the part of the station employees in allowing false teeth to rove around here unleased and unaccompanied by owner."

Two months later, meaning on or about April 4, 1910, I passed through Kansas City. I, too, paced that long platform while waiting for the Golden State Limited. While I paced, Ralph Eldridge opened his gate and announced to all the world that a Frisco train was about to depart for points in Arkansas.

I stood by Eldridge's gate, watching him as he punched holes in tickets. Nearly the last man in Kansas City who seemed to want that Frisco train was one who handed Eldridge a ticket to Springdale.

That man from Springdale looked as if he were made up to play the part of an agriculturist in a drama entitled, "In Truly Rural Arkansas." Instead of passing on with his punched ticket, he stopped and scrutinized Eldridge so minutely that the gateman's face crimsoned as he said:

"Don't block the passage, please."

Having finished his survey, the farmer said:

"Look here, boy, you're altogether too husky to be loafing around a railroad-station. You ought to go to work. Tell you



SHE DAINTELTY KICKED THEM FORWARD.

what I'll do for you, boy. I'll give you an order for an ax, and you get it and come down to my farm and set to work cutting down trees on my woodland, and I promise that I'll pay you good wages."

As he spoke, the farmer placed his valise on the platform and seated himself. Then he took out a stub of a pencil and scribbled on a bit of paper.

"There, boy," he said, handing the paper to Eldridge. "I'll expect you." Then he boarded the train.

Eldridge read the scrawl. It was an order on a hardware dealer in St. Louis for one ax to be delivered to bearer and charged to Mr. So-and-So, Springdale, Arkansas.

But Eldridge stuck to his job at the gate.

Three o'clock on the day after Christmas in Shelbyville, Missouri.

James B. Smith was dead. The whole town had turned out for the obsequies, for James B. Smith had been the ablest politician and thriftiest farmer in all Shelby County. All who knew him in life had gathered to hear of the good that would live after him.

Just as the minister reached the point of profoundest solemnity, the shrill whistle of a locomotive pierced the air.

Such an instantaneous pricking up of ears on the part of the population had never before been known in that town. Never before had a locomotive-whistle been heard within the limits of the seat of Shelby County.

The whistling was repeated with an aftermath of wheezing prolonged to the limit of endurance. This second tooting set the blood of the multitude a tingling. Inside the church a general stir ensued. Outside,



a man on the edge of the crowd turned his back on the overflow of mourners and started off with an earnestness of countenance and velocity of gait to see the machine capable of producing that wondrous sound.

That daring deserter from the obsequies was followed by two more men. On the track of the two came twenty. In the wake of the twenty came forty-five and more. The funeral party gradually dispersed until all within and without the church had gone, leaving only the minister and the pallbearers and the family of the departed.

Those who thus left the bier of James B. Smith did so in the belief that he would have approved, for Mr. Smith had worked overtime to procure a whistle-blast for which Shelbyville had been waiting for three-quarters of a century.

Let us follow the multitude. Behold the citizens now surging rank on rank upon the monster that could whistle like a demon.

What a monster it was! Many a time it had awakened those who snored on Second Avenue, New York City, as it marched on stilts past innumerable chambers comprising the cliff-dwellings that flanked the right-of-way of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad.

Shelbyville's first locomotive at length had arrived. Cal Meldrum, the first locomotive engineer ever to enter Shelbyville strictly on business, leaned from his cab window and shouted:

"It was a great run down from Shelbyna, friends.

"We covered the ten miles in twenty-two minutes. You yourselves built this railroad, and should be proud of your achievement."

It was a great moment for Shelbyville, but it was only a moment. There was soon to come, however, a whole day of festivities when the last spike was to be driven and the first passenger-train to be run over the newly constructed line from Shelbyville to Shelbyna, where the new railroad would connect with the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, thus bringing Shelbyville into the zone of the nation's activities!

And this is how it all happened.

On a summer's day in 1906 six men came to Shelbyville. They were driving a surrey, and they were large of girth and stature. To the county court-house the six men were led, there to be seated on a platform in full view of Shelbyville in mass-meeting assembled. One of the six strangers began to talk to the meeting.

Those six men, be it known, were promoters. They had come to Shelbyville, to put before the citizens a proposition to build a railroad that would forever lift Shelbyville out of isolation.

The six didn't want a thing from Shelbyville except free ground for station and yards, free right-of-way through the whole county, an advance of five thousand dollars in coin for surveys, free water and light for five years, exemption from town and county taxation for ten years, an advance of ten thousand dollars cash for preliminary construction; and the construction, by the town itself and at the town's expense, of four stations, one roundhouse, and all



"THIS IS THE WEATHER FOR RAILROAD WRECKS, JUDGE."



other adjuncts of a railroad in the way of edifices.

That's about all the promoters wanted. Silence pervaded the hall of judgment and mercy as the speaker sat down. Maybe Shelbyville was stunned by his modesty. Anyhow, even the chairman of the mass-meeting sat as if overtaken by petrification.

Finally, however, a voice from a front seat was heard. Every head turned to behold James B. Smith, richest citizen and ablest politician in Shelbyville.

"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen," Mr. Smith said, "I allow it's the general opinion of this meeting that since we are informed that we ourselves must survey the line, lay the grade and tracks, put up all the buildings and bear all the cost of operating the railroad for some five or ten years—I allow, I repeat, that since this is the case, as defined by the philanthropists from Chicago, we might as well own the railroad ourselves and operate it ourselves. Pursuant to which, of course, I now pledge the sum of ten thousand dollars to start a fund for the construction of the railroad without any help, advice, or interference from any more promoters from Chicago."

The mass-meeting recovered from its trance and greeted Mr. Smith's words with applause so vociferous that the court-

house ceiling almost cracked.

"I pledge two thousand!" shouted a farmer at the rear of the hall.

"And I five thousand!" yelled the leading banker of Shelbyville.

"And I will give four thousand!" cried the proprietor of Shelbyville's department-store.

Thus the pledges continued till more than one hundred thousand dollars had been promised right in the faces of the six promoters.

That's how Shelbyville raised the money to build the Shelby County Railroad to run between Shelbyville and Shelbyna, a distance of ten miles.

A company was formed, contracts for the work were awarded, and the citizens agreed to give the company a bonus of ten thousand dollars, provided the road was completed by January 1, 1908.

The first locomotive arrived at Shelbyville on the day after Christmas, 1907, though the road was not yet completed. Only four days were left in which to complete the road—and that bonus simply must be earned.

In every place where men were employed work ceased. The men proceeded to the right-of-way of the new Shelby County Railroad. They dug and carted; they laid ties and rails and ballast.

That volunteer industrial army worked like Trojans right up to midnight on the last day of 1907. Then the army went to bed. The Shelby County Railroad was ready to be opened to the public.

On January 1, 1908, the last spike was driven and speeches made by the president and other officers.

After the speeches, the first run was made, the train consisting of the locomotive from the New York elevated system, two real passenger-coaches, some flat cars, coal cars, and everything else that the teakettle could haul at one time.

Before that historical train started, James B. Smith set a patriotic example by paying five dollars for his ticket for the round trip to Shelbyna. Every man who could afford it followed suit. Those who couldn't spare



five dollars paid one dollar, for everybody wished to help the new railroad.

As Cal Meldrum pulled the first train into Shelbyville he leaned from his cab window and shouted:

"Under the management of the Houck boys we've got the littlest but the best railroad in Missouri."

And James B. Smith, who had started the whole business, and had worked for the Shelby County Railroad like a Jim Hill, was at rest in the cemetery.

### This Coach Was a Target.

Snow had fallen the night before. The country around Trenton, Missouri, lay under a blanket of white. In the afternoon the weather turned cruelly cold. Nevertheless, Colonel William Carpenter and his friend, the judge, went out for their usual walk. As they crossed the Rock Island tracks Colonel Carpenter said:

"This is the weather for railroad wrecks, judge. Cold costs the railroads lots of money every winter—from snake-rails."

The judge wanted to know what a snake-rail might be, and the colonel answered:

"A rail split by the intense cold. There she blows now," he added.

The California Special was whistling for the station at Trenton.

The two men trudged on through the snow beside the track, and presently the California Special thundered by, and then—

Colonel Carpenter and the judge saw the locomotive shoot up into the air, to plunge into a snow-drift, while two of the Pullmans leaped to a position at right angles with the track, and a passenger-coach toppled over.

One agonized shriek—a woman's voice. Then all was still.

"Derailed," the colonel said quite calmly. "Snake-rail," he added, then bounded toward the wreck, followed by the judge. A number of Trentonites came on a run toward the scene of the disaster.

Flames were now rising from the overturned passenger-coach, out of the windows of which men and women were climbing in frantic haste.

"That car is full of passengers, and many of them will be burned to death unless we can extinguish the fire!" shouted some one.

"Where'll we get the water?" said another. "Everything's frozen."

"There's millions of gallons of water right at our feet!" cried Colonel Carpenter. "Everybody get to work!"

He hurled a snowball at the burning coach.

Instantly the crowd understood. Every man began to snowball the coach.

More and more citizens joined the "fire department," till fully a hundred men were hurling snowballs. Thus the flames were soon extinguished. All rushed to the coach to join in rescuing those who had not yet been able to scramble out. Not one passenger had been seriously hurt by the flames.

"But," said an old man—the last to be helped out—"if it hadn't been for that snowballing, many of us would have been cremated alive."

The train conductor in his report said:

"One coach-load of passengers was saved by ten thousand snowballs thrown by an army of one hundred persons commanded by Colonel William Carpenter. Many of his soldiers are suffering worse than the passengers or crew in the wreck—from frozen fingers, toes, feet, and ears."

It was the general opinion of the men and officials of the Rock Island that so many lives had never been saved by so novel a scheme of rescue following a railroad wreck.

Colonel Carpenter's valiant army stood knee-deep in snow, with the mercury at twelve degrees below zero. Many of his men had hastened to the rescue without overcoats or gloves or proper protection for head and feet, and some of them lay on beds of sickness for days afterward, suffering severely as the result of exposure to the cold and from frozen fingers and frozen toes.

Two weeks after the "snake-railing" of the California Special, Colonel Carpenter received a letter from Division Superintendent Easley, thanking him and his snowball brigade, and adding:

"It is a pleasure to inform you that each and every one—who so gallantly, without thought of self or consequence, snowballed the burning car, will receive due recognition and substantial reward."

Colonel Carpenter, after showing this letter to the judge and several members of his army of snowballers, wrote an answer something like this:

DEAR EASLEY:

You'll have to show us. We can't see that reward. We merely seen our duty and done it.

A gang of graders were laying the road-bed of the new Springfield and Southwestern Railroad through Green County, toward Springfield, Missouri. Early in April, 1907, the road-bed had been laid to within a few hundred yards of a shack that stood directly on the right-of-way as staked by the engineers.

The foreman of the graders hastened to the shack and found it a combination house and stable, the whole serving as the domicile of one Daniel Hogan and his horses.

Hogan had worked for many years as a section-hand for the Missouri Pacific Railroad, but was now a horse-trader, living in the shack as a squatter. He did not own the land, consequently, the railroad people, having obtained general consent to the right-of-way through the county, had not deemed it necessary to "approach" Hogan personally on the subject of tearing down his shack.

"Dan Hogan," said the grade foreman, "you must move out of here. My men will reach this spot in a day or two—and the line runs right through this shanty."

"Go long with you," replied Hogan as he lighted his pipe. "Sure, haven't I lived here for fourteen years? Me home's me own, and I'll wallop the first man that touches stick or timber of it. Maybe I'll put you in law, too, mind? I do be full acquainted with the law."

Two days later, when the grade reached the hut, Hogan stood in his doorway, belligerent, hostile, pugnacious. Rolling up his sleeves, he cried:

"One at a time now, yous! I'll fight any wan of yous that trespasses on me home!"

The foreman argued and protested and even demanded that Hogan abandon the hut peacefully; but the irate son of Erin talked so much about going to law that he succeeded in frightening the foreman into the belief that possibly any attempt to dislodge the squatter by force might plunge the railroad company into legal complications.

The upshot of the matter was that the foreman ordered his men to build the road-bed right up to the south wall of the hut; to leave the hut alone, and then to resume work northward from the north wall.

A month later along came the track-layers, and a new foreman met the enemy in the person of the obstinate Hogan.

"We're going to pull this building down, Hogan," announced the foreman.

"It's mighty confidint yez are," answered

the old section-hand. "Lay hand on me home, and I'll make it so hot for your company in the coorts that you'll be losing your job for trespassin' illegal. Sure I'm an intelligent man, and I know me rights."

The foreman of track-layers could not adopt the course that had been pursued by the graders, namely, to build up to the south wall of the shack and then resume work northward from the north wall.

Therefore, the foreman of track-layers now hurried down the line to where the railroad construction engineer, a young man named Edgar Morrison, was inspecting the work.

Morrison, after listening to the foreman's story of the predicament with respect to Dan Hogan's hut, said thoughtfully:

"You say that Hogan keeps repeating the statement that he is a man of intelligence? Yes? Well, then, that's his weak spot. No argument will avail with him except one that touches his vanity in respect to what he conceives to be his intellect. I think I see a way to get rid of Hogan without a hand-to-hand fight and without bringing the affair into court."

A few hours later young Morrison sauntered up to Dan Hogan's shack, entered, and said politely:

"Pardon my intrusion. Is this Mr. Daniel Hogan?"

"That's me name," answered the horse-trader. "And sure I know you, Mr. Morrison. You're the boss over all the ignorant foremen on this railroad work."

"Yes, Mr. Hogan. I've come to have a little talk about this home of yours, because I know you to be a man of intelligence—I may say *large* intelligence."

"Aye!" assented Hogan, throwing out his chest.

"Well, then, Mr. Hogan, as the ambassador of the railroad company, and as czar to this, your castle, it is my duty to remind you of an important matter of which you doubtless already possess full knowledge, but which you seem to have overlooked in your very able debates with our foremen. I hardly need say to a man of your intelligence that I refer to the right of eminent domain."

"Hey? What's that?" cried Hogan, growing red in the face. "Yis, yis! I understand. Now, d'ye know, I had clean forgotten all about her. 'Tis true, I've heard say she do be the owner of this land."

"It's a pleasure to converse with an in-



telligent man like you, my dear Mr. Hogan," said the young engineer. "You will permit me now to mention a fact—of which you are cognizant, of course—relating to the right of eminent domain as applied to railroads when acquiring property in this State for purposes of right-of-way.

"The Supreme Court of Missouri, as you already well know, has recently handed down a decision that the right of eminent domain, as applied to a railroad acquiring a right-of-way, does, by reasonable construction, include the right to exercise the said power of eminent domain for the acquisition of any of the necessary adjuncts of such road."

"Aye!" put in Hogan. "The lady knew her rights, and, of course, the Supreme Court backed her up. I do not dispute that, Mister Morrison."

"Therefore, my dear Mr. Hogan," continued the engineer, "that right as applied specifically to this castle of yours, gives the railroad the power to condemn, raze, destroy, and obliterate this house and stable forthwith without further notice, all, of course, in the lawful exercise of the right of eminent domain. You quite thoroughly understand the situation, my dear Mr. Hogan? Of course you do. You understand that any further obstinacy on your part would be a distinct reflection on your intelligence."

"Well, now, Mister Morrison," the squatter replied, "since you put it that way, I may as well inform you that such was my own opinion. Tell the lady that I'll be movin' this night over to the house of Jim O'Riley, whose wife do be takin' in boarders, of which, be to-morrow mornin', I'll be wan."

Morrison sauntered away, his grave face betraying none of his inward amusement. He had not gone far, however, when he

wheeled round and returned to the hut to say:

"Pardon me, Mr. Hogan. My own limited intelligence leaves me in a quandary. I am in some doubt as to the particular lady to whom you refer—the one to whom you



"I'LL KILL ANY ONE THAT TRESPASSES ON ME HOME!"

wish me to convey your courteous message."

"The lady!" exclaimed Dan Hogan. "Sure, who should I mean but the lady who do be provin' to me her right to exercise her power over this property and all necessary adjuncts thereof. I mean the lady who owns this land—Emmy Domain."

### The Conductor Fan.

At every Rock Island Railroad station in Missouri, Conductor Jim Reach was known as a baseball enthusiast. In St. Louis, where he lived, he was famous among the railroad boys as the hottest fan of them all.

Even while he was terminal yardmaster at St. Louis, he frequently contrived, somehow, to get away from his post long enough to see the last half of the big games.

When he became a conductor and got a day run, he still managed to attend the most important games, but grieved deeply because he missed seeing the lesser twirlers and sluggers at work. For ten years he divided his time between conducting Rock Island trains and fanning at the baseball parks.

One evening Jim Reach returned to his home on Spring Avenue and said to his wife:

"Mollie, I'm transferred to a night run."

"Then you yourself asked for the transfer, Jim, dear, now, didn't you?" Mrs. Reach replied.

"Yes."

"Please change back to the day run, Jim. If you take the night run you'll spend all your afternoons watching baseball games. That's why you changed, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Jim, dear, you're a Mason, you're an Elk, you're a member of the Missouri Athletic Club—and all these societies, together with your baseballing, take you away from home too much. Think of our children. They want to see their father once in a while. Please, Jim, dear, don't take the night run."

"I've asked for and received the transfer, Mollie. What's done is done. But I will cut out the lodges, and leave the house only on the days when the big fellows pitch."

Six months passed. All that time Jim Reach conducted No. 28—the St. Louis-Colorado Express—by night and fanned by day.

One night when Jim Reach arrived at the Union Station, St. Louis, to take his train out, he had a little heart-to-heart talk with his engineer and fireman, Will Cowan and Hy Ryan.

"Boys," said Reach, "this run to-night will be my last with you. I'm going back to a day run."

"What!" exclaimed Cowan. "Why, the baseball season is just beginning. How will you get off to attend the games?"

"I've got to quit the night work, Cowan. My wife, ever since I took the night run, has been at me to go back to daylight railroading."

The next morning, Mrs. Jim Reach helped her three children to dress, then went down to get breakfast. She sang blithely while she fried the bacon and eggs and mixed the pancakes. That morning Jim Reach would come in from the very last of his night runs.

Some one rang the front door-bell. Who could the caller be at that early hour?

Mrs. Reach took off her apron and opened the front door—to find that her caller was Engineer Boyer, of the Rock Island, an intimate friend of her husband.

"Why, Mr. Boyer. Glad to see you. Where's Jim?"

"Coming, Mrs. Reach. Yes, he's on the way here."

Boyer was taken into the best room. After looking around and playing nervously with his cap, he said:

"Where're the children?"

"In the kitchen. Why?"

"Oh, nothing particular, Mrs. Reach. Jim will be playing with them evenings—now that he's gone back to a day run, won't he? But, Mrs. Reach, I've come to tell you that—well, that—oh, yes—that Jim and me were having a long talk last night on Jim's pet subject.

"'Boyer,' he says to me, 'a good eye and the ability to time your swing ain't all there is to the art of batting. No, sir. You must also know how to outguess the pitcher. You must know the twirler's twirls as well as he knows 'em himself.'

"Yes, Mrs. Reach," Boyer went on, "Jim Reach certainly knew—knows—all about pills and sluggers. Says he to me:

"'Boyer,' he says, 'strength is not really necessary in a slugger. No, sir. You just meet the pill squarely with a snap swing and it will travel just as far as if you put all your heft behind it.'

"Well, Mrs. Reach," concluded Boyer, "I'll be bidding you good morning. Oh, by the way, Mrs. Reach, I came to tell you—well, now, Mrs. Reach, did you ever hear Jim speak of a wooden trestle that's on our run over at Union, Missouri?"

"No. Why?"

"Well, Mrs. Reach, I must tell you—good morning."

Without another word, Boyer opened the door, stepped out, and closed it behind him, leaving Mrs. Reach standing in the middle of the floor in dumb amazement.

"Well!" she exclaimed. "Whatever made Sam Boyer call on me at seven o'clock





"CAN'T YOU SEE THAT I'VE JUST RUINED MY WHITE DRESS?"

in the morning just to tell me that nonsense about baseball and a trestle at Union, Missouri? He certainly acted queer, anyhow."

Meantime, Boyer went down to the Union Station and met his fireman, Sid Goldthwaite.

"Did you tell her?" asked Goldthwaite in an awed voice.

"No," replied Boyer. "I just couldn't. You go up there and tell her yourself. Do it for me, Sid, like a good fellow."

"Sure I will," said the fireman. "Some one's got to do it."

An hour later, Goldthwaite called at Boyer's home.

"Did you tell her," asked Boyer in a hoarse whisper.

"No," answered the fireman. "I just couldn't. Beside, I didn't need to. Jim Reach's body had already been carried into the best room and the undertaker was on the job. Well, Boyer, that wreck of 28 last night was a bad one, wasn't it? Bill Cowan tells me that when he saw his cars dropping through that trestle, he thought sure that everybody present was about to cash in."

"And to think," answered Boyer, "that not another darned person aboard of that train was killed except Jim."

Tim Murphy was a huge-hearted engineer, and mighty was he in sympathy. Tim Murphy was on the head-end of the Denver Flier of the St. Louis, Keokuk and Northwestern Railway, running over the Chicago and Alton tracks. On this particular run he was approaching the trestle near Louisiana, Missouri. He cried to his fireman:

"Great Cæsar! There's Hen Baird and his whole family in the middle of the trestle!"

Murphy put on the emergency. The Denver Flier gave a series of jolts and jars, which the passengers did not forget for weeks afterward.

"They're done for—the whole Baird family!" yelled Murphy. "I can't stop in time!"

The Flier rushed on the trestle toward the four persons in the middle of it—a man, a woman, and two young girls.

That trestle was eighty feet long, thirty feet high, and a single tracker. On neither side of the track was there room for the pedestrians to stand aside for the train to pass. Either they must jump to death on the rocks protruding from the shallow stream thirty feet below, or they must remain on the structure to be killed.

"Good-by, Hen!" shouted Murphy, believing that his train was about to wipe out the Baird family.

Even as he said good-by, the tears in his eyes, the four persons threw themselves flat on the ties on the outer edges of the trestle.

The train dashed by them and came to a stop. With tears now streaming down his face, Engineer Murphy climbed out of the cab.

"Hen Baird and his whole family—gone, gone!" he wailed.

He ran back, expecting to find that the mangled bodies had been hurled from the trestle and that he would see them floating down-stream. But not a sign of a body could Murphy see.

The train conductor joined him and Murphy, trying to force back the tears that simply would well up out of his soul, sobbed:

"And to think this should happen to me! To think that it should be left to me, Tim Murphy, to wipe out Hen Baird's family!"

"Don't cry, Murphy, old boy," said the conductor, soothingly. "The Baird family is in good health, though maybe a little uncomfortable just at present."

"What do you mean?" asked Murphy, brightening up and wiping away the tears.

"I mean, that the four of them are lying flat on the ties under the train. They were taking a Sunday afternoon walk—and got caught here, as you see. But they're a family with presence of mind. So they just lay down and let you run over 'em. They're not hurt a bit—only inconvenienced. Back the train slowly now, Murphy, so they can get up and walk off the trestle."

Murphy climbed into his cab—and backed the train very slowly until four figures uprose in front of the engine.

Murphy stopped the train and said to the Bairds:

"It was a close call, Hen." Murphy could not keep back the tears.

"What you bellerin' about, Murphy?"

asked Baird, viewing the engineer's tears in amazement.

"I can't help it, Hen. There are two kinds of tears, you see. One's for funerals and the other's for resurrections. I've shed both in the last five minutes. And you, Miss Kate," turning to the eldest daughter: "Weren't you just scared stiff?"

"Not at all, Mr. Murphy, thanks. I'm mad, that's all."

"Mad?" What about?"

"Can't you see, Mr. Murphy, that I've just ruined my white dress? It had just been laundered! Isn't it a shame!"

"So sorry about your dress, miss. But now, if you four will kindly continue your afternoon walk and glide off this trestle the train will then be able to resume business."

Murphy climbed once more into the cab; a tear again stole down his face.

"What are you weeping about now?" asked the fireman.

"There's three kinds of tears, boy," answered Murphy. "I've already shed two kinds. This particular kind I'm shedding now represents sympathy for folks who find it necessary to bluff this game called life."

"Bluff? What's that?"

"I mean sympathy for families that bluff, get called, and lose out."

"No savvy. Show me."

"Don't you see, you tallow-pot, that these four Bairds were bluffing? They pretended to be all right. Bet you a gold double-eagle to a tin dime that by the time they get home they'll all four of 'em go to pieces and call in a doctor."

The next day, when Tim Murphy stopped his train at Louisiana, he said to the station-agent:

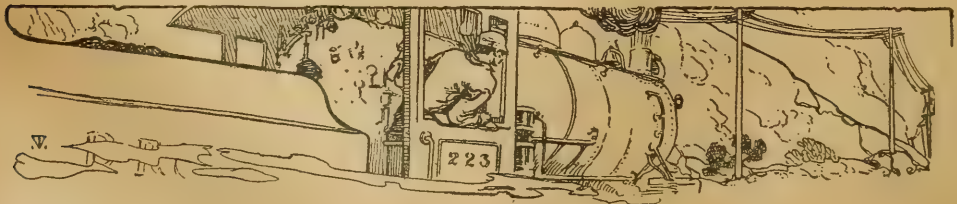
"How are the Bairds to-day?"

"Their house is turned into a hospital, Mr. Murphy. They're all down and out."

"With nervous prostration?" Murphy asked.

"Yes."

"Old tallow-pot," said Murphy to his fireman, "hand over that tin dime."







## “FLAG THE TRAIN!”

BY WILLIAM B. CHISHOLM.

*(From an Old Railroad Scrap Book.)*

The last words of Engineer Edward Kennar, who died in a railroad accident near St. Johnsville, N. Y., April 18, 1887.

**G**O, flag the train, boys, flag the train!  
Nor waste the time on me;  
But leave me by my shattered cab;  
'Tis better thus to be!  
It was an awful leap, boys,  
But the worst of it is o'er;  
I hear the Great Conductor's call  
Sound from the farther shore.

I hear sweet notes of angels, boys,  
That seem to say: "Well done!"  
I see a golden city there,  
Bathed in a deathless sun;  
There is no night, nor sorrow, boys,  
No wounds nor bruises there;  
The way is clear—the engineer  
Rests from his life's long care.

Ah! 'twas a fearful plunge, my lads;  
I saw, as in a dream,  
Those dear, dear faces looming up  
In yonder snowy stream;  
Down in the Mohawk's peaceful depths  
Their image rose and smiled,  
E'en as we took the fatal leap;  
Oh, God—my wife! my child!

Well, never mind! I ne'er shall see  
That wife and child again;  
But hasten, hasten, leave me, boys!  
For God's sake, flag the train!  
Farewell, bright Mohawk! and farewell,  
My cab, my comrades all;  
I'm done for, boys, but hasten on,  
And sound the warning call!

Oh, what a strange, strange tremor this  
That steals unceasing on!  
Will those dear ones I've cherished so  
Be cared for when I'm gone?  
Farewell, ye best beloved, farewell!  
I've died not all in vain—  
Thank God! The other lives are saved!  
Thank God! They've flagged the train!

# O'TOOLE'S THIRD WRECK.

BY CALVIN JOHNSTON.

The Professor's Predictions Came True, but O'Toole Engineered the Smash-Up Just to Please Himself.



IS a calm and sultry night," mused the old switchman as the yard-crew pressed close around the shanty stove, which was white-hot from the base to the first joint of pipe. The gaunt, weather-beaten faces scowled on him in the infernal glow, while the wintry tempest without raked the shingles with a flail of ice.

"A calm and sultry night," mused the old switchman.

The others struck their foreheads and drew back; and then the speaker was enabled to occupy the warmest, coziest corner on an old coach seat in front of the stove.

"I wance had an uncle who discoursed that way av an avening," whispered Hogan. "Befoore morning he bit me, and we became violent."

His comrades nodded significantly and edged toward the door.

"Do ye set yezselves up as a boord av lunacy?" inquired the old switchman with contempt. "Some time ye will drive me mad with stupidity, but on this occasion I will show patience with a great effort. I had another night in mind that w'u'd make this wan seem tame by contrast; but ye do not know a figure av spache."

"Whist! 'Tis a story, and this the night av nights," said Hogan. "Only the while ago I saw a white wan waving at me through the snow by the abandoned cars on the Bolivar siding."

"Aye, 'tis a story," averred the other, raising his finger menacingly. "The story av a night that makes this seem wan av still dews and roses under a summer moon. It was the night av the third wreck on the ould P. D. Q."

There was a rustling stillness, as when an audience creeps into a darkened playhouse to sit awed and expectant before an empty stage. The old switchman began:

"Afther an age av iron coomes an age of rust, and what I have to tell ye is of a time so long ago that steel rails have rotted like wood, and the fashion in smoke-stacks has changed four times. But I raymber whin Terence O'Toole was a railroad gintleman of the ould school, and used to walk thrack a few steps behint the thrains av the P. D. Q. with a basket on his arm.

"As soon as the basket was full av the bolts and brasses, which w'u'd be knocked out of the cars with the jolting, he w'u'd rayturn to town and sell thim to a broker in new railroads, and thin invite the road-masther out to drink up his per cent of profits.

"Whiniver the road-bed got beaten down to a level, and no bolts fell out, he w'u'd rayport the thrack in bad order, and the road-masther w'u'd sind out a siction-gang to repair the smooth places. It was hurdle-racers we had for thrains in the good times. I miss thim now, though in those days nobody did.

"Betwane walking up the track for the railroad company with an empty basket and returning for himself with a full wan, the O'Toole made money ivery step of the way. He was a prosperous man, and lent money to the trainmen at high interest.

"'It must be high, for it is all I will iver get,' he says, and the trainmen made good his wurrd.

"But for all this, and iverybody under obligation to pay him high interest, O'Toole was not a happy man.

"'And 'tis only yezself who can make me



wan,' he tould Mrs. Finnerty, who was a widdy by her second hoosband and owned the telygraph office at that station.

"I have whispered to meself awake; I have shpoken it aloud in my drames, that if I wed again, 'twill be for romance,' said Widdy Finnerty. She withdrew her hand from Terry's long enough to answer a telygraph-call and demand an apology from the operator down the line.

"'Tis interoopting me he always is,' she says in anger. 'He is no thrue knight of the wire.'

"No thrue what?' asks O'Toole.

"Knight, ye numskull; sure, ye have no romance.'

"Romance,' repeats Terry; 'and me decaving the road-masther on his percentage ivery day! Didn't thirty-wan strike a repair in the track only last wake, and thin rain bolts and washers till she broke down? Faith, it was like taking a train apart, and I brought back so much of it on a hand-car that I felt I should have a despatcher's order. And yet the road-masther got only sivinty cints as his share, though he wanted a dollar—the grēedy divil! But why didn't he get it? 'Twas romance saved me, Mrs. Finnerty—romance!'

"She raised her head with scorn and discharged a look which staggered him.

"Bad 'cess to ye for an ould dragon,' says O'Toole. 'Happy the hoosbands who have died av ye. And I will have ye know that the O'Toole will be a romance to nobody, ixcipt the road-masther.'

"But he had retreated softly from the room and closed the door behint him befoore disclosing these sintimints, for the O'Tooles are as sly in the head as foxes.

"I retired with dignity,' he said proudly; 'and can go back for my hat to-morry.'

"Thin, it being avening, he wint over to the house of McGraw, the freight conductor, who had been stricken down with Katie Malone and had married her in a spirit av adventure.

"Ha! there is romance here,' says O'Toole, standing among the dead leaves in the yard and listening to an uproar which came out of the house. 'I will ixamine how it wurruks,' he goes on, knocking loud at the door and looking back to see that nothing hard to get over was between him and the gate.

"A silence fell inside, as if some wan not without respect in the family had died suddintly.

"'Tis McGraw who will not stand for nonsince,' muses O'Toole; 'he has put the gag on her.'

"But it was Mrs. McGraw herself who opened the door a crack, and says:

"G'wan with ye, polthron as ye are; w'u'd ye knock out the side of the house in such an hour as this, and me by rights a widdy?'

"A widdy!' laments O'Toole; 'sorrow the day. Thin it was a wake ye were holding instead of a love-faste.'

"Ah-h-h! it is yezself, is it?' she answers, straightening up with a kind of snarl. 'Ye were that official. I thought it was the call-boy for thirty-five. Perhaps ye will come in,' she goes on in a bitter, suspicious way through the crack av the door.

"I w'u'd like to see Michael only wance more,' whimpers O'Toole with a kind of faintness, for it was his second widdy that day; and he held on to the new hat he had bought and thanked the saints there were no stumbling-blocks to the gate.

"I am no knight of romance,' he reflects as rapidly as possible, 'and, if necessary, I will take the fence.'

"And what have ye against my Michael, ye human battering-ram?' says Katie, 'that ye w'u'd see him only wance again? Is he not good for a constant companion, cold-blooded money-shark, as ye are?'

O'Toole shudders at the thought.

"I w'u'd see him out of interest—he begins.

"Ye will not get it till pay-day,' she hissed, and w'u'd have slammed the door, but McGraw himself comes up behint in a white sheet; and O'Toole, seeing him, falls into the crack with a gasp.

"But they were kind-hearted people, who w'u'd not let even a creditor die on their hands and be accused of murder. Dragging O'Toole inside the parlor, they held a pint bottle under his nose.

"The saints be praised, I can hold my own bottle!' says O'Toole 'and ye are not dead at all, Michael?'

"I thought ye were the call-boy,' explains Katie sourly; 'and I w'u'd not have Michael go out on the road this night, so I sint him to bed. He is a sick man—'

"I am not,' says Michael, wresting the bottle away from O'Toole:

"A man near to death is sick,' Katie tells him in a voice like the crack of doom. Then O'Toole ducked his head and looked cautiously in all directions, for he was not

the man to coome between Michael and a fate which might be better for him.

"'Ye w'u'd rather be kilt than at home with me,' goes on Katie in a sob.

"'Thin it will not strike him here,' says O'Toole.

"'It is time for the third wreck,' Katie answers, 'and he is seeking it out. Plead with him, O'Toole,' and she breaks down entirely.

"'I will,' says O'Toole, elevated by the drink. 'Michael, be a man, and do as yez wife comandands. Ye have no romance.'

"At that wurrd Michael laughs in a hollow tone, and the cedar-tree beyant the window scrapes the glass with a witch's laugh. But, even in the midst of weird signs and distress, curiosity gets the better of him, and the two McGraws stare into O'Toole like owls on a hallowe'en.

"'Terence,' says Katie, in a soft and wheedling voice, 'where did ye get it?'

"O'Toole felt the shivers run over him at the way they looked.

"'Twas the Widdy Finnerty gave it me. Is it a fatal wurrd to mark me so?'

"They stared into him, cruel with glee, and O'Toole goes on to change the subject in haste.

"'But that is better than being branded with superstition. There is no third wreck.'

"'Listen,' says Katie, fixing him with a long forefinger; 'first coomes wan wreck; thin another wan, which makes two; and after thim, a third. Count thim yezself, ye scoffer! It is so on ivery road, and we have had two little wrecks; now coomes on a big wan. The profissor who takes thim down on a blackboard told me so this day. He gets spirits in sayances, and harkens to thim like a man of sinse.'

"'They are fools who listen,' responds O'Toole boldly.

"'The Widdy Finnerty was there.'

"'Who listen, and thin belave in it,' goes on O'Toole less boldly, for he raysons: 'Katie will tell the widdy I said this, and I will be out a hat.'

"'Arrah, listen how he changes his tune. It is noble of ye, Terence; ye have romance. But, Michael, ye have none, and w'u'd rather risk yez life on the road than at home. *Wurra, wurra,*' she chants, rocking back and forth, 'I am a lone woman; he has no romance.'

"'A curse on ye, O'Toole, for bringing the wurrd into my home,' growls McGraw. 'It was all happy till ye came.'

"'I heard ye celybrating yez happiness from the strate,' says O'Toole, made desperate between the two of thim.

"'Yis, yis, it was all happy till he came,' sobs Katie, and thin they thrust O'Toole outside and slammed the door against him without his hat.

"'Tis a fatal wurrd,' he thinks, and goes home in the winter wind with a handkerchief tied around his head.

"'I am a practical man,' he told himself over and over before going to bed; but, later, he drove on in dreams with the Widdy Finnerty till the clocks struck midnight, and thin he woke up to be rid of thim.

"'May the fiends strike ye dumb,' he says of the clocks for taking a low advantage of him. 'Ye have set me to struggle against my fate in an evil hour.'

"'Perhaps I am not to blame; there is romance in the blood of the O'Tooles, and my grandfather married his landlord's daughter in Kilkenny. My curse light on him; he w'u'd rather fall in love than pay rent. He has set me a bad example, and I will go back after my hat to-morry.'

"And he's awake till the morning, whin he mates Widdy Finnerty at the door of the telygraph office.

"'Woman, I have it,' he says at wance, 'romance will crop out in spite of me, for it is in the blood of the O'Tooles.'

"But she looks on him with a wicked eye.

"'Sorrow the day we should talk about romance,' she answers, 'whin there is wreck and destruction hanging over us all.'

"'Is it the profissor of ghosts again?' ixclaims O'Toole in anger. 'Sure, hasn't the wrecking-train been the only wan run on time since the road was built? Ye are as downcast as if the pay-car was in trouble.'

"'Ye think of nothing but loot and salary,' says she. 'Do ye niver raymimber the wurruld of spirits? O'Toole, if ye had romance, ye w'u'd sacrifice something to it.'

"'I will sacrifice the profissor of ghosts,' threatens O'Toole; 'or ye will soon have him writing out the bulletin-boords in a trance in a dark room, and not a man will go on the road for fear of the third wreck.'

"But, ever responsive to the call of duty, Mrs. Finnerty answered a telygraph-call and refused to take a train-order till she had hung up her cloak.

"And O'Toole worried with the thought av sacrificing for romance, stole his own hat



and quickly retired before she could drive him away.

" 'Since every wan is now afraid to run on the track, I will not even risk walking along it,' he says, and goes over to Flaherty's saloon, where the spread of the professor's prophecy has driven the trainmen to buy whisky on credit.—

"He did not see the professor till late that afternoon, and thin it was through the windy of the telygraph office, sitting cozy and comfortable with the Widdy Finnerty.

" 'He does not look like a man of spirits and prophecy,' thinks O'Toole, for the professor would not consint to be haunted out of business hours, and whin O'Toole wint in he was shaking the fat sides of him.

" 'Tis Profissor Anonymous, O'Toole,' says the widdy proudly, and Terence sat down to study him.

" 'This is a comfortable man,' mutters O'Toole aside, 'but 'tis not meself who can be fooled with fat and a magic name.

" 'I had an ancestor who was own brother to ye,' he says with a kind of cruel chuckle to himself, and well remembering that his ancestor was the greatest scoundrel out of County Cork.

"But the other caught the glame of jealousy in his eye and smiled in a kindly way.

" 'Whist,' he says, while the widdy was busy at the instrument. 'Some ancestors must be lived up to, and some lived down. I will not expose ye in this wan.'

" 'Tis a waste of wurrds, and yet I have the worst of it,' thinks O'Toole. 'I must be cautious, for he is a low and crafty man.'

" 'My ancestor was a collector of ban-shees,' he goes on, after reflection.

" 'They are poor craytures,' replies the professor with a yawn, 'but they were useful whin paying a landlord—with curses.'

" 'Tis little we know,' says the Widdy Finnerty, and O'Toole agreed with her.

" 'It is better to nod, whin for a shake I would be thrown out again into the cold, and thin backbitten around a hot stove.'

"The dusk creeps on, and they sit discoursing till the road-master drops in and sinds O'Toole after his per cent of gin. Thin they sip away softly, the stove crimson hot in their midst, while the blizzard caterwauls in the chimney-flue.

"They tell of ghosts and warnings, and build cozy little wrecks on the floor bayefore them. So they stare, and are afraid of wan another in the bloody light, and are ready for another dram of gin.

"Only wance does the O'Toole venture himself in speech, but he rankles with jealousy of the other guests and thinks:

" 'Why did I niver suspect that every man was crazy about her? Now I must hold my own against these ghostmongers, and since I cannot tell even wan tale, I will deny them all.

" 'There is nothing into it,' he spakes out boldly. 'The trainmen were scared enough about the third wreck, and now, with yez prophecies in the wind, they threaten to murder the call-boy if he finds them. Soon we will have to run our trains wild, without crews or orders.'

"The other two would have turned against him, for that day it was fated that O'Toole should be put outdoors by relays, but the professor raised his hand.

" 'Let him rave on,' he commands. 'A misguided man will wreck himself.'

" 'Hoo to ye all,' exclaims O'Toole, contemptuous with jealousy and gin. 'I w'u'd take out a train meself, alone, without orders or signals; 'tis the man of spirit against the men of spooks.'

"The professor gazed at him, and the eyes in his fat face were like two red signal-lamps twinkling by an open switch.

" 'Ye have shpoken. Ye will be the third wreck,' he says in a voice of doom.

"Being a condemned man, the others went away and left him, the two gentlemen escorting the widdy, who looked back at him wance with a tearful eye. So O'Toole glowered on by the stove, and snarled at the night operator.

" 'I will not go home till after midnight,' he mutters. 'A curse on the hour of romance.' And, on after-thought, he extends this to the professor and the road-master.

"Now, all that week, above the foot-hills where the station lay, wild geese had been crying to the south from the gray of morning. Wurrd had come down the line of cloud banners flying from the peaks beyant and of Indians who had crept in from the warpath to smoke the pipe of peace by the station stoves.

"Faith, the blizzard has arrived on time,' mutters O'Toole as he steps onto the platform and is whirled around the corner of the station-house in a tornado of gray and black.

"With head down, he plunges up the track toward home till he comes to the siding of abandoned cars, where the doors

creak back and forth and the brake-chains rattle in the wind.

"'Ye black skeletons, do ye prophesy against me, too?' he scowls back at him. 'Sure, 'tis a fine, wild special ye wud make for the third wreck! Without orders or signals!' he growls as he goes on.

"Soon he is sorry he has spoken so to him, for at home and in bed he cannot sleep for dreaming that he is coasting down the foot-hills, on a bad-order special, outstripping the hurricane. And the voice av the Widdy Finnerty gives him the thrain order:

"'Meet the first thrain ye come to—head-on. Ye are sacrificing for romance.'

"'Meet thim head-on!' cries O'Toole, starting up in bed with the cold sweat on his forehead. "'Tis a sign of the times,' he says. 'Yisterday I gave up to romance; to-morrow I must knuckle down to sacrifice. Yet, I w'u'd not run into danger, except blindly.'

"Dangerous the wan who broods by pipe and candle of a stormy night, and the O'Toole was a man-trap when he schemed.

"'The profissor has professed against me,' says Terence. 'Sure, it is this train of thought which will make a wreck of me.'

"'I have it,' he chuckles, and bites in two the pipestem. 'I will yield to the prophecy, and it will be a pitfall to him.'

"All that next day he chuckles till afternoon, and thin he walks down the track in clouds of snow till he coomes to the abandoned cars.

"'Ould death cells, ye are the prophet's special,' he says to them, and knocks out a coupling-pin four cars from the head end. By which token it is proved that the disturbing dream still ran wild in the brain of him.

"He laughs at the storm on the way to the telygraph office.

"'I am in such high humor, I w'u'd be welcome anywhere,' he thinks. 'The widdy will beam with joy to see me and to hear that I will make any sacrifice for romance of her.'

"So he stamps into the telygraph office, and calls 'The top of the day,' as he stands blinking in the rosy glare of the stove.

"There, sipping a hot wan, sits Widdy Finnerty, the profissor, the road-masther, and the two McGraws.

"'Here he is again,' they welcome him, and O'Toole shrinks with its significance.

"'Do ye not know me?' he asks. 'I will show my face by the stove.'

"'We know ye,' says the road-masther. 'Have ye any money?'

"'I have not,' answers O'Toole cautiously.

"'Thin ye are an intruder,' says the road-masther.

"They all look at him, but O'Toole looks at the Widdy Finnerty where she sits, trim and pink-cheeked, with the black eyes of her cast down to the floor.

"'I will have a by-wurrd with ye,' he says, and defying thim all, he leans over and whispers:

"'I will sacrifice, widdy, or do anything to be rid of romance.'

"She blushes and startles, and the others, leaning forward indifferently, overhear the wurrd.

"'Shame on ye,' spakes up McGraw's wife, 'to be making love in public. Sure, Michael w'u'd niver do so; nor at home, either, for that matter. Och hone! I am a lone woman!'

"'Hold! I will foretell the fate of him,' puts in the profissor sorrowfully.

"'Niver mind,' commands O'Toole.

"'We know it already,' say the McGraws and the road-masther.

"'Ye lie. I will not be hung,' exclaims O'Toole. 'Besides, the profissor foretold only yesterday that I would be the third wreck, which ye should be by rights, McGraw, if ye were not afraid to go out on the road.'

"They regard him like a jury of crows on a gallows-tree, and thin McGraw the wife titters in a sly fashion and whispers to her husband:

"'The third wreck,' she says, looking from the Widdy Finnerty to O'Toole, and bringing to mind the two husbands who had gone before—for she was jealous of the widdy's romance.

"Mrs. Finnerty took in the significance with a kind of gasp; her eyes began to flicker, and as she bared her teeth with the purr of a leopard, the sounder on the telygraph-table opened up with a crash.

"There she was in a minute, taking a message and quivering with excitement, while McGraw led out his wife softly, and the road-masther followed thim.

"'A lantern! A lantern!' Mrs. Finnerty began to cry, for evening had fallen heavy and black and streaked with snow.

"'A lantern,' says O'Toole, and lights the two—red and white.

"'Tis this,' goes on the widdy, turning



to him with sharp, quick wurrds: 'Riley slipped from the gangway of his engine while bringing her up the yards at Division Station, and now she is running wild this way. It is thirty miles. She will be up here in half an hour or less.'

"'With the down passenger due here in twinty minutes,' cries O'Toole, grasping the lanterns. 'Is it on time?'

"During all this she had been calling on the key, but received no answer.

"'I cannot tell,' and she throws up her arms in despair. 'It is like to be a little late, and the wires are all down with the storm on the mountain division. There may be no time to get them into siding. Ye must flag them. Run—fly—the two of ye! Though it is like they will run past your signal in the blizzard, ye must get them into the upper siding if possible.'

"Throwing their overcoats at them, she pushes O'Toole and the profissor out into the snow.

"They fight their way into the gale and through the drifts, for the tempest has risen till it seems to have blown the mountains down and left a clear track from the pole.

"It takes some time to reach the abandoned cars, where the track is swept clear and slippery by the wind, and here the profissor stumbles over Terry's foot and falls, grasping at him. The lanterns crash into bits, and they both lie still in the darkness.

"'Blast ye for a true prophet!' yells O'Toole, scrambling to his fate. 'Ye have predicted evil till ye have brought it to pass.' But he laughs in his saycret thoughts, for the runaway engine and the profissor's accident only make perfect the scheme he already had in mind.

"'The abandoned cars—the Death Special,' he repeats aloud, and a kind of wild dream takes possession av him. 'Faith, I will give them a third wreck which will split the system wide open.'

"It is not only excitement which makes him grab the profissor by the throat. 'I will give him a dose of his own magic,' he thinks.

"'I have a sayance,' he screeches in the other's ear. 'It is my own ghost I see beyant, and it beckons me to ride down the wild engine on a death special. Come! We will throw the switch, and whin we are out, ye must close it for the passerger!'

"They throw the switch, and O'Toole kicks the blocks from under the wheels of

the front car, and thin springing up the ladder, runs down the string.

"'It is lucky this switch is straight up and down,' he thinks as he starts for the front again, letting the brakes fly as he goes. 'It was like backing them up a hill-side to git them here.'

"As the last brake lets go, a rusty howl runs along the train, and they begin banging over the switch on the way down the foot-hills.

"'I will control them so they won't jump at the curves,' he yells as they pass the profissor, who stands dumb with fright at this madness and the fear of a strange ghost. 'Tell the widdy it is the sacrifice. She has given me my orders. *Wurroo, wurroo!*' he shrieks, flinging up his hands. 'On with the wind, ye old ruins! We will strike that engine like a thunderbolt.'

"As they sweep past the station, the widdy, with starting eyes, sees that figure of swinging arms and a white, flapping sheet of snow, and falls in a dead faint across the telygraph-table.

"And O'Toole the conductor on the wild-est train that ever dived down the plateau from the mountain division!

"'It will be black magic to them,' he is chuckling in spite of the cold, and he sets the brakes on the four cars ahead till they had slowed down, and prisintly he kicks them all off, wan after another, beginning with the first. Thin he jumps to the fifth car and sets the brakes, and this being the point where he had knocked out the coupling-pin during the afternoon, the four cars leave the others behint and shoot off into the darkness like the black puff out of a cannon.

"'The train is too long, so I run ye in two sections,' says O'Toole. 'The first section will meet the wild engine and take siding in the ditch; and thin the second, with the conductor aboard, will slide down gently to the scene of wreck.'

"He had schemed this way of separating the old cars, and thin smashing them together again before he had ever heard of the wild engine.

"'I would let ye go lickety split now,' he says, 'but a man cannot be expicted to walk to the scene of his own sacrifice. Hereafter I am all for sacrifice and romance,' he says, going back to the middle of his train to set a few more brakes.

"Then something beyond his calculation happens, and there is a crash which pitches

him off into a deep drift, while the old cars pile up wan after another in a scrap-heap on top of the engine.

"And what has happened? Ah, 'tis the black magic of Terence O'Toole, which no wan was iver able to explain. But the secret of the affair is, that the four cars he had turned loose against the engine had jumped from a curve at that very spot. And the wild engine coming along, tamed down with the cold, had smashed into the second section.

"Whin they ran the passenger train down slowly to the wreck, they found O'Toole, half buried in snow, sitting on the scrap-heap with his head in his hands. And here was part of the cars piled up on the engine, and two hundred yards further down was four more cars lying alongside the track.

"The road-masther, who had come down on the train with the profissor, considered all this and asked:

"How did ye do it?' And O'Toole, with the Widdy Finnerty's arms around his neck, stared at the profissor in the light of the trainmen's lanterns.

"I had a sayence,' he told thim, 'and jumped the first four cars over the engine, and thin came down on top. It is the best way to stop an engine, but it was all wan spirit could do.'

"In the wild, ghostly night, by the light of the lanterns, no wan knew what to answer, for it could not be figured out by a sane mind at any time.

"Do ye understhand?' cries the Widdy Finnerty to the trainmen. 'He has sacrificed for ye, and taken the third wreck into his own hands.'

"But she goes on in a whisper to O'Toole: 'I understand still better than thim. Ye are a true knight of romance, and for the

sake of me ran down a wild engine on a lunatic train.'

"With a separate ache from every bone in his body, O'Toole heard her with indignation.

"And she believes me fool enough to carry romance so far. Sure, I supposed the box-cars would stay on the track long enough to smash the engine before I came up. Still, I will be the safer for that belief.'

"So he held his peace on this and only said: 'The profissor prophesied that I should be the third wreck.'

"Well, remembering the wurds of Mrs. McGraw, the Widdy Finnerty turned from the profissor with scorn. 'Terence O'Toole,' he says, looking him squarely in the eye, 'what ye have done this night shows ye need not be afraid to fulfil any prophecies.'

"I am not,' answers O'Toole, and he exulted over his rival.

"Sure, I have belittled him as a profissor of ghosts,' he thinks, 'by relating the way I raised the cars over the wild engine. He was armed against truth at every point, but I routed him with a lie. It is always best—in the end.'

"It was a good tale," said Hogan with a sigh. "The O'Toole was a warm-blooded man."

"This night seems like wan on the equator, compared with the night O'Toole took out the Death Special," suggested the old switchman.

"It does," answered Hogan emphatically.

"Thin ye will not mind running up the yard beyant the roundhouse and closing the switch for twinty-sivin?"

"That I will not mind," answered Hogan, and lost in thought, without overcoat or gloves, he walked forth into the bitter wind and blinding snow.





# The World's Greatest Juggler.

BY EDWIN MORRIS.

**N**OTWITHSTANDING the historical interest attached to the great engineering achievements of the past, we are fast coming to regard even the great pyramids of Gizah as but the work of children compared with the modern miracles of construction. Bigger and better is the constant cry, and no matter how startling the demand, our present-day engineers have rarely failed to deliver the goods when sufficient funds were forthcoming.

As Mr. Morris points out in his article, give the mechanical engineer sufficient money to work with and there is practically nothing imaginable in the line of constructive operations that he will not undertake to carry to a successful completion. While no engineer will ever find himself facing the problem of moving the Brooklyn Bridge to Europe or digging a vent for Mount Vesuvius in Paris, who can tell but what even greater things may some day be asked of the men who are now at work building skyscrapers, tunneling rivers, and moving mountains.

## Impractical Feats That Engineers Have Brought Within the Realm of Probability, and the Various Aids That Have Helped Them to Success.



**L**ITTLE while ago Thomas A. Edison suggested that Manhattan Island might profitably be more than doubled in size by filling up the East River and digging a new stream five miles back of the present western water-front of Brooklyn.

"It would be a very easy thing to do," he said. "It would be only a third-rate engineering feat. Steam-shovels could scoop out the new river, and trains could carry the earth and dump it into the old one. They are doing a much more difficult job out in Seattle. They are moving a mountain. I've seen them doing it. The mountain was in the way, so they are just pulling it up by the roots and carting it off."

This is all an old story to Mr. Edison, but most of the world does not yet realize what a wonderful man is the mechanical engineer. The Egyptian Pyramids make us

gasp hard when we first see them, and forthwith we begin to marvel at the wonderful ingenuity that piled so many millions of tons of stone upon stone. Two thousand years from now, the natives who live here-about will wonder why we ever gave a pleasant word to the pyramid builders when we had so much greater men for our living neighbors.

For the mechanical engineer of the present day is indeed a wonder. His profession has existed barely a half century, but he has done amazing things. More nearly, perhaps, than in the case of any other man, nothing is impossible to him. Give him the money and he will do almost anything that any one wants done.

That's quite a bit to say. All of Mr. Harriman's money wouldn't have enabled his physicians to prolong his life a second. If the wealth of the world were given to Edison himself, he probably could neither increase nor decrease by one the millions of

eggs that are annually laid by a fish. But the mechanical engineer—from what project would he fly?

I put what I thought was a poser to a New York member of the profession.

"If you were offered enough money," I asked, "would you take a contract to mount the Brooklyn Bridge on wheels and drag it across the bed of the Atlantic Ocean to Europe?"

"Of course I would," he replied without a moment's hesitation.

"Isn't the bed of the ocean filled with mud—probably to the depth of hundreds of feet?"

### A Hard Nut to Crack.

"It is in some places. But what of it? If money were no object, tires so wide could be put on the wheels that they would not sink. Besides, if I wanted to, I could make the wheels rest so lightly on the bed of the ocean that they could almost go over eggshells without breaking them. I could simply attach big air-chambers to the bridge, let the chambers be submerged, and regulate the weight on the wheels by pumping in water or air."

That sounded pretty good. But how could the bridge be drawn? The bed of the ocean is a succession of hills and valleys, very much like the hills and valleys that we see on the surface of the earth. Some power would be required now and then to pull the bridge along.

"Would the seventy thousand horse-power engines on the Mauretania pull the bridge?" he was asked.

"No, they wouldn't," he replied. "Seventy thousand horse-power wouldn't get the load over the first hill. But a seven million horse-power engine can be made just as easily, so far as the mechanical problem involved in its construction is concerned, as an engine can to run a coffee-mill."

"The only real problem in building an engine strong enough to drag the Brooklyn Bridge across the ocean's bed to Europe would be to supply its boilers with coal. The Mauretania's boilers use a thousand tons of coal a day. Such an engine as I have in mind might require all the steam that could be made each day from 100,000 tons of coal."

As the trip across the ocean would require a good many days, it would be pretty difficult to build a ship of such enormous

coal-carrying capacity, but a fleet of colliers would answer the same purpose.

"The project would be simple enough in principle. Its difficulty would lie only in the greatness of the task to which the principle might be applied. But the Brooklyn Bridge could be dragged to Europe, all right; and if the contractor were asked to do so, and were paid for doing so, he could bring the rock of Gibraltar back with him on pontoons and set it up in Central Park—or in Kansas, for that matter."

What a combination of suggestions! Imagine the consternation of a school of whales at the sight of the Brooklyn Bridge! A sea-serpent of steel on wheels. But, at that, the whales wouldn't have anything on the English, if they were to lose the rock—or upon the Kansans, if they were to get it. Maybe it's a good thing that mechanical engineers cannot always get all the money they would need to do all of the things they could do. For instance:

"Could you take the fifty-story Metropolitan Tower," I asked, "move it up Broadway to Forty-Second Street, and lay it lengthwise along the car tracks, without breaking a window or cracking any plaster?"

"That would be harder than taking the Brooklyn Bridge across the Atlantic," he replied, "but it could be done. Not only could it be done, but if the timepiece in the tower were run by a spring instead of by weights, the building could be moved and laid down on its side without stopping the clock. Don't think that I am minimizing the difficulty of the task. I am not."

### Encased in Steel.

"The building would probably have to be encased in steel to give it sufficient rigidity to keep it from breaking in two when it was laid down. Special appliances of enormous size would also have to be made to ease the building down from an erect to a reclining posture; but with no limit placed upon expense, all of these things could be accomplished."

"The tower, in fact, could be moved miles across the country. The moving of any building, no matter how great, is not an insurmountable mechanical problem. The weight and the height of a building simply increase the difficulty of applying principles that, in themselves, are simple. It is a well-known principle, for instance,



that a stream of water presses against every square inch of a piston-head with the same intensity that the water is forced through the pipe.

### Would Move Mountains.

"In other words, if a stream of water an inch square, at a pressure of ten pounds to the square inch, be pumped against a piston-head containing ten square inches, the pressure on the piston is ten pounds for each inch, or one hundred pounds. This rule holds good, no matter how small the stream of water or how large the piston.

"Here is a single mechanical principle with which one could almost move mountains. Put a stream of water an inch square and under two hundred pounds pressure against a piston-head ten feet square, and you have a power equal to the weight of 34,560,000 pounds. Enough hydraulic devices of this kind would almost drag Manhattan Island down into the bay."

"How about plugging Vesuvius, as a dentist would fill an old tooth, and building a new subterranean outlet, the crater of which would be in Paris? Could that be done?"

"You are getting now," he replied, "into things that are so purely fanciful that the mind can hardly conceive them as possibilities; but I suppose there is no reason why Vesuvius could not be stuffed up and a new outlet made if any one wanted the job done and had the money to pay for it. Filling the crater would be simply a matter of stonework, while making a new outlet, the crater of which should be in Paris, would be only a gigantic job of tunneling.

### Tombs of the Royalty.

"If the ancients could build the pyramids without any power except that of their own muscles and the muscles of animals, I guess we moderns could fill the crater of Vesuvius, if we wanted to, by using steam-engines and electricity. And what is true of the stonework would also be true of the tunneling. Power and machinery will work out almost any mechanical problem. Tunnels were made even before the pyramids were built, and during the Middle Ages some pretty big works of this kind were successfully carried out."

All of which is true. The country around the Nile was the scene, more than

twenty centuries ago, of the first tunnel-building. When an Egyptian king hopped on the throne, his first thought was not of where he would buy his new touring-car, but of where he would rest his weary bones when he no longer wanted them to hang his clothes on. He must have a tomb; not a four-dollar plot in a cemetery with a glass of pansies on it, but a grave hewn out of the rock, with a pyramid over it.

More than that, a long tunnel must lead to the room in which his valuable bones were eventually to lie, and therefore the first part of the task was to build the tunnel. On such occasions it was the custom of the king to sing out to one of his boss menials:

"Bill, get forty thousand or fifty thousand men around here right away; set part of them to digging a tunnel, and put the rest of them to work toting stone. I expect to be dead in about sixty years, and there is no time to lose."

That sounds funny, but in its essence it is a fact. Labor was plentiful—all a king had to do was to go out and catch what men he wanted, and on Saturday nights no envelopes were ever passed around—but progress was pitifully slow. There was no machinery, no steam-engines, no dynamite, no rock-drills.

### For a Rapid Exit.

The only way to get a stone up to the top was to lasso it with a rope, hitch it to a block and tackle, and set all of the men, camels, and elephants to pulling. Getting through rock was a matter of picks and shovels, sledge-hammers, fire, and water.

When the work became so hard that the pick-and-shovel gang were on the point of knocking off and going out to murder the king, a huge fire was built beside the rock. When the stone became hotter than a burned boot, water was dashed on it, which, cooling the rock suddenly, caused it to crack.

In the Middle Ages, kings and other particular persons reversed things a bit. They built tunnels, not to stay dead in, but to keep alive in. The people, in those days, had the habit of going out periodically to lift the kings' scalps. Of course, it was a nervy proceeding, and the monarchs resisted.

They provided themselves with suits of armor; also with soldiers who were sworn to have their whiskers pulled out by the roots and their brains beaten out with clubs

rather than see their dear kings breathe their last. But the kings always knew their soldiers were likely to change their minds after receiving, in rapid succession, three swift kicks, so royal genius provided a means of saving life when honor and the winter groceries had been lost.

Tunnels were built from the basements of the monarchical castles to secluded places in the distance that commanded good views of the country roads. It was doubtless figured out that the rulers, on the pretext of going down to put coal on the furnace, could grab a prince under each arm, open the tunnel door, and beat it for the country. Anyway, they had tunnels in those days—some of them a mile long.

During the latter part of the seventeenth century things began to liven up a little when gunpowder was first used to cut subterranean passages. The French built a tunnel five hundred and ten feet long at Malpas, but the engineer who built it wasn't much. All he could do was to cut through stone. If he had been told to drive a tunnel through soft soil, he would have thrown up his job. Nobody, at that time, had ever tunneled through anything except rock. It was the popular impression that earth, if it were trifled with, would cave in.

So it would. But these same French, in 1803, found a way to stop it. By timbering the sides, they built a tunnel twenty-four feet wide for the St. Augustine Canal, and not a man was killed. Really modern tunnel-building began on that job.

### McAdoo's Tunnels.

But it was not until the coming of the railroad that the great necessity arose for roadways under the soil. Every little while there came a place where a train ought to go through a hill rather than around it. Between 1820 and 1826 the Manchester and Liverpool Railroad built two tunnels in England—the first railroad tunnels in the world. The Allegheny Portage Railroad Company, in 1831, built the first railroad tunnel in the United States.

The English and American engineers who put these works through undoubtedly stood high in their professions, and quite as certainly believed they were rare geniuses. Maybe they were—for their day. But they would have had a nice time driving a tunnel under the Hudson River, as Mr. McAdoo did.

If work had begun from each side of the river, with the intention of having the ends of the tunnel meet under midstream, it is doubtful if either crew ever would have seen the other. One crowd probably would have tapped the river and been drowned, while the other might have gone too far down and been boring yet. However, the two ends of Mr. McAdoo's tunnel came together within an inch.

Machinery and higher professional skill have alone made such progress possible. Since Mr. McAdoo finished the Hudson River tunnels that connect New York with Jersey City and Hoboken, machines have even been invented that can work through rock more rapidly than can dynamite or any other explosive.

### The Hardest Thing on Earth.

A constant bombardment is kept up on the face of the rock by a multitude of drills. The drills are set in a steel disk of the same diameter as the tunnel, and, as the disk is moved around, the entire surface of the rock is battered down in one operation.

Thomas A. Edison had this machine in mind when he recently told me that nothing would so much advance construction work that must proceed through rock as the discovery of a large pocket of black diamonds.

A black diamond is the hardest thing on earth. Beside it, a white diamond is a piece of hickory, and a steel knife-blade is a piece of cheese. Because of its exceeding hardness, a black diamond makes the best cutting-point for a rock-drill. Mr. Edison said he had a diamond-pointed drill that had worked through a thousand feet of rock without perceptibly dulling its edge.

"I don't know why black diamonds are so scarce," he said. "They are nothing but pure carbon, like the white stone, but nature does not seem to have made many of them. Maybe nature has made a lot of them and put them in out of the way places where we have not yet found them. I hope this is the case. Certainly the discovery of a large number of black diamonds would expedite rock work as nothing else could."

Still, the modern mechanical engineer now and then does wonders of the first class with the present limited supply of black diamonds.

The rebuilding of the New York Central terminal in New York City is really about as marvelous an undertaking as would be



the dragging of the Brooklyn Bridge to Europe along the ocean's bed. Tracks are being juggled around as if they were straws; some trains are running forty feet above others; dynamite and drills are shattering the solid rock upon which the terminal is to stand; three thousand trains are coming in and going out every day; thousands of tons of baggage and tens of thousands of passengers are handled every day; and, although the work has been in progress almost five years, no train has been delayed a minute because of the work, and no passenger has been inconvenienced. Section-men out in the country who cannot replace a rail without holding up a freight-train can perhaps appreciate the magnitude of this achievement better than can any one else.

To get back to the building-juggling problem, there is at least one man in this country who believes the time will come within fifty years when every skyscraper in New York, including the fifty-story Metropolitan Tower, will be taken down. This man is Sidney A. Reeve, an eminent professor of steam-engineering, a political economist of note, and the author of a book entitled "The Cost of Competition."

Professor Reeve differs from those men who believe the skyscraper will come down because it cannot stand up. So far as the strength of its materials are concerned, he sees no reason why tall steel buildings should not stand for centuries. He does not believe earthquakes, electrolysis, or tornadoes will ever be sufficient to cause them to fall.

But he does believe that men will voluntarily remove the last skyscraper, within the next half-century, for the reason that the conditions of life will, by that time, have so changed that no demand will exist for extremely high buildings, and that their owners will then remove them. Buildings that do not pay interest on the investment are always quickly transformed, he says, into structures that are needed. This is the way he figures out that skyscrapers must go.

This is the age of barter. Men congregate in cities to buy and sell the things that other men have grown or made in the country, or in the smaller towns. In the business of bartering there are such great opportunities for getting money that there is much competition among the barterers for offices in which to carry on their work, and as bartering can be done on a big scale only in the great cities, offices have to be built high into the air, to make room for those who desire to engage in this occupation.

The professor, of course, may or may not be right; but any time that there is a demand for the removal of the Metropolitan Tower there will be men to do the work, even if the contract calls for the taking away of the building without tearing away a stone or knocking a speck of gold-leaf from the dome. If the development of the flying-machine should render bridges useless, the steel passageway to Brooklyn can be wheeled off to Africa as a plaything for baby elephants, provided enough money be forthcoming to pay the bill.

## RAILROAD BUILT BY CHINAMEN.

**T**HE Sun-ning Railroad in China, now nearly completed, is unique for that country in that none but Chinamen have been employed in any capacity in its construction, something that can be said of no other road in China.

It is being built under the direction of Chin Gee Hee, president of the railroad, who returned to China from the United States after about forty years' experience, some of which was as a railroad foreman and contractor. He has no engineering or railroad knowledge other than the experience gained while he was sojourning here in the United States.

He has the help of about one hundred Chinese foremen and laborers who came back from the United States, all with more or less experience in railroad construction. The construction work

commenced in the middle of 1906, and part of the line was opened to traffic at the beginning of 1908. The whole road is provided with telephone lines for despatching.


The president and constructor of the railway has never received more than a nominal salary of about \$40 per month. The master mechanic receives \$20; fitters, \$7.50 to \$17.50; blacksmiths, \$12.50 to \$15; engine-drivers, \$12.50 to \$22.50; firemen, \$7.50 to \$9; conductors, \$12.50; brakemen, \$7.50 to \$10; ticket-sellers, \$10; ticket-collectors, \$7.50 to \$10; gang foremen, \$7.50 to \$12.50; foremen carpenters, \$20; and carpenters, \$7.50 to \$12.50, all per month.

Coolies receive 20 cents per day. Ten hours of labor constitute a day's work.—*Erie Railroad Employees' Magazine.*

# SHAKY BANKS COMES BACK.

BY GEORGE FOXHALL.

## How Railroad History Was Made When Bob Malloy Met with an Accident.

 SHAKY BANKS was not a good man to fool with on ordinary occasions, and there wasn't a man on the Western division who dared call him "Shaky" to his face. But he was shaky, nevertheless; everybody knew it, and he knew it himself. That's why his friends never gave him the nickname, and that's why his enemies daren't, for in the ordinary acts of life, such as a scrap or a lark, Shaky had muscles like a tiger's and the precise movements of a prize-fighter.

A fine figure of a man was Tom Banks, and as fine a fellow as ever eased steam into a greedy throttle, but—shaky. In the flash of emergency some sort of nerve paralysis took hold of him, and his limbs became like the limbs of an infant. The same thing gripped his brain, and he thought and did the wrong thing whenever the thinking and doing meant property, or life, or reputation.

That's why Tom was on the extra list at Piermont, with mighty little chance of being called for anything but the way-freight on the so-called Scrap-Heap Branch.

Tom had a girl, or, more correctly speaking, Tom had had a girl. When it was first made plain to him that there was something wrong with his sand he had slipped over to Annie Dupont's house with his head down, for a man hates to shame his manhood in a girl's eyes.

"Annie," said he, "I'm not the man for you, for you deserve a real man, and the best part of me is missing. You've heard what happened down on the Cañon Curve yesterday. It's only by the friendship of Alf Hardisty that I shall even manage to drag along on the extra list. I want you to have your liberty an' take a better man."

"And not a man in the world is there with courage like your own," said Annie, "that would come plain and brave in his shame to a woman. I'm your girl, an' proud of my man that takes the shame where there is no real blame."

She washed away his trouble with her tears and cheered him with the sunshine of her smiles.

But, after two years, when he had worked back onto a freight run and it happened again, Tom wouldn't kiss the tears away. He walked off with a face like stone, and there were two hearts in Piermont that were as near breaking as brave hearts can be—for always a brave heart nurses a grain of hope.

This time Tom had let a string of loads down the Piermont Mountain so fast that they came in with every axle-box belching flames and fumes, and the wheels on the rails only by the mercy of Providence. Tom had gone shaky. When he felt them slipping away from him he had made a wild pull with his left hand instead of with his right, and the left hand dragged wide open the closed throttle.

By the time the fireman got over and brought him back to earth, Tom had more momentum on those loads than any straight air in the world would have held on a four per cent grade, and they slipped to the bottom like an avalanche, while everything made for the sidings as fast as steam would let 'em.

"What was the trouble, Tom?" asked Alf Hardisty, the master mechanic.

"My air got away from me, Alf. The pump failed after the first grade."

"And then your nerve went wrong?" suggested Alf.

Tom nodded, and went on the extra list for the second time. Everybody wondered



why he didn't resign and try to make a living as a truck-farmer. Some said it was because he hadn't nerve enough to flag an angleworm. Others said it was because he had so much nerve he was determined to make good.

Then Bob Malloy broke his leg. Bob made history when he broke his leg, because Bob handled the fast mail and express from Piermont to Cardover. It was just at the period when the Great Southern had to melt the rails to keep the contract. At length, they'd trimmed it down so fine that they had Bob hauling three mail-cars and two Pullmans over one hundred and twenty-nine miles of fair grade, with three stops, in one hundred and thirty-five minutes, and it was the general belief that no other engineer on the division could have done it.

Well, Bob broke his leg. He broke it seven minutes before the flier was due. For two minutes Hardisty racked his brain, for one minute he swore fluently, and four minutes before starting-time he sent for Shaky Banks. There wasn't anybody else.

"You have one hundred and thirty-five minutes to make it in, Tom, and the same time to bring number ten back. You're the one to make 'em if nothing comes up. In any case, there'll be a man moved from the extra list to-morrow—up or off."

Alf and Tom had been kids together, but a master mechanic has a big job to hold down—and Hardisty was grim.

Tom nodded. He was grim, too. He tested his air and his valves, picked up his signals, slipped over the points, and streaked down the main line.

At Pearl City he was two minutes behind schedule, having been laid out by a draw. At Graytown he was five minutes ahead, and he put in the wait examining the check-valve, which had not been working as it should. He fixed the trouble, and pretty soon they were skimming along on the last leg of the trip as smoothly as steam ever moved steel.

"I guess we'll make it, Tom," roared Walt Sims, the fireman, straightening his stiff back at the top of the worst grade.

"I guess so," shouted Tom, smiling.

He cut off the steam and drifted down with a safe little back pull from the brakes. In five minutes the worst of the run was over, and they were scooting through a level cañon whose boulders were washed smooth ages ago by a mighty river.

They turned Cañon Curve with a little whistle of the air; and then, like a flash, Tom pushed the air over to the big hole and notched the throttle lever up high. They came to a stop on two running streaks of sand, five feet from a pile of ties across the track, backed by a hand-car.

From behind the hand-car stepped two masked men.

One walked to the fireman's side, and the other to the engineer's. Each of 'em introduced himself with just one word, "Up!" It has a peculiar little rising inflection, and when it's set on a hair-trigger and a forty-five bore it is wisdom to obey without undue loss of time.

That is what Tom and his fireman did. They climbed down on the fireman's side, Sims sullen, and Tom—shaking in every limb.

They ranged them side by side, while a third hold-up man went through the Pullman.

"When Charlie's rustled the passengers," explained one of the train-robbers to the other, "we'll make these fellows cut off the Pullmans and run the mail-cars a mile or two up the road. Then we can settle with the mail-clerks an' grab the registers without interruption."

"Sure," answered the other. "Here comes Charlie marching the train-crew in front of him."

Tom's misery was none the less because his plight seemed unavoidable. He saw his only chance slipping away after he had done all that man could do. But the maddening, discouraging part was this unnerving fear. He wished the men would lower their guns—those yawning tubes that seemed gloating over the life they were going to take. He was sick with dread lest one of them should go off.

A cluster of boulders was behind him, and he ached to steady his limbs by it. The third man came up. He was evidently the chief, and a man of a humorous turn.

"Hustle, boys!" he commanded. "This train's behind schedule already, and we ought to have *some* consideration for the gov'ment mails. Rush the eagle eye—why, just take a look at him! What's the matter, Shaky?"

An electric thrill passed through Tom's flesh and blood at the insulting name, accidentally uttered. Like hot wine, his blood surged from his congested heart and found his nerves and limbs in one mad rush.

With a lightning stab, his hand flashed to a boulder beside him, and with all his enormous strength he bridged the distance to the bandit with a streak of white. So quick was the movement, and so fast and true the throw, that no man thus surprised could have dodged the missile.

Three pounds of boulder took the robber between the eyes.

Almost before it struck, Tom had leaped. With a strangling clutch and an irresistible backward pressure, he snapped the life out of the first speaker and dropped him to the ground, to turn on the other man, who was making a panicky exit from the scene.

It was a race in which Tom never started. This was his day for thinking and doing the right thing. He dropped to one knee, wrenched the pistol from the hand of his second victim, and fired twice. The first shot missed. The second took the runner just above the shoe, and he dropped.

"Come on, boys!" shouted Tom. "Rush these fellows into a car, and let's get the track clear. I've got seven minutes to

make up in thirty-five miles, an' I'm in some hurry."

Tom flashed over those thirty-five miles as if he were going through a fire, and he was dead on time. He had depopulated the bandit community. When he reached home that afternoon most of Piermont was out, including a brass band and a drum-and-fife brigade; but you really couldn't hear the music. There were only eight moguls in the yards at the time; but four factory whistles helped 'em to make a noise.

Tom looked over the heads of the crowd, grinning; then he dropped to the ground and pushed a lane to where two little soft hands were waiting to fall into his grimy ones. He held them for a minute of wonderful tenderness; and then, because he couldn't trust himself, he turned laughingly to answer Alf Hardisty.

"How about the hoodoo?" asked Alf.

"Oh, say," laughed Tom, "I've got the Indian sign on that. When you see Trouble coming, keep cool, but don't stop to think till you've slammed him in the slats."

## ROBBED AS HE CALLS FOR HELP.

"THIS is Nolan, operator at Highland. I am being held up. I was sitting here a few minutes ago when a young man, wearing a light overcoat, came in. Had revolver. Held me up. Said he would kill me if I resisted. He's holding gun at my head now."

This was the message that Despatcher Gleisner, in the local West Shore terminals, received to-day as he was sending train-orders.

"Go on, I'm listening," he ticked over the seventy miles to Highland.

"He thinks I am sending regular messages," Nolan replied. "Told me to keep right on with my work. For God's sake send help."

With frantic energy, Gleisner called up the West Shore offices at Cornwall and Poughkeepsie, just across the river from Highland. By the time he had got Nolan on the wire again, police-squads were forming in both of these places to go to Nolan's aid.

"What's doing now?" Gleisner asked Nolan.

"He's still here," came the reply. "He has no idea I called you up."

"I'm sending help," flashed Gleisner.

"I'm still at work," ticked Nolan's key. "So is highwayman. Has his gun pointed at me. He says, 'Keep at work or I'll drill you.' I'm pretty badly scared. He is now going toward safe. It is unlocked. Now he opens it. He ransacks the safe, watching me all the while. He takes out the money and tickets, putting them in his pocket. He is walking back toward me. He says: 'Stay where you are. If you move in less than five minutes after I leave here you will be a dead man.' He backs toward the door."

"Hold him if you can," urged Gleisner.

"I'm trying," Nolan said. "I am asking him to remember that he is losing me my job and am arguing with him. He says he is sorry. Can't hold him any longer. Now he's gone."

Then, at the end of five minutes, Nolan wired: "He's gone for good, I guess. I followed him out, but he got away in the dark."

The posse from Cornwall was soon at the station. They found a white-faced operator and a safe that had been relieved of one hundred and seventy dollars, besides several bundles of tickets.

—*Brooklyn Standard Union.*

Never stop to argue when the Hog-head's in a hurry—nor at any other time.—Diary of an Unhurt Cow.



# How I Ran "The General."

BY WILLIAM J. KNIGHT.

**THE TRUE STORY SERIES.** The much-mooted question as to whether the plucky little locomotive which now stands in the Union Station at Chattanooga, Tennessee, a relic of the Civil War, was ever known by any name other than that of "General," is finally settled herewith.


The last word comes from Mr. William J. Knight, the engineer who actually held the throttle of the pursued locomotive during the wildest and most important race ever run on wheels. Mr. Knight is one of the few surviving veterans who took part in the Andrews's raid into the Confederate lines. He has given us a railroad man's version of the famous run, which we hope will clear up any doubts which may have been previously held by our readers.

In a personal letter to the editor of *THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE*, Mr. Knight states positively that the engine he ran over the rails of the Western and Atlantic Railroad from Big Shanty to Ringgold bore the name of "General," and that any other name which has since been applied to it is erroneous.

The raiders anticipated Sherman by two whole years. Had they been successful the march to the sea might never have taken place. But they failed, and many of them paid the penalty of their daring with their lives.

## TRUE STORY, NUMBER FIFTY-FOUR.

**Thrilling Experience of a Handful of Federal Soldiers Who Took Part in the Capture of a Confederate Locomotive, Told by the Man Who Handled the Throttle.**

 WELL remember that day in April, 1862, when I first learned that I was to figure in an expedition to capture a Confederate railroad train—an expedition which has since gone down in history as the most thrilling succession of events that ever occurred on rails of steel.

It was after dinner, during dress parade, when our colonel, after a word with Captain L. E. Brewster, stepped up in full view of us and said in a tone of command:

"If there is any man in Company E who knows how to handle a locomotive, let him step one pace to the front."

Thinking at the time that some interest-

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** All the stories published in this TRUE STORY SERIES have been carefully verified by application to officers or employees of the roads or companies concerned who are in a position to be acquainted with the facts. Contributors should give us the names of responsible persons to whom we may apply for such verification, in order that fruitless inquiries may be avoided. This condition does not imply any lack of confidence in the veracity of our contributors, but is imposed merely to give greater weight and authenticity to the stories.

Series began in the October, 1906, *Railroad Man's Magazine*. Single copies, 10 cents.

ing work might be in store for me, I stepped forward, and on being told to report at headquarters immediately after dismissal by the captain, I resumed my position in the ranks until drill was over.

I was then a private in Company E of the Twenty-first Ohio Infantry, which, along with the Thirty-third and Second Ohio regiments, had encamped at Shelbyville, Tennessee, as I was soon to learn, for the purpose of sending a secret expedition through the enemy's lines to tear up the track and destroy bridges on the Western and Atlantic Railroad between Chattanooga, Tennessee, and Atlanta, Georgia.

Most of the recruits and supplies for the western wing of the Confederate army were transported from Atlanta to Chattanooga over this line, and, therefore, it was the object of the Federal leader to cripple it and tie up all traffic as soon as possible.

At the colonel's quarters, where I hurried with Captain Brewster as soon as dress parade was over, I was introduced to James J. Andrews, a Kentucky scout, who at once unfolded to me his daring plan to capture a train at Big Shanty and run for the Union lines, leaving a trail of blazing bridges behind him.

### Off for Big Shanty.

As we stood studying the map the scheme looked plausible enough. I readily volunteered to go and take my chances with the rest of the boys who had signed up. I was told to put on citizen's clothing, with which I was provided, and be prepared to meet Andrews and his party just after dark at a point south of Shelbyville.

I did as directed. That night twenty-two of us, in small parties, set out for Chattanooga in the rain. We got through the Confederate lines easily enough by telling the pickets we were from Kentucky on our way to join the Southern army; and arriving in Chattanooga three days later, we boarded a train for Marietta, journeying southward over the road we were planning to cripple.

We still traveled singly or in groups of two or three, pretending not to know one another, as the cars we rode in were full of Confederate soldiers, whose suspicions might easily have been aroused had we appeared to be too well acquainted.

The way they talked about being ready to eat up every "Yank" in the Union made it hard for us to keep from starting a free-

for-all fight then and there; but we bided our time, however, and when we passed Big Shanty, where we were later to capture our train, more than one of us turned to pass the wink to his neighbor.

We stayed at Marietta that night, and at five o'clock the next morning, which, as I remember it, was April 12, 1862, we boarded a north-bound train for Big Shanty. We still traveled in little groups, studiously avoiding each other, though we knew that our time of secrecy was close to an end.

I sat with several companions near the front of the car next to the engine, and on looking around saw that the other members of our party had all taken seats behind me. It was not an easy matter to appear unconcerned, knowing that in a few minutes we might be called upon to battle for our lives against heavy odds, for we all felt that, if caught, we would be treated as spies and hanged without mercy.

"Big Shanty! Twenty minutes for breakfast!" finally came Conductor Fuller's call, and the train soon slowed down and stopped before a little one-story station that served as a ticket office and eating-house for the trainmen and passengers.

The moment had arrived for us to put our daring plan into execution. I say daring, feeling that I am not overstepping the bounds of modesty, for at that time there were Confederate troops camped close to the station, and picket lines enclosed us on every side.

Our party filed out of the car with the rest of the passengers, but, by a preconcerted plan, Andrews and I alighted on the opposite side of the train and made our way toward the engine, keeping out of sight as much as possible.

By the time we had reached the cab we found that the engineer and fireman had both gone to their breakfast.

### Making a Getaway.

"We're lucky they didn't stop to shake down their fire and oil around," said Andrews, as we crouched beside the tender. "It looks as if we can get away without firing a shot. You run back and uncouple these forward box cars from the rest of the train, and we'll pull out immediately. We can make better time without the other cars, and the men can keep out of sight in them when we run through stations."

I hastened to obey, and, going back,



pulled out the pin between the third and fourth cars, so that when we pulled out we would leave the heavy baggage and passenger coaches standing on the track. A sentry was pacing up and down the platform within ten feet of where I stood, but I managed to dodge behind the cars and get back to where Andrews was waiting without his seeing me.

By this time our little party had collected near the open door of one of the box cars. At a nod from Andrews, who now leaped aboard the engine, I followed, while John and Alf Wilson, who was to serve as fireman, and W. W. Brown, my assistant, swung on from the opposite side.

The gage showed plenty of pressure, and a white feather was going up from the steam-dome.

"Into your car, men, quick!" called Andrews. "Let her go, Knight!"

### The Throttle Open.

I jerked open the throttle. We leaped ahead like a shot. Looking back, I could see the last man of our party being hauled head-first into the freight-car, while out of the station poured a stream of passengers and trainmen, shouting and waving their arms in a wild state of excitement.

We soon disappeared from their sight around a curve, and ran down the track a couple of miles. Spying a crowd of section-men at work ahead of us, Andrews called out to me:

"Stop just this side of those fellows! We'll get their tools and tear up the track, while Scott cuts the wires!"

Andrews had no fear of a message being sent on ahead from Big Shanty to intercept us, as there was no operator there; but feeling that a message might already be speeding back to Marietta—the nearest telegraph office—Andrews thought it wise to be on the safe side. When we came to a standstill, Andrews went ahead to where the gang was working and ordered them to turn over their tools.

I could see that there was some argument at first, but they finally did as directed without any show of resistance, though they were probably greatly puzzled at his command.

After a stop of several minutes, during which the wires were cut and a rail taken up, we started on again. We were considerably ahead of the regular schedule, so, in

order to pass a train at Kingston, which we knew was coming our way, we slowed down somewhat; but whenever we came in sight of a station, I would pull her wide open and go through like the wind.

It was amusing to see the amazed looks on the faces of the passengers who stood with their grips in hand waiting to board our train, when we shot by at lightning speed.

Andrews had planned to burn the bridge over the Etowa River, but fearing that we had stopped too long already, we crossed it and sped on through Etowa, where we passed a locomotive standing under full steam on a branch line that ran to an iron-mine. I suggested to Andrews that we had better stop and disable this engine in case we were pursued, but he refused to do so. It was there that we made our worst mistake, for had we carried away some part of the mechanism of the old "Yonah," Conductor W. A. Fuller and his party could never have followed us as closely as they did.

Andrews, unfortunately, did not know that on that very day General O. M. Mitchell had captured Huntsville, and instead of there being only two trains for us to pass, as we had figured, there were three times as many, the railroad having started all its rolling-stock south to prevent its capture by the Federal troops. We kept on speeding and loafing until we reached Cass Station. Noticing a wood-pile and water-tank beside the track, we stopped and replenished our fuel and water, as both were beginning to run low.

"I don't recollect ever seeing you fellows before," said the station-agent, whose name I afterward learned was Russell, when we climbed down out of the cab.

"What have you got in there?" he asked, pointing to the closed box cars.

### Powder for Beauregard.

"You just drop a few sparks from that pipe of yours inside, and you'll find out soon enough," returned Andrews. "There's powder enough in those cars to blow you and your station into the middle of next week! We're hustling it through to Beauregard to shoot holes in Yanks with!"

"Oh, that's your lay, is it?" said Russell. "Hope you get through with it all right. The Federals ain't far off, and if they stop that peanut-burner of yours, you're pretty sure to find out what the inside of a prison looks like."



WILLIAM J. KNIGHT, PRIVATE, COMPANY E, 21ST  
OHIO INFANTRY, ENGINEER OF THE LOCO-  
MOTIVE "GENERAL." NOW LIVING  
IN STRYKER, OHIO.

"We're taking our chances," said I; "but I'd hanged sight rather have the 'Yanks' get me than run into a head-on with a south-bound train. We've lost our schedule, and if we don't get one pretty quick we're going to have trouble. Haven't you got one we can have?"

"Sure," said the tank-tender. After searching his pockets, he finally located a soiled piece of paper, which he handed to Andrews.

As the men in the box cars had been ordered to keep out of sight until signaled

to come out, Andrews, Wilson, Brown, and I got down and piled a good supply of wood on the tender.

After filling the tank, we pulled on up the track out of sight, where we stopped, and while John Scott, who did the wire-cutting, climbed a telegraph-pole and shut off telegraphic communication, the rest of the men, at Andrews's order, piled railroad-ties upon the track to obstruct any one who might follow us.

Reaching Kingston, Andrews repeated his tale to the station-agent about carrying powder to Beauregard, and gave orders to the switchman to let us in on the siding to wait for a south-bound train, which we knew must pass before we could proceed.

### How We Lost an Hour.

For twenty-five minutes we fumed and fretted, watching the southern horizon for the smoke of a pursuing locomotive. When the train from the north finally hove in sight and pulled up beside us, our hopes took another drop, for there on the last car flag-signals were flying to show that another train was following.

We waited for over an hour while two more trains pulled by before we were finally given a clear track to Adairsville, and there was a general sigh of relief when we pulled out on the main line.

A short distance north of Kingston, we stopped to block the track again and take on a load of railroad-ties. Some of the men smashed a hole in the end of the rear car, and when we got under headway again, they dropped the heavy timbers one by one upon the track behind us.

The outlook now seemed considerably brighter, and our spirits rose perceptibly. Had we known then, however, that only a few minutes behind us, tearing along the rails, was an engine bearing Captain Fuller and a corps of Confederate soldiers armed with rifles, against which our short-range pistols were useless, we would not have felt so cheerful.

About four miles from Adairsville, at Andrews's order, we stopped again. Some of the men went back and tore up one rail. While the work of track-destruction was going on, those of us in the engine kept watch and strained our ears for sounds of pursuit, when suddenly we were filled with alarm by a low whistle coming faintly to us down the track.



"Every man back to the train. They're after us!" yelled Andrews to the workers, who were busily battering out spikes and bending the rails. There was a wild scramble for the box cars, and as soon as every one was aboard, I opened her up and we sped on toward Adairsville.

### Tied Up Again.

A freight-train, with signals showing another train behind it, was standing on the main line when we pulled up to the station, so we took the siding and waited with our hearts in our throats for the second section to arrive.

Fortunately for us, it was not long in putting in an appearance, but, on arrival, it stopped directly across the switch over which we must pass to enter the main line again.

Andrews hurried over to the conductor and asked him to pull up and let us by, but he refused, insisting that if we proceeded we were in danger of colliding with another train which was following, and which he was sure had already left Calhoun, the station ahead of us.

Andrews had it hot and heavy with this man for some time, but on promising to send a flagman ahead at every curve, the conductor finally consented to let us move on without our having to use force.

As soon as his last car had left the switch, Andrews pulled it open and swung aboard as we dashed out onto the main line.

"Keep her hot, boys!" he yelled to Brown and Wilson, who were hard at work heaving the heavy cordwood into the fire-box.

"Give her every ounce she's got, Knight!" he shouted, raising his voice above the barking of the exhaust and the roar of the wheels. "Death in a wreck is better than hanging! There's no time for a flagman now!"

We took one curve after another at top speed, ready for the worst, until we would gain a clear stretch of track and get a glimpse far enough ahead to see that we were not running into a head-on smash.

### Courting a Collision.

Behind us, the men in the box cars were tossed about from side to side, momentarily expecting to leave the track and be hurled to destruction when we went into the ditch. Had we been but a few moments later, a wreck would surely have occurred. As it



JAMES J. ANDREWS, OF FLEMINGSBURG, KENTUCKY,  
LEADER OF THE ANDREWS RAIDING PARTY.  
EXECUTED IN ATLANTA, GEORGIA,  
JUNE 7, 1862.

was, we pulled into Calhoun just in time to see the passenger-train for which we had so long been straining our eyes pulling out of the station toward us.

As soon as the engineer saw us he started back toward the depot, but when he perceived that we were slowing down, he stopped with his pilot-trucks on the frogs of the switch which opened into the siding, blocking the rails so that we could not get by.

Andrews repeated his powder story, but the conductor and engineer were both so angry at him for taking chances of a col-

lision that they refused to listen and would not budge an inch.

It looked for a few minutes as if Andrews would have to call out his men and move the train out of the way himself, but his demands were so positive that the conductor finally yielded and told his engineer to back off the switch far enough to let us by.

We now felt that if we could get to the Oostanaula bridge in time to destroy it the race would be won. More wires would then be cut, and other bridges burned without fear of pursuit, for we knew that General Mitchell was close to Chattanooga, and were sure that we could easily make our way to his forces.

As we had made the nine miles from Adairsville to Calhoun in seven and a half minutes, we felt that we had now gained enough headway on our pursuers to stop and cut wires and tear up the track. Scott was soon at the top of one of the telegraph-poles, sending the wires whipping down to the ground, while Andrews and the rest of the men began taking off fishplates and pulling out spikes.

### How Fuller Followed.

They had not been long at work, however, when around a curve, only a few miles down the track, I suddenly sighted the smoke of a locomotive.

It was running toward us at full speed. I yelled to Andrews that we must be on our way.

Some of the men had pried loose the end of a rail, and in their haste were stumbling about, dropping their tools and getting in each other's way.

"Give me that bar, and all of you get aboard!" yelled Andrews, snatching a crow-bar from one of the men.

While the rest of the party scrambled back into their "side-door Pullmans," Andrews struggled and wrenched at the unwieldy rail, seeking vainly to bend it out of place and tear it from the ties.

Then, seeing that the locomotive was almost upon him, he dropped the bar. Giving me the signal to go ahead, he sprang for the hand-rail and swung himself aboard the last car.

With the fire flying from her drivers, I gave the "General" every ounce of steam in her boilers, and we tore ahead. I glanced backward from time to time to make sure that we were keeping out of rifle-range.

It seems that as soon as we pulled out of Big Shanty—as I afterward learned from reports and from Conductor William Fuller himself, when we met at a soldiers' reunion at Columbus, Ohio, after the war—he and his engineer, Jeff Cain, together with Anthony Murphy, then foreman of the Western and Atlantic Railroad shops, had started out after us on foot.

They ran until they met the section-gang whose tools we had taken, and securing a hand-car from them, they hurried on after us until they reached Etowa, where they boarded the "Yonah" and continued the pursuit. They had no trouble in passing the break in the rails beyond Cass Station with the hand-car, as they had rolled it over the ties and soon had it on the track again.

At Kingston, being unable to get by the two freight-trains which we had passed there, Fuller and his party ran around them on foot and, boarding the engine "Rome," which was standing on a side-track, started on again. As we had not stopped long enough to destroy the track again until near Adairsville, Fuller, who had now been joined by a number of Confederates, had little trouble in getting that far with the "Rome." Here he abandoned the "Yonah," and a little farther on, meeting another train we had passed, he made the crew back with him into Adairsville, where he secured an engine called the "Texas," and again started on our trail, catching his first glimpse of us when we stopped just north of Calhoun.

We soon lost sight of our pursuers, but, knowing that they were still only a few minutes behind us, we could readily see that if we delayed at any of the stations ahead we would be caught like rats in a trap.

Too closely followed to stop at Oostanaula bridge, which we had planned to fire, we sped on, dropping ties on the track behind us, but we were now going so fast that most of them bounded off when striking the ground, and impeded the progress of the "Texas" but little.

### Fighting with Freight-Cars.

Every time we reached the end of a straight piece of track, we could see the Confederate engine tearing after us. Reaching the top of an incline near Resaca, we uncoupled our last car, and I reversed



and shot it down toward them. Engineer Bracken, however, also reversed and caught the car without its doing any damage to the "Texas." Then, pushing it ahead of them, they came on after us.

Again we repeated our tactics, but they again caught the empty car, side-tracking the two at Resaca, through which we ran at lightning speed. Their delay gave us a little more headway, and a few miles out of town we dared stop long enough to cut the wires again, fearing that if Fuller could manage to send a message on ahead of us, some station-agent would side-track us.

Not having time enough to tear up the track when we stopped for wood near Tilton, six miles north of Resaca, the men placed the rail, which we had carried with us from near Cass Station, diagonally across the track, wedging one end of it tightly.

The engineer of the "Texas" sighted it in time, and stopped his locomotive.

The other side of Tilton, through which we passed in safety, we filled our tank and took on more wood, while some of the men went back a short distance and obstructed the track to insure another full stop of the "Texas" out of gunshot range.

As often as we dared to stop, the men got off and cut wires and blocked the track, but not once did they more than get started to remove a rail before the roar of the "Texas" speeding toward us would reach our ears, and we would have to dart on at full speed. Once we halted in full view of a regiment of Confederate soldiers, but not long enough to give them a chance to come after us. We were constantly in sight of Captain Fuller's party now, and some of them tried to pick us off with their rifles.

In spite of the closeness with which our enemies hung upon our heels, however,

Andrews had not given up hope of accomplishing the work he had set out to do, and was still intent upon burning the first Chickamauga bridge, twelve miles north of Dalton, though Fuller was quite determined that he should not.

On we sped, through the tunnel at Tunnel Hill, where I begged Andrews to abandon the engine, and either turn it loose back through the tunnel toward the "Texas," or send it on ahead for Fuller to follow. He would agree to neither plan, however, but ordered the men to set their one remaining car on fire and come aboard the engine. This they did, pouring oil upon its walls and floors, and we left it blazing on the middle of Chickamauga bridge.

But again luck was against us. It had been raining, and the fire burned so slowly that by the time Fuller arrived on the scene the bridge had not yet caught. He had no trouble in pushing the blazing car ahead of him to Ringgold, where he side-tracked it. Here the alarm was given to the local militia, some of whom boarded the "Texas," when it again started after us.

There is little more to tell. Wilson had thrown the last stick of wood into the fire, and the water was not showing in the gauge. Soon we were only running twenty-five miles an hour, then twenty, then fifteen, and then came Andrews's command:

"Stop her, Knight! Scatter, boys! It's every man for himself now!"

History has recorded the rest. We were all taken captive in the woods by the Confederate soldiers, not far from where we abandoned the "General."

I was one of the eight who escaped from Atlanta Prison. Eight others, including Andrews, were hanged as spies, and the remaining six were exchanged.

## HE WAS A CRIPPLE.

SEVERAL months ago an old railroad man out in Seattle was caught between the bumpers of two box cars. He didn't have many friends and none of them did anything for him. He went to a hospital. It took his last dollar to save his left leg, but he was hopelessly crippled. Turned out of the hospital, broke and discouraged, the old man could not find employment.

He sought relief in the courts. After a hard-fought legal battle, the old man was awarded \$1,700. He didn't get all of this. His attorney had to have his fee. But what little he did have, the old man put into the Illinois lodging-house. He couldn't make it go.

He was a railroad man, a maimed, useless railroad man, who didn't know anything about leases, rents, and law papers. He lost his place.

He saved a few dollars from the wreck, however, and said he would start afresh. Two months ago he leased a dingy little rooming-house. The boarders wouldn't come. The old man's dollars slipped away one by one, but he saved enough to end the hopeless fight of a railroad man who was useless and friendless.

The record at the city morgue reads as follows:

"George T. Marshall, age about sixty years, committed suicide by taking carbolic acid. He was a cripple."—*Exchange*.

# FATE JOHNSON'S FINANCIERING

BY SUMNER LUCAS.

## An Episode in Frenzied Banking That Isn't Quite So Impossible as It Sounds.



To a hobo who has nothing, and everything to gain, Fate knew that he had added to his cipher of wealth. Gathering in the bundle, Fate started to circle the wreck and go down the tracks on foot, a thing sorely against his professional pride; but it was dark, and the wreck might be accepted as an extenuating circumstance.

Before he hit the rails he stumbled over another bundle. Picking up this one, he began to count the ties to the east. Fate had no particular destination except to get out of Nebraska. It was harvest-time, and work was too plentiful and insistent for Fate's daily comfort. A mile down the track he saw a dim straw-stack off to the left, and he turned toward it.

"Burning some," he said to himself as he glanced back at the glare of the wreck. Stowing his bundles away, he "hit the hay." In two minutes he was sound asleep.

Just at daylight the wrecker tearing by awoke him.

"Late," commented Fate to its ponderous crane. Then he stretched himself and in the gathering light proceeded to examine his newly acquired possessions. He unwrapped the first one and stopped to scratch his head.

"Baby boy! Seems I'm elected a perambulating orphan asylum," he grunted, as he looked at the unconscious infant. "What do I draw next—house and lot and mother-in-law?" he continued.

The next was one of the hammocks used in the lower berths of a Pullman to hold the sleeper's clothing. It contained a full outfit of expensive clothing, black frock coat, pearl-gray trousers, patent-leather shoes; with shirt, tie, soft hat, and other things to

**F**ATE JOHNSON, hobo, completed his seventeenth somersault head downward in the mud against the barb-wire fence. He reversed himself, clawed the Nebraska soil

from his face and looked about him in the dark. The Chicago Flier was in the ditch.

Fate glanced over the wreck with a sort of proprietary solicitude for the particular Pullman from the roof of which he had just alighted. It lay on its side crossways of the track.

“Hit something,” remarked Fate as he leaned against the fence and felt in his pockets for the makings of a cigarette. The wreck was in an uproar, but Fate, having little use for uproars from long experience, struck a match, shielded it from the stiff night breeze and puffed carefully.

The flare of the match showed him something caught on the fence-wires near him. Fate moved along the fence to investigate.



match; also a small hand-grip containing a lady's toilet articles.

"Ah!" cooed Fate as from the inside pocket of the carefully folded vest he pulled a long seal-leather pocketbook. "Let's see who I am, 'The Honorable Boyd Hill Kingston.' And five hundred to the good in long-green, yellow-back fifties—and a draft on New York for—suffering Je-hosafat! one hundred thousand dollars!" There were other papers that Fate Johnson, hobo, seated there by the stunned baby, examined with interest.

"Time to move, kid," he smiled. He proceeded to wash the mud from his face in the puddle formed by the night's rain and to array himself in his new clothes.

"Good fit," commented Fate as he looked himself over critically.

Picking up his other bundle gingerly, Fate, in all his glory, started for a town he could see some three miles to the south. To get to it he had to cross the track, which he did with his usual modesty by means of a gully and a culvert.

There was high scandal and various speculations in that town that day and for some days to come—in fact, it never quite died out—when an infant dressed in dainty clothing with but one blue leather shoe was found on the doorstep of the Bachelors' Club. The doorway looked prosperous to Fate, and he wanted to do the best he could for the boy.

Babies were one of the few things that had not come within the rather extended experiences of Fate Johnson.

Now, good-by to Fate Johnson, hobo; enter the alias, Hon. Boyd Hill Kingston, banker.

Traffic Center is a city somewhere between Chicago and St. Louis. That evening a rather gaunt gentleman in black frock coat, pearl-gray trousers, with a clean shave and otherwise adorned, and with his right hand bandaged in black silk, leaned over the register of the Palace Hotel, laid down a card and said just six words:

"Register me. Hand hurt. Dinner on?"

Ignoring the over-friendly inquiries of the bland clerk, Fate, with just a suspicion of haste, entered the brilliant dining-room, while the clerk wrote on the register, "Boyd Hill Kingston, San Francisco," and assigned him to the best suite in the house.

Later, the head waiter noted that Mr. Kingston had given the largest tip of the evening and had also ordered and eaten a

most elaborate dinner. The news spread—as only such news does—through the hotel, and the gentleman was rated accordingly.

Nor were they surprised next day to learn that the silent gentleman had bought the controlling interest in the private banking-house of "Davenport & Co." The price was said to be one hundred thousand dollars, on which he held an option.

But surprise did come when they learned the next evening that the generous gentleman had also acquired the controlling ownership of the State Bank, whose capital was five hundred thousand dollars with deposits of over two millions.

Surprise grew to utter amazement and the talk of the town, when, within three days, this self-same gentleman had literally bought every bank in the city. There was much talk in the papers of "the representative of Western capital, himself immensely wealthy, who has cornered the banking business of Traffic Center." The papers spoke



"TIME TO MOVE, KID."

with something like awe mingled with enthusiasm of his "breezy Western way of doing business, the 'take-it-or-leave-it, yes or no' methods so characteristic of life in San Francisco."

Then came the earthquake. But to all inquiries the gentleman was equally taciturn. He gave but one interview, which was spread over the front pages of the following Sunday papers, thus: "Sold out. Bought here."

Fate was having the time of his life. There had been a fierce business-war on in Traffic Center for two years which focused in the two big banks, the First National and the Second National. The first morning in town, Fate had walked into the banking-house of "Davenport & Co.," wasted no words, identified himself with certain papers, laid down his option on the bank's stock with a draft on New York for one hundred thousand dollars, and had taken immediate possession.

He signed all papers by merely touching the pen with his injured hand while another guided it. From "Davenport & Co.," where he was now czar, Fate had begun to make those financial moves that awoke the town. His fame spread by wire to all financial centers, and especially to Chicago. From "Davenport & Co.," he had walked into the State Bank, right into the president's private office and announced himself with:

"You own this bank?"

"Well—er—yes. Why? Whom have I the pleasure of addressing?"

"Control?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much?"

"Well, er—really, my dear sir, I hadn't thought exactly of selling. Have you an offer to make?"

"Half million."

The president and principal owner of the State Bank had considered a moment. Here was an offer really above the value of the bank, and a good chance to get out of the bitter fight then raging at its worst, and to get out with profit.

"I'll take it," he said.

"Immediate possession," said Fate as he wrote a cashier's check on "Davenport & Co.," for nearly all the cash on deposit in that old and staid institution.

In an hour the deal was closed and Fate reigned supreme in the State Bank as in "Davenport & Co."

With two million of deposit, over half in cash on hand, Fate then moved on the First National. He bought a fifty-five per cent ownership in the First next day, paying for it out of the vaults of the State Bank.

With the First, he now had over five millions at his command, and with this he bought the Second National for a million cash outright.

"Endless chain," remarked Fate, as he went to his bed Saturday night—the night of the fourth day.

Fate Johnson, hobo, now controlled something like ten million dollars, over one-third of it in cash, and owned all the banks in the city of Traffic Center. That ended the long and disastrous financial war.

Monday morning the news that the financial war was over in Traffic Center was known and approved in all the big financial centers of America. When Fate—beg pardon! the Hon. Boyd Hill Kingston; and Fate was very particular about this—when he was asked what his plans were, he replied in a word and a half:

"Consolidate'm."

He did so that day. Certain papers which should have gone to Washington Fate put in his pocket.

"Less trouble," was his verdict, after an hour's study.

The ending of the financial fight had a wonderful effect on the business of Traffic Center. Real estate rose from ten to twenty-five per cent. Business blocks, the leases for which had stood trembling on the outcome of the war, were promptly rented at a sharp advance. The nail factory reopened with a pay-roll of eight hundred men.

Fate loaned the flour mills fifty thousand dollars, and their doors opened to eleven hundred employees. Merchants wired for bills of goods held in abeyance, and doubled others. The huge Lake National Bank of Chicago closed a deal with the new "Consolidated Bank"—otherwise with Fate Johnson, hobo—and put two millions on deposit. Fate made loans freely, but always through his cashiers. The big man must not be disturbed with details.

Naturally he became a target for charity beggars. To all he gave a silent frown, and turned away—all except one. When the Rev. Mr. Huntington mentioned "orphans," Fate jerked out:

"What's that?"

"We have one hundred thousand dollars pledged by Mr. Gotrox, of New York, for



an orphan asylum in Traffic Center, if we can raise another hundred thousand. We have fifty thousand already raised in cash here and the Gotrox money is in a New York bank ready for us the moment we can show our hundred thousand in cash here. But the time is up at noon to-day—and it is now eleven o'clock, Mr. Kingston—”

“All right,” said Fate Johnson, hobo.

That settled the matter. The Gotrox money was forwarded by wire at Fate's expense, the “Kingston Junior Orphan Asylum Association” was organized, a site was bought for ninety thousand cash—which Fate generously gave as an after-thought—and the whole matter settled and under way within twenty-four hours.

Next day the babies began to come—first one, then by dozens. Fate paid the bills.

The four banks which Fate had cornered held between them over one million in fore-closed real estate. The sudden revival of business and confidence, supported by reports of more millions yet to come, the oiling of the wheels of trade, and the new steam put into every line, enabled the banks to sell their heretofore dead real estate and mortgages at a boom profit of nearly half a million dollars.

There were some croakers in town, but these timid and suspicious gentry with too many questions to ask were promptly frowned down as enemies to the prosperity which had struck Traffic Center.

On the tenth day Fate Johnson, hobo, millionaire, and benefactor of Traffic City, was calmly eating his dinner, when an excited gentleman, followed by the chief of police and a patrol-wagon full of club-swingers, rushed through the stately portals of the Palace Hotel. All doors were instantly guarded. A frontal attack was made on the dining-room. Fate looked up, and calmly went on eating.

“That's him! He's the scoundrel—thief—forger! That's him!” yelled the one and only original Hon. Boyd Hill Kingston.

Fate helped himself to the peas.

The chief of police stopped and looked at him in admiration.

“Say, you! You're wanted!” he managed to blurt out, a trifle disconcerted, and doubting which really was Kingston.

“Me?” calmly inquired Fate.

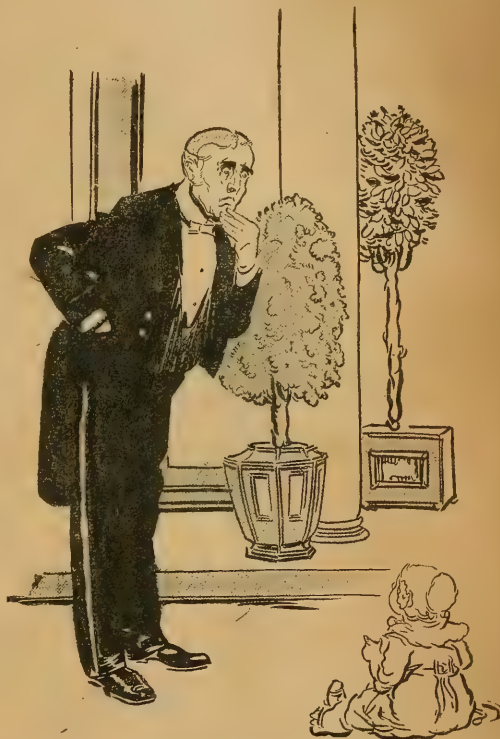
“Yes, you!” growled the chief.

“Guilty,” murmured Fate as he finished his champagne and arose.

They locked him up—and there was excitement in Traffic Center.

It took a meeting of all Traffic Center's bankers, lawyers, and business men to save the town. The huge Lake National Bank in Chicago rushed a man on a special train with a million in cash.

But the mess was not so bad. The Hon. Boyd Hill Kingston was a shrewd thinker.



HE WANTED TO DO THE BEST HE COULD  
FOR THE BOY.

He saw his chance. He promptly authorized all that Fate Johnson had done. But just what on the whole had he done? Who was he? No one knew, and all hastened to the jail. Mrs. Kingston went with them out of curiosity.

They found Fate asleep.

He rolled over on his iron cot, sat up, and surveyed his callers sleepily.

“Whoever you are,” began Kingston, “you're a daisy. You've raised Cain. What did you do it for? You've signed and uttered enough forgeries to put yourself in the 'pen' till the sun cools. Tell us about it, won't you?”

“Talk!” thundered the chief.

Fate scratched his chin.

"Where've you been?" he finally asked.

"Me?" gasped Kingston. "I was hurt in a wreck in Nebraska. Been in the hospital with concussion of brain. My wife and I—er—our baby was burned there; and I thought my clothes and papers were."

"Tain't burned," soliloquized Fate, regarding a crack in the floor.

"Tain't burned!" shrieked Mrs. Kingston. "Where is he? Where is my baby?"

Fate fished into his pocket—the police had overlooked it, and the chief frowned—and drew out a baby's shoe of blue leather.

let me out—and stand for that orphan asylum, and I'll tell w'ere your kid is."

"Yes—yes!" urged Mrs. Kingston.

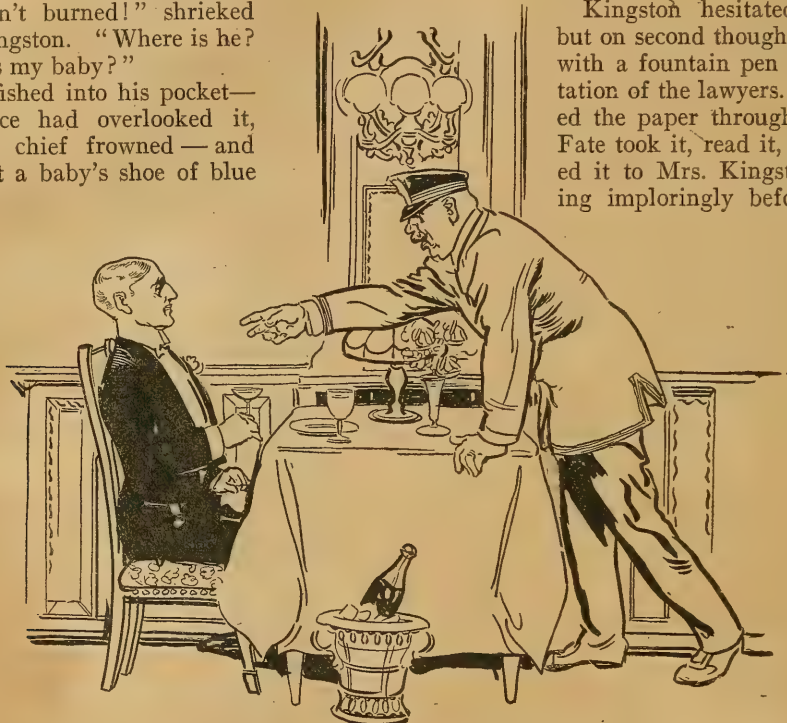
"Yes," echoed Kingston.

"Yes," growled the chief.

"Yes," echoed the lawyers.

"Write it," said Fate, having had long experience.

Kingston hesitated at first, but on second thought he did so with a fountain pen at the dictation of the lawyers. He handed the paper through the bars. Fate took it, read it, and handed it to Mrs. Kingston, standing imploringly before him.



"YES, YOU!" GROWLED THE CHIEF.

"This its shoe?" he asked.

"Yes—yes! Where is he—where is he?" wailed the frantic woman, kneeling on the cement floor and reaching her arms through the cell bars. Fate turned away his head, rose to his feet, put his hands in his pockets, and made oration to Kingston:

"You ain't lost nothing. Nobody has. And you can't prove no evil motive. You

"You keep it for me, lady. Your baby is 'Number One' in the orphan asylum which yours truly founded."

That night a hobo mounted the blind-baggage of the St. Louis Express. "Fate Johnson, banker!" he chuckled to himself as he wondered how soon the brakeman would come along and ask him to pay or fade away.

## HEAT VALUE OF COAL.

IT is interesting to note the heat value of coal in comparison with other fuels. The variation in coal samples, however, makes it impossible to fix an exact standard. The conclusions recently arrived at by the United States Geological Survey are based upon what is known as pure coal, or actual coal, or unit coal, meaning the actual organic matter which is involved in combustion,

apart from other extraneous mineral matter. The following table furnishes a near approach to the relative values of the most common fuels: Bituminous coal, Easter field, 150 to 160; anthracite, 150 to 155; bituminous, Mid-Continental field, 142 to 150; lignite, black, 125 to 135; lignite, brown, 115 to 125; peat, 78 to 115; cellulose and wood, 65 to 78.—*Railway and Locomotive Engineering.*




# Queer Railroads I Have Known.

BY STEPHEN CHALMERS.

**I**N the January number of *THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE*, Charles Frederick Carter told about some antiquated steam roads on which he traveled during a recent journey in Europe, but it seems that you don't have to cross the Atlantic to make a study of old-fashioned railroads. South America and the West Indies are full of them. Roads that look as if they might have been built before the Flood are operated on the same principle as old horse-car lines.

Mr. Chalmers's experiences in the rickety coaches of slow-moving trains run by engineers who played checkers and pulled the "leber" ought to be something to make calamity howlers, knockers, and railroad jokers who scorn the excellent service they receive in this country, sit up and take notice.

**Trains on a Certain Central American Railroad, Only Forty-Seven Miles Long, Are Frequently Two Hours Late. Humorous Customs of Jamaican Trainmen.**

N criticizing railways, one can generally command a sympathetic audience. The railway joke is as old as—railways. It began with the first loud guffaw when Robert Stephenson ran his "Puffing Billy."

In England, the London and South-western is the butt of the railway joke as the Erie is here. I have traveled on both the Erie and the L. & S. W., and I fail to see anything seriously the matter with either of them. In fact, I make bold to state that, because of the joke that shadows the escutcheon of these roads, each is particularly painstaking and courteous in its service.

There are some railways in this world alongside which either the Erie or the London and Southwestern would look like the king's special on coronation day.

For instance, there is a railway which runs from Savanilla, Colombia, up to Barranquilla, and maybe to Bogota. I went no farther than Barranquilla, for reasons which should be perfectly obvious.

The main good thing about this railway is that it saves you walking up a half-mile pier to the baked, waterless, iceless, lizard-inhabited scattering of tin-roofed human furnaces that is mapped as Savanilla, alias Puerto Colombia. The pier was built by the steamship companies, which is too bad, for one would have liked to credit the railway itself with one redeeming feature.

## Making a Start.

The train loads at the head of the pier. It is made up of three or four obsolete compartment-cars with wooden seats and stiff, rusted, squeaky windows that you may raise and bake or leave down and choke from soft-coal cinders—just as you see fit.

When the train starts up the pier, although the footboard is festooned with native cargo-passers, it is some consolation to feel that you are off. But, alas, arrived at the dried-up town at the land-end of the pier, it is as if you had just backed into the terminus in a newly made-up train.

One day I sat stewing in one of the crazy wooden compartments, waiting for that train to start from Savanilla for Barranquilla. The depot was an oblong of cement paving—quite warm in the tropics—shaded by a red-painted galvanized-iron roof. When the sun beats on that roof and the iron becomes almost red-hot, the shade it gives is something like that suggested by Dante's *Inferno*.

Nevertheless, there seemed to be some people who actually enjoyed it. I remember there were several Syrian pack-peddlers who were too wise to climb aboard that train before starting-time was announced. They sat on a bench under the galvanized-iron roof and dozed away the happy hours of waiting in company with other slumberers.

I have wondered since if by any chance these people were not really overpowered by the heat, for when—at the end of time—the conductor yelled out in Spanish that all was ready for the start, he found it necessary to awake them and ask if they were planning to travel by his train.

Even after everybody was aboard, there was some delay occasioned by the fact that the stoker and the engineer were in the middle of an interesting game of checkers on the iron step of the locomotive. This may sound unconvincing. But the reader is assured by an eye-witness that it is not even exaggerated.

When the train at last started, it was as if some prehistoric monster that has been asleep for an eon of years awakes and limbers up its stiff joints. What snortings, creakings, groanings, hissings, and nerve-ripping flange shrieks came from that locomotive before it got under way!

The agonies of that ride up the valley, rumbling around uneven curves, laboriously toiling up steep grades and seeming to tumble, rather than roll, down dips, with the sun blazing in at one window this minute and glaring in at the other the next, as the train twisted, are too painful for detailed description in a world that is already full of sorrow and discomfort.

### Zigzagging Up the Grade.

Of course, one associates this sort of humor with all things Latin-American. While admitting that this Colombian railroad was as much *opéra bouffe* as anything I ever read in a South American revolutionary novel, I must also admit that in South

America I found, if not the best managed road, at least one that holds the palm for scenic charm.

I have never been on the Trans-Andean, and the Guayaquil to Quito road was not completed when I was in that region, but it would be hard to beat the magnificence of the zigzag from La Guayra to Caracas in Venezuela.

When you come out of your ship's cabin in the dawn, as I did once in La Guayra harbor, and stare up at the mountains which rise abruptly from the water's edge to a height of between seven and ten thousand feet, it is difficult enough to conceive how the town of La Guayra manages to stick on without being prepared to believe that a railway goes up the face of that stupendous mountain range.

### Over the Panama Road.

Yet it is the truth, and it is also one of the greatest engineering feats ever performed in railway construction. I am not prepared to state what the rise per mile is on this single track, but supposing the height to be climbed is six thousand feet at least, and it takes at least two hours to get away with that six thousand feet, you have some idea of what the builders of that road had to contend with.

Starting from the depot at La Guayra, the train runs along the shore for a couple of miles to the west. Then the road and the train begin to climb. The face of the mountain is so precipitous that the track is one long zigzag all the time. Here one can literally speak of the engine turning around and meeting its own tail-end going in an opposite direction.

As the zigzag eats up the heights, a panorama unravels itself that staggers description. The mountain falls right from the wheels of the train into the sea thousands of feet below, and one's scalp creeps over the possibility of the train falling with it. The sea spreads like a blue cloth spotted with little ships and tufts of green and rocky headlands, and the view grows as the train climbs higher and higher.

When the shoulder of the mountain is reached, the locomotive's Herculean task is done, and presently the train rattles merrily down into an amphitheater of hills, in the hollow of which lies Caracas—the Paris of South America.

Most people will be interested in the Pan-



ama Railroad, which for years controlled the Isthmus—and the canal for that matter—running a steamer service, in conjunction, between San Francisco and Panama and from the other terminus, Colon, to New York.

This bit of railroad is only forty-seven miles long, and it has a stop about every three miles. What with stops and starts, delays and shunting among dirt-trains, etc., the passenger-train, which is supposed to make the forty-seven-mile trip in two hours, is sometimes two hours late.

Ever since the American entered the zone, the Panama Railroad is getting quite smart. The stops are as numerous as ever. There is Monkey Hill and Bohio and Frijoles (beans), and a host of others with picturesque names. The cars are as uncomfortable as ever, and no doubt the atmosphere is as redolent of *patchouli* and pink powder, than which the half-Spanish women love nothing better on special occasions—like traveling on the Panama Railroad.

#### Comic Elements of Jamaica.

The road runs almost parallel with the "ditch"; and as compensation for many discomforts one may catch an occasional glimpse of the canal with Uncle Sam's steam-shovels biting up the dirt and spitting it out again into trucks on a narrow-gage road.

A sad aspect of travel on this road, however, is the sight, all along the route, of abandoned locomotives, derricks, trucks, etc. When the French company went to smash and the famous Panama scandal raised its head, the works were abandoned as monuments for the scores of Frenchmen who were buried in yellow-fever graves.

One of the saddest sights I ever saw—impressive in its suggestion of fallen power—was a locomotive toppled over on its side by the old canal, rusted and twined with weeds that blossomed out of its funnel, where, I have no doubt, the birds had built nests year after year.

One would think that getting as near the United States as the Island of Jamaica one would fail to find any of the comic elements of primitive railroads. Yet I do not think I have ever had funnier railroad experiences than in Jamaica.

The Jamaica railroad is a fine piece of engineering. It runs from Kingston to Spanish Town at the base of the interior

mountains, where it branches off into two arms, one running diagonally across the island to Montengo Bay in the northwest of the island, the other running similarly to Port Antonio in the northeast corner.

From the Port Antonio branch there is a little fork that runs to a place called Ewarton. It goes no further, for frowning Mount Diablo is there to defy, if not the engineer who built the road, at least the poorly lined pocket of the Jamaica government.

The Jamaica Railway was first run by an American company, under lease from the government. No doubt, the American company made money out of it and had no intention of doing anything else. Certain it is that the government was dissatisfied with something and the lease was not renewed. It then became the Jamaica Government Railway, and, as such, is no better than it was under the American company.

The officials, with the exception of a few who are high in office, are all negroes. The locomotive engineer is black beneath his soot, and the stoker need not burrow in the coal to disguise his race. The conductors are negroes and their efforts to carry themselves with fitting dignity are sometimes uproariously amusing to American tourists.

"Dis way foh de Pohnt Antony train. Be pleased to move swiftly, kind ladies. De train am about to staht!"

Between two stations on the Port Antonio line there are eleven tunnels through a very mountainous region. As at Savanilla, the cars are mostly of the compartment, wooden-box order, with windows that refuse to be closed when it so happens that you do not chose to leave them wide open.

#### When Sam Pulled the "Leber."

Before entering the first of the eleven tunnels you chose your own fate, either to be baked in an oven or asphyxiated with soft-coal smoke and cinders. Most people leave the windows open, with the result that they gasp for breath as they come out of one tunnel and, before the air is cleared of smoke, they are choking in the sooty blackness of another.

There are eleven tunnels in quick succession.

After the tribulations of the tunnels, the engineer likes to make some speed going down hill. One Sunday afternoon the train was late. The driver opened the throttle.

For twenty minutes that train fairly streaked down a gorge and spun around curves on two wheels, as it seemed.

The conductor, an amiable black with two front teeth missing, was walking along the footboard collecting tickets. The swaying and rolling and lurching of the train seemed to delight his play-loving soul. As he took my ticket, his feelings overcame him. He emitted a whoop and yelled:

"Open de leber, Sam! Open de leber!"

Sam did. I found myself holding on to my seat, wondering if again, as once before, the train was to miss points, bang into a train-load of bananas and precipitate me into the vest of a stout member of the Jamaica legislature.

Oddly enough, this incident happened near a grade where, years before, the couplings broke between the cars of a heavily laden train.

But the comedy of this railway exceeds its tragedy. I will never forget once during the rainy season when, having been penned up in a house in the mountains, I tried to reach Kingston. Allowing for a number of washouts, I made fairly good time as far as Spanish Town, where the trains of the other two branches were hitched on behind. Then the big train with the second-hand dromedary engine started across the swamps to Kingston.

This swamp used to be a lagoon. It was a splendid place for ducks but an awful place for a train during the wet season. Out of the morass the sunken waters seemed to have risen to meet their descending brothers from the clouds. Gray patches of water became more frequent among the green patches of rank growth. Every now and

then you could hear the swash of the waters breaking away from the wheels of the lumbering train.

It grew dark, and still the train jogged along at an alligator's pace. The windows were up and we could see nothing through the rain-spattered panes but an occasional dismal light. Inside the compartments it was reeking hot—*reeking* is the only word.

Finally the train came to a standstill after a great swashing. When it did not move again some of us let down the windows and looked out. We couldn't see much, but such as we did see was mist and an expanse of water all around. It was as if a railway train had run on a reef in mid-ocean and we had no hope of anything but a stray sail or a desert island.

We were stuck there for hours. From the knee-deep footboard the conductor expressed his opinion of the engineer, and the engineer from his swamped locomotive retorted that he, at least, had "never been in the 'porpus-house'—which I afterward translated into "pauper-house" or "poor-house."

Just what that had to do with a railway train run aground in the middle of a lagoon I never found out.

Another pleasant incident of almost appalling frequency on this road is the sudden stop of the train when it is mustering full speed. Then there will come a crash and a jolt, and the indignant voice of the black engineer will be heard shouting:

"Dat is de foolishhest mule I ever see! I wouldn't own sich a mule to me name!"

Neither would the owner, save on paper, when he receives twice as much as the mule is worth from the Jamaica Railway.

## NEEDED A STRONG MAN.

"THERE is one thing about the new equipment of the Western Pacific," says E. L. Lomax, "and that is the windows of the cars. They can be opened by a child.

"The difficulty in opening car windows reminds me of a story told by a theatrical manager who was featuring an Italian as 'Biancilla, the Strong Man from Rome.'

"One day, traveling from Kansas City to Omaha in a day-coach, the strong man and his manager were seated just ahead of a tall man with side whiskers. The man with the side whiskers evidently overheard the conversation between the strong man and his manager, for after a time he tapped the Italian on the shoulder, saying:

"'Excuse me, sir, but are you not Biancilla, the strong man?'

"Biancilla admitted the soft impeachment.

"'Is it true that you can lift two and a half tons in harness?'

"'Yes.'

"'You can hold two men at arms' length without difficulty?'

"'I can.'

"'And put up five hundred pounds with one arm?'

"'Yes.'

"'Then,' concluded the man with the side whiskers, 'would you kindly raise this car-window for me?'"—*San Francisco Call*.



# MASON, THE GRIZZLY.

BY CHAUNCEY THOMAS.

## A Chase Over the Wild Western Prairies and an Unexpected Meeting.

### CHAPTER XVIII,

#### After the Escape.



WITH daylight the wind hushed; the sand settled. Morning brought the fresh peace of Eden over the desert.

Flying toward the light, a sweating, panting man, with swollen, splitting lips and tongue and purplish face, with dried blood staining his skin, matted in his hair and stiffening his clothes, loped across the sands. His gait was weary, but never changing.

Miles away was a water-hole. This was his goal. In it was the only water to be had in this direction within fifty-four miles of the scene of his last night's crime.

Aided by the natural running powers of his Zulu-Indian blood, Salarado kept steadily, desperately on his way. To stop meant to stiffen; to run no more, to die.

Miles behind him but on tough, tireless mustangs and carrying water with them, came the living seven of the jury, led by the raging father of Star Eyes. One of the seven had a livid mark around his neck. Where the knot had cut into the skin the place was raw. His neck was stiff, his throat was sore, his head roared; but he rode like a centaur.

He had been cut down just in time. The jailer dead; the sheriff dead; their five comrades dead; the seven alone remained. They were terrible in their avenging anger.

To reach the water-hole first was to capture or to kill Salarado. Nowhere else was there for the hunted man to go; for nowhere else was there water.

Once let the seven get to the water-hole before Salarado, and the chase was ended. Then their quarry must either come staggering into their hands or dry and die insane with thirst, on the desert.

Hence Salarado ran and the seven rode, racing for the water-hole.

The sun rose. A yellow flood of light, cut by great streams of shadows, burst across the plains to the West.

Salarado reached a small hill that overlooked the water-hole at its base, and his back-trail for miles. Revenge and justice were thundering along his track not far behind, and Salarado knew it.

He paused on the tip of the knoll and looked back. A faint cloud of dust floated into the air ten miles away. Seven black dots for an instant bobbed against the sky. It was the coming jury. The ponies were tired. It would be a full hour before the horseman could reach the water-hole.

For a few miles a ridden horse can outrun a man. Fifty miles makes the chances very nearly equal. For one hundred miles and over, the human runner, if he be a racer among his kind and has a few hours start, has little to fear from any pursuit that travels on unsplit hoofs.

The reindeer and the moose have divided feet. An Indian runner will catch a deer in one day, a horse in five, any living creature in thirty. Man has will-power, which drives him ever onward; he wastes not a unit of his strength. The animal has only brute force, and lacks the intellect with which to husband and to direct his powers to the best advantage.

All this Salarado knew; but he was handicapped by clothing, food, and weapons. The pounding of the six-shooter on

his hip annoyed him. If he had been unencumbered and in his full strength the chase would have been sport. As it was, the issue was doubtful.

When force leaves the muscles, cunning enters the mind. An hour contains sixty minutes; a minute contains sixty seconds; the law of gravitation was guessed in a second. Salarado had an hour.

To give his surging blood a chance to cool, Salarado walked down the hill to the tempting water. He found the water-hole only a yard across and a foot deep. It was crusted with alkali—yet it was water.

Moral restraint Salarado knew not; but physically his self-control was almost perfect. He knelt at the edge of the water and plunged his head into the cool liquid to his shoulders. His mouth and eyes were open. The water soaked into the dusty cavities of his head. But he drank not a drop.

When his breath was exhausted, Salarado raised his head. The breeze of the early morning, and the water, cooled his fevered blood and soothed his throbbing temples.

Nature is above the petty quarrels of humans.

Then slowly and with a physical delight that those crowded in civilization cannot even dream of, Salarado slowly sipped a pint of water.

Knowing that he would stiffen if he remained motionless except for a few moments, Salarado began to walk in a circle around the water-hole. He was hungry. A fifty-four mile run is a wonderful appetizer.

He slowly ate the food, chewing it thoroughly, that the murdered jailer had brought to his cell the evening before. He had carried it all those parched, weary miles behind him. When, where and how he would get more, he knew not. His tongue and lips were split and bleeding. His own blood from the smarting cracks mingled with his food, but Salarado did not notice it.

His eyes roved warily to the hill-top where he had recently stood. The blood throbbing in his ears made him restless and uneasy. It sounded like hoofs rapidly pounding the prairie sod.

From almost beneath his feet, a jack-rabbit sprang up and awkwardly limped away with swaying ears. Crack! A bullet from Salarado's six-shooter left the

rabbit's head hanging only by a bit of skin. Salarado eagerly picked up the kicking body and carried it to the water-hole. Using the keen-edged clasp-knife he had taken from the jailer's body, Salarado quickly peeled the skin from the rabbit; but without cutting or tearing it, except at the feet and tail. He turned the skin flesh-side out and rapidly but carefully cleaned it, by means of the knife and water. With a few pieces of silk thread from his neck-scarf—the same to which he so largely owed his escape—he tightly tied all the openings in the skin. He turned the skin fur-side out. He dipped it into the water, and brought it up full.

When Salarado had tied the neck-opening the improvised skin water-bottle held almost a gallon of the life renewing fluid. The taste would be bad; yet it would be water—water, ever delicious to a dusty throat.

All this was done without any loss of time. The jurymen were coming. Salarado did not forget that. Yet water he must have or die. It was seventy-six miles to the next water-hole.

Salarado took another drink, this time more than before; but he sipped it as slowly as he did the first. With all his clothing on Salarado crawled into the water for a momentary bath. It was a dangerous thing to do, but refreshment and stimulant he must have.

The jurymen had found his whisky-bottle empty and broken, twenty miles back. Salarado had stumbled and fallen in the darkness, breaking the bottle and spilling the liquor.

When Salarado rose, soaked and dripping, the water in the spring was pink. The diluted blood of seven men and one woman tinted it. As his muscles were stiffening a little and beginning to ache, he resumed his circle walking, glanced about, then at the hill-top. The seven were nearer.

Twenty feet away a dead horse. Salarado, holding his breath, laboriously hitched this mass, first by the forefeet then by the hind, to the edge of the water-hole.

Once more Salarado drank of the water, discolored as it was. The desert and privation take the daintiness out of a man. This time Salarado drank his fill. He gulped the water down. Those horsemen were coming.

Then he plunged the carcass into the



water-hole. The dead animal more than filled it. He thrust his knife into the dead animal's body. In a few moments the water was unfit to drink.

Salarado grabbed up the dressed rabbit and his water-bottle, and precipitously fled up the wind. Halting a moment, he cut the rabbit into several strips and fastened them to his cartridge-belt. Meat treated in this way does not spoil in New Mexico; it dries and cures, even without salt, in the dry, germless air of the desert.

Here was food, and—what was of most vital importance—drink for Salarado until he could reach the next water-hole seventy-six miles away over a blistering waste of sand.

The horsemen—now only a mile away—must here turn back. They would soon arrive, parched—both men and horses—by their all-night chase through a sand-storm. They would find, instead of cool water, an undrinkable mess. Chagrin that sickens the heart would be theirs.

Salarado was pleased. Yet how he longed for a handful of arsenic. This metallic murder dissolves in water, and leaves it tasteless, odorless, colorless, and apparently harmless. With a little of this malicious metal, Salarado would have poisoned his hunters like wolves. But regrets were useless. Salarado had no arsenic. Kill the coming jurymen as he had their fellows, he could not. He could only turn them back.

If Salarado had left the water-hole undefiled, there his pursuers would have camped. Then, when well rested, they would have pushed on and overtaken him—unavoidably handicapped as he was with meat, water, and revolver.

As it was, however, having cut his trail-ers off from all water, it meant that they must here take the back-track at once, and ride the thirsty ponies until, one by one, they dropped; then humanely shoot them and push ahead on foot until the settlement was reached, or dead men as well as dead horses would disfigure the retreat. For the jurymen—when they came to the water-hole—to attempt to go on after Salarado without rest or water would have been sure suicide.

By defiling the water-hole, Salarado had saved his life. It made his escape now sure and easy. By doing so, however, he had committed another capital offense, worse than murder, even worse than horse

stealing. To defile a water-hole, or—finding one so—to leave it polluted, was a deed that meant death by rope or bullet.

So ruled the terrible, unwritten, yet just law of the frontier in those days on the desert. Such a deed might mean a lingering death to a whole wagon-train. But what cared Salarado?

To freedom and safety, Salarado sneaked up a gulch and out of sight, just as the seven burst over the edge of the hill, and thundered down to the water-hole—and to soul-strangling disappointment.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### Judgment by the Water-Hole.

**S**ALARADO was free. He knew it.

They knew it. Although still tired, he was refreshed. Food and drink, though limited, he still had. Seventy-six miles to the next water-hole was nothing for a runner like Salarado. There he could kill a rabbit, a prairie-dog, a coyote, or perhaps an antelope for more food.

A quick eye is the mother of luck—hence Salarado was always lucky. Telegraph-wires were unknown in New Mexico in those days. He would be traveling ahead of the news. He had nothing to fear, either ahead or behind. Two more days and he would be safe in No Man's Land, the haven of all such as he. Over the next ridge from the water-hole he would sleep, protected from the sun, under the overhanging bank of some dried-up watercourse during the frying heat of the day.

Then through the cool evening and the cold night he would easily cover those seventy-odd miles at a steady walk up-hill and on the level, and at a sliding trot down grade, to rest him by changing gait.

For the first time in his life, under these easy circumstances, Salarado was not happy. A sickening reaction in body, mind, and soul was beginning to come over this heretofore pitiless man.

What was the use—the end of it all? What would he not give for rest and peace? For death?

He stopped. Should he turn back and defy those seven men? They would kill him. Good! But then it would seem as if he—Salarado—had been unable to get away; as if he had been run down and shot like a coyote by men, mentally and bodily his inferiors.

No. Salarado would go on.

Such were the half-formed ideas that were beginning to rise, like mist, from the soul, within the mind of this desperado, who when frenzied would wantonly attack anything. Mixing race-bloods produces strange results, mentally a hybrid, morally a deformity, physically a marvelous machine. Long dormant qualities, inherited from his white fathers, were beginning to whisper to Salarado.

Rounding a sharp turn in the bed of the watercourse, this soul-frightened man saw a dying horse lying before him. Thirst was killing it. From the slightly heaving form a buzzard rose and slowly flapped up the ravine. A magpie stopped pecking at the horse's eyes, and, refusing to leave, dipped and tattered, scolding noisily at the human intruder.

Within the shadow cast by the eastern bank, a few feet from the dying animal, sat a girl, a vision in gold and white—Star Eyes.

Salarado quailed. He knew her. For the first time the eyes of the animal met the eyes of the angel. The fiend was conquered. Superstitious fear, the self-loathing of a conscience-awakened soul, the bewildering, dazzling recognition of a heretofore unknown and undreamed of spiritual affinity, and other causes that the human mind and soul can only grope for, but cannot grasp, brought Salarado—mentally, morally, and in body prostrate—crying and pleading for he knew not what at the feet of the star-eyed.

On the girl the effect of the meeting was even greater than on Salarado. Exhausted by her insane wanderings on horseback over the desert during the storm, the heretofore unknown strain had brought the girl to a point where great changes, physical and mental, sometimes occur in those with a mind diseased.

It meant shortly either mental life or physical death. Something in the powerful, physical intensity of Salarado pervaded and overwhelmed the lost girl. Exhausted as she was, almost to the point of conscious dissolution, it put her body into harmony with the perfect mechanism of Salarado's tigerlike physique.

The atmosphere of his presence, the revived hope it gave her, stimulated her, thrilled her into new life. Having for the first time been dependent on herself—and in terrible danger, too—and knowing phys-

ical suffering for the first time, the breaking strain of desperately attempted logical thought all had left the clouded mind of Star Eyes in a semi-cleared but almost fatally paralyzed state.

The shock of seeing a bloody, disheveled, wild-eyed giant bound suddenly around the bend—bursting upon her like a devil—stop and fall, moaning and shrinking at her feet, caused a blinding, deafening flash to crash like lightning through the mind of Star Eyes. Then instantly all was as clear within as the crystal air without.

Salarado had brought to her reason as well as life.

The instantaneous, inexplicable dovetailing of these two souls put each in tune with the other, with the world and with heaven. He unkeyed the mental strain in her; she tightened the moral in him. The conversion of a soul, the awakening of reason in a chaotic mind, are things that cannot be explained by man. Great minds, even those skilled in the science of the physician, can only see and wonder. The petty ones sneer.

The mutual recognition of the soul affinity between Star Eyes and Salarado was instantaneous. After the first bewildering instant she rose to her feet, no longer a being verging on the idiot, but a pure-hearted, clear-minded woman, though swaying on the edge of death.

At her feet, clasping her knees with mighty, blood-stained arms, cringed a self-haunted man; praying, beseeching in abstract terror and repentance for forgiveness and spiritual help.

For the first time the soul of Salarado realized its position before God and man. A moment before it had been Salarado, the buffalo, against the world. Now it was Salarado, the convert, for the good of man.

Star Eyes dropped a white hand onto the wet, black, bloody hair of the cowering Salarado, reeled, clutched at the air for help, and staggered.

Her shriveled throat and lips could speak no word. Salarado leaped to his feet, caught the fainting girl and gently laid her down on the sands, still cool in the shadow of the bank.

From the rabbit-skin water-bottle he poured a tiny stream of water down her throat. Unable to speak, but revived—though only a little—she silently thanked her heretofore savage rescuer with those great, deep, blue-black, starlike eyes. Now they were lit with the light of reason!



Salarado thought of Mexie—and shuddered.

Like a sleepy child, Star Eyes resigned herself to Salarado. He picked her up as he would a wounded seraph. With her in his arms, Salarado climbed the steep bank of the watercourse and stepped out onto the open prairie.

The cursing horsemen galloped to the hopelessly polluted water-hole, and had turned back in sullen silence, virulently cursing Salarado. They waited only long enough to pull—by means of hurled rope and saddle-horn—the carcass from the spring. Bail it out they could not.

On their return to the settlement a party would be sent at once, properly provisioned and equipped, to do that most important thing of desert-land.

The seven rode wearily to the top of the hill where Salarado had stood only an hour before. Shame-stung, they drew rein, and for the last time scanned the deserted plains.

Clear and crackling through the fresh morning air rang six shots from a distant six-shooter. Far away the hawk-like eyes of those trained plainsmen recognized Salarado. With a long, white, drooping object in his arms, he was running toward them.

Fourteen reddened spurs cut into fourteen shrunken flanks. Seven men with drawn six-shooters and poised rifles, yelling hoarsely in grisly triumph, charged down on the approaching desperado.

Salarado, with Star Eyes in his arms, and the seven vengeful jurymen met in silence at the water-hole. With the seven anger was lost in amazement. They were astounded. Salarado was unarmed. His six-shooter, his only weapon, he had cast from him after it had served in the first good cause it had ever known.

Salarado let Star Eyes slip to the ground, where she stood, leaning against his shoulder and supported by his arm.

A wondrous sight those two made, the center of a wondrous picture. Above—the clear blue heaven, flecked with faint wreaths of last night's storm; over all the awful silence and majesty of the desert. On seven wreaking, exhausted ponies seven men sat dumb and motionless. Above, a black dot in the crystal blue, hung the buzzard. A bunch of thirsty, curious, stamping antelope crowned a distant knoll. A coyote, followed by her cubs, sniffed uneasily along the fresh trail. The morning wind breathed among the curled buffalo grass.

Star Eyes broke the silence. To her father she spoke. The swollen lips would give forth only husky whispers.

Salarado gave her water. The jurymen looked on hungrily. The horses scented it and pawed the dry sand. To the worn-out animals another hour without water meant death.

With clearing voice, Star Eyes told her story; told how she had, in her delirium, stolen from her bed, and, saddling a horse, had wandered away before the storm, why or where she knew not; how Salarado found her; the change in him; the change in her.

She told, with scarlet features but defiant eyes, of her new-found but eternity-old love for him, and of his for her. She spoke of how, in a way unknown—dimly realized by them, but not by the rest—how Salarado had given her the blessing of reason; how she had cleansed his soul; how the old Salarado was dead; how they would never find the man they sought, although his body was before them now.

She reminded these men of their love, their almost holy devotion, to her—as pure women are worshiped nowhere else but on the frontier—of her unselfish kindness and love to them and theirs, a thousand times expressed in acts when they or their dear ones were sick or in trouble in former years.

She called upon each man in turn, personally and by name, to remember what she had done for him; how she nursed this one back to life from a bed of sickness; bound that one's wounds; how she had soothed and brought comfort to another and to those he loved; how her own hands had prepared their dead for the grave.

She pleaded, she demanded, that her father, the most powerful man in New Mexico, should keep his oath—they all had been witnesses to it many times—that he would give his all and himself that she, Star Eyes, his daughter—her mother and his dead wife again living in her likeness—might have reason, come by whom or how it may.

Salarado had given her reason—Salarado had given her life. Even now, but for this man, she would be lying helpless in yonder gulch.

All this the girl laid before the jury at the water-hole in the desert.

He could have escaped, she continued; and she showed them how. Salarado offered himself that she might live—live now in the light of reason. Salarado was a

changed man; hereafter he would live only to do good, to do right; to correct, as far as it was in his power, the wrongs he had done.

She asked that the life and liberty of her savior—Salarado, her lover—might be hers. Almost inspired by her new-born love—which satisfied her heretofore life-long heart-hunger—the girl leaned wearily against her lover's broad shoulder and pleaded his cause.

Star Eyes stopped. Silence came again. Like a living statue, Salarado towered, silent and without motion.

For a second time the jurymen debated upon the life of Salarado; this time without a word, each man within himself. What Star Eyes had said was true. Salarado had been safe and free. For her sake, for their sake through her, he was once more their prisoner, and of his own free will. The chivalry of it all, the knighthood of the frontier, appealed to those silent men.

Yet, fifty-four miles away were ten dead bodies—and one moaning woman with empty eye-sockets. True, some deserved their fate—yet the others had been innocent. Six had been murdered most brutally, even tortured before their very eyes.

They, too, had been bound by this very Salarado before them; and but for a rare accident they, too, would even now be lying, cold, stiff, and bloody, side by side with their five fellow jurymen.

Perhaps it was a trick. Yet, no. Freedom and life had been sure to Salarado. This man was not the Salarado they had known. The Salarado of old would have killed Star Eyes. This man—their once condemned prisoner—had proven himself to be first a demon, then a man. Should they now legally murder the living man because of the dead demon of moral insanity he had annihilated within himself, or should they—

Suddenly the jurymen with the raw, swollen neck snapped his teeth, whipped out his six-shooter, and fired at the breast of Salarado. Instantly catching the movement, and knowing what was coming, Star Eyes, like a flash, stepped in front of Salarado and faced the weapon with her arms thrown back.

The revolver belched death. The bullet pierced the brain of the girl, and buried itself in the heart of Salarado. Star Eyes whirled. Her soft, white arms convulsive-

ly encircled the swarthy neck of Salarado. His great, dusky arms crushed the girl to his brown and bleeding breast.

The old savage light for an instant gleamed in Salarado's eyes. Then it died out, and into them came a look of unutterable pity, forgiveness, and calm, heavenly thankfulness. Like a tree Salarado fell, Star Eyes in his arms.

A sigh of guilty relief came from the hearts of the others; all except that of the dead girl's father. His maddened six-shooter instantly rattled five bullets through the murderer of his idol and Salarado.

From the saddle the body flopped to the sands. Its unmounted horse snuffed at it, snorted, and backed away. Stepping out of his saddle, his smoking weapon still in his hand—and flinging aside his sombrero—the father knelt beside the dead bodies.

The fair, sweet lips—bruised with pleading—parted in the smile of a cherub, he kissed. With his hand reverently on the forehead of the dead Salarado, whose face was like that of a bronze god, the gray-haired man lifted his face and open eyes to the clear heavens. He prayed, not audibly—for the lips know not words to fit emotions that stir the soul in its depths—but he breathed in almost silent moans.

Kneeling thus, with one quick motion the stricken man fired the last shot into his own forehead.

On the hill above the water-hole they buried them where they died. The body of him who shot the lovers lay in a shallow grave—on which the cactus refused to live—till the coyotes dug it up and gnawed the bones. In another grave is the body of the father, the blackened, empty six-shooter still clenched in his hand.

In the third grave, deeper and broader than the others—now marked with a stone cross on which is rudely cut the letter "S," and the legend *Pax Vobiscum*—they laid two bodies, wound in each other's arms. One small, slender, and fair, as was Star Eyes; the other great, dark, and powerful, that of the bad man, the fiend, the desperado, the buffalo—Salarado.

## CHAPTER XX.

### An Answer to the Stars.

JUST at dark, a month later, a man rode into the camp of a white man and an Indian at the foot of Pike's Peak. By the



camp was a flow of mineral water, now famous as Manitou Springs. By the camp-fire the Indian was crouched in his blanket, silent as wood. Standing before the flames, his hands deep in his canvas trousers pockets, was a hale, portly old fellow—the white man.

Suddenly he turned and looked into the circling dusk. The Indian moved his eyes and twitched his nostrils, then relapsed into his apparent stupor. The sound of a walking horse came nearer and nearer; then the horseman drew rein before the fire.

"Good evening, pard— By all the gods and little fishes! If it ain't Mason! Why, man, you've been dead for ten years—"

"Ben Holliday! Well, well, well—got any supper? Dead men don't eat—How?" to the Indian.

"Ugh! Heap good," grunted the Ute without moving. Yet his eyes studied Mason keenly.

Supper was done—supper of deer meat, beans, bread, and coffee. Then the pipes. Long they talked. Holliday asked:

"Where have you been? We've not heard of you in years. Let's see, the last time I saw you was in Denver—remember the little lady? You were starting for old Mexico, were you not?"

"Yes," mused Mason, and Holliday wondered to which of his questions the answer was given, or if it applied to both. He smiled broadly to himself and chuckled silently in the darkness. Mason filled his pipe once more, rubbed his heated, smoking shins, and began:

"Yes. I went to old Mexico—still nosing after Montezuma's forgotten prospects. No luck of any kind for ten years. Then I stopped at a sheep ranch on the desert in New Mexico, and met—er— From that I turned cowboy for two years. Texas, Indian Territory; lost all I had over a bluff in a Northerner.

"Tried mail-carrying over Berthoud Pass—no good. Near being hung in Hot Sulphur, where our old friend Texas Charlie—whatever became of 'Weasel,' by the way? Shot? Thought so— Well, Tex died of lead poisoning there. Then, not long ago, I was again in New Mexico, in the 'Tear of the Clouds' country. Came from there here, on my way back to Denver. Want to see what the old camp looks like—"

"Ever hear of Salarado down there?" asked Holliday.

Mason eyed his old friend in silence.

"Why?" he asked.

Then Holliday told to Mason the end of Salarado. It was news to him. Rumor can outtravel a bronco. After a long, long silence—broken only by the Indian throwing new wood on the fire—Mason, for the first time in his life, told of the affair on Berthoud Pass. When Mason had done, Holliday said not a word, but—the night being clear—drew his buffalo robe about him and lay down by the fire. Finally he asked:

"Mason, if on the spire that day you could have foreseen the results of freeing Salarado—what would you have done?"

Long Holliday waited for his answer; but the man gazing into the fire seemed not to have heard him. In an hour both Holliday and the Indian were asleep. Mason raised his head wearily, and with hungry eyes looked far up among the stars. Then, as if in answer to a question, he said slowly:

"What would you have done?"

## CHAPTER XXI.

### An Indian Legend.

WITH the sun next morning, the night vanished from the plains and mountains; and from the speech and actions of the two white men and the Indian—but not from Mason's heart.

Holliday's time had almost come. Years of frontier exposure had gnawed at that hardy constitution and now his days were numbered. He had come to the healing iron-springs to find relief if not cure. Stronger now, he was off that morning for a week on a cattle-buying trip to the South. The railroads had come long ago, and had ruined his coach-line. His parting words to Mason as he shook hands from the saddle were:

"When you go to Denver go and see my lawyer, Judge France."

Then with a cabalistic laugh he galloped away. As his old friend went down the rocky trail, Mason saw coming up a ragged pack-jack followed by a man on foot. Evidently he was too poor to own a horse. On the pack-animal was a prospector's outfit, none too good.

He halted at the iron-springs for a drink and a momentary rest. To Mason's quietly cordial questions he made little reply, but

admitted that he would cross the peak as he was bound for the other side—the side to the West. Then he moved on. This man was Bob Womack. Ten years later he was to give Cripple Creek to the world.

All that day Mason lay in the warm autumn sunshine and thought of his past life. Here he was now, a man of thirty-five, knocked by the world, ever climbing up only to slip back. He could not see where he had been at fault, yet something within himself told him that the fault was all his own. All day he was as silent as the Indian. Now and then each drank from the iron-springs. As the sun set, Mason watched in the East for the evening star. When it beamed at him, he said impatiently—perhaps to it, perhaps to himself, perhaps to the Indian:

"I am a *dziggetai*."

"*Si, señor*," grinned the Indian.

"That is Chinese for 'a wild ass.' What does a Ute buck know of Chinese?"

"It is Indian, *señor*," persisted the Ute.

"Chinese."

"Indian."

"Mongolian."

"Ugh!"

They were both right. There is a kinship between the Mongolian and the Indian in tongue, perhaps in blood.

It was now dark in the deep ravine by the iron springs, but the summit of Pike's Peak still was warm with the departing light. The Indian pointed to it and said:

"Manitou make sign. Heap good."

"How?"

Then, there in the gathering night by the camp-fire, Mason listened first idly, then dreamily; then fascinated to a legend old as Indian speech. It fascinated, because in it—all unknown to him then—was the key to the Lost Mines of Montezuma. Acting ten years later, on what he heard by the camp-fire that night, Mason was to become a power throughout the West.

Looking long at the Peak, then saluting the iron spring gurgling away in the darkness, the Indian said in Spanish:

"Mason, I know you. Iron Hand was with Colorow when the quick young white man was caught and got away. Good. Heap good. And to his white brother now, Iron Hand will tell what white ears have never heard before. It is of this peak, this iron spring, the ascension of the Manitou, and his gold lost beyond to the West. Listen, white brother:

"An Indian stood upon the crest of the Snowy Range. Stone, snow, and silence were around him; nothing else. It was the Manitou. The Great Spirit looked from the eternal snows out over the plains and mountains. The heart of the Manitou was heavy.

"Clouds of dust floated like a thunder-storm along the shimmering horizon far toward the rising sun. The prairies were black with buffalo. Through the wild herds darted fleet clouds of coursing antelope. A herd of wild horses swept along with the easy swiftness of swallows. The mountain-forests were crowded with deer and wapiti. Trout flashed their spotted sides in the sunlight from a thousand streams and lakes. The great bear was lord of all, acknowledging only man as master.

"In the zenith shone the sun, never moving, never dimmed. All was good and fair to the eye over the plains and among the mountains of the land which the palefaces, some ages hence, were to call Colorado. The heart of the Manitou was heavy.

"All this had he made for his children, the red riders of the plains and mighty hunters of the mountains. But the prairie-riders slew their brothers of the mountains, and the mountaineers crept by night into the sleeping-camps of the plainsmen, slew them in the tepees, and stole their women and their ponies. The heart of the Manitou was heavy.

"Blood of his warring children stained his works, good and fair. Ungrateful, they had disobeyed him.

"In sorrow the Great Spirit gazed over the prairies and the peaks—and into the open sky. Here was peace. Here would he go.

"He gave the word. The voice of the Manitou echoed through the cañons. A mist arose and hid the earth—but the sunlight played upon the summits. With his tomahawk, the Manitou hewed out the rock and made an altar such as men and gods never had seen before. This altar the palefaces were some day to call Pike's Peak. It was his altar of ascension. He would leave the world to the warring brothers, but his gold he would take with him. The altar rose among the mountains, higher, greater than them all. At length it was completed. A mantle of snowy down, crusted with glistering jewels, softly fell from heaven upon it. The Manitou stood upon the summit. The heart of the Manitou was heavy.



"Far to the north loomed two great piles. Some day these were to be called by a harsh tongue, long and gray. Hidden there was gold and silver. Colorado contained more than the Manitou could carry.

"In the purple distance toward the warm south-land shone the twin mounds to be known as the Spanish Peaks. Beautiful they were in their snowy purity, but base. Beneath their virgin whiteness was nothing precious, only cold stone. They lured. They lied.

"By a growing chasm they stand divided even unto this day, and forever, until their atoms shall dissolve in eternity. But greater than these three was the altar beneath the foot of the Manitou. The heart of the Manitou was heavy.

"The birds, the animals, the reptiles, and the red children of the Manitou, war now forgotten, gathered round its base. They filled the earth as far as eye could see. The world was black with life. All was silence. A belated wild duck came whistling through the air, and sank into the multitude.

"Living creatures were without motion. The wind died. The waters hung limpid in the steep gulches. Leaves and grasses withered. Darkness fell. Through the stagnant blackness rose on perfumed wings the spirits of the dead flowers and kissed the feet of their Creator. Above all, arched the dome of heaven, hung high with multitudinous clouds of a thousand tints wreathed to welcome the coming Manitou. The air froze. The heart of the Manitou was heavy.

"The Manitou, the Great Spirit, the God of Nature and of nature's children was leaving them, leaving them alone. With sorrow the Manitou had hidden the earth beneath a black shroud, and had turned to the light above. As the black clouds hid his form forever, a great cry went up. The winds shrieked. Mountains, torrents, roaring with anguish, tore loose huge rocks and hurled them down upon the plains.

"Quivering to their hearts, the mountains split into fragments. The earth ripped ragged gashes across its face. With flaming swords the lightning slashed the sky. The crash of the tumbling thunder silenced all ears. Nature lacerated herself in repentant grief.

"The cry pierced the black clouds, out-echoed the thunder, and reached the ear of the ascending Manitou. The lowering blackness writhed a hesitating instant, then floated high above the earth, changed to

white, and, dissolving, disappeared forever. Never more will its shadow rest upon the plains and mountains of Colorado.

"Sunlight, warm with life, flooded the earth. All nature sighed in sorrow, but with relief—forgiven. On a chariot of rolling vapor, dazzling white, drawn by the winds, rode the Great Spirit to the land of the setting sun. In the West hung a ball of fire, lighting with blinding splendor the pathway of the Manitou.

"In pity, the Manitou dropped a tear for his repentant children. It fell at the foot of his eternal altar, to the East. Here, this healing spring has flowed for ages; for red men and for white, for black, for yellow, and for brown, all children of the Manitou. To this day do these waters bear his name. This was his parting gift to the Indians of the prairies.

"As the Manitou rolled high o'er the mountain summits on his level path of sunbeams straight to the West as an arrow flies, for his mountain children he dropped all his golden treasures. These fell at the foot of his altar, to the West. This treasure the white man will some day call 'Wounded Waters.'

"Each day, just at sunset, the mantle of the Manitou floats over his altar, and reflects the treasure at its foot as if the gold were molten in a volcanic caldron far below. Then through the night from the mantle falls the dew, giving eternal life to the altar spring.

"The gifts of the Manitou are equal. They live forever. So long as the spring does flow, so long will the gold be found. Both for man, neither can be exhausted.

"The shadows are the children of the night. Every day at the hour of the ascension, at the setting of the sun, like wild animals shadows creep out of the ravines and form the dark secluded lairs of the rocks and woods. They slink across the plains and prowl with silent movements up the mountain sides to the summits. Here, with the twilight they watch the day kiss the world good night.

"The quivering sunlight lavishes one burning touch on the tip of the altar of the Manitou, lingers a belated instant, and is gone. Evening rises from the East and spreads chilled darkness o'er the earth. With evening comes her sisters, starlight and moonlight, shedding the promise of light that his children may know that the Manitou watches while they sleep.

"Then the shadows and the moonbeams play together beneath the nodding trees. The Spirit of the Manitou pervades. His voice is heard in the rustling of the night wind as it creeps among the grasses, in the snapping brushwood, in the tinkling of the tiny waterfall throwing diamonds to the moonlight, and in the muffled rolling of the river.

"His sighs sweep through the forest and into the distant night. Thus is the ascension of the Manitou, his altar, his healing spring and his hidden gold kept ever fresh in the hearts of his red children."

The animal in the heart of the red hunter was lulled to sleep. A soul awoke. The poetry in the savage heart, unseen by day, shows as a point of light by night. No oozy pool is so small or foul but that when calm it reflects a star.

This was the legend the Indian told to Mason by camp-fire as they lay beneath the whispering pines. Far into the night the two lay watching the stars rise in the East, pass through the heavens, and go out of sight beyond the peak. One was dreaming of the past; the other of the future.

At the foot of James Peak was the Gregory Lode; at the foot of Gray's Peak was silver Georgetown; at the foot of Pike's Peak—what?

## CHAPTER XXII.

### A Lawsuit.

MASON arrived in Denver at midnight. The old frontier mining-camp was gone. Here was a city—"The Queen City of the Plains."

For the rest of the night he slept where his horse did—in the old Elephant Corral.

Before sunrise next morning—a stranger in a strange place that in his mind he had long called "home"—Mason wandered through the crowded, nervous streets down to the now walled-in bank of Cherry Creek.

He could only vaguely guess at the spot where fifteen years before his bookstore had stood. On all sides were buildings. The waste of sand along the creek had been changed into city lots. Nowhere was there a trace of the flood of 1864.

Something of a half-remembered emotion suggested that he sit there and smoke and plan anew. Here a friendly hand closed down on his shoulder.

"Mason!—Well, where on earth did you come from!"

"Judge France," beamed Mason, arising and gripping the lawyer's hand. "Holliday told me to look you up. Suppose he thought you'd be the only man in these wooden gulches and brick cañons that I'd know. Saw him in camp down by the iron springs at the foot of Pike's."

"Marius brooding over a mighty lively Carthage, eh? How does Denver look to you?"

"Don't know it. Was trying to locate my old stamping ground; where I once sold books and dealt in gold dust—if you remember—"

"Remember! Mason, no man would ever forget you—"

"By the way," broke in Mason to dodge the compliment, "who owns all this land about here?"

"You do."

"Me? Get out! I'm too near broke to rob my bronco of oats with which to buy a hotel bed. So it's rather a ragged joke—*comprendo?*"

"I'm not joking, Mason. This land is yours. For the past ten years no one has heard of you. Many thought you dead, some tried to jump your claim, but Holliday paid the taxes, and leased it in your name when it became valuable—and the court took care of the rest—at my suggestion, now and then," the lawyer added, modestly.

Mason closed his mouth and picked up his pipe from the dust.

"But how came I to own it?" he finally managed to ask.

"Remember how you gave back that bookstore to the pretty widow—after the books went down Cherry Creek, at that? Remember the deed she gave you—informal, but good as gold. Holliday was a witness, you remember?"

"Y-e-s," murmured Mason, vaguely. "Let's see, I'd forgotten all about that for years—"

"But Holliday hadn't, you see. He put the deed on record and it's good to-day, but—"

"But what?"

"She's fighting it."

"Who?"

"The widow."

"Well, it's hers, isn't it?—Still—"

"Not by a long shot, Mason. It was not worth forty cents and a dead dog when



she gave it to you in return for that twelve hundred dollars in gold-dust for the books. But she's a stunner, though! Still in her twenties, she claims—but I doubt it, although she looks like eighteen yet, I'll admit—and still a widow.

"She came to Denver and began suit about a year ago; but I've managed to delay things with no trouble. Besides she's short of money. But so's Holliday for that matter, and the land's tied up—or rather was—and you dead or alive, no one knew. Now you have a clear case. We'll push it to a close when court opens next month."

"What's all this land worth?" asked Mason, in a daze.

"Something over a million."

A stare was the only answer the smiling judge received.

"Me! A million!"

"A million—and over."

"Judge, leave me now, please. I want to think. But first show me where my old book-stall was. Over there? Thanks, Judge; thank you. I'll be down to your office—where is it? Larimer, corner of Fifteenth? Good—I'll be down there pretty soon."

"To lunch?"

"Si, I want to count all my grains of sand—I mean gold—first."

So the lawyer left him. Mason wandered over the pile of tin cans that marked the site of his last store. Here he filled his pipe—and gazed at the city about him. at the ground beneath his feet, at the sky smiling over head.

Mason thought it a perfect morning. He was as poor as ever—so he seemed to himself—all this belonged to others, to any one but himself; but the sky, the air, and the morning was still his. Unable to realize it all, he arose and said aloud:

"Take all things with a sense of humor and a knowledge of astronomy."

Just then the sun rose. Mason looked straight into its glory and laughed outright.

At noon a man walked into Judge France's office. He carried himself with a fresh dignity, a new importance. The following conversation took place:

"Judge, you'd better drop that case, don't you think?"

"Drop it! Now, see here—don't get any raw, fool notions in your head about—"

"Well, you'd better not fight it—"

"Why?"

"I've married the lady."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### Woman, Wolf, and Wilderness.

LONG'S PEAK is on the northeastern edge of Middle Park. At its foot is Grand Lake. On the peak from its base, where the waters of the lake kiss its foot, far up the sides of where the clouds rest, grow the pine trees. Dancing across the lake come the waves; they are always restless, chafing and complaining among the rocks that guard the shores of this mountain lake. The waves tell strange tales of the dark Indian tragedies that lie hidden in the black depths, hundreds of feet below.

But at times the lake is quiet and the waves sleep, and only murmur drowsily in their dreams. Then the pines whisper to one another of the things they know, and writhe slowly in sympathy at the scenes they have beheld.

On the shores of Grand Lake, just at the foot of the peak, stands a ruined log-cabin. The logs are rotting, the roof is fallen in, and in winter the snow drifts fill the empty rooms to the eaves. Once this moldering cabin was a hunting lodge owned by one of the wealthiest men—Mason the millionaire.

His winter leisure was spent in forced social gaiety in Denver; in the empty, soul-destroying life of city pleasure; seldom elevating, always frivolous. To the lodge he came in summer, to hunt and fish. His family he brought with him; his fashionable wife, attended by a maid born in Paris; "Black Mammy," the negress of the Old South; and the little elf of a child, called Ruth.

The maid took care of the ennuied mother, who pined and complained for she knew not what, and vented her spleen on every one; even on little Ruth.

To Ruth this queen of fashion was a strange, beautiful goddess, a bad fairy such as Black Mammy told her of when she laid her sleepy golden head on her breast and was hushed to sleep; but this divinity was no mother.

Ruth often wondered if the tall, stately woman was an angel. Mammy had once shown her a picture of an angel. These thoughts Ruth told not even to Black Mammy, but only to her baby, her real baby,

the one made of rags that her dusky nurse had created for her.

Of the beautiful wax creations, works of mechanical art, which the stately woman had given her, Ruth stood somewhat in awe. To Ruth they looked, and acted, like the giver.

Between Ruth and her nurse were many secrets. The chief one was a little leather bag securely hidden beneath the child's clothing. No one except the wearer and the giver knew of this. No one ever saw it, for no one except Black Mammy ever dressed the child.

For this treasure, the great-hearted, hoodoo-haunted African woman had given the earnings of seventy-seven days to a heartless charlatan. In it was a snake's tooth, a rabbit foot and the talons of a wild turkey. This charm against all evil Ruth had worn ever since she could remember.

Human-like, one day, Ruth became angered—with unreasoning, causeless, childish fury, perhaps inherited—against her guardian. No one loved her, thought Ruth to herself. She would go away, would go away up the wonderful mountain to where the clouds grew. There were the angels, oh, so good to little girls; and the fairies—who always played.

Black Mammy had told her so, and Black Mammy knew. But she was angry at Black Mammy. She would be revenged. She went to the edge of the lake—a forbidden spot—and threw into the dark water the priceless, all-protecting bag.

Terror-stricken at what she had done, the child fled to her nurse and begged her to come and get it back. As frantic as the child, the negro woman reached the rocky edge just in time to see the water-soaked charm slowly sink into the depths. Then for the first time, in fear-frenzied anger, the slave to superstition struck the little girl.

Recoiling from her first blow—and from Black Mammy, too—the heartbroken child fled to the woods, and disappeared among the trees, going straight up the mountain to the angels and the fairies. The negress groveled in prayer, beseeching mercy from the non-existing spirits of her mind.

Soon after this, Mason came down the mountain. In triumph he bore the grizzly skin of a timber wolf, his first one and the first kill of the season. There had been two of them, mates. One he had killed; the female escaped wounded on one fore-foot.

Mason had followed the bloody tracks in swift pursuit but had lost them. While trailing the crippled wolf, he had fired at and wounded a doe but had neglected further search for her because of his eager chase of more exciting game. The skin of the dog-wolf was to be dressed, lined with costly silk, and made into a robe for little Ruth.

Mason loved his little daughter. The mother languidly suggested that the skin would do better as a floor rug. Pangs of something like disgust for his hollow life and remorse for neglect of the good, the beautiful and the true—which to him were personified in little Ruth—all that day had been gnawing at the man's soul.

Each hour the ache had grown more defined. With a shadow of disappointment—not unmixed with contempt and anger—on his face Mason sought Ruth.

Ruth was gone. Where? No one knew. From Black Mammy came only half-insane lamentations as she raved about devils, evil spirits, and untold horrors and pointed to the mountain top.

Ruth was lost; lost in the forest that covers Long's Peak and stretches away for miles over the Rocky Mountains.

For an instant Mason was stunned. Then he raised his rifle and sent bullet after bullet skipping over the glassy waters, almost but not quite directly toward a group of cabins half hidden on a distant shore of the lake.

The ringing shots, fired as fast as human skill could work a rifle, and the spray-dashing bullets brought a man out from among the cabins to the shore. The mountains too took up the call, and rang and echoed with the mimic thunder of the gun.

A cry for help, oft repeated, went trembling faintly across the uneasy waters. Little Ruth was known and loved by every man, woman, child, dog and horse for miles. Ruth was lost.

Keen hunters who had trailed wild animals ever since boyhood took up the trail like Indians. Others, less skilful, hunted in all directions at random. Men on horseback dashed over every road and trail for help. A child was lost in the woods—woods through which prowled and slunk wild animals, dangerous even to armed men. Night was coming on.

Some souls are like some ears; dull to finer things till a blow shall cause the tangled threads of feeling to unravel and



let into the inner part emotions heretofore unknown.

What an hour before had been a stately, living statue, was now a woman—a mother. Now she was kneeling in silent prayer, now raving in wild grief, now cursing herself, now staring before her at nothing. Mason, hard as frozen iron, gave quiet, clear-cut orders.

On the shore of the lake, not far from the rotting cabin, is a huge rock, hurled ages ago down the mountain-side and into the lake. On the tip of this stood a woman, now truly queenly. Her long reddish, golden hair was flying in the evening breeze, which was just beginning to sweep down the peak and out over the waters of the lake.

The white summit of the peak was sparkling like frosted silver, in the evening sunlight, against an eastern sky of the softest blue. At timber-line the purple vapors of a mountain evening were beginning to gather among the trees. Like a Titan statue in colors seemed this queenly mother on the rock.

Slowly the blue vapors left the trees, floated into the darkening air, and shaped themselves into the form of a child with its baby arms folded across its breast, and with its face uplifted to heaven toward which it was slowly rising. As the sunlight glorified the cloud, it took upon itself living tints. The flowing curls turned to gold, and the robe was white. The cloud, thus wreathed by nature, was a vision in the blue evening sky of little Ruth.

Suddenly the white robe was blotched with scarlet. The form writhed and squirmed; became more ethereal, all was white; and the now angel form had a pair of snowy wings. Slowly the vapor arose above the summit, slowly it spread its white pinions, slowly it outstretched its arms in a farewell kiss to the spellbound statue below. Then it disappeared in the transparent turquoise of the evening air.

The Western sky was overcast. It was dark on the waters of the lake. Motionless on the rock the queenly mother stood. Suddenly in the clear mountain air, on a bare point of rock far up the mountain-side, little Ruth stood forth. This was no cloud, it was Ruth herself.

A single ray of sunlight pierced the black clouds in the West and lit up the lost, fear-crazed child like a halo. The hunters saw her, too. With a shout they all

started for what is to this day called the Rock of Ruth. The wild baby, frightened anew by the voices, turned and disappeared into the dark aisles of the forest.

A woman's shriek chilled through the night. It was answered by the distant cry of a panther. The echoes took up both cries, mingled them into one horrid sound, and sent it quavering from crag to crag through every glen. As silence came once more, the soul-freezing howl of a wolf, a cry of suffering and of revenge, again made rasping chaos of the evening stillness.

Search was useless. All was darkness. The placid lake reflected not a point of light, for the stars had draped themselves in cloudy blackness.

That night the snow came. All through the night the mother's cries were answered by the yells of a panther on Long's Peak. The wolf was silent.

One little shoe, a blood-rimmed hole worn through the sole, was all of his baby Ruth that Mason, after days of search, laid in the lap of the now awakened mother.

One day, a hard-faced man with the desperate, hunted look of a criminal, came to Mason and told him of a fair-haired child held captive by an old Indian woman who led the life of a hermit, a diseased outcast from her tribe, banished to die alone in the wilderness like Hagar.

The man asked for blood-money. Mason leaped upon the human brute, but, weak from suffering, his attack was worse than useless. The man fled, never to return. Far and wide he was sought by men with ropes at their saddle-horns; but he was never found.

Black Mammy had vanished. The last seen of her, she was kneeling on the edge of the lake where Ruth had cast in the priceless charm; kneeling with her black, outstretched arms raised to the little girl as she stood, sunlit, outlined against the evening sky on the point of rock. The waves often whisper strange tales of what they, and no one else, know.

Where was Ruth? Mason's millions and his mind and heart centered on this alone.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### In the Mountains.

WHEN Ruth fled up the mountain, smarting under the heretofore unknown insult of a blow, she was going

straight to the home of the fairies up in the beautiful sky. No one on earth loved her, she said in her childish heart—and, perhaps, truthfully—except Black Mammy.

To this little girl, for the time, the negro woman was the world; and now the whole world abused her. Soon, however, the baby fell over a root, and struck her tender cheek in the same place where it was yet bruised and aching from the blow of her nurse. Her precious bag was in the lake.

This must be one of those ugly black things which hurt and sometimes eat little girls when they are naughty, so Black Mammy had said. With a shrill shriek the baby arose, and, endowed with the false strength given even to the grown by fear, clambered up the rocks and through the tangled underbrush with frantic haste.

Often when a man—a leader among his kind in civilized life—becomes bewildered in the labyrinth of the woods and mountains, in a few hours his mind, under the awful pressure of nature at such a time, becomes unbalanced, and he rushes headlong in all directions. In a few moments little Ruth was a wild animal, bereaved of sanity, and guided only by the animal instincts which are intuitive in the young of all creatures, those of man not excepted.

Endowed with new-found strength, Ruth climbed the mountain with a rapidity impossible under other circumstances, and fully as fast as could a man. Impediments which to a larger frame would have been impossible were easily passed through, or under, by little Ruth. Under fallen logs she crept on all fours, and through the interwoven underbrush close to the ground she went like a rabbit. From far below came the sounds of pursuit.

Once, indeed, did Ruth's abnormally sharpened ears catch the sound of approaching footsteps. Hiding behind a rock, she saw her breathless father pass within a few feet of her. When he shouted out her name in a voice heard a mile away, the child crouched to the ground like a fawn. When he had passed on along the mountain-side, but was still in sight, his back turned, Ruth darted into a thicket and noiselessly made her way up the steep incline, stopping now and then to hide and rest when she heard the noise of a searcher near.

At last they were all below her. For a while she climbed up, always up, through brushwood impassable for a man. Fright-

ened and wounded animals always run uphill. Why? No one knows.

Suddenly Ruth reached a clear spot on the edge of a precipice. Below her lay the lake and the smaller mountains. Stepping with the assurance of a mountain goat out to the very edge, she nimbly climbed to the tip of a projecting crag. Above her hung the cloud, but Ruth saw it not.

Here they saw her last. Far below in the bluish depths of the evening air Ruth saw her mother. For one fleeting instant reason returned. She uttered a cry for her mother and toddled on the edge, about to fall hundreds of feet to the now black rocks below; but the horror of it all instantly banished reason, and the little girl was an animal again—cool, sure-footed, and keen with the guidance of instinct.

The joyful shouts of the hunters reached her ears. Like a lamb before the dogs, she turned, sprang down the jagged point of rock, and darted up the timbered slope.

Night was coming on. When it is dark in the village it is still light where Ruth was. Twilight loves to linger on the mountain heights. For an hour Ruth had heard a creeping sound, slowly stealing upon her. At times it was behind her; at others above her, or to the right or left; but usually above her.

As she darted from the point of rock and ran beneath the shadows of the pines, a great yellow cat bounded away from her up the mountain. Fearing nothing—for in humans instinct is never perfect—and dimly recognizing an exaggerated likeness to the house-pet of Black Mammy, Ruth scrambled on after the panther, calling:

"Kitty, kitty—pretty kitty, I won't hurt 'ou."

The panther stopped, sprang into a tree, and snarled through its teeth. Ruth ran beneath the limb and reached up her baby arms. Then from the beast came the screech that the mother and hunters heard.

With this horrid cry the cowardly brute leaped from the tree far out into the concealing undergrowth. Disappointed and aggrieved, and more lonely now than ever, Ruth climbed on up the mountain.

The fairies and the angels were now forgotten. Instinct, that of a young animal, alone ruled her mind. The air was becoming cold. Strange shapes were appearing and disappearing here and there before the child's glassy eyes.

Her breath came in quick, short gasps.



Her foot was hurting her; it was bleeding. She pulled off her shoe and threw it over a cliff. A faint remembrance of the charm and the lake-edge was called to her mind; with it came the horror and the terror that possessed her then.

She stood grasping a bent twig for support. Letting go, it rebounded and struck her injured cheek. Again that blow! With a pitiful cry the child made frantic pace up the rocks, her bare foot leaving bloody tracks behind.

A plaintive cry, child-like in its pleading, complaining treble, almost an echo of that of Ruth's, came from below her, not far distant. Savage nostrils were hotly sniffing the bloody little footprints.

Faintly up the mountain came a cry of anguish from the distant depths. The voice and tone were strange to Ruth; she heard them not.

Every muscle aching, chilled to the bone, and reeling for a sudden want of sleep, the lost baby staggered into a thicket and against a fallen log. This log had lain here for fifty years. Once it had been a mountain king for a century; but it was now decayed; and the black ants had eaten out its heart till the log was a mere shell, cut through in places on the underside.

Unable to get under the obstruction, and lacking strength to clamber over, Ruth felt her way along it. Feeling slowly in the gathering darkness, her little hands found a warm, hairy mass. It was a deer, sick from a bullet-wound, and helpless because of the paralyzing fear caused by those childlike cries from a savage throat so near.

Freezing, half naked as she was, little Ruth crowded close to this warm body lying beside and partly beneath the log, hesitated a moment, then crawled close in between the doe and the arching log. With a sigh of relief, grateful for the warmth, the baby snuggled close to the wounded animal and slept.

The wounded doe, her wildness overcome by suffering, their mutual danger, and an instinctive knowledge of coming death—the chill of which was already thickening her blood—was thankful, too, for the presence and the warmth of the child.

Two days before, the doe had returned to this very clump of bushes to find her fawn, hidden not long before with all the cunning of a wild mother, gone. In its place only a mass of bloody leaves, while great claw marks scarred the log. The

keenest of noses told her that the yellow murderess still lingered.

One lacked a mother, the other an offspring. In the night Ruth awoke. The deer was trembling. Two lurid balls of greenish-yellow fire burned a dozen feet above them. Ruth, hungry, and with every nerve stinging with pain, began to cry. At the sound of the human voice, again did that horrid screech of the panther echo among the mountains. A dark, supple form slipped noiselessly as a shadow from the limb overhead and disappeared; yet hungered near. Then faintly through the night the cry of a heart-torn woman came quivering from the airy depths.

Finally Ruth fell asleep. The blood-sapped deer was chilled to the heart. Both were cold. The wind came up cold and biting.

Around them in slowly narrowing circles a prowling, crawling form tracked a spiral in the snow, with the deer and the baby as the center—and the end. The odor of a human being still held that fanged danger at bay; but the night was almost gone, and for two days the panther had not eaten. Her last meat had been a fawn in that very thicket.

Daylight came. Through the air from a dark pine-tree, like a curving ray of sunlight, flashed a yellow snarl. With a death cry—low, pleading, gasping—the deer bounded into the air with the panther on her back. What followed is not for human eyes, yet Ruth saw it all. Motionless, securely hidden in her still warm bed beneath the log, the baby watched this world-old tragedy of the woods.

The dark green trees, the gray deer, the yellow panther, with dripping jaws; the far-away, dawn-obscured background of the purple mountains; the molten silver of the lake in the dusky depths; the rosy-tinted, glittering peak above—all made a picture seldom seen and never to be forgotten.

Other eyes hungrily watched the kill. Far above among the rocks a wolf looked down. Three of her footprints in the fresh snow were perfect; the fourth showed the marks of a bloody, shattered bone and a dragging foot. The hungry wolf licked her own blood from the frozen paw, now hanging to the jagged stump only by a half-gnawed sinew.

Gorged to the utmost, hastened by fear of the child-seekers coming up the moun-

tain, the panther—with a mass of venison in her mouth—lightly and noiselessly, bounded away to her young in a cave across the gulch.

The hunters never found the dead deer. Ruth crunched wide-eyed beneath the log.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### A Little Child.

**I**N the city it was nearly midnight. The Christmas bells were singing in the frost, eager to peal forth, "Glory to God in the Highest."

The year before one of the palaces that grace Capitol Hill of Denver had been lit by a hundred lights. In the great hall there had been a silver spruce that reached from polished floor to gilded ceiling. Here had danced the wealthy and the gay of Denver. Up near the roof, in a dark room, a portly negro woman had been lowly singing a feverish, neglected baby to sleep.

On the dancing floor that night the giddiest of the gay and thoughtless crush had been the mother. That was a year before.

This night the pile of gray stone was dark. Only from one window came light—a window near the eaves. Here the wavering light told of a fire dancing in a grate of an otherwise darkened room.

In this room, on a wolfskin rug before the open fire in Ruth's room lay a woman. Her form was queenly, but broken. The tawny hair—not unlike that of a panther—now lusterless, was lined with silver here and there. The eyes were red, but dry. They ached. Wealth she had, and what wealth could buy, but not happiness.

On the now shrunken neck was a string of pearls. Once they had graced the breast of a doge of Venice. Before the woman, between the stiffened ears of the ghastly, leering, stuffed head of the wolf, was a jewel-box.

In it was a baby's shoe—soiled, torn, and weather-beaten—with a dark-rimmed hole through the sole. The palace was hers. The world had been ransacked to adorn it. The priceless scrap-pile of five continents was hers—yet she grieved.

From the frozen street below came a scream. Through the icy air it sounded clear and cruel to the silently moaning woman, lying on the gray hide before the fire. It was only the cry of a laughing girl as she slipped intentionally on the side-

walk and not unwillingly fell back into her lover's arms.

To the childless mother above the laugh was the screech of a panther. She tore from her neck the string of jewels. Pearls rolled over the floor like marbles. The one remaining in her hand, the largest—a gem once the wonder of a Venetian court—this soul-wrung woman ground between her teeth, and broke both jewel and teeth! What cared she? Had not savage jaws crunched a thing more precious?

On the frozen slopes of Long's Peak that night stood a gaunt she-wolf, dying of hunger. With the others of her kind she could not hunt; she, a cripple. She must hide, alone; or serve as meat for the famished pack.

To her old den in the rocks, far above timber-line, she had returned. Many days she had been away. In the den were the frozen skin-covered bones of her cubs. She ate them. Two months before she had seen her mate die. Wounded herself, unable to crawl, spring, or run, she had seen her young slowly starve.

Desperate with hunger for herself and young, she had once painfully dragged to the den the skinned carcass of a male wolf and the torn remnants of a doe. On this they had lived. When it failed she left on three feet in search of meat. The cubs starved and died.

To-night she had climbed the heights to the den to die.

Over the top of the white peak slowly rose a burnished shield. Set it was in a field of darkest blue, studded with stars, framed with the softest of black clouds, edged with dazzling white. The shadow of the lone wolf standing on the rock shot far down the white mountainside like a black spear. The end of the shadow disappeared in the inky depths of a thicket far below.

The eyes of the wolf ranged for a hundred miles the frozen, moonlit scene of black and white. The lake was gone. All was white down there. All was still, cold, dead. The world was dark and dead. The wolf lifted her head to give tongue to that which alone could make the scene more drear.

As the gaunt hand was lifted, the end of the shadow left the black thicket. The wolf stopped, still silent. In that thicket she had had her last taste of living blood. How the warm blood had spurted, hot and



teeming in the frosty air, when she sunk her teeth into the gurgling throat.

This remembrance gave the wolf new life. Down the glittering slope she flew with great leaps, unmindful of the tender stump. Like the shadow of death she entered into the thicket. The middle of it was clear. Here rotted a great log. Here the moon shone like a glazed sun. Through the frozen crust the wolf dug with a single paw. Her jaws seized a bone and pulled it to the surface. The bone was dry and bare and chalky.

A howl of a wolf echoed from the crags and cliffs of Long's Peak. In the awful cry was hunger, death, despair, revenge, triumph, and justice. In the howl was the life strength of a timber-wolf.

Down on the shores of the frozen lake, in a log cabin, a bride-mother heard that agony go freezing by, and she hugged closer her new-born. The mountaineer glanced at his rifle and at the barred door.

At the foot of the peak a half-grown buck, which that day had won his first fight, heard that cry, and crowded under the belly of his dam, throwing both into the snow, where they lay bleating in helpless terror.

The echoes carried the she-wolf's death-cry miles away through the soundless night, and faintly into a panther's den. The great cat, standing over her young, shuddered at that cry, bristled and bared her teeth and snarled. Two clumsy cubs that had been rolling, ball-like, playing with the gnawed hoof of a deer, slunk close to the panther mother.

As the last note rolled from between the yellow fangs the death-rattle sounded in the throat of the dying wolf. In the last paroxysm, the wolf clenched her teeth into the dry bone on which rested the now bleeding stump. The bone cracked and split between the iron jaws. There it stayed. The bone was a child's skull.

In the president's private office a man sat in his chair asleep. His face was gaunt as Lincoln's. The man shuddered

and, jerked now and then in his fitful sleep. Suddenly he aroused himself wearily, passed his hands through his gray, twisted mass of hair and pressed them hard over his hollow eyes. But nothing could shut out the blood-congealing image of a frozen peak with a black lake at its foot.

The sight of a mountain of crusted silver froze his burning mind. Long he sat, looking straight ahead of him into nothingness. Then slowly he said:

"This is the life of a coward. If she is under that crust, I can at least live for others—and for her mother.

"Brute! In your selfishness you have thought only of yourself—of your own sorrow! You have left her, your wife, her mother, without help to bear her load alone. Hers is the greater burden—she does not love me, but we both love her. I will go to her and I will help her."

He pushed away from the paper-littered table as a thing abhorrent. As fast as horse could go Mason went to his home.

Just within the door of the dim fire-lit room he stopped and bowed his head. Unconscious of his presence, the woman on the wolf-skin was still fondling the baby's shoe. Reverently he went and knelt beside her.

A look! A cry! The gulf that had always yawned between them was bridged in silence too deep for words. For the first time in their lives this man and this woman met face to face, mind to mind, heart to heart, soul to soul—knew each other and their own inner selves.

Invisible baby hands knitted together the fibers of their mutual being.

Stealing clear on the still, blue air came the tones of a single bell—then burst the merry, metal chorus, swelling, swelling, chiming merrily the glad Christmas tidings.

The woman raised her face, and moaned: "Ruth, Ruth, Ruth—oh, Heaven, give my baby back to me!"

The man stroked her hair and bowed his head above hers, and murmured deeply:

"Thy will be done."

(The end.)





## The Railroad Man's Brain Teasers.

**F**RITZ GANNON, Helena, Montana, contributes all of the teasers in this number:

(20) A car-checker has a string of seven cars, each containing a number consisting of six figures. After entering down the numbers, he is surprised to find that not only do the numbers of the first six cars contain the same figures, but he also notices that the number on the second car is twice as great; that of the third, three times as great; that of the fourth, four times as great; that of the fifth, five times as great; and that of the sixth, six times as great as the number on the first car he checked. The seventh car has a number, containing none of the figures to be found on the other six, yet the number on the seventh car is seven times as great as that on the first. What were the numbers on the cars?

(21) A conductor in making up a freight-train has to cut out a certain number of cars from three tracks. He finds that there are 10 more cars on Track No. 2 than on No. 1, and 10 more on No. 3, than on No. 2. He cuts out from No. 1, one-half the cars, and a half a car besides. From No. 2, he cuts out one-fourth the cars, and a fourth of a car besides. From No. 3, he cuts out one-sixth of the cars and a sixth of a car besides. After doing so, there are ten more cars on Track No. 3 than on No. 2, and ten more on No. 2 than on No. 1. How many cars were there at first on each of the three tracks?

(22) A section-foreman, being asked by a passing hobo the time of day, replied: "The days are now sixteen hours long, and when as much time has passed as has already passed since the hands of my watch were last together, the sun will have just done two-thirds of its shining to-day." Assuming that the sun rose at 4 A.M., that day, what time was it when the foreman made the above statement?

The correct answers to the above puzzles will be found in the April number.

### ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY TEASERS.

(16) 47 11-27 miles an hour.

(17) 19 parlor-cars at \$5,000, \$95,000; 1 day-coach at \$1,000; 80 second-hand flats at \$50, \$4,000. Total, 100 cars for \$100,000.

(18) First engine,  $91\frac{2}{3}$  tons; second engine,  $458\frac{2}{3}$  tons; third engine,  $641\frac{2}{3}$  tons; pusher  $1,008\frac{2}{3}$  tons.

(19) At any point 500 miles south of the equator. It would be impossible to fulfil the conditions by starting from any other point.



# ON THE EDITORIAL CARPET.

Where We Get Flagged by Our Readers, and  
Find an Exhaust for Our Own High Pressure.

OUR running-orders for April are ready. They look pretty good to us. When we say this, we mean that they are a little better than any running-orders we have had at any previous time and for any previous run.

Scanning the sheet, we find that three new serials will start with April. They are just as intense and gripping in their way as those which close with this number—there are no blocks caused by washouts or broken rails; no leaky joints or broken valve-stems—but a clear track all the way.

The first serial is "The Thousand-Mile Ticket," by Dan. Duane, which introduces a character somewhat similar in bravado, fearlessness, and adventure to Seth Waters, who made the chapters of "In the Hornet's Nest" so interesting.

"Baker of the Bad Lands" is by Walter T. Percival, a writer whom we are introducing for the first time. It is a story that deals with stirring adventures of border life, of a time when it took more than grit and force to build a railroad.

C. W. Beels, who has contributed a number of clever short stories to our pages, will appear with his first serial. It is called "Dr. Jourdan's Mystery," and deals with the remarkable transformation of a man who was destined to be a crook.

There will be another thrilling story of frontier life by R. M. West, whose narrative, "A Frontier Man-Hunt," appears in this number. All of Mr. West's stories are based on real happenings and are truthful pictures of the most romantic days in the building of our West.

The latest development in locomotives and other important phases of railroad life, will be described by one of our most practical writers.

Walter Gardner Seaver will be aboard with an unusually good batch of roundhouse tales.

Another particularly interesting article will tell of the struggles of the first builders of the railroad—of the days, when George Stephenson was trying to make his wonderful invention prove its worth. This article will relate the court proceedings of a suit brought by certain canal owners and landed proprietors of Great Britain to prevent the construction of a railroad. One of the most learned lawyers on the opposing side told Mr. Stephenson that it was impossible to run a train through a tunnel because the snow would blow into the tunnel, turn to ice and thereby block the train's progress!

What do you think of that?

The buffer and the vestibule are important parts of every train. They have a history of their own like all other railroad improvements. Their importance is described in this number.

In "Ten Thousand Miles by Rail," Gilson Willets will take a jump from Missouri through the Sun Flower State, where he collected a number of good yarns.

These are only a few of the special features that we care to mention just now. We reserve the right to start up a few genuine surprises.

In the short fiction line, there will be nine or ten stories of the sort for which THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE is famous. We wish to state, with our accustomed modesty, that the short stories we are printing are attracting more than ordinary attention. We always believed they would. They are selected with the greatest care, and represent phases of life that thrill with energy, life, determination, and humor, such as no other magazine can present.

In April, the experiences of our friends, "Honk and Horace" in Oklahoma, are told in Mr. Emmet F. Harte's best vein. Robert Fulkerson Hoffman has just completed a new story in his most delightful style, which we will present. Augustus Wittfeld, MacDuffie Martin, Felix G. Prentice, George Foxhall, and others, will be in evidence.

In short, our April number will be a corker. We are not trying to blow off while hot, about its excellence. There are no cracked sheets or broken stay-bolts—the water in the gage-glass of our hopes is fluctuating with the water-line in the boiler of our energy, and it looks as if we have a good run ahead of us.

## THE RAILROAD CLUBS.

SURPRISE has many times been expressed that more real benefit to the railroads of this country has not been obtained through the organized railroad clubs located in the principal railroad centers throughout America, says the *American Engineer and Railroad Journal*. While, of course, all of these clubs are of more or less value to their members, this becomes insignificant when it is considered what they might be, not only to their own members, but also to the members of all other clubs. Here is really a clearing-house for the observations and experiences of the

best men in the country, already organized, from which not one-tenth part of their value is available for general use.

Mr. C. E. Turner several years ago suggested that all of the clubs throughout the country discuss the same subject at corresponding meetings. Mr. Vaughan in his presidential address before the Master Mechanics' Association, in 1909, suggested that the railroad clubs should be depended upon to thoroughly thrash out the subjects which were to come before the Association, so that decisive and positive conclusions could be reached on the various important subjects that were brought up.

Both of these suggestions are excellent, and it is now further suggested that all of the clubs affiliate into one organization, and that a permanent secretary, provided with suitable office-force and properly recompensed, be employed. Further, that the American Railway Association be requested to name a consulting board, who should decide what subjects are most worthy of discussion, and that the permanent secretary, through the medium of the local secretaries, obtain papers to be presented by each of the various clubs on this subject, where it could be thoroughly and completely discussed. The papers, with the discussion, should be returned to the permanent secretary, who would condense them and put the whole matter into suitable shape for publication and for the use of the committee who might be preparing a report on the same subject for one of the National Associations.

This suggestion, while capable of criticism on a number of points, and possibly not suitable for adoption in its entirety, still has many points of practicability, and if something of this kind could be brought about, the proceedings of the Associated Railroad Clubs of America would be the most valuable source of information on railroad topics that could possibly be compiled, and with the certainty assured of results which in prospect are now largely speculative

## THE RIDDLE OF THE CROSS-HEAD.

SINCE publication of the reply to "E. T.," Southampton, Long Island, in "By the Light of the Lantern" for January, we have received a number of critical, though kindly, letters intended to straighten out our interpretation of the so-called cross-head problem. We have been greatly pleased to receive these communications, because all evince a friendly and appreciative interest in this popular department on which we have worked untiringly to perfect. We do not object to a "call down" when you think that you have it on us, no matter whether, as in this case, the shoe scarcely happens to fit.

The cross-head question, as originally propounded, to the best of our recollection, ran as follows:

"Does the cross-head of a locomotive move

backward in the guides, or do the guides move forward over the cross-head?"

We replied that the cross-head *did* move backward in the guides, which it does, irrespective of the fact that it must be necessarily *carried* always ahead, provided that the locomotive is running forward.

To make this entirely clear, the answer in the January "Lantern" department was based on a consideration of the relation between the cross-head and the locomotive which carries it, and with no consideration of the relation between the cross-head and some fixed point foreign to the locomotive, as, for instance, the ground or the rail.

No such connection, however, was suggested in the correspondent's letter. Under the conditions mentioned, the reply as given is absolutely correct. It now appears that this time-honored query, which is largely a trick, must not take into account the relation of the cross-head to the guides, but to the rail or ground.

It does not require labored diagrams and lengthy explanations to prove that no matter in which direction the cross-head may be moving, it can never return to a point over the rail where it may have been before. This can be shown by the most elementary application of simple algebra, but before proceeding with the demonstration we would like to impress that the cross-head does not move anywhere except back and forth in the guides, as we said in January.

Its movement in the direction in which the locomotive is going is simply because it is *carried* along with the locomotive of which it is, with its guides, a component part.

Assuming:

$$\text{Diameter of driving-wheel} = x$$

$$\text{Stroke of piston} = y$$

$$\text{Circumference of driving-wheel} = \pi x$$

On the lower half of one revolution going forward the locomotive *moves* forward in relation to the rail a distance  $= \frac{\pi x}{2}$ . At the same time the cross-head moves *backward*, relative to the guides, a distance  $= y$ . At the same time, the cross-head is also *carried* forward, relative to the rail, a distance  $= y$ . When on this half of the stroke the cross-head is *carried* forward, relative to the rail, a distance  $= \frac{\pi x}{2} - y$ .

On the other (upper) half of the revolution, the locomotive *moves* forward the same distance  $= \frac{\pi x}{2}$ , and the cross-head moves forward relative to the guides, a distance  $= y$ . Then, on this half of the stroke the cross-head is *carried* forward, relative to the rail, a distance  $= \frac{\pi x}{2} + y$ .

Taking the entire strokes (revolution) together, we find that the locomotive has moved forward, relative to the rail, a distance  $= \pi x$ , and that the cross-head has been *carried* forward relative to the rail, a distance  $= \left(\frac{\pi x}{2} - y\right) + \left(\frac{\pi x}{2} + y\right) = \pi x$ , or the same as the locomotive, *q.e.d.*

The long and short of it is, that the cross-head



goes regularly back and forth in the guides, but while all this is going on it is being carried ahead with its guides by the locomotive to which they are attached. It might be roughly illustrated by a ball thrown between two men on either end of a flat car in motion. The ball *moves* back and forth between the men but it can never return to a point in relation to the track which it has once left.

We feel impelled to quote a sentence from one letter of those received on this matter: "In your answer you claim that it (the cross-head) moves backward, which it does not, and at no time does it stand still."

For the benefit of this particular correspondent, we want to demonstrate how easily the cross-head might stand still if proper proportions or dimensions were present. He may be surprised to know that such diameter of wheel and such length of stroke can be assumed as to make  $\frac{\pi x}{2} - y = 0$ , *i. e.*: that the cross-head under such assumption is actually stationary in relation to the rail for the upper half of the stroke.

Example:

Let  $x = 20$ .

Let  $y = 31.4$ .

Then  $\pi x = 3.1416 \times 20 = 62.83$ .

Then  $\frac{\pi x}{2} = 31.4$ .

And  $\frac{\pi x}{2} - y = 0$ .

Although we could not use any of the diagrams and explanatory matter which several correspondents kindly sent with their letters, we are grateful for them, because they establish that in the cross-head problem the rail or ground is the point to be considered. Had the original question contained this information we would have proceeded long ago with the simple explanation as above; but in view of this omission, our answer was possibly not as elaborate and satisfying as it might have been.

### FUEL OIL IN THE NORTHWEST.

AS soon as locomotives of the Northern Pacific and the Tacoma Eastern railroads in Western Washington can be equipped with oil-burners, all engines on the main lines traversing the forest sections of the State will be using oil instead of coal, thereby eliminating one of the greatest dangers from forest fires.

President Williams of the Chicago, Milwaukee and Puget Sound, announces that the Tacoma Eastern locomotives will be equipped with oil-burners early next spring. The Tacoma Eastern runs through a great virgin forest, part within the Rainier National forest and part owned by private corporations.

All the other Milwaukee lines running through the forests are already equipped with oil-burners. The Oregon-Washington Railroad and Navigation Company and the Great Northern railways

now use California oil as fuel where their lines penetrate the forests. The Northern Pacific is making preliminary investigations with a view to making the same changes on the west end of the system.

### THE PREVENTION OF SMOKE.

THE comparative absence of smoke in Berlin is claimed to be due partly to the use of fuel briquettes. Consul General A. W. Thackara states that 30 per cent of the coal-fuel consumed in the city and suburbs is brown coal briquettes, and it has been technically demonstrated that, having been produced without the addition of a special binder, they burn with less smoke than any other briquettes. Considerable coke is also used in Berlin.

The quantity of coal briquettes produced in Germany increased from 9,250,000 tons in 1901 to about 16,300,000 tons in 1907 and to 18,000,000 tons in 1910. Consul Albert Halstead, of Birmingham, reports that the manufacture of coal briquettes has become a large industry in the United Kingdom.

Official figures show that in 1909 the production for the whole Kingdom was 1,512,645 long tons, valued at \$4,761,860. This output was divided: England, 177,895 tons, valued at \$569,071; Wales, 1,270,235 tons, valued at \$3,948,591; Scotland, 43,620 tons, valued at \$144,885; and Ireland, 20,895 tons, valued at \$100,313. The values given represent the selling-price at the place of manufacture.

### A NEW RAILROAD POET.

RAILROAD men in the Northern Pacific yards at St. Paul, Minnesota, often stop to look at a smooth-shaven, slender young switchman who has endeared himself to them through short bits of poetry written during his idle moments. Not infrequently is C. G. Byrne seen perched on top of a box car, pencil in hand, writing on a scrap of paper. When he has finished, there is always this request, "Let me see, Byrne." Some of his productions are worthy of attention.

Not long ago, Roger, the little son of the switchman, was ill. The doctor had given up hope of saving the boy's life. Sitting at home that night, the father saw the boy's engine—a bright toy—idle on the playroom floor. He drew a paper from his pocket and wrote the touching verses, "The Dead Engine," which appear on page 280 of this number.

### SONGS WANTED.

CAN any one of our readers supply us with the complete words of the song, "Down in the Lehigh Valley"? We have had several

requests to print this old poem: Who can send us the complete words?

We would also like the words of the song which begins:

"When Johnny was a little lad, he started  
for the West,  
But he never got no further than Cheyenne."

A reader in Asheboro, North Carolina, asks for a certain ballad beginning:

"On the twenty-first day of last September,  
The clouds were hanging low.  
Ninety-seven pulled out from the station  
Like an arrow shot from a bow."

He doesn't know any more of it; neither do we. Who does?

Then there is another seemingly famous ballad of bo-life which is wanted. It is entitled, "Lock Me in the Box Car." Will Mr. Bones please oblige?

### ANSWERS TO CERTAIN SIGNALS.

**W**L. S., Biggs, Pennsylvania.—It is really impossible for us to print in this issue the names and addresses of the road-foremen, mechanical engineers, and master mechanics of all the roads given in your letter. They would take up too much space. Simply address the general master mechanic or any other officer of the road in question, and the letter will reach the right man. It is not necessary to have his name.

R. C. S., Operator, Manchester, Oklahoma.—Thanks for your verses "Oh, You Téléphone!" Would like to use them, but we have decided not to stir up any more strife on this subject.

K. K., and others.—"Honk and Horace" began their doin's in THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE in November, 1908. You can secure back numbers by sending ten cents per copy to this office. Yes, "Honk and Horace" will be with us for some time to come. They have a pass over all our lines—notwithstanding the Hepburn Law.

Walter, E. J., Suisun, California.—The abbreviation "con" means conductor; not consumptive.

### FROM A "LADY HAM."

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

**I**F you will permit, I would like to say a few words regarding despatching by telephone.

I have just read Operator Naugle's little "spiel" in the January magazine. I agree with him. There is not an operator in the United States who likes the telephone. Why? Surely there is a reason. In the first place, the "tick-tick" of the sounder is the sweetest music an operator ever heard. Silence the sounder and the operator is lonesome and wonders if the wire is down, if his instrument is out of adjustment, or what. Immediately he will seek the trouble.

A telephone-operator never knows where the trains are, if they are gaining or losing time, or what trains are coming and going, unless he sits with that harness on his head; and who wants to sit hours and hours listening to the other operators and "hams" repeat orders?

In the first place, an operator has too many other duties to devote all his time to the phone. He can be selling tickets, posting the books, and numerous other duties, and still keep tab on all the trains.

Some contend that the phone is faster than telegraphing. Possibly it is; at least, a despatcher can talk faster than he can send, but an operator cannot copy any faster from the telephone. He can write just so fast and no faster, no matter how rapidly the despatcher talks.

Another thing, it is impossible to copy as far behind on the phone as you can by telegraph. I have to keep right up with the despatcher, else I lose out. I have heard several say the same thing.

How many operators who have copied and delivered orders that had been despatched by phone felt as confident as if the message had come by telegraph?

Ask the conductors, and they will tell you they don't like to run on orders despatched over a phone. During the past month, several have told me they were afraid of phone-orders. I must confess, I'm afraid of them, too, and I have never delivered an order that had been despatched by phone when I wasn't uneasy.

The telephone will never mean to the operators what the Morse does, and I see where railroading is fast losing its charm for me as well as for thousands of others. No matter how big a "ham" you may be, you are willing to keep on struggling rather than have the phones to contend with. Am a full-fledged "ham" myself, but I am not willing to work on the phones. I much prefer working on some road where there are no phones, for half the salary.

If the phone is to succeed the Morse, twenty-five years from to-day there will be no operators except those in commercial offices. Any one can sit down and, in an hour or two, learn the book of rules, pass the examination, and walk down and tell us old experienced railroaders where to "head in." What protection have we? None whatever.

MISS BRASS POUNDER, Colorado.

### BLASTS AND ORDERS.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

**I**N your February number, you tell L. E., Garber, Missouri, that you do not know of any such signal as three short blasts of the engine-whistle. Perhaps it is not in use on all roads, but on our lines here it is used.

When the conductor of a passenger-train wants the train stopped at the next station, which is in all probability a flag-stop, he gives the engineer three short blasts on the air-signal whistle. The engineer answers this by three short blasts of the engine-whistle.

L. E. also asks, "Is it safe for an operator to recopy train-orders?"

Here on the Pennsy, we sometimes overlook our copies. In such an event, we lay the original



copy over some blank orders, and trace them from the original. When we do this, we repeat the recopied order to the despatcher, and have him "O. K." it.—AN OPERATOR, Bellaire, Ohio.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

**I**N regard to G. F. B.'s letter on the use of ferrules in putting in boiler-flues, in your January number, I want to say that I have put in a few flues, part of them for Uncle Sam, and I never waste time on ferrules. I have never had a flue-leak develop in my flue-work. I simply put in the flue and "roll" it well, but not too hard. Even "beading" is not essential to a tight joint, but is usually put on "for looks."

No—ferrules are absolutely superfluous. Putting them on is work thrown away.—E. M. F., Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

### LOOKING FORWARD.

**T**HIS is the way that they looked at it, boys, way back in 1789, when Dr. Darwin's "Botanic Garden" was first published after twenty years of constant labor on the part of the author. They certainly looked on steam with some awe in those days:

Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam, afar  
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;  
Or, on wide-waving wings expanded bear  
The flying chariot through the fields of air,  
Fair crews, triumphant, leaning from above,  
Shall wave their fluttering kerchiefs as they move;  
Or warrior bands alarm the gaping crowd,  
And armies shrink beneath the shadowy cloud;  
So mighty Hercules o'er many a clime  
Waved his huge mace in virtue's cause sublime;  
Unmeasured strength with early art combined,  
Awe, served, protected, and amazed mankind.

### OLD-TIME POEMS.

**M**R. J. W. WOOD, of Muskogee, Oklahoma, has sent us several noted railroad classics, which have already appeared in The Carpet. He sends us another, "The Engineer's Story," which we append herewith. Again, our thanks to Mr. Wood.

#### THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

**W**ELL, yes, 'tis a hair-curlin' story—  
I would it could not be recalled!  
The terrible fright of that hell-tintured night,  
Is the cause of my head bein' bald!  
I was runnin' the Git-There Express, sir,  
On the Yankee Creek jenkwater line,  
An' the track along there was as crooked, I swear,  
As the growth of a field pumpkin-vine.  
My run was a night one, an' nights on the yank  
Was as black as the coal piled back there on the tank.

We pulled out of Tenderfoot Station,  
A day and a half, almost, late,  
An' every durn wheel was a poundin' the steel

At a wildly extravagant rate.  
My fireman kep' piling the coal in  
The jaws of the old 94  
Till the sweat from his nose, seemed to play  
through a hose,  
An' splashed 'round his feet on the floor  
As we thundered along like a demon in flight,  
A rippin' a streak through the breast of the night!  
  
As we rounded a curve on the mountain,  
Full sixty an hour, I will swear,  
Just ahead was a sight that with blood-freezin'  
fright  
Would have raised a stuffed buffalo's hair!  
The bridge over Ute Creek was burnin',  
The flames shootin' up in their glee!  
My God! how they gleamed in the air, till they  
seemed  
Like fiery tongued imps on a spree!  
Jest snickered an' sparkled an' laughed like they  
knowed  
I'd make my next trip on a different road!

In frenzy I reached for the throttle,  
But 'twas stuck, and refused to obey!  
I yelled in affright, for our maddening flight  
I felt that I never could stay!  
Then wildly I grasped the big lever,  
Threw her over, then held my hot breath,  
An' waited for what I assuredly thought  
Was a sure and a terrible death!  
Then came the wild crash, an' with horror-fringed  
yell  
Down into that great fiery chasm I fell!

When I came to myself, I was lying  
On the floor of my bedroom; my wife  
Sat on top of my form, an' was makin' it warm  
For her darling—you bet your sweet life!  
My hair she had clutched in her fingers,  
And was jamming my head on the floor;  
Yet I yelled with delight when I found that my  
fright  
Was a horrible dream—nothing more!  
I had wildly grabbed one of her ankles, she said,  
And reversed her clear over the head of the bed!

### ON THE FRONTIER.

BY I. EDGAR JONES.

**W**HAT! Robbed the mail at midnight! We'll  
trail-them down, you bet!  
We'll bring them to the halter; I'm sheriff  
of Yuba yet.

Get out those mustangs, hearties, and long before  
set of sun  
We'll trail them down to their refuge, and justice  
shall yet be done.

It's pleasant, this rude experience; life has a  
rugged zest  
Here on the plains and mountains, far to the open  
West:  
Look at those snow-capped summits—waves of  
an endless sea;  
Look at yon billowed prairie—boundless as grand  
and free.

Ah, we have found our quarry, yonder within the  
bush!  
Empty your carbines at them, then follow me with  
a rush!

Down with the desperadoes! Ours is the cause of right!  
Though they should slash like demons, still we must gain the fight!

Pretty hot work, McGregor; but we have gained the day.

What? Have we lost their leader? Can he have sneaked away?

There he goes in the chaparral! He'll reach it now in a bound!

Give me that rifle, Parker! I'll bring him down to the ground.

There! I knew I could drop him—that little piece of lead

Sped straight on to its duty. The last of the gang is dead.

He was a handsome fellow, plucky and fearless, too.

Pity such men are devils, preying on those more true.

What have you found in his pocket? Papers? Let's take a look.

"George Walgrave" stamped on the cover? Why, that is my brother's book;

The deeds and the papers, also, and letters received from me;

He must have met these demons—been murdered and robbed, you see.

And I have been his avenger! It is years since last we met.

We loved each other dearly, and Walgraves never forget.

If my voice is broken, excuse me. Somehow it confines my breath—

Let me look on the face of that demon who dogged poor George to his death!

Good God! It is he—my brother—killed by my own strong hand!

He is no bandit leader! This is no robber band! What a mad, murderous blunder! Friends, who thought they were foes.

Seven men dead on the prairie, and seven homes flooded with woes.

And to think that I should have done it! When ere many suns should set,

I hoped to embrace my brother—and this is the way we've met!

He with his dead eyes gazing up to the distant sky, And I, his murderer, standing, living and unharmed, by!

Well, his fate is the best one! Mine, to behold his corse,

Haunting my life forever—doomed to a vain remorse.

How shall I bear its shadows? How could this strange thing be?

Oh, my brother and playmate! Would I had died for thee!

Pardon my weak emotion. Bury them here, my friends;

Here, where the green-plumed willow over the prairie bends.

One more tragedy finished, in the romance of strife,

Passing like somber shadows over this frontier life.



## CONDUCTOR BRADLEY.

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

CONDUCTOR BRADLEY (always may his name

Be said with reverence!), as the swift doom came,

Smitten to death, a crushed and mangled frame,

Sank with the brake he grasped just where he stood

To do the utmost that a brave man could, And die, if needful, as a true man should.

Men stooped above him; women dropped their tears

On that poor wreck beyond all hopes or fears, Lost in the strength and glory of his years.

What heard they? Lo, the ghastly lips of pain, Dead to all thought save duty's, moved again:

"Put out the signals for the other train!"

No nobler utterance, since the world began, From lips of saint or martyr ever ran, Electric, through the sympathies of man.

Ah, me! how poor and noteless seem to this The sick-bed dramas of self-consciousness,

Our sensual fears of pain and hopes of bliss!

Oh, grand, supreme endeavor! Not in vain That last brave act of failing tongue and brain! Freighted with life, the downward-rushing train

Following the wrecked one as wave follows wave, Obeyed the warning which the dead lips gave. Others he saved—himself he could not save.

Nay, the lost life was saved. He is not dead Who in his record still the earth shall tread, With God's clear aureole shining round his head.

We bow, as in the dust, with all our pride Of virtue dwarfed the noble deed beside. God give us grace to live as Bradley died!



## A BAD COUPLING.

SHE married a railroad man, A locomotive spark;

He told her of his little plan

At the gate, out in the dark.

But long ere a year had gone,

The fire it died a-lack!

Their coupling apart was drawn

And he switched her off his track!





# Look before you lease

The old adage, "look before you leap" now reads, "look before you lease." A poorly heated building is no renting (or sales) bargain at any price—because no house is really worth living in without plenty of clean, healthful, invigorating warmth. That is why



## AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

are proving in many thousands of buildings, of all classes, in America and Europe, to be the greatest boon of the century in utmost betterment of living conditions, as well as in *reducing the cost of living*.

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators bring *freedom* from the back-breaking work, ash-dust and poisonous coal-gases which attend the use of old-style heating devices. At the same time, an outfit of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators will prove to be a dividend-paying investment to you—far better than bonds at 6%—as in a few years the outfit saves enough in coal and cleaning, time and temper, no rusting or repairs, to quickly repay the original cost. Any owner, architect or real estate agent will tell you that IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators will attract and hold best tenants at 10% to 15% higher rental; or assist to sell the property quicker, at full price paid for the outfit.

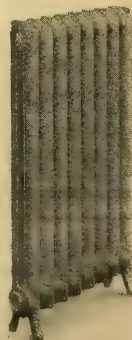


A No. 3015 IDEAL Boiler and 175 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$125, were used to heat this cottage.



A No. 3-22 IDEAL Boiler and 400 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$215, were used to heat this cottage.

At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.



Whether landlord, tenant, or intending builder, whether your building is OLD or new, FARM or city, it will pay you well to LOOK INTO the merits of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators. Tell us of the building you wish to heat. Our information and catalog (free) put you under no obligation to buy. Prices are now most favorable.

Write today.

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in all large cities

## AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write to Dept. J  
Chicago





## Did you ever make a Phonograph Record? Did you ever hear yourself talk, sing or play?

Talk about entertainment—there is nothing that approaches  
the fun and fascination of making records at home on the

# EDISON PHONOGRAPH

**T**HE EDISON will record what you or your friends say, or sing, or play, and then instantly reproduce it just as clearly and faithfully as the Records you buy are reproduced. This is a feature of the Edison Phonograph you should not overlook.

You can send your voice to a friend, preserve the sayings of children, record your progress as a speaker, a singer or a musician. Anyone can make records on an Edison. It requires no special machine. The blank records can be used over and over.

Go to any Edison dealer today and let him demonstrate this great feature of the Edison Phonograph and when you buy make sure you get an Edison, the instrument that gives you not only the best renditions of the world's best entertainers, but also the opportunity for home record making.

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Edison Standard Records . . . . .	\$ .35
Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long) . . . . .	.50
Edison Grand Opera Records . . . . .	.75 to \$2.00

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**“All through the life of a feeble-bodied man his path is lined with memory's grave-stones which mark the spot where noble enterprises perished for lack of physical vigor to embody them in deeds”**—Horace Mann.

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**FOOD**

scientifically meets Nature's demand for the necessary food elements, in proper balance.

Its rich nourishment is in concentrated, partly pre-digested form, supplying the vigor and endurance necessary for the accomplishment of one's life purposes.

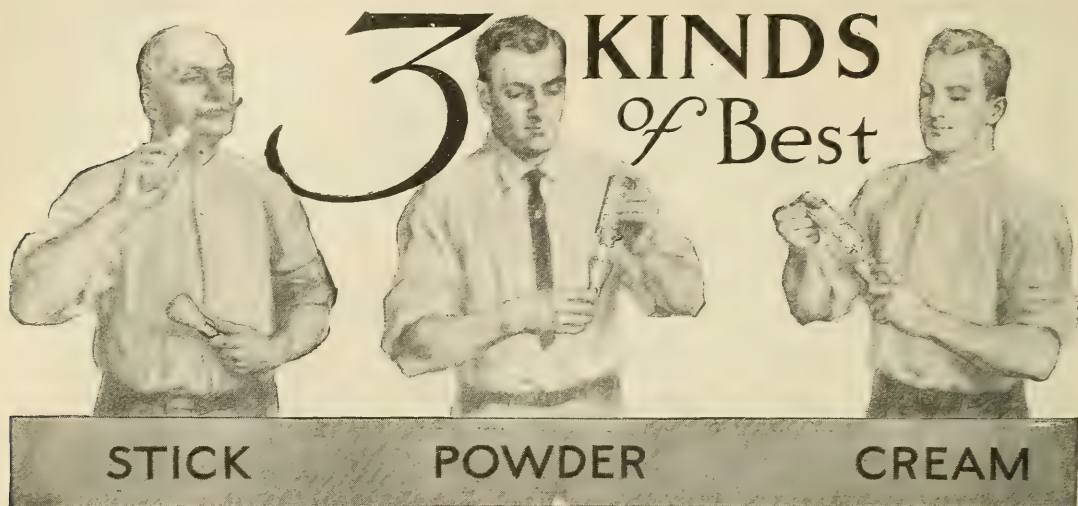
**“There's a Reason”**

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Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Michigan, U. S. A.

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Each man to his taste in method, but to each the same result—that perfect—

# COLGATE'S SHAVING LATHER

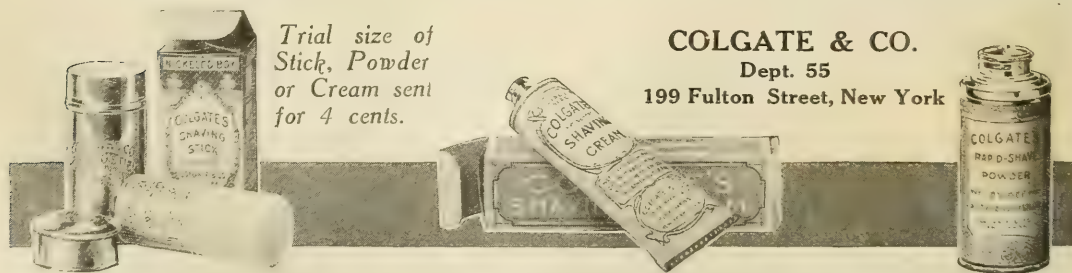
You now have your choice of three ways of making Colgate's lasting, luxurious lather and of shaving in comfort.

Softening, soothing, sanitary — whichever way you make it.

Best in its lasting abundance, best in its antiseptic qualities and best in its exceptional freedom from uncombined alkali. Do not ill-treat your face and handicap your razor by using an inferior lather.

## *Three methods—one result*

Colgate's Shaving Stick, Rapid-Shave Powder and Shaving Cream



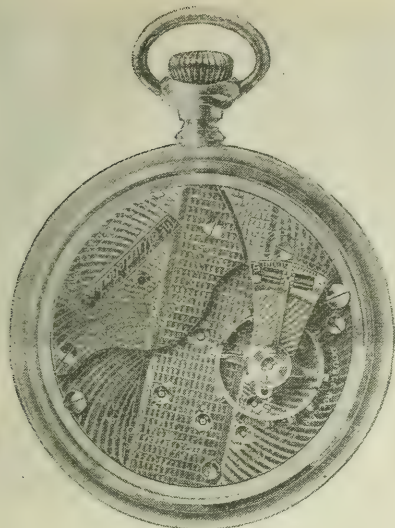
*Trial size of  
Stick, Powder  
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199 Fulton Street, New York





## Where Minutes Mean Miles

A minute's a minute to most men. But minutes mean *miles* to you men on the road. A minute slow or a minute fast and you may be a mile behind or a *mile ahead of your schedule*.

We've made a watch that measures those miles to perfection. It is a South Bend Watch called "The Studebaker."

Six months are spent just in making and putting the parts together. Another six months are required to bring this watch to its marvelous accuracy. A full year on one watch is not uncommon, but the *watch* is uncommon when it is finished.

Sixty different men each contributes his skill in its making. Each watch gets over four hundred inspections. Each must run continuously for thirty days and nights and keep accurate time or it isn't sent out.

No other watch in the world can compare with it.

See "The Studebaker" at your jeweler's. Only first-class jewelers sell it. Such jewelers can give it the "personal adjustment" that every good watch needs.

The way you carry a watch affects it. The man who sits at the throttle subjects his watch to the jars and jolts occasioned by the rocking of the locomotive—the man who

supplies the steam is continually leaning backward and forward, keeping his fire at the right point—the man who carries the lantern is constantly jumping on and off the train and hurrying to and fro—each of these men subjects a watch to entirely different treatment and his watch must be one that can be regulated to offset the conditions under which it is carried.

"The Studebaker" can be so regulated.

Go to your jeweler and get "The Studebaker"—the watch which has met the most exacting railroad requirements.

"The Studebaker" is made with 17 and 21 jewels and costs only a trifle more than common watches.

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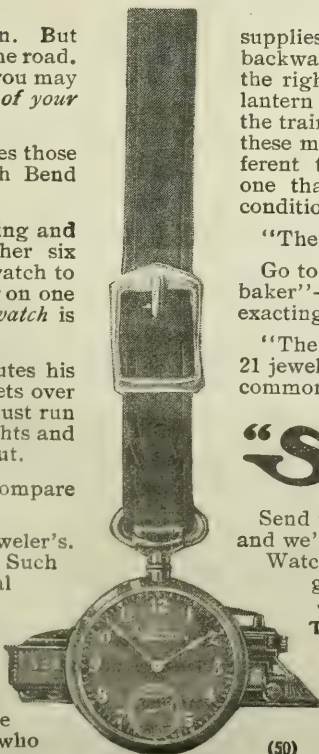
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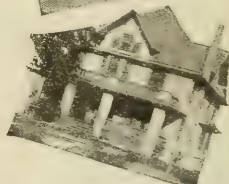
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French Edge  
**MATTRESS**  
**\$18.50**  
Delivered

If you have an  
Ostermoor Catalogue,  
"The Test of Time," at home,  
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**Extra Thick French Edge Mattress.**  
Covered with Beautiful Mercerized French Art Twills.  
An exceedingly luxurious, soft, springy, round-cornered mattress of extra weight, much thicker than regular.  
**Five Inch Inseamed French Edge Border.**  
**4 feet 6 inches wide. 60 lbs., \$30.00 each.**

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In the course of our enormous business, hundreds of ticking remnants accumulate. We take this annual opportunity to move them. You get the financial benefit—we clear our stock.

*These mattresses cost \$30. regularly, and are in every way as great, if not greater bargains than those sold last year at the special price of \$18.50. If you were fortunate enough to secure one, you will fully appreciate the present sale.*

**Mattresses** are all full, double-bed size, 4 feet 6 inches wide, 6 feet 4 inches long, in one or two parts, round corners, 5-inch inseamed borders, French Rolled Edges, exactly like illustration. Built in the most luxurious possible manner by our most expert specialists.

**Filling** is especially selected Ostermoor Sheets, all hand-laid, closed within ticking entirely by hand sewing.

**Weight**—full 60 lbs. each, 15 lbs. more than regular.

**Coverings**—beautiful Mercerized French Art Twills, finest quality—pink, blue, yellow, green or lavender, plain or figured. High-grade, dust-proof Satin Finish Ticking, striped in linen effect, or the good, old-fashioned blue and white stripe Herring-bone Ticking.



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From your Ostermoor dealer; or, if he has none in stock, we will ship direct, express prepaid, same day check is received

We pay transportation charges anywhere in the United States.

Offered only while they last; first come, first served. The supply is limited.

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Send your name on a postal for our free descriptive book, "The Test of Time," a veritable work of art, 144 pages in two colors, profusely illustrated.

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Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

When ordering, state first, second and even third choice of color of covering, in case all you like are already sold—there'll be no time for correspondence.

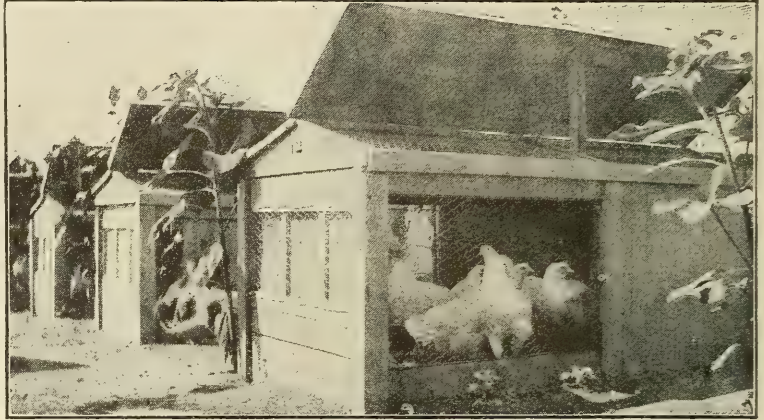




# A LIVING FROM POULTRY

**\$1,500.00 from 60 Hens in Ten Months on a City Lot 40 Feet Square**

*TO the average poultry-man that would seem impossible, and when we tell you that we have actually done a \$1500 poultry business with 60 hens on a corner in the city garden 40 feet wide by 40 feet long, we are simply stating facts. It would not be possible to get such returns by any one of the systems of poultry keeping recommended and practiced by the American people, still it can be accomplished by the*



Note the condition of these three months old pullets. These pullets and their ancestors for seven generations have never been allowed to run outside the coop.

## PHILO SYSTEM

### THE PHILO SYSTEM IS UNLIKE ALL OTHER WAYS OF KEEPING POULTRY

and in many respects just the reverse, accomplishing things in poultry work that have always been considered impossible, and getting unheard-of results that are hard to believe without seeing.

### THE NEW SYSTEM COVERS ALL BRANCHES OF THE WORK NECESSARY FOR SUCCESS

from selecting the breeders to marketing the product. It tells how to get eggs that will hatch, how to hatch nearly every egg and how to raise nearly all the chicks hatched. It gives complete plans in detail how to make everything necessary to run the business and at less than half the cost required to handle the poultry business in any other manner.

### TWO-POUND BROILERS IN EIGHT WEEKS

are raised in a space of less than a square foot to the broiler, and the broilers are of the very best quality, bringing here 3 cents a pound above the highest market price.

### OUR SIX-MONTH-OLD PULLETS ARE LAYING AT THE RATE OF 24 EGGS EACH PER MONTH

in a space of two square feet for each bird. No green cut bone of any description is fed, and the food used is inexpensive as compared with food others are using.

Our new book, **THE PHILO SYSTEM OF POULTRY KEEPING**, gives full particulars regarding these wonderful discoveries, with simple, easy-to-understand directions that are right to the point, and 15 pages of illustrations showing all branches of the work from start to finish.

### DON'T LET THE CHICKS DIE IN THE SHELL

One of the secrets of success is to save all the chickens that are fully developed at hatching time, whether they can crack the shell or not. It is a simple trick, and believed to be the secret of the ancient Egyptians and Chinese which enabled them to sell the chicks at 10 cents a dozen.

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Our book tells how to make the best green food with but little trouble and have a good supply any day in the year, winter or summer. It is just as

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### OUR NEW BROODER SAVES 2 CENTS ON EACH CHICKEN

No lamp required. No danger of chilling, over-heating or burning up the chickens as with brooders using lamps or any kind of fire. They also keep the lice off the chickens automatically or kill any that may be on them when placed in the brooder. Our book gives full plans and the right to make and use them. One can easily be made in an hour at a cost of 25 to 50 cents.

## TESTIMONIALS

MY DEAR MR. PHILO:—

After another year's work with your System of Poultry Keeping (making three years in all) I am thoroughly convinced of its practicability. I raised all my chicks in your Brooder-Coops containing your Pileless Brooders, and kept them there until they were nearly matured, decreasing the number in each coop, however, as they grew in size. Those who have visited my plant have been unanimous in their praise of my birds raised by this System.

Sincerely yours,

(Rev.) E. B. Templar

Valley Falls, N. Y., Oct. 1, 1910.

MR. E. R. PHILO, Elmira, N. Y.

Elmira, N. Y., Oct. 30, 1909.

Dear Sir:—No doubt you will be interested to learn of our success in keeping poultry by the Philo System. Our first year's work is now nearly completed. It has given us an income of over \$500.00 from six pedigree hens and one cockerel. Had we understood the work as well as we now do after a year's experience, we could easily have made over \$1000.00 from the six hens. In addition to the profits from the sale of pedigree chicks we have cleared over \$960.00, running our Hatchery plant, consisting of 56 Cycle Hatchers. We are pleased with the results, and expect to do better the coming year. With best wishes, we are

Very truly yours,

Mrs. C. P. Goodrich.

MR. E. R. PHILO, Elmira, N. Y.

South Britain, Conn., April 19, 1909.

Dear Sir:—I have followed your System as close as I could; the result is a complete success. If there can be any improvement on nature, your brooder is it. The first experience I had with your System was last December. I hatched 17 chicks under two hens, put them as soon as hatched in one of your brooders out of doors, and at the age of three months I sold them at 25c. a pound. They then averaged 2 3/4 lbs. each, and the man I sold them to said they were the finest he ever saw, and he wants all I can spare this season.

Yours truly,

A. E. Nelson.



Photograph Showing a Portion of the Philo National Poultry Institute Poultry Plant, Where There are Now Over 5,000 Pedigree White Orpingtons on Less Than a Half Acre of Land.

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Send \$1.00 for one year's subscription to the *Poultry Review*, a monthly magazine devoted to progressive methods of poultry keeping, and we will include, without charge, a copy of the latest revised edition of the *Philo System Book*.

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We have made the dreams of home come true for over 600,000 people, in every community and in every walk of life; from the humble cottage to the pretentious mansion, from the smallest hamlet to the largest city, the Spiegel, May, Stern Company has been making happy homes **for over half a century.**

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If they are not satisfactory—not cheaper than anywhere else—you return them at our expense. Every penny you have paid, including the freight charges, will then be returned to you.

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There are some things in this book which some mail order houses sell pretty close to our prices. Even on these things, however, we guarantee a saving of at least 15 per cent. Compared with dealers' prices, the saving on most things runs as high as 50 per cent. We also guarantee that.

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Cox's Gelatine can be used in more ways than any other, because it is absolutely pure, and being powdered it dissolves perfectly, making a smooth, rich mixture which is not equalled. It requires no soaking, no waiting, but dissolves instantly without lumps.

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for Whooping Cough,  
Croup, Asthma,  
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Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Croup at once. It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

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Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

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Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York  
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada



# DIAMONDS WATCHES

## ON CREDIT

### Big Bargains

**\$48**



**No. 253**  
Ladies' Diamond Ring,  
Lofis 'Perfection' mount-  
ing. **\$4.80 a Month.**

Write for our handsome 100-page Catalog containing over 2,000 illustrations of Diamonds (new, exclusive mountings, our own designs) Watches, Artistic Jewelry, Silverware, Novelties. Every article priced 10 to 20 per cent. lower than others charge for equal value. We are direct importers and give our customers every advantage. Let us send you a fine Diamond or Watch on approval, all charges prepaid. If satisfactory, keep it and send us one-fifth of the price, balance in eight equal monthly amounts. Great bargains in ladies' and gentlemen's Watches. We give better values and better terms than any house in America. Send for our booklet, "Historic Diamonds." It is free. Write for Catalog today.

**\$72**



**No. 254—Handsomely carved fine Diamond Ring. \$7.00 a Month.**

**LOFTIS** THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL DIAMOND AND WATCH CREDIT HOUSE  
BROS & CO. ESTD 1882  
Dept. C 661 • 92 to 98 State St., CHICAGO, ILL.  
Branches: Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Louis, Mo.

**\$65.75**

**PROFIT IN FOUR HOURS**

T. A. WHITE, ILL., writes: "Sold 16 in 4 hours." (profit \$66.75). Make an effort to secure an agency. Opportunity now offered a few men or women. W. J. MORGAN, F.A., writes: "Sold 76 in 9 days." (profit \$318.75). F. E. POOLE, MASS., "six first day" (profit \$25.50). Success possible because every housekeeper needs—wants—should have a NEW HOME VACUUM CLEANER. Show 10 families, sell 8. Millions of homes to be supplied. Powerful suction draws dust, dirt, grime and debris from carpets, rugs or matting. No sweeping or dusting. No taking up and beating carpets. One person operates. Women have wished and longed for this. Customers are delighted. MRS. C. GOODALL, ILL., writes: "It certainly is wonderful; am so pleased, I cannot do it justice." HENRY ROBINS, N. Y.: "It is the greatest machine ever invented for the home." We will start you making money. Act quick. Free sample to active agents.

**\$8.50**

Not sold in stores.

R. Armstrong Mfg. Co., 1503 Alms Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

## OWN A BUSINESS WE WILL HELP YOU.

"I made \$88.16 first 3 days," writes Mr. Reed, of Ohio. Mr. Woodward earns \$170 a month. Mr. M. L. Smith turned out \$301 in two weeks. Rev. Crawford made \$7.00 first day. See what they have done, judge what you can do.

**LET US START YOU**

in Gold, Silver, Nickel and metal plating. Prof. Gray's new electro machine plates on watches, jewelry, tableware and metal goods. Prof. Gray's New Royal Immersion Process, latest method. Goods come out instantly with fine brilliant, beautiful thick plate, guaranteed 3 to 10 years. No polishing or grinding. Every family, hotel and restaurant want goods plated.



## PLATERS HAVE ALL THEY CAN DO.

People bring it. You can hire boys to do the plating as we do. Men and women gather work for small per cent. Work is fine—no way to do it better. No experience required, we teach you. Recipes, Formulas, Trade Secrets, Free. Outfits ready for work when received. Materials cost about 10 cents to do \$1.00 worth of plating.

Our new plan, testimonials, circulars and **SAMPLE FREE**. Don't wait. Send us your Address anyway. **GRAY & CO., PLATING WORKS, 543 Gray Bldg., Cincinnati, O.**

## "DON'T SHOUT"

"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' Oh, something new—THE MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right."

The Morley Phone for the

**DEAF**

makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it. Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

**THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 768, Perry Bldg., Phila.**



## BANNERMAN'S ARMY AUCTION BARGAINS

**\$114.00** SET ARMY POLE HARNESS **\$21.85**  
Set Army Lead Team Harness \$17.95

Army Saddles	\$3.00 up
Army Shelter Tents	1.90 up
Army Uniforms, new	1.25 up
7-Shot Rifle Carbine	3.50
Old Side-Arm Pistols	.50 up
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**SEND POSTAL TO-DAY FOR FREE CIRCULAR**  
Largest stock Government Auction Bargains in the world. 15 acres required for its storage. 364-page catalogue, over 4,000 illustrations of army and navy auction goods. Regular Military Encyclopedia. Mailed for 45 cents (stamps). Cannons, Flags, Pistols, Rifles, Spears, Drums, Etc.

**FRANCIS BANNERMAN, 501 Broadway, N. Y.**

## A REMARKABLE OFFER OF HENDERSON'S SPECIALTIES

To demonstrate the superiority of Henderson's Tested Seeds, we have made up six of the best we have, into a Henderson Collection, consisting of one packet each of the following great specialties:

Ponderosa Tomato      Henderson's Invincible Asters      Mammoth Butterfly Pansies  
Big Boston Lettuce      Scarlet Globe Radish      Giant Spencer Sweet Peas

To obtain for our annual catalogue, "Everything for the Garden," described below, the largest possible distribution, we make the following unusual offer: To everyone who will mail us ten cents, mentioning this publication, we will mail the catalogue and also send our Henderson Specialty Collection, as above.

### EVERY EMPTY ENVELOPE COUNTS AS CASH

This Collection is enclosed in a coupon envelope, which, when emptied and returned, will be accepted as 25c. cash payment on any order of one dollar or over.

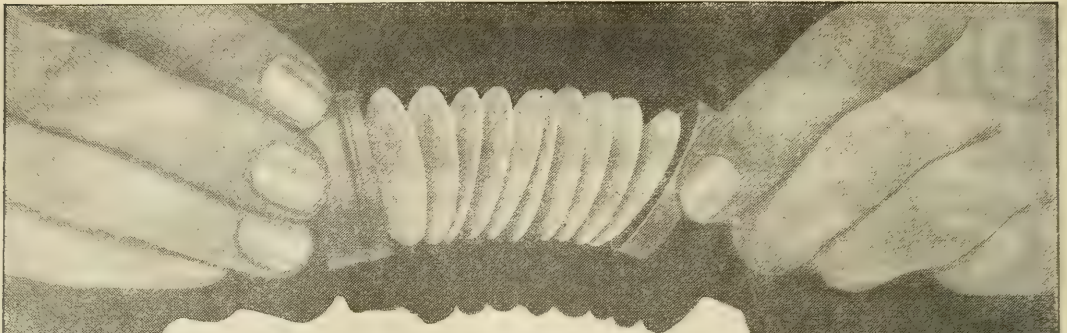
### "EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN"

Our 1911 catalogue is, without exception, the best we have ever issued. 208 pages, 8 colored plates, 800 photo engravings, showing actual results without exaggeration, make it the most complete as well as beautiful horticultural publication of the year. Also contains full cultural directions for flowers and vegetables.

**PETER HENDERSON & Co.** 35 & 37 CORTLAND ST. NEW YORK CITY







## Here's to "CHIPS"

With flavors Nature true;  
—the only gum to chew!

# Colgan's <sup>Mint or Violet</sup> Chips

"The Gum That's Round"

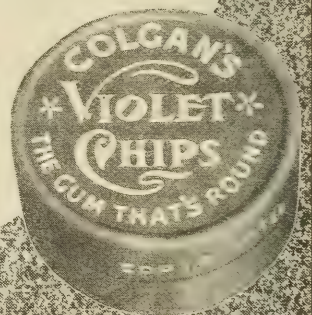
Pass them among the merry crowd! For they're dainty digestion-aiders. They sweeten the temper and refresh the spirits.

*Tucked away in handy metal boxes—Ten "Chips" 5c.*

*Ball player's picture in every package*

You can buy MINT CHIPS and VIOLET CHIPS almost everywhere. If they're not sold near you send us 10c in stamps for a full box of each.

**COLGAN GUM CO., Inc.**  
Louisville, Ky.



## DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

20% DOWN—10% PER MONTH

Why wait for your Diamond until you have saved the price? Pay for it by the Lyon Method. Lyon's Diamonds are guaranteed perfect blue-white. A written guarantee accompanies each Diamond. All goods sent prepaid for inspection. 10% discount for cash. Send now for catalog No. 97

J. M. LYON & CO., Established 1843 71-73 Nassau St., New York





# GET \$1200

OF THIS

## \$500,000.00

NEXT MONTH

## \$500,000.00 to change hands

One cent starts you. Any honest, industrious man or woman can enter.

### HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!

Thousands of dollars already distributed—going on daily. Listen!

## 10 people receive over \$40,000

**\$2,212** in two weeks went to Korstai (a farmer)  
**\$1,200** one month, **\$1,100** another to Stoneman (an artist)  
**\$13,215** in 116 days credited to Zimmerman (a farmer)  
**\$5,000** in 30 days to Wilson (a banker)  
**\$1,685** in 73 days received by Rasp (an agent)  
**\$800** in 11 days and **\$1,000** to date, received by Oviatt (a minister)  
**\$2,800** to Rogers (a surveyor)  
**\$6,800** to Juell (a clerk)  
**\$2,200** to Hard (a doctor)  
**\$5,000** to Hart (a farmer)

These are just a few—hundreds sharing similar prosperity. Reads like fiction, yet it's the gospel truth. Proven by sworn statements—addresses—investigation—any proof you want.

**Don't envy these people—join hands—Win a fortune.**

Do as they are doing. Let us give you the same high grade opportunity—supplying 8 out of 10 homes with Allen's Wonderful Bath Apparatus.

**New, Different, Grand.**

Wonderful but true—gives every home a bath room for only **\$6.50**; excels others costing \$200. Abolishes tubs, bowls, buckets, wash rags and sponges. Turns any room into a bath room with hot or cold running water. Think of it! So energizes water—one gallon ample; cleanses almost automatically. no plumbing—no water works; self heating. Gives cleansing, friction, massage and shower baths. Makes bathing 5 minute operation. Operates wherever water is obtainable. Easily carried from room to room or packed in grip when traveling. So simple a child can operate. Truly marvelous! A modern home-bathing without the drudgery, inconvenience, annoyance, muss of lugging water, filling tubs, emptying, cleaning, putting away. Could anything be more popular, easier to sell? Agents, it's simply irresistible. Think of millions who want bath rooms. Unquestionably best thing ever happened for agents. **What a winner—** at sight people exclaim—“There, there, that's what I've been longing for.” **No competition.** Patent new—held unworked—demand enormous—price insignificant—fascinating, dignified, exciting work—**everything just right for an overwhelming business.** A demonstrated, gigantic success. You see what there are making—why not yourself? **Used by U. S. Government.** No wonder Benji writes: “I averaged **\$164.25 WEEKLY FOR 3 MONTHS.** Wilson sold **102 in 11 days**; Hart **16 in 3 hours**; Langley **\$115 worth the first day**; Reese solicited **60 people—sold 55.** Why shouldn't Cashman say: “Men who couldn't sell your goods couldn't sell bread in a famine,” and Lohewick, “Lucky I answered ad; it's great; money coming fast; 17 orders to-day.”

## \$500,000.00

worth will be sold easily this season. 75 per cent. profit to you. Experience unnecessary.

### FREE SAMPLE AND CREDIT TO ACTIVE AGENTS

Be first—get exclusive rights—own a rip roaring business. Show the world that all you need is a real opportunity. Investigate for your own use anyhow.

**Make \$8,000 this year.** Spare time means \$16 daily. One cent starts you—a mere postal, containing your name and address—that's all. Send no money—investigate first. Send to-day for amazing offer—**it's free.** You will forever associate this act with abundant prosperity.



Sectional View

ALLEN MFG. CO., 3237 Allen Bldg., Toledo, Ohio

# \$1.00

Brings You this Splendid

## 19 Jewel Watch



## Prices Smashed!

The most astounding offer ever made in the whole history of the watch industry. An offer which has simply annihilated competition. Think of it! The genuine Burlington Special—acknowledged by experts to be the world's masterpiece of watch manufacture—now shipped direct to you for an absolutely free examination. Only \$1.00 down—yes, only **one dollar**—brings this superb 19 jewel Burlington. Then, if watch is satisfactory, you pay balance at \$2.50 a month. We want you to compare them with any watch that you ever saw, no matter what the price. If you decide not to keep the watch after you have had the free examination, simply ship it right back to us at our expense. But you will find the Burlington Special a quality superior to that of the highest priced competitive product on the market. And at a price within the reach of all.

### The Splendid Burlington Special—Now Shipped DIRECT

We are determined to introduce our unparalleled line of watches throughout the country and in the shortest possible time. We are determined that every man, every lady, who wants a **really high grade watch**, may now have an opportunity to secure the world's best time-piece and on terms which they simply cannot afford to refuse.

### Watch Book FREE

If you want to get posted on the real inside facts about the watch business, then send the coupon for the free Burlington Watch Book to-day. Read about our \$1,000 challenge to the giant watch factories of the world. A challenge backing the Burlington Special on quality—a challenge which has never been accepted. Besides, this book will post you on watch values and explain full particulars of our amazing offer telling you how you can get a Burlington Special sent to you on free examination for only \$1.00, then \$2.50 a month. No obligations at all in sending for the free book—your name and address on the coupon or a postal or letter will bring it free. Send **NOW.**

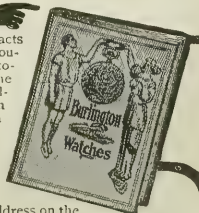
**Burlington Watch Co., Dept. 1103 Millard Sta., Chicago, Ill.**

**BURLINGTON WATCH CO., Dept. 1103 Millard Station, CHICAGO, ILL.**

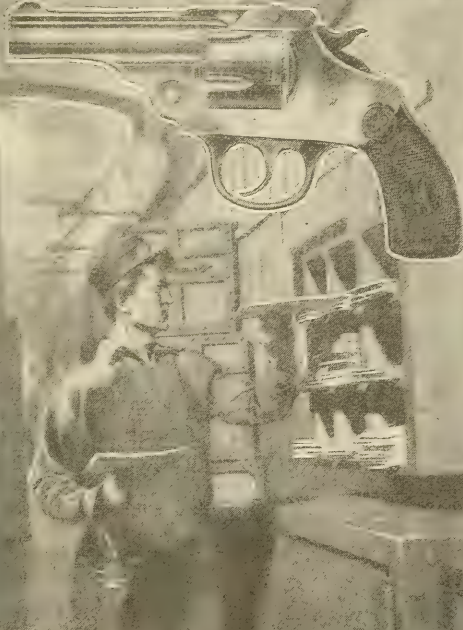
Please send me, without obligations and prepaid, the Free Burlington Watch Book, copy of your \$1,000 Challenge, and full particulars of your offer to ship me a Burlington Watch on receipt of \$1.00.

Name.....

Address.....



# IVER JOHNSON



THE EXPRESS  
MAGAZINE

**S**UPPOSE you fall or something hits you—is your revolver shock-proof? Can the hammer be driven into the cartridge by an external blow? With an ordinary revolver the danger is all on one side—your side. *Accidental discharge is absolutely impossible with an*

## IVER JOHNSON Safety Automatic REVOLVER

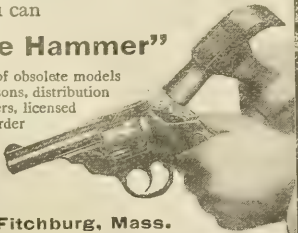
Of the three million in use, not one was ever fired save in response to a purposeful pull on the trigger. More—The *Iver Johnson* will not fail you in a pinch. It has unbreakable, permanent tension wire springs, such as are used in U. S. army rifles. It is accurate, dependable, high class—and you can

### "Hammer the Hammer"

To prevent substitution of obsolete models and limit sale to proper persons, distribution is confined to resident dealers, licensed under our patents. Mail-order houses are not licensed.

**IVER JOHNSON'S  
ARMS AND  
CYCLE WORKS**

172 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.



Original Siegel Cooper & Co. Chicago

WE WANT

## One Million More Customers

Our 168-page illustrated Catalog on everything pertaining to Women's apparel—also for Men, Boys, Girls and Babies is now ready.

Every Woman Who Gets This Book Cannot Help Becoming a Customer

Your **FREE** Copy of  
**1911 SPRING & SUMMER CATALOG**  
*Paris, London, New York Fashions*  
*at Chicago prices*  
Will be mailed to your address,  
postage fully prepaid, upon request.  
SIEGEL COOPER & CO. CHICAGO

THIS WAIST OR SKIRT **\$3.75** INSTEAD OF \$6.75

To Introduce Our  
**Free Delivery** FROM CHICAGO TO YOUR HOME  
And 24 Hours Service Plans

### A \$6.75 Waist for \$3.75

This Chiffon Veil Waist is one of the handsomest and most popular styles of the season. Made of fine quality chiffon over Japonica Silk, in Kimono effect. Visible through the Chiffon is a wide attractive band of fancy Persian silk which extends over shoulders to center of back. The high collar is of lace, extending into square yoke of satin. Finished in front with a dainty frill with tiny gilt buttons. Short sleeves, finished with lace and satin turn back cuff. Buttons in back with fly. Just the thing for dress or street wear, for it is jaunty, stylish and becoming to any figure. Colors: Navy over Navy, Gray over Gray, Black over Black, Green over Brown, Brown over Brown. Comes in sizes 32 to 44 bust measure. Order by number **6 M 22**.

Price delivered free from Chicago to your home—**\$3.75**  
Regular \$6.75 value for

### A \$6.75 Dress Skirt for \$3.75

Handsome new model Dress Skirt made of fine quality all wool Panama or Mohair Sicilian. Panel front and back with inverted pleat in center back. Bottom of side has side pleated flounce. Front panel and top of flounce embroidered with silk braid in serpentine scroll effect, ornamented with fancy covered buttons. Never before has a skirt of this character been offered for such a low price. Comes in black, navy blue or brown. Sizes 22 to 30 waist measure, 37 to 44 length of front. For Panama Skirt, order by number **81 M 23**. For Mohair Sicilian Skirt, order by number **81 M 24**.

Price delivered free from Chicago to your home—**\$3.75**  
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### OUR GUARANTEE

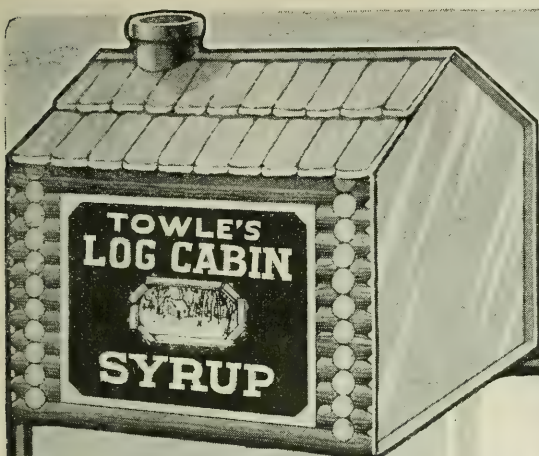
If you are not pleased (more than satisfied) with any article return it at our expense and we will refund your money as cheerfully as we accept it.

Write Dept. M for FREE 160-page Catalog.  
Your name on a postal will do, address—Dept. M

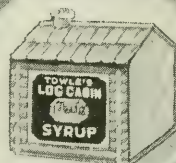
THE ORIGINAL  
**SIEGEL COOPER & CO**  
The Big Store Chicago's Economy Center  
**-CHICAGO-**







# Better and More Palatable Than Sugar



FROM  
CAMP TO TABLE



## IN ALL COOKING

where sweet, healthful, good  
things to eat are being prepared

## TOWLE'S Log Cabin Syrup

adds a new delight—a new flavor that is simply delicious, sugar doesn't give it nor can it be secured in any other way.

**Towle's Log Cabin is the Original Maple Syrup of Full Measure, Full Quality, Full Flavor.**

It is put up in the Log Cabin Can, which insures your getting the same goodness, the same quality, the same flavor that has made the name "Towle" (The Pioneer of Full Measure Maple Syrup) a household word from Ocean to Ocean.

While Towle's Log Cabin Syrup is unsurpassed on griddle cakes, gems, waffles, muffins, etc., it is also a delightful aid in the preparation of desserts, cakes, ices, beverages and candy.

**Send for It. It's Free—**

Our attractive book, "From Camp to Table," tells of the many ways Towle's Log Cabin can be used and gives thirty-three prize recipes. Address

**The Towle Maple Products Co.**  
ST. PAUL, MINN., U. S. A.

*Refineries and Offices:*

St. Johnsbury, Vt., In the Virgin Maple Sugar Forests.

St. Paul, Minn., In the Center of North America.

San Francisco, Cal., Pacific Coast Headquarters.

TO EVERY reader of this advertisement who sends us 10 cents in coin or in 2 cent U. S. stamps, we will mail, post-paid, an always useful article—a beautiful, full-size, long-wearing, silver-plated teaspoon, as illustrated—no advertising on it.

**A Souvenir of Towle's Log Cabin**

There is a coupon on every can of Log Cabin Syrup, which enables you to secure more of these spoons. Address—

*The*

**Towle Maple Products Co.**

St. Paul, Minn., U. S. A.



## Our Decorative Staff will help you select the right colors and materials for painting the outside or decorating the inside of your house.

They have made a Portfolio of "Color Schemes for Exterior House Painting," which shows in the right colors many houses, with correct specifications for using the Sherwin-Williams products so as to produce the results shown. If you do not find just what you want in this Portfolio, our staff will make a special suggestion for you. The Portfolio is free. Send for it.

### Interior Decoration

This is a small reproduction from the color design of the interior of one bedroom in the Sherwin-Williams Cottage Bungalow Portfolio, which is sent free and which will help you to decorate your house.



### Stenciling

"Stencils and Stencil Materials," a helpful and suggestive book for decorating and beautifying the home and the things in it, is sent free upon request to anyone who will ask for it.

# SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES



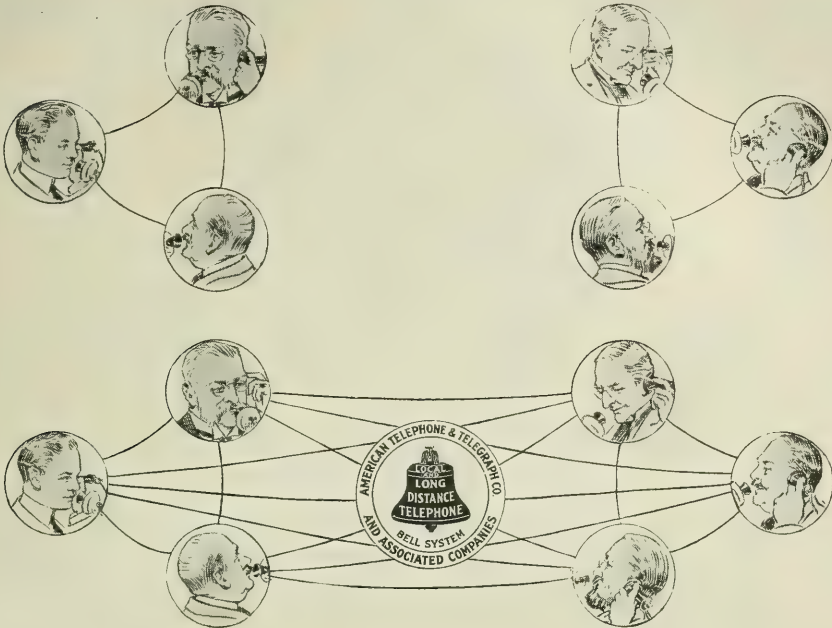
Sold by merchants everywhere. Ask your local dealer for color cards and full information. For the Special Home Decoration Service write to The Sherwin-Williams Co., Decorative Dept. 616, Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, O.

STENCIL No. 100





# Union Increases Use



When two groups of telephone subscribers are joined together the usefulness of each telephone is increased.

Take the simplest case — two groups, each with three subscribers. As separate groups there are possible only six combinations—only six lines of communication. Unite these same two groups, and instead of only six, there will be fifteen lines of communication.

No matter how the groups are located or how they are connected by exchanges, combination in-

creases the usefulness of each telephone, it multiplies traffic, it expands trade.

The increase is in accordance with the mathematical rule. If two groups of a thousand each are united, there will be a million more lines of communication.

No one subscriber can use all of these increased possibilities, but each subscriber uses some of them.

Many groups of telephone subscribers have been united in the Bell System to increase the usefulness of each telephone, and meet the public demand for universal service.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

*One Policy*

*One System*

*Universal Service*

There Is Beauty  
In Every Jar

Improves Bad Complexions  
Preserves Good Complexions

FOR TAN, FRECKLES, SUNBURN, REDDISH  
SPOTS, BLACK HEADS, ECZEMA, ALL SKIN  
DISEASES. MAKES THE SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH,  
PLEASANT TO USE, PREVENTS CRACKING.  
IS RAPIDLY ABSORBED.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.  
PROPRIETORS  
DETROIT U.S.A.

“Beauty is only skin deep.” Then all the more  
need to give your complexion the attention it  
deserves. The first requisite for beauty is a  
healthy skin. Spots and blemishes, no matter  
how small, disfigure and mar the complexion.  
Loose skin, crow's feet and wrinkles (due to  
unnecessary rubbing) are also serious complexion  
faults. A sallow or colorless skin, as well as  
undue redness, are Nature's danger signals.

## MILKWEED CREAM

gives relief from these and all other complexion ills.  
For a decade it has been recognized as the best face  
cream and skin tonic that skill and science can produce.  
Milkweed Cream is a smooth emollient, possessing  
decided and distinct therapeutic properties. Therefore,  
excessive rubbing and kneading are unnecessary.  
Just apply a little, night and morning, with the finger  
tips, rubbing it gently until it is absorbed by the skin.  
In a short time blemishes yield to such treatment  
and the skin becomes clear and healthy, the result—a  
fresh and brilliant complexion.

To prove to you the advisability of always having  
Milkweed Cream on your dressing-table, we shall be  
glad to send a sample free, if you write us.

F. F. INGRAM CO., 82 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

**MILKWEED CREAM**





## Bathe Daily with Fairy Soap

The daily bath is worth all the squills and pills in the world, but half its benefit and enjoyment depends on the purity of the soap used.

Fairy Soap is just as pure as its whiteness would lead you to believe—because it is made from edible products, and has no coloring matter, dyes or high perfumes to deceive the eye, or delude the sense of smell.

Its floating properties, handy, oval shape and price of 5c leave nothing to be desired.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY  
CHICAGO

**"Have You  
a little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"**





## Healthy Folks

Can be comfortable in any kind of weather. But to be healthy, the blood must circulate freely from the heels to the top of head. No person can keep warm and feel good unless it does.

Many coffee drinkers shrink from weather a little above or below normal. Coffee has a tendency to congest the liver and more or less weaken the heart action, which, of course, interferes seriously with the circulation of the blood, and a variety of disorders may reasonably be expected to follow.

It seems that a little common sense impels anyone unpleasantly affected by coffee to quit it.

To such we present the facts about

# POSTUM

a pure beverage with a flavour all its own.

There are millions of users, and

**"There's a Reason"**

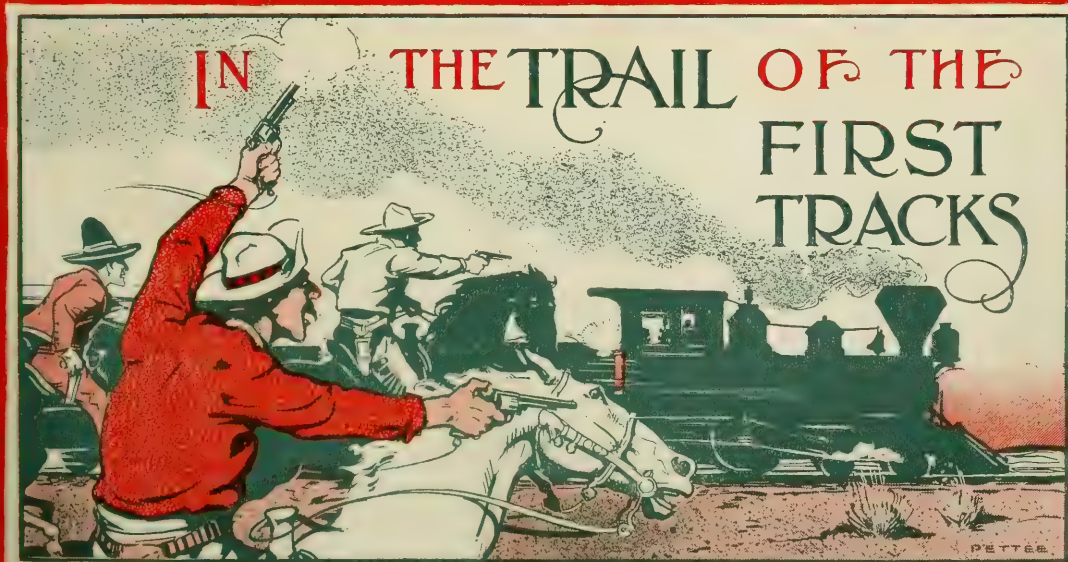
POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, LIMITED, BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.



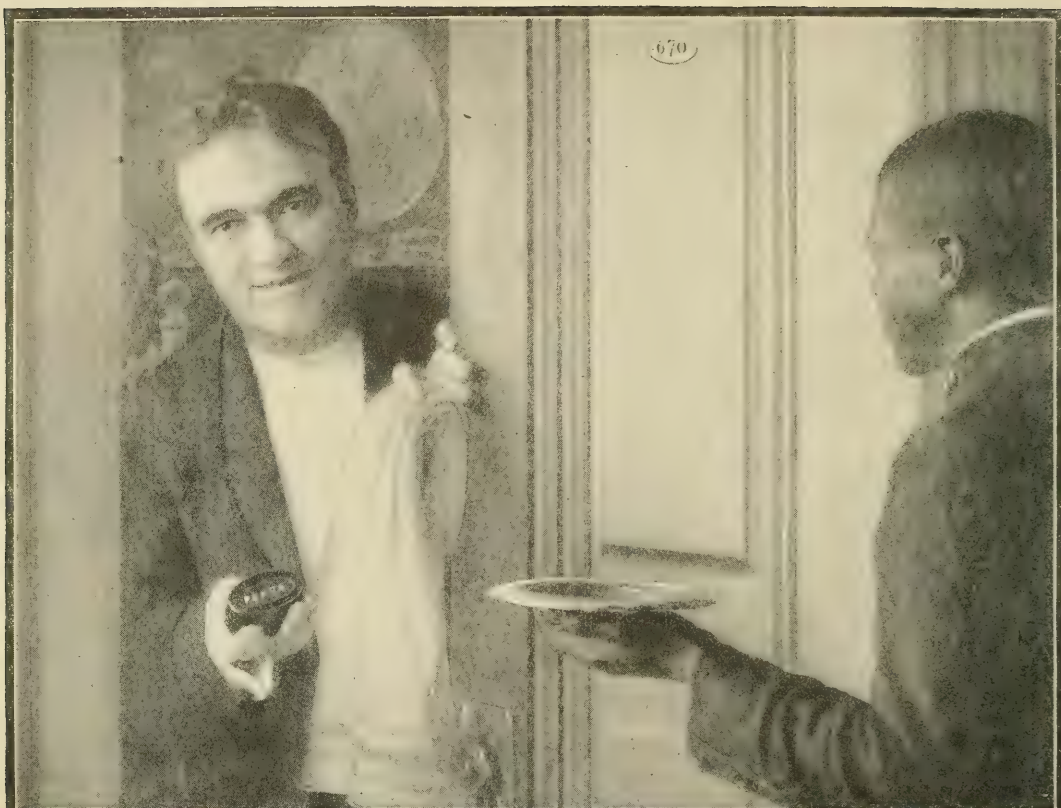
PRICE 10 CENTS

BY THE YEAR \$1.00

# THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE



## APRIL



## ***“Good Morning, Have You Used Pears’ Soap?”***

Few travel comforts can compare with that of a soothing, balmy, skin-preserving toilet soap—one that will keep the skin in perfect condition whatever winds assail—whether it be hot or cold, sunny or cloudy, wet or dry. Such is

# **Pears’ Soap**

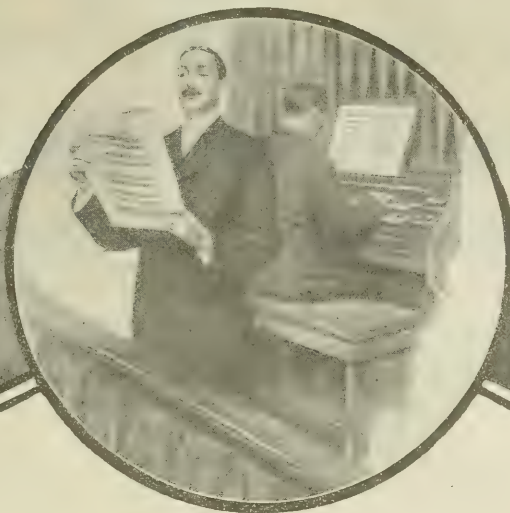
which both protects and beautifies. The composition of this favorite beauty soap of six generations is of such an exquisite emollient character that it promotes the full natural action of the pores, and imparts to the skin-surface the refined pink and white of a perfect complexion.

Pears takes up little room, but it is good company—to have it ready for use anywhere and at any time is in the highest degree comforting. With Pears the skin is safe. Without it the traveler is at the mercy of whatever soap he can get; and as many soaps are injurious to the skin and ruinous to the complexion, it behooves everyone to be safeguarded with Pears. If any other soap is furnished you—send out and get Pears.

**The Most Economical as Well as the Best**

*“All rights secured”*  
**OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS’ OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.**





Never have you heard sacred music sung so beautifully as it is brought to you on the Victor.

Soul-stirring hymns, magnificent anthems and oratorios, rendered by the ablest singers.

Just think of hearing such selections as these:

- |       |  |       |   |
|-------|--|-------|---|
| 4917  | Almost Persuaded....Stanley and Macdonough                 |       |   |
| 5760  | Face to Face (Herbert Johnson).....Percy Hemus             | 16465 | { The Light of the World is Jesus ..... Whitney Bros. Quartet           |
|       | Adeste Fidelis.....Westminster Chimes                      |       | { He Leadeth Me ..... Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler                              |
| 16053 | Lead Kindly Light and Nearer My God to Thee                |       | { I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say ..... Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler             |
|       | Westminster Chimes   | 16490 | { Ave Maria (Gounod).....Elizabeth Wheeler                              |
| 16408 | The Palms.....Harry Macdonough                             |       | { Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping..... Peerless Quartet              |
|       | The Holy City.....Harry Macdonough                         | 16500 | { Softly Now the Light of Day ..... Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler                |
| 16412 | Where is My Boy To-night.....Haydn Quartet                 |       | { Hallelujah Chorus from "Messiah"..... Victor Chorus with Sousa's Band |
|       | There is a Fountain Fill'd with Blood..... Trinity Choir   | 31770 | { Festival Te Deum (Dudley Buck) .... Trinity Choir                     |
|       | Throw Out the Life Line..... Macdonough and Haydn Quartet  | 31781 | { Full Surrender..... Trinity Choir                                     |
| 16431 | Onward Christian Soldiers..... Westminster Choir with band | 16709 | { Come Ye Disconsolate..... Trinity Choir                               |
| 16451 | Yield Not to Temptation.....Percy Hemus                    |       |   |
|       | Nearer My God to Thee... Whitney Bros. Quartet             |       |   |

#### Victor Red Seal Records

- |       |   |       |  |
|-------|---|-------|--|
| 88138 | Silent Night, Holy Night (In German).....Ernestine Schumann-Heink | 88016 | Ave Maria (In Latin).....Emma Eames        |
| 88059 | Stabat Mater—Inflammatius (In Latin).....Johanna Gadske           | 85102 | Elijah—O Rest in the Lord.....Louise Homer |
|       |   | 64092 | Lead Kindly Light.....Evan Williams        |

Hear this beautiful sacred music today. Any Victor dealer will gladly play any Victor music you want to hear.

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# Victor

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*The Standard Visible Writer*

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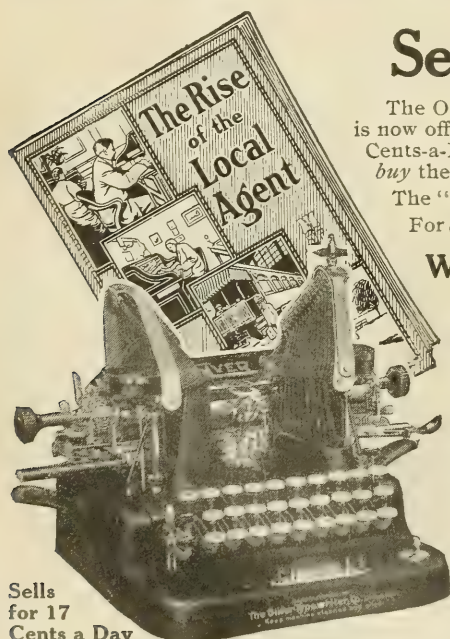
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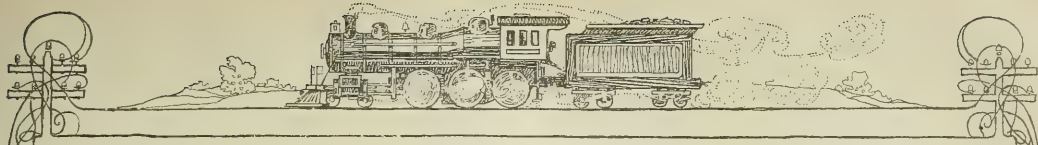
**The Oliver Typewriter Co.**

233 Oliver Typewriter Building  
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

(71)







# THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

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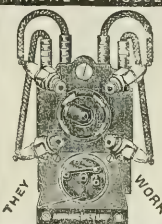
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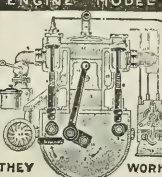
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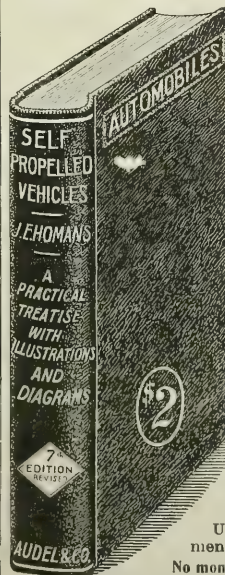
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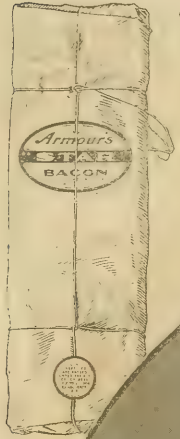
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# THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XIV.

APRIL, 1911.

No. 3.

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## In the Trail of the First Western Tracks.

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BY R. M. WEST.

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**W**HEN the first rails were laid across the vast territory west of the Mississippi River, little towns sprang up from place to place during a night.

The pioneers who trudged in the path of the iron trail hoped that each rugged settlement might grow to a thriving metropolis, but so soon as a "new city" was established it was generally beset by a horde of outlaws—lawless desperadoes who cared no more for human life than for property—whose sole pastime was "taking a town." As Mr. West states, the saying was changed from "A word and a blow" to "An oath and a shot." The story he tells here is based on fact, and gives an adequate idea of the way in which the end-of-the-track settlements were at the mercy of bloodthirsty desperadoes.

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**Cheap John, V. C., Didn't Resemble a Gun Fighter in Size or Temperament, but He Managed to Clean Up His Town All Right.**

---



HE days of the building of the railroads across the plains were the days of trouble and sudden death. The bad man was in his glory, but at no other time did the professional killer hold such undisputed sway as in the few years of the laying of the rails between Platte City, Nebraska, and Butte City, Montana.

Men were shot down for the slightest reason, and, sometimes for no reason at all. The old saying, "A word and a blow"

was changed to "An oath and a shot." There seemed to be no law, either civil or military, which would reach those bloodthirsty, ruthless desperadoes.

I was in Julesburg, Colorado Territory, in the late sixties, on provost duty near Fort Sedgwick. One day, when walking along the sidewalk, I heard a shot. Looking behind me, I saw a man dead in the middle of the street, while ten feet away from the corpse stood another man I knew well, Jack Hayes, calmly blowing the smoke from his six-shooter. Hayes had been a

mule whacker at the fort. He had been on many a hard Indian chase with my old troop, M, in which I was a cavalryman.

He was considered a good fellow and was a brave man in danger. When he left the fort and the employ of Uncle Sam, his name was before the quartermaster for promotion to wagon-master.

But Hayes had been going to the bad. Now he had killed a man!

Just after the shot was fired, the town marshal appeared and made a pretense of arresting the murderer. However, he lacked nerve and only managed to coax Hayes to go with him to the justice of the peace. I thought I would like to see how the law would deal with his case, and, incidentally, I wanted to be sure than an ex-cavalryman got a square deal, so I also went down to the office of the justice.

His honor was an ex-clerk from the quartermaster's department at the fort and had accepted the office of justice against the advice of his friends. He accepted it no doubt because he thought he would be somebody in the new country, and that he might write back to "the States" on good-looking letter paper. He was a quiet gentleman with a great respect for the majesty of the law.

As I entered, he was seated at a desk on a small platform. The prisoner, with a pair of six-shooters still on his hips, stood talking to the marshal.

The judge ordered Hayes to step up closer. After hearing the evidence of a man who had seen the shooting, he asked Hayes what he had to say about the affair.

Hayes told of a dispute and a threat made by the dead man.

"So I shot him," he wound up.

The judge mused a while and rendered the following decision:

"I will turn the prisoner over to the county court; and as the charge is murder, I will set no bail. Marshal, you keep him safe until the train goes south; then take him to Platte City and put him in the keeping of the sheriff—"

#### Their Regard for Law.

This was all he had time to say when out came Hayes's six-shooters and down popped the judge behind his desk. Hayes backed out of the court-room, walked up the street, mounted his mule and rode out of town unmolested.

His honor was ridiculed, and everybody geyed the marshal.

So Jack Hayes, once a peaceful mule whacker, had become a terror to the bravest of marshals in the railroad towns. For six months he ran a "rig" wherein he killed many men and one woman—yet he was never arrested.

But there was a force coming to the front which was destined to put a stop to the killers, as they were called. This was a little, pale-faced, consumptive-looking man known as Cheap John. His right name was Smith. When he first made his appearance along the line of the Union Pacific Railroad, he pushed a hand-cart loaded with shirts, socks, suspenders, and other necessities of frontier haberdashery.

This insignificant little pedler was the last man in the world who would be picked out to regulate the doings of the Western desperado, but he was such a man. In time his name became a nightmare to evil-doers. When Cheyenne, Wyoming, was only a city of tents, Cheap John set up in the clothing business in a "ten-by-thirty" frame covered with canvas.

#### A Huge "Joke."

The story goes that he was such a cringing, helpless little fellow that outlaws, and even drunken loafers, would swagger into his place, cuff him around his own store, help themselves to his goods and walk out without paying. This was enough to break the heart of any man. In those days, every man carried the law in his own holster, and the weak went to their death without a murmur. Cheap John stood the cuffing and bullying, until, one day, three whisky-soaked cowboys entered and began their old game.

One of them, after rubbing the skin off the end of Cheap John's nose with the muzzle of his six-shooter, laid the cocked weapon on the counter, snaked the begging little merchant by the hair to the back of his store, then kicked him back again and under the counter.

While the three cowboys were roaring at the huge joke, Cheap John popped up on the other side of the counter, grabbed the six-shooter of the nearest man, and in three seconds and three shots killed all three men.

After that Cheap John was another man. He became a power in the wilderness. Like



a tiger raised in a cage, he had killed his masters, tasted human blood, and was a slave no longer. It quickly became known that the quickest and surest way to commit suicide was to kick Cheap John.

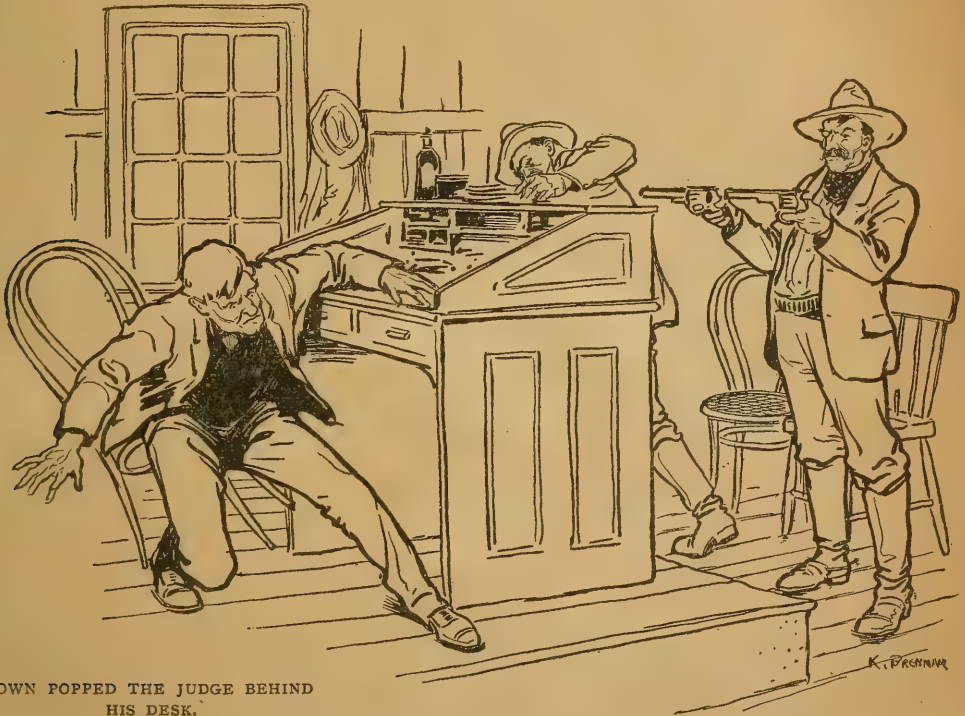
He not only ran his own store like clock-work, and his trade increased amazingly, but he started out to clean up the town.

However, Cheap John did not degenerate into a desperado, as so many others had done. He induced other business men to join him. They organized a quick-acting,

Keefe would not have been a bad sort of a fellow if he had left bad company and whisky alone and gone to work. "Shorty" was hopelessly depraved—an out-and-out river tough from the slums of Kansas City.

This trio thought nothing of going into any new place and "taking the town," as they called it, just for fun. It gave them a proper standing.

They would ride or walk up the middle of the main street shooting at everything



DOWN POPPED THE JUDGE BEHIND HIS DESK.

smooth-working vigilance committee with Cheap John as its mainspring.

This vigilance committee started to break up the gangs of gamblers, dance-hall masters, horse thieves, and desperadoes who followed the laying of the rails and turned the end-of-the-track towns into hovels where men shot "for the fun of seein' 'em kick."

### The Worst "Gang."

One of the most desperate and heartless of these gangs was made up of Jack Hayes, now utterly reckless in regard to human life, Jack Keefe, and a man known only as "Shorty."

and everybody in sight, laughing and yelling wildly, while the entire town suddenly suspended business and got under cover.

I do not believe that they always shot to kill, but enough killing was done to make their names bywords for terror from Platte City to the Promontory.

Some towns, however, maintained a marshal with Saint Vitus dance in his trigger-fingers, at a salary of five hundred dollars a month, for it was a ticklish job.

Kit Carson, New Mexico, was such a town. When Tom Thomson was holding it down, those man tigers took good care to keep away, or else they were very lamb-like whenever they paid it a visit.

One day Hayes, Keefe, and "Shorty" went to Cheyenne. They opened up in their regular style and ran afoul of Cheap John. They promptly got a notice from the vigilance committee to leave town inside of two hours or get strung up. They treated the notice as a joke.

#### Before the Guns.

Shortly after sundown the vigilance committee got after them, and only for the timely interference of the United States District Attorney, J. P. Bartlett, who was later Judge Bartlett, of Manchester, New Hampshire, their trail would have ended then and there. Judge Bartlett's influence was supreme over all at that time, and many a foolish young fellow had good cause to thank him for being saved from death at the end of a rope, though usually richly deserved.

I say "foolish," for many a young man who meant well, while under the influence of whisky, traveled the streets with the desperadoes, thinking they were doing something wonderful to be seen with them.

When the men with a rope got after them, however, they were only too glad to pray to the much respected district attorney to save them.

As the three killers suddenly looked into the guns of the V. C. they thought it high time to also beg to be brought before Judge Bartlett. Cheap John, wishing to give every man a fair show, sent for Mr. Bartlett. He walked down the line of men wearing black masks, and demanded the prisoners. It took some nerve for one man to do this, for when the vigilance committee got after any one, it meant business, but the V. C. had confidence in Bartlett, so the prisoners were surrendered.

#### The Three Cool Off.

Bartlett took the three men into his office. He and his deputy disarmed them, and put them under bonds to appear on Monday morning at ten for trial. He told them that it would be better for them not to give bonds, but to remain prisoners, but they put up their money, got their freedom—but not their weapons—and walked out.

It was not long, however, before they managed to get hold of a gun or two, and were on the war-path again.

All this time Cheap John had his eye

on them, and when he did not his scouts did, and as the three killers began to warm up they got into some kind of a shooting scrape in a place called the Dewdrop Inn, cleaned it out and left.

When crossing the street to the Keystone Dance Hall, a friend of theirs overtook them. This man had just run into twenty of the vigilance committee who were marching up a side street two by two, masked, armed, carrying three ropes, with Cheap John at their head. This man had dogged the V. C. to give notice to the gang.

Hayes, Keefe, and "Shorty" cooled off at once, and became so thoroughly alarmed at the evident determination of the committee to hang them that they cut down the street on a run and left town.

They had not time to get their horses, so went afoot. This was a hardship, as well as a disgrace to a desperado, but they comforted themselves with the reflection that they could steal other horses just as good, even if they did have to waste a cartridge or two in killing the rightful owner.

#### At Dave Muller's.

They struggled on through the rain and mud until two in the morning, when they arrived, wet, muddy, tired, and ugly at the door of Dave Muller's ranch on Dale Creek.

They awoke him and he let them in. Soon they were stretched out on the floor.

Cheap John took ten of his best men and started after them on horseback. Taking the wrong trail, he missed them, but, fortunately, arrived at Dale Creek ahead of them. He did not expect to find them there.

Learning from a night herder who was holding a bunch of cattle near Müller's until daylight, that three men had just been rapping on Muller's door, the V. C. swung into the saddle and rode over to Muller's.

Without arousing anybody, Cheap John looked through the window and saw the men he was after. Concluding to wait until they were asleep before making the attack, he left a guard and rode back to the cow camp.

There he hired a heavy wagon and four mules. Driving it quietly over the muddy road back to the sleeping ranch-house, he unhitched the mules, and by hand, wheeled the wagon up to within fifty feet of the door—the stiff, heavy tongue ready to use as a battering-ram.



Two men held the tongue to guide it in case one should be shot down, while four more got behind the wagon to shove. Then the six with their battering-ram awaited Cheap John's further orders.

The rain had stopped falling and the moon was shining brightly. Inside, the three men and Muller were snoring. The vigilance committee was now ready to begin work.

### The Rude Awakening.

Taking four men with him, Cheap John walked to the door and rapped. Muller growled, "Who's there now?"

"A friend," answered Cheap John.

"Well, get out, friend! I'm not a goin' to get up again till mornin'!"

John repeated the request and knocked again, this time with his six-shooter.

"No use, I tell you, friend," said Muller: "Pull your freight. If you hit that door again, I'll send a bullet through it. So, clear out!"

John changed his tactics and demanded that the door be opened or that he would batter it down and do a little shooting on his own hook.

He then heard another voice speaking to

Muller. In a moment Jack Hayes asked, "Who are you, and what do you want?"

"Open the door, and you'll find out!" returned John, keeping to one side to avoid a possible bullet.

Cheap John heard Hayes say to Muller, "I know that voice. They're after us."

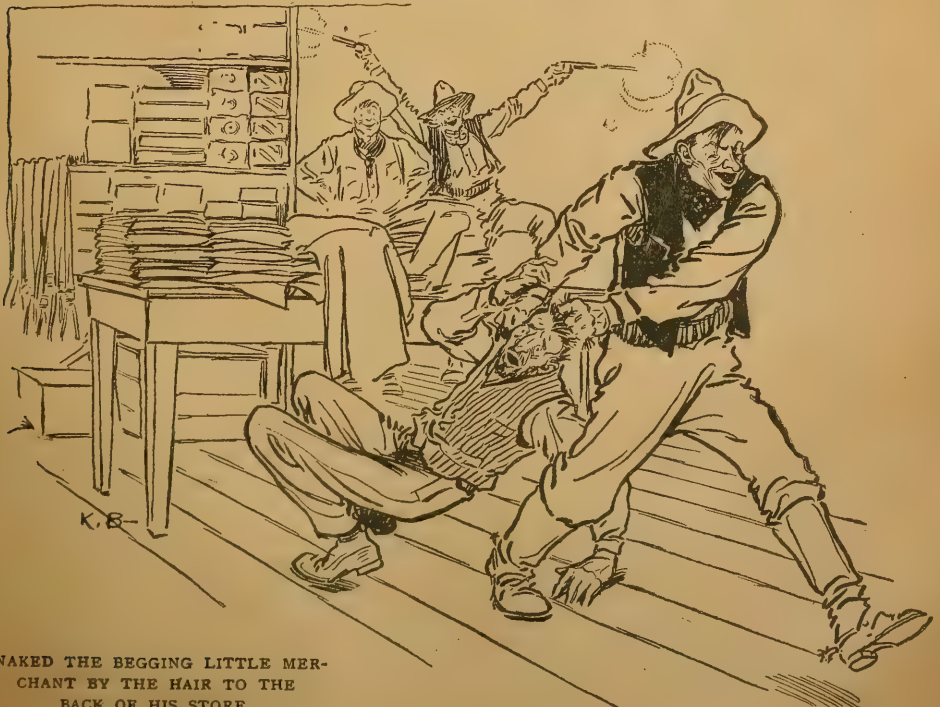
Waiting no longer, Cheap John gave the signal, and *rattley-bang!* the wagon-tongue crashed through the door and the eleven members of the committee piled into the room with cocked revolvers right on top of the doomed killers.

Had these desperadoes the weapons that Judge Bartlett had taken from them, the vigilance men would have had a contract on their hands. As it was, the arrested men could put up only a punch-and-kick fight, and even at this they made it hot for a few seconds.

### Roped on the Wagon.

Without any extra words, however, Cheap John and his men soon had them roped. Except being kept under guard, Muller was not molested—it was none of his funeral.

The men were taken outside, and loaded onto the wagon. They were roped and



SNAKED THE BEGGING LITTLE MERCHANT BY THE HAIR TO THE BACK OF HIS STORE.

made to stand in the wagon-box, surrounded by the muzzles of six-shooters. The desperadoes' faces, in the flaring light between breaking day and dying moonlight, looked ghastly white. They looked the dead men they were.

While the mules were being hitched to the wagon, Hayes asked:

"Why have you followed us way out

we are sick of it. We are going to clean up your kind of men if we have to hang you all.

"Instead of going about your business when released by the district attorney, you went right at your old tricks. You also made your brag that you would kill me and every man that composed my party; and you did not leave town until you heard for the second time that we were out on the street again. You had your opportunity and lost it; now you must take your medicine."

All now being ready, the vigilance men mounted their horses, and the driver was told to drive down to a big cottonwood-tree standing on the bank of the creek about half a mile below. Arriving under this tree the men tossed ropes over its limbs and

drew the slipped nooses snug around the desperadoes' necks.

Then Cheap John said: "There is a man in my party who says he is acquainted with an old lady living in St. Louis. He says she is a widow with a daughter and one son. He says this son was good to his mother and sister, except when drinking. Jack Keefe, are you that son?"

"I guess I am," muttered Keefe.

John turned aside and held a whispered consultation with the man who knew Keefe's family. He then asked Keefe for details to prove his identity. Keefe gave the street number of his mother's home, her description and other matters, all of which was said to be correct.

"Keefe," said Cheap John, "how long will it take you to get to St. Louis, if I let you go? I think that if you did not get into bad company you would not be so bad a man."

"I can ride as fast as the trains can run, and I'll take the first one out of the country," said Keefe eagerly.

"You promise me," said Cheap John, "that if I release you you will at once get out of the territory and never come back?"

"Yes! I will," said Keefe.

"Men, take off the rope and let him come down here to me," ordered Cheap John, "I



THEY ARRIVED, WET, MUDDY, TIRED,  
AND UGLY AT THE DOOR OF  
DAVE MULLER'S RANCH.

here? Didn't we leave town like you said? You've no business to come after us like this."

"Enough of that," ordered Cheap John. "Now keep still. You'll be given a chance to talk when the time comes. But I'll tell you this right now: you three men have been running things to suit yourselves and



will keep you under guard, Keefe, until I see you on board the train."

As the men started to take the rope from his neck, Keefe interrupted:

"Hold on! there! How about my pards? Are they not goin' with me?"

"No," said John. "Those other two men will never leave that tree except as dead men. I certainly shall not turn them loose again to rob and kill. They've murdered enough innocent men."

"It would be a matter of only a short time at the best before they are hung by somebody; and it had better be right now before they have a chance to do any more murder. No, Jack, you are better off without their company. If I turned you and them loose together, you would be back in Cheyenne before night ready for trouble."

All this time, Hayes and "Shorty" were not silent. Instead of making a plea for their lives, they spent the time cursing Cheap John and what they called his "gang of cutthroats."

"Come, come," said John, "bring Keefe here, and let us get his over."

"All right!" snarled Keefe, "if you won't, let my pards go with me—I don't go! So, drive on your cart—you pack of murdering bloodhounds!"

Struck dumb with amazement, the men

looked at each other and at Keefe. They were astounded that a man could so recklessly throw away his life. Hayes was the first to speak:

"Call the murdering little dog's bluff, Keefe, and go, then come back and kill him and all these cutthroats to revenge—"

Before Keefe could change his mind, Cheap John gave the signal, and the driver brought his big blacksnake along the hips of his swing mules. The wagon jerked from under the three reckless, unfortunate men, and their bodies were left swinging between heaven and earth.

Leaving them swinging as they were, the vigilance committee rode away.

Thus died three young men who, in one short year, had changed from good, steady-working men, obedient to the law and the right of their fellow beings, into desperate murderers.

The frontier railroad, cattle, and mining towns suffered long from such men, but when their end did come, it was almost always a case of them being "shot or hung."

Cheap John and his vigilance committee cantered back to Cheyenne, unsaddled, and quietly went about their business. The whole town applauded and thanked them, and it was some time before their services were again needed.

## THE LAST STATION.

Just Before Running into the Great Terminal, the Brakeman Called the Stations of His Old Run.

**T**HE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE is indebted to one of its readers, Mr. R. Alexander, of Oregon, for the story and poem which follow. It is an old story and a true one. We had long looked for a copy and are particularly glad of this opportunity to present this bygone but extremely human incident to our readers. "The Last Station" appeared in the *Detroit Free Press* some time in 1872. It awoke the poetic muse in Miss Susie Drury, who cleverly recorded the little story in verse which she named, "The Dying Brakeman."

### THE LAST STATION.

**H**E had been sick at one of the hotels for three or four weeks, and the boys on the road had dropped in daily to see how he got along, and to learn if they could render him any kindness. The brakeman was a good fellow, and one and all encouraged him in the hope that he would pull through. The doctor didn't regard the case

as dangerous, but the other day the patient began sinking and it was seen that he could not live the night out. A dozen of his friends sat in the room when night came, but his mind wandered and he did not recognize them.

It was near one of the depots, and after the great trucks and noisy drays had ceased rolling by, the bells and the short, sharp whistles of the yard-engines sounded painfully loud. The patient had been very quiet for half an hour, when he suddenly unclosed his eyes and shouted:

"Kal-a-ma-zoo!"

One of the men brushed the hair back from the cold forehead, and the brakeman closed his eyes and was quiet for a time. Then the wind whirled around the depot and banged the blinds on the window of his room, and he lifted his hand and cried out:

"Jack-son! Passengers going north by the Saginaw Road, change cars!"

The men understood. The brakeman thought

he was coming east on the Michigan Central. The effort seemed to have greatly exhausted him, for he lay like one dead for the next five minutes, and a watcher felt for his pulse to see if life had not gone out. A tug going down the river sounded her whistle, and the dying brakeman opened his eyes and called out: "Ann Arbor!"

He had been over the road a thousand times, but he had made his last trip. Death was drawing a special train over the old track, and he was brakeman, engineer and conductor.

One of the yard-engines uttered a shrill whistle of warning, as if the glare of the headlight had shown to the engineer some stranger in peril, and the brakeman called out:

"Yp-slanty—change cars for Eel River Road!"

"He's coming in fast," said one of the men.

"And the end of his 'run' will be the end of his life!" said a second.

The dampness of death began to collect on the patient's forehead, and there was that ghastly look on the face which death always brings. The slamming of a door down the hall startled him again, and he moved his head and faintly called:

"Grand Trunk Junction—passengers going east by the Grand Trunk change cars!"

He was so quiet after that that all the men gathered around the bed, believing that he was dead. His eyes closed, and the brakeman lifted his hand, moved his head and whispered: "De—"

Not "Detroit," but Death!

He died with the half-uttered whisper on his lips. And the headlight on death's engine shone full in his face and covered it with such pallor as naught but death can bring.

### THE DYING BRAKEMAN.

BY SUSIE DRURY.

[Suggested by an incident related in *The Detroit Free Press*.]

Silent they sit in the shadowy room—

The lamp burns low—

And they wait th' alarm of the signal-bell,

For one has a journey to go;

He that sleeps with a dream on his lip,

And the throbbing breast just heaving so.

Hush! he starts, for the engine screams

With human cry;

He wakes with a start, and "Kalamazoo!"

His white, white lips reply.

Soft steals the hour, and the wind sweeps by,

With hymn and lullaby, moan and sigh,

Wail and laughter, and frolicsome glee.

Hark! it stirs the thin drapery

Of the casement curtains about his bed.

Once more he wakes, "Jackson," he said;

"Change cars for Saginaw ahead."

They wipe his brow with womanly care;

"Poor fellow! the trip's nigh o'er at last."

"Just feel his pulse, good fellow, there!"

"I thought he now had surely passed."

"That is the tug-boat's whistle, friend."

"What is't he said?" "Ann Arbor?" "Ah!"

When will the journey end?"

Again the old yard-engine yells,

Some peril at hand.

"Way, way, sleep on, no red lights gleam!"

"He seems to understand."

"So on he comes, faster each time,

On this death-train."

"Ypsilanti—for Eel River Road

Change cars again!"

Softly—slowly passing—

The end is very nigh.

The luster of the spirit world

Beams on that closing eye.

"He's going—close that creaking door,

It moves him just the least!"

"Grand Trunk Junction—passengers

Change cars for going east!"

"Hush!" 'tis over. "Way."

"What?" "Speak to me!"

"You're reaching the *white station* now."

He whispers—"De—"

No, not Detroit; brakeman, to thee

The angel whispered *Death*, not *De—*

*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

## MISSES THE LOCOMOTIVE.

"WHENEVER I get out of a train at the Grand Central or the new Pennsylvania station, I can't help missing the old locomotive," said a traveller. "Ever since I was a child one of the pleasures of a railroad journey was to look over the locomotive which had been pulling my train, but somehow, I don't get this pleasure out of the electric motor.

"The trouble with the motor seems to be that it's too businesslike, it is plain and prosaic beside the old locomotive. Why, you can't even see the driving-wheels, and might as well be looking at a huge soap-box for all the interesting parts you can see.

"From habit, I suppose, I always look to see what's been pulling me when I finish a railroad ride, but when I see one of these motors at the Pennsylvania station I sigh for the old locomotive it has displaced. The motor doesn't make a sound after it gets in, just as though it had been no exertion at all to pull you under the river, but how different the locomotive! You always find it panting away like some living being, getting its breath, as it were. Then there's the engineer leaning out of his cab window watching the travellers leave his train, the vitalizer of the whole thing. You don't feel so drawn to the motorman somehow."—*New York Sun.*






## WITH A SMALL "D."

BY ROBERT FULKERSON HOFFMAN.

**It Is Easy To Have Your Opinion, but  
Real Knowledge Is Both Dear and Difficult.**

N the whole, there appears a decided advance in the applied science of both automatic and manually controlled signaling, but there still remains a preponderant element of the personal equation in American railroading; a lamentable lack of discipline among the men—trainmen in particular—which the board feels impelled to deplore. Discipline, discipline, and again discipline, should be the watchword until the last element of individual negligence shall be eliminated—beyond the possibility of embodying a daily menace to the traveling public. There is, of course, the verisimilitude of safety, even while—”

“Damon, verisi-five-pairs-and-a-trailing-truck is good, not to say rich and exuberant,” interrupted the deeply contented voice of Moffat, the freight-rate clerk, “but, what kind of gas, exactly, are you inhaling? Come out of your corner, expand, elucidate!”

Damon did not at once appear. Instead, his voice welled up again dispassionately over a roll-top behind which he sat in leisurely seclusion:

“That,” said he, “is the double-distilled quintessence of gab, as she is sometimes written into the short and simple annals of the poor railroad man—‘trainmen in par-

ticular.’ There’s a lot more of it, in the mild and pensive style of the closet philosopher who framed up the last report of the World to World Committee’s Board for the Flaying of Railroad Men Who Are Too Dead to Talk Back.

“Main idea,” continued Damon, tossing the pamphlet aside and limping around the end of his desk to a seat beside Moffat at the window, “seems to be wiping out the ‘personal equation,’ eh? And scorching a big ‘D’ for ‘discipline’ in the railroad hide, same as folks out in the big country brand a wild-eyed steer—so deep and galling that it can’t be lost to sight.”

Then Damon sat down and “expanded” while he finished the noon hour with his friend from the floor below. It was a silent sort of expansion for a time, while his keen blue eyes looked out unseeing from under his thatch of white hair and whiter, shaggy brows. The dry, powdery snow swirled in little eddies upon the sill of the lofty window in the Railway Exchange Building, and the screeching northwest wind whipped-trailing banners of white from the stone coping of the Illinois Central depression far below.

The troubled waters of the turbulent and deserted lake were dimly veiled in shifting, driving wreaths of summer sails, while Damon’s calm blue eyes asked nothing of them,

but seemed searching back upon the long trail to where his fellows of old were still battling actively with the mountains of the high Southwest.

A specially heavy roll of waters swelled and leaped under the lash of the wind in the inner harbor, raced outward to its swift and sonorous collision with the ice-capped breakwater, and, spouting its whitened spume a hundred feet in air, broke tumbling into the wilder waters of the open lake.

The distant impact cleared the veil from Damon's eyes and brought him back to the sheltered comfort of his desk and its surroundings, where for many, many months he had been the able and final arbiter in matters of record and discipline which gained sufficient weight upon the line to bring them of their own inertia to the general offices for adjustment.

From this it will appear that Damon, if he would speak, had in his favor the presumption of a true knowledge of the personal element in railroading. He spoke:

"One winter day—'noctidial day,' I presume our friend of the pamphlet would say, because there was really a day and a night involved—one winter day there was a sort of three-cornered affair finished up out in the mountains, in a way that ought to satisfy the most fastidious dresser-up of other people's behavior that the personal equation, as they call it, is on the railroad job with both feet, and there to stay, just as it is everywhere else, only more so.

"Ought to satisfy 'em—if they saw the whole play—that personal equation is a kind of free horse in railroading, nearly ridden to death, but not needing the big 'D' burned into it with a marking-brush dipped in vitriol to make the horse stay on the job.

"It's the surest big thing that the dear, unsuspecting public has to hitch fast to. Charge the whole statistical load to the railroad man, which would be far from fair, and he kills one passenger out of twenty-four hundred thousand carried in the course of a year, while he gives up one out of every four hundred and twenty-two of himself dead, in following out his ideas of a discipline more self-exacting than he would allow anybody else to apply to him.

"The semaphore, until it needs fixing, automatically keeps one eye on the job. He keeps one eye on the semaphore, and the other eye—and both ears—on the rest

of the job. Every big play that comes up grows out of a hundred others, and when it's done it stands out just as plain and simple as the little snag that barefoot Johnnie stubs his toe upon. But, *after* it's done. *Not before!*

"That's the way with this thing that come up out on the mountain. The motive-power folks ordered some new locomotives to cover the runs of California Express, No. 2, east; No. 1, west, over the mountain division. When the first new engine went into the harness she showed on her first trip that somebody had made a slight miscue; something wrong with her breathing apparatus.

"She got over the mountain without a helper, as they intended, but she hadn't showed up enough reserve power to make it a safe daily performance. She just dragged No. 1 over the pass on bare schedule and nothing to spare.

"Headquarters sent a pair of mechanical experts out to test her with some little instrument 'dinguses,' and maybe change her valves according to what's found.

"Nadir, the eastern end of the division, doing its big and honest best down on the banks of the Crooked Claw, had a master mechanic who had got there by a long and hard road of personal experience. His pride of this attainment got to the surface of him in an overlarge diamond shirt-stud and a tendency to rest his feet in the middle of his desk while giving audience to anybody or anything less than what he called a 'brass collar,' when the 'brass collars' were known to be at a safe distance.

"Further, he never whispered when telling what he could do to an engine—and he didn't like experts. He had ideas of his own as to what No. 1's engine needed before he had finished looking over the despatcher's shoulder while her first run was being penciled in. He remembered a Mason engine that, 'way back in 18—' Do you see, Moffat?

"Zenith, western end of the division, over on the other side of the mountain, had a master mechanic who had come by the same hard road of experience, but was not so anxious to prove it by oratory and by the outward, glittering insignia of office as he was to quietly make good with results. But—he didn't like experts.

"He had ideas of his own touching the needs of No. 1's engine before she had bombarded her way out of his hearing on



her first trip toward the Nadir end. He remembered a Blood engine, 'way back in—Well, he wanted to get at the new engine before the Nadir man got a crack at her, and he couldn't rest easy for fear the other fellow would get her first.

"The engineer on No. 1 freely offered to bet his buckskin gauntlets that he could set them valves himself and make her climb a semaphore mast. He begged for a chance to do it. He ran a Grant engine, once, that—

"Well, of course, the experts had some instructions and some ideas of their own, first of which was to try her out carefully for a full round trip as she was delivered, then make required changes. They, too, remembered some engines, but their only sure play was to hold all of the others off, both ends and the middle, and make good on their own account when it came time to answer to headquarters.

"Seems all right and natural, so far, don't it, Moffat?"

"Sure," said Moffat. "Little lack of discipline, maybe, but—"

"Maybe," admitted Damon, "but, you'll notice later, that what discipline 'loses in the shuffle' it generally 'makes up in the deal.'

"The new engine made her first trip on a Saturday with the experts aboard, pulling No. 2 from Zenith, over the pass and down to Nadir. The master mechanics listened at both ends of the wire, and the experts worked their instruments out on the cylinder while the engineer drove her through and listened to the exhaust.

"Now, Moffat, there are as many reasons why a set of locomotive valves should be set this way or that as there are reasons why you should charge one dollar for hauling a ton of freight to Jericho and charge only seventy-five cents for hauling it to Joppa, we'll say, which is a whole lot farther away and—"

"Oh, I can easily make that clear to you," bristled Moffat, promptly assuming an upright position in his chair. "The—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Damon. "Same as I might give you some of their blind-lead and cut-off jargon. But—let's don't!

"It'll do to say that the engine was a little lame on that run, and the engineer urged the need of shortening up an eccentric blade when they got to Nadir toward evening. He smiled in a queer sort of way

when he urged it; but he was a good fellow, and the experts consented to have that routine change made to please him.

"The engine was laid up over night and held on order to haul No. 1 back over the same route the following day. Late in the night of the lay-over, one of the experts took the precaution of looking into the roundhouse where the engine stood.

"Lights were flaring and smoking, the ground floor was littered with valve-motion parts, and the underworks of the engine looked as if she had just dragged her way clear of a modest kind of wreck.

"The master mechanic at Nadir had got to her first! His men were fixing her 'like that Mason engine.' It was to have been a grand coup on the experts, the man at Zenith, and on everybody outside of Nadir.

"That, you see, is what it *was* to be after the experts had made another run without knowing of the changed valve-gear, and found her to be the best thing on the pike, and said so. Why, of course, they'd have to say so!

"The expert looked, smiled, sighed, and stole sadly away to bed. The thing was too far done to admit of stopping it then, and there was no other engine available for No. 1.

"When he appeared at the roundhouse next day, the comparative stillness of Sunday hung over the place. The new engine stood purring quite circumspectly upon her pit. There was nothing in sight to proclaim the activities feverishly past with the night.

"Everything had been done, except the one thing imperatively needful; done in a hurry of hurries, it is true, and with the result more than doubtful. But, the one thing that should have been done without failure, the emptying of the boiled-down alkali water from her accumulation of the previous day, and the filling of her boiler with clean water, had been entirely lost sight of in the rushing valve-work.

"The expert mounted his instruments in the wind-shelter built up on the right-hand cylinder, and stationed his companion in the cab with the engineer.

"It was early winter, that Sunday morning, and the sun was smiling in a kind of ironical way—something like the smile that flitted around the mouth of the engineer as he puttered about—and 'way off toward the mountain head, half-way to Zenith, there was a threatening canopy that panned

out some hearty winter lightning later in the day.

"They went over to the station and hooked on to No. 1 all in good time, and left Nadir on the dot. It was a scandalous run, right from the start. That historic Mason engine must have been of another breed than No. 1's engine. She was evidently in distress in more ways than one. She was lame—oh, *lame!*—and the foaming alkali water in her began priming at the first hard pull.

"She lost on the up-grades, and ran hard for it down hill, choking something near to whitewash out of her cylinders and streaking it down her stack, while the expert took some worthless indications from the instrument. The engineer, his smile burned out in the red flush of anxiety, fought her up to a losing battle with the hard schedule.

"The experts gave it up at the first water-stop, and went back into the train in disgust. That passed them out of what came later.

"There was enough of assisting grade to get them to the foot of the twenty-five-mile climb through the pass on time. They started up the pass without a helper. They got to the half-way station, the last point where they could have run in for No. 2, a little shy, but a lot mad and hoping some.

"No. 2 east-bound and of the same class, had the right of track, and would wait at the mountain top only what the schedule called for on their regular meet there, unless the block was red against her.

"Ordinarily, she'd come squirming down out of the turnings of the pass, taking all the advantage she dared on the one-hundred-and-fifty-foot grades, but sure to shoot across the occasional flats in rocket style.

"There was just a greasy little film of feather-snow that had come down with the lightning display of the late afternoon. Under that was a week's gathering of crust-ed snow between the rails. It had smoothed and thawed under the sun and the passing ash-pans by day, and had frozen by night until it would bear a man's weight in some places; in others, it wouldn't.

"The feather-snow laid the engine's last straw upon her by starting her on a steady, sneaking slip that never got big enough to be plainly heard in the exhaust. About a mile from the meeting-point at the top of the mountain, with the steepest grade and three sharp folds of the curving track yet to be climbed, they were so close on No.

2's time that they knew they had to flag ahead for it.

"The engine had been dragged down to a plodding gait of not more than eight miles an hour. She still had a chance, but it was the one chance of keeping her steadily going on sand. The flagman ran out over the foot-board and jumped from the pilot-deck to the ditch.

"He scrambled up out of the snow and forced his way ahead to a point where he could safely get to the middle of the track and run upon the snow-crust.

"The quick darkness of the pass was coming down. It was just in those few minutes when it is neither night nor day there, so he carried both flag and red lamp.

"That flagman knew just what kind of a job he had drawn. He had sufficient imagination to picture No. 2 making her last pull, dead sure and easy, up the other side of the crest, with her helper-engine coupled on ahead.

"The thought of her load of people sitting there all unaware; the panting engine pursuing him from the rear with its load of other people, likewise trustful and unaware, urged him to a speed that burned his lungs with the keen mountain air and sent his blood pounding to his ears in great throbs until they ached almost to bursting.

"The treacherous snow-crust broke again and again, first under one foot and then the other. He rose from his falls, glanced at his red lamp, and ran doggedly on.

"He ran out upon the rounded, slippery ties of High Bridge in the last curve which hid him from the engine following and from the crest above.

"Too eager, exhausted, what you will, he blundered and fell between the ties on High Bridge. He had a confused moment of dancing red lights while he clutched at the icy ties. Then he fell through and deep among the cross-timbers, with the plodding exhaust from No. 1's engine creeping closer above him and the sharp bark of the helper cutting loose from No. 2 rolling down from the mountain around the point of rocks.

"Then a stinging shock of pain ran through him, and the darkness shut down upon him completely. His red lamp and his flag were buried in the snow deep down below where he hung among the timbers. No. 1's engine rolled slowly past, above him. No. 2 hung poised for her flight from above. Between them stood the spur of rocks. The way for both seemed clear.



"The block-signal? Moffat, you're all right—for a freight-rate man.

"Yes, it was single track, and there was a block that stood to hold No. 2 and anything else east-bound if the red gauze disk showed in the bull's-eye.

"It was a short block of two thousand feet from the lower end of the passing tracks. It was there to guard that last hard and crooked climb against exactly the kind of thing which was about to happen. To make it doubly sure, No. 1 sent its flagman ahead into the block, and came dragging in after him, close on No. 2's time. He fell out of the game, as I've shown you.

"Jim Bayard and Sunny Acre, on the engine of No. 2, looked ahead down the grade after the helper engine was in to clear. Both of them sized up the semaphore carefully while they pumped up the air and made the brake test.

"She's white, Jim!" announced Sunny, the fireman.

"White!" responded Bayard, with a final look at the disk.

"He released the brakes, and No. 2 crept forward promptly with the slow, resistless movement of a starting avalanche. He tightened the brakes for the usual drag-test; then, instead of letting her out for a freer start, he tightened them down to a full, grinding stop, and blew the conductor's call, quick and low, from the whistle.

"Packer came running from the train, watch in hand.

"Matter, Jim?" he shouted as he ran. "Why don't you go?"

"Pull down that big pinch-bar from the back of the tender, Sunny! Quick!" said Bayard to the fireman.

"To the conductor, or to both, he said:

"I don't like the look of things up here! I don't like the *feel* of it!"

"What are you talking about, Bayard? We've got no time here for riddles! What do you *see*? She's white! Why don't you go?"

"I thought I heard something coming against us when we first stopped," said Bayard, as he took the pinch-bar from Sunny's hand.

"Do you hear it now?" demanded Packer fiercely. "Why don't it show up? Look at the 'board'! It's white, ain't it?"

"And, what's more," continued Bayard, as he climbed down, ignoring Packer's volley of anxious questions, "I thought I caught a flash of red way down yonder,

just as we tipped over the crest. But it don't come!" he admitted, while hurrying ahead down the grade to the semaphore.

"When he had passed it by a few yards he stooped and laid the steel pinch-bar across from rail to rail.

"Now, what color is she?" he demanded of Packer, who had not yet passed below the semaphore light.

"White!" shouted Packer. "White! She's dead as a glass eye! Flag down, Sunny; flag down, and meet their flag! They can't hurt us; but flag 'em in from the point, and find out what's wrong, while you're riding up with them. Ask them if they were flagging against us! Tell 'em their flag didn't get through!"

"No. 1 pushed her weaving nose around the point of rocks before Sunny had run twenty steps. Packer threw the switch and let her drag into the passing track, while Bayard dug and burrowed in the snow near the semaphore-mast.

"Signal wires hit by lightning!" said Bayard when he rose from his knees and looked stealthily into Packer's questioning eyes. "Magnets fused and welded solid while she stood to show clear board! We are first over the road since the lightning cut loose up here this afternoon."

"Then they ran the helper engine down to High Bridge and searched me out from among the bridge timbers," said Damon.

"You!" demanded Moffat. "Out from among the—"

"Yes," replied Damon, gently rubbing his bent but very able thigh. "I may have shown a 'lamentable lack of discipline' by falling through High Bridge just at the wrong time, but I was the flagman on No. 1 that day, and I'm giving you this just as it pieced together after everybody had rubbed noses for a week or so afterward.

"If I was writing pamphlets for the World to World's Board, I'd probably say that, because of my 'individual negligence,' I got the prettiest case of double, compound fracture of the thigh that a railroad surgeon ever tackled.

"But, being's it's just among ourselves, we'll say that I finished that trip with a broken leg in the tourist sleeper of No. 1, and let it go at that."

"Huh!" Moffat emitted quite noncommittally. "I suppose that Nadir round-house bunch and your valve-setting engineer didn't get much done to them after the experts-got in their report!"

"They didn't," replied Damon. "Not a thing done to them. The experts didn't make any report on that part of it. They fixed the engine right and went home.

"The only report that ever went in covered an engine failure, account of bad water; and a semaphore gone wrong, account of hit by lightning.

"Moffat, every one of those fellows played up to the best that he had in him. Taking the big human average, every one of us did. And that's what you've got to bank on, first, last, and all the time.

"Discipline, if it's to get results worth while, is an elastic code big-souled enough to hold men up to concert pitch without stringing them so high that they break every whipstitch and lose all pride in their work.

"It's got to do some hard things, and do them swift and sure; but it's got to stretch enough to take in the 'personal equation' of a high average grade of humanity. Understand that the hardest discipline that any railroad man worthy of the job receives and maintains is the discipline which he applies to his own hard-tried body and soul.

"And," concluded Damon, as he limped slowly back to his desk, "there is always a handsome balance standing to the credit of the 'personal equation' in this business—if you know where to look for it. As I previously rose to announce to this private audience of one, discipline, with small 'd,' in the hands of the non-elect manages to make good in the final deal, whatever it may lose in the preliminary shuffle."

Then Damon subsided into a mere rustling of papers while he approved the setting of ten credit-marks in the record of Tom Gray, engineer, for firing his engine from Okalee to Sanchez, while his fireman had writhed with cramps.

He looked thoughtfully for a moment at the door which had just closed behind Moffat, departing for the floor below. Then he prepared a recommendation, and sent it to the distant master mechanic, suggesting that the addition of five credit-marks to the fireman's record would be approved if sent in as a recognition of his staying out the trip on the seat-box, rather than beating a retreat to the coaches.

## IN THE MOTHER TONGUE.

MRS. MURPHY had been in charge of the railroad boarding-house but a few days when she discovered that railroad-men were a mighty peculiar set of mortals. What she thought is best told in her own words to Mrs. O'Brien:

"Be me sowl, Mrs. O'Brien," says she, "the ould Nick is in ivery mother's son o' me boorders. There's not wan o' thim but is daffy, an' Oi'm thinkin' the shakin' up they get from ridin' the cars musht addle the brains o' thim an' twisht their sinses out o' shape.

"Only the other day, the very firsh male Oi sarved thim, whin the min came in to dinner, an' a foine lot o' min they wer, Mrs. O'Brien—sez Dinny Shay, the yard-mashter, sez he: 'Mrs. O'Brien, plase bring me the ile-can; me cup's dhry.' Oi shtared at him a bit, wonderin' phat he cud want wid the ile, but Oi goes an' gets the ile-can an' brings to him, an' shure the whole gang o' thim gives me the ha-ha, for it was the tay-pot he wanted me to bring.

"Then the engineer o' the switch-engine, a rale decent-lookin' man, sez he to me, 'Mary Ann,' sez he; 'plase pass the sand-box this way,' and it ver the sugar-bowl he wanted; whilsht Ted Larrigan, the fireman, sings out to Marie: 'Switch me onto the tank-track!' meanin' that he wanted a glass o' wather. They call the butter-dish the grease-pot, knives are slash-bars, an' the forks are hooks, an' the devil only knows phat the rest o' the male is in their daffy langwige.

"An' not contint wid belyin' me good vittuls wid their haythenish names, be hivins they's numbered me two dawters, Mary Ann an' Maggie, jest as though they wer engines or thrains. The other mornin' Oi loked into the dinin'-room a minit, an' sez wan o' the boorders, sez he: 'Mrs. Murphy, sind in No. 33 wid another load o' flats,' meanin' wud Oi sind in Mary Ann wid another plate o' hot cakes. Then somewan else asked to have No. 44 to 'kick the ile-car onto his sidin', which meant fer me to sind Maggie in wid the tay-pot.

"Be me sowl, Mrs. O'Brien, Oi'm losin' me sinses complately wid the loikes o' this new langwige. Oi moight as well be in Chiny or Turkey, for Oi can't undershtand thim at all, at all. This very marnin', Oi wer helpin' Mike Daly to some more praties he'd asked me for when he begins to shout: 'Toot-toot! toot-toot!' an' purty soon he hollers at me rale mad: 'Phat ails ye? Can't ye moind the signals whin Oi gives ye off brakes?' Shure, he wer tellin' me to shtop an' Oi didn't know it, losin' two or t'ree good shpoonfuls o' praties be me ignorance.

"Oi'm tellin' me man Pat that-if he doesn't buy me wan o' thim dickshunary-books that'll larn me the lingo, Oi'll be in the daffy-house befor the month is out. Oi'm a dacint, good-natoored woman, Mrs. O'Brien, but be the saints, the quare talk o' this gang o' railroad loonyticks is unsatin' me reason, so it is, an' Oi'm on the varge o' delerious tremers!"





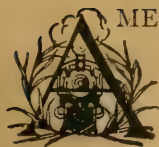
# The Live-Stock Limited.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK CARTER.

**T**HERE is no form of freight that necessitates more attention from trainmen or suffers a greater loss of value in transit than cattle *en route* to the slaughter-house. Fruit, vegetables, and all other perishable farm products can be carried in refrigerator-cars without loss or damage, but no way has yet been discovered by which beeves, sheep, and hogs may be kept from losing a certain amount of weight for every hour spent on the rails.

Ever since cattle-buyers ceased driving their herds to market and began shipping them by rail, speed has been the greatest factor in the economical transportation of live stock, and it is for that reason that cattle-trains have made some fast-freight records that are hard to beat. The joy of hustling cattle over the right-of-way and the lessons that some trainmen have been forced to learn regarding the loading of live stock, form one of the most interesting chapters in the railroad world.

**Running Fast Trains for Fighting, Fretting, Four-Legged Passengers Often Requires a Large Fund of Patience, and an Ability to Think and Act Quickly.**



**A**MERICA'S foremost citizen might start on a journey from Anywhere to Somewhere, and the railroads could send him all round Robin Hood's barn by their slowest trains; they could side-track and delay him; they could refuse to put dining or sleeping cars on his train, or to stop at dining stations; they could cause him to spend a whole week traveling five hundred miles, and the United States government could not say a word.

Likewise, the railroads could play tag with a consignment of firecrackers for the Fourth-of-July trade from May till August, or with a consignment of Christmas

goods from December until the first of March, and still the government would be indifferent.

Let a shoat or a steer start on its travels, however, and instantly the whole machinery of this mighty government is on the alert to see that it goes by the most direct route in the quickest possible time to its destination. Nothing is too good for prospective sausage or porterhouse. One little runt of a brindle steer looms larger in the eye of the government than a whole car-load of prominent citizens with the vote of a State in their vest-pockets.

There's no joke about it, either. It cost the Texas and Pacific a pot of money to find out that the statute providing that live

stock must be shipped by the most direct route is good law. At least, the United States Supreme Court said it was when, on May 17, 1909, it affirmed the right of Eastman & Knox to collect \$3,600 damages from the road for violating this provision.

### The Twenty-Eight-Hour Law.

Also, a whole lot of railroads part with a slice of their revenues every once in a while for violating the statute which requires that stock must not be kept in cars longer than twenty-eight hours without unloading for food, water, and rest. For example, Judge Landis fined six railroads \$13,500 at Chicago, May 4, 1908, for violation of this law. In October of the same year four roads were fined \$10,350 at Leavenworth for the same offense; and on May 20, 1909, four roads were fined \$9,700 at St. Louis on the charge of violating the twenty-eight-hour law.

Such strenuous manifestations of solicitude on the part of the government in behalf of four-footed travelers would be quite enough to make everybody on the railroad step lively whenever a shipment of live stock looms above the horizon, but there are also additional incentives.

Cattle and hogs lose rapidly in weight, or "shrink," in the vernacular of the trade, during the process of shipment. In addition to shrinkage every hour of close confinement in a car increases the danger that fat hogs will suffocate, or that peevish steers will get the weaker ones down and trample or gore them to death.

For these reasons the shipper is desperately anxious to get his consignment on the buyer's scales in the shortest possible time. Any railroad that does not stand ready to burn holes in the atmosphere with its stock-trains, therefore, can confidently count on seeing its loathsome competitors gather in all the profitable live-stock traffic.

For all these reasons the word stock has the same effect on a railroad man as the exclamation rats has on a terrier. At sound of that magic syllable he pricks up his ears, stiffens his sinews, and takes a reef in his belt. Instantly he is prepared to break the speed record or perish in the attempt; particularly if the run is to be made at a session of the smoke committee instead of out on the road. In these days, when through freights make the run between New York and Chicago in sixty

hours as a regular thing, you have to fan 'em some to make a stock run worth talking about.

This is why the genuine, blown-in-the-bottle wonder stories of fast runs with stock-trains date 'way back. The average time with a stock-train between Chicago and Pittsburgh nowadays is twenty-five to twenty-nine hours, which is about as fast as anybody cares to turn the wheels of a stock-car, but it is done so often that nobody would dare brag about it.

One of the runs they are still talking about was made by the Lake Shore and New York Central in 1882 to get one hundred and fifty-eight fancy Western corn-fed steers to New York for export. The steers, which belonged to T. C. Eastman, left Chicago at noon, Friday, May 27, 1882, in special cars with flexible partitions, which gave each steer a compartment to himself in which to partake of a cold collation or lie down at pleasure. This was to avoid the necessity of unloading under the twenty-eight-hour limit.

The Lake Shore doddered along with these steers, even going so far as to head them in on the passing track to get out of the way of the limited, with the result that it was well along in the forenoon of Sunday when they reached Buffalo. The steers were fearfully bored, while Eastman is said to have had a fit every two hours. What he said to the New York Central folks is not recorded, but it must have been plenty, for things began to happen.

### They Made Time.

An engine backed down onto those stock-cars in the Buffalo yards while a switch-engine was putting a caboose on behind. The conductor wiggled his dexter hand at the engineer even before the pin clinked into place, whereupon the eagle-eye pulled her tail so hard she nearly coughed up the grate-bars.

To get to the point, those steers never traveled less than thirty-five miles an hour, and from that up to forty-five, which for the stock-cars of thirty years ago wasn't half bad. At eleven-forty o'clock Sunday night the train came to a halt in the Sixtieth Street yards in New York, just fifty-eight hours and forty minutes after leaving Chicago, allowing an hour for difference in time. This established a world's record for the distance for a stock-train.



Eastman's first care Monday morning was to get those precious steers onto some scales. They weighed 222,870 pounds, which was 3,228 pounds less than when they left Chicago. As this was an average shrinkage of only twenty pounds a head, as compared with an average of seventy to a hundred pounds per head on the ordinary Chicago-New York shipment, he felt he had good reason to be pleased.

Fast stock runs were sadly overdone in the old days on the Granger lines. Whenever a few cars of cattle or hogs were corraled the lucky line that captured the prize would proceed to pull things to pieces to get those cars over the road, regardless of other traffic or the condition of the road or anything else. Often stock extras were run with half the tonnage the engines were capable of hauling.

Things reached such a pass that in April, 1889, J. M. Whitman, general manager of the Chicago and Northwestern, sent a long letter to all the other Chicago-Missouri River lines, protesting against the stock-train speed mania. He advocated a safe and sane policy in handling live-stock traffic that would enable the roads to pick up an honest dollar now and then. This letter had a sobering effect, and things began to mend in the stock traffic.

### Not Sufficient Cars.

Now, the principal trouble of the management is found in the fact that there is but one day in the stock-shipper's week. Every shipper wants to land his shipment on the market bright and early Monday morning.

As there are but seventy thousand stock-cars in the United States, according to the latest available figures of the Interstate Commerce Commission, it takes some head-work to make them go round.

Just to show how the live-stock traffic is bunched, it may be said that on Saturday, February 9, 1907, the Chicago and Northwestern received orders for twelve hundred stock-cars to be loaded at various points on its lines for delivery on the markets the following Monday. The cars were all delivered on time, and one thousand and fifty of them were loaded and shipped.

On the following Saturday eight hundred and fifty stock-cars were ordered, and eight hundred were loaded and shipped. In the brief space of ten hours one August day

in 1902 the Santa Fe hauled five hundred cars of live stock over a single division into the Kansas City market.

### Getting Them into the Cars.

If, the officials have their troubles in handling live-stock traffic, so also have the trainmen. It is easy enough to throw a string of empties in on the stock-yard track, but it isn't so pleasant to sit around for hours, particularly in hot and cold weather, waiting for a lot of fellows who don't know how to load the cars, particularly while you realize that dinner will be spoiled beyond redemption before you can get home.

Loading cattle and hogs is not easy, particularly when you don't know how; and most village stock-buyers do not know. They open the proceedings by thrashing wildly about and yelling like a tribe of Comanches doing a war-dance until the whole drove is on the verge of nervous prostration. In that condition two steers run out of the car for every one that goes in.

Many a brakeman has watched such a performance until tears of anguish coursed down his cheeks and he harbored dark thoughts of committing murder, or mayhem at the very least, upon the blatant mob that is creating such a hullabaloo.

If he is wise, however, he will put away the longing to shed the blood of his fellow man, and especially will he stifle any indiscreet desire to jump in and show 'em how it is done.

Marty Williams, my partner, once disregarded this wise precept. After the village stock-buyer and his cohorts had delayed the train a mortal hour to demonstrate their profound ignorance of the art of loading hogs, they had only succeeded in getting half a shoat into the car. The front half stuck out into the chute, where it maintained a vigilant guard to prevent any others from entering. Marty could stand it no longer.

### Marty Shows Them How.

Uttering cutting remarks about "showing them yaps how to load hogs," he climbed the fence; and charging bravely up the chute at the shoat which was giving such an excellent imitation of Horatio at the bridge, he waved his arms and shouted a loud, "Sibbooeey!"

This was more than any self-respecting hog could be expected to brook, but Marty didn't know as much about hogs then as he did a little later. The old fellow's muscles stiffened visibly as his insulter rushed up the chute. His bristles stood erect, and his eyes snapped fire as he peered from under his ears, while he slowly brought his nose up to "charge bayonets."

When Marty was within four feet of him that three-hundred-pound shoat leaped forward as if he had been shot from a gun. His nose went between Marty's legs, while his broad shoulders tripped the impertinent brakeman up and brought him stomach down, face to the rear, upon the porker's broad back.

With legs and arms sprawled out and thrashing the air impotently, Marty rode gaily down the chute, and through the squealing drove in the pen. Never have I seen such a look of profound astonishment on mortal face as Marty wore for a few fleeting seconds.

It did not last long, for that shoat, making straight for a pool of semi-liquid mud in one corner, wheeled suddenly upon its brink and dumped his rider neatly in the middle of it. Marty had to be washed down with a garden-hose. By the time this was done some farmers who happened along had loaded the hogs.

### Where the Shipper Suffers.

Even after they are in the car, both cattle and hogs still retain a remarkable capacity for making trouble. For this reason there are always attendants with every shipment to keep the damage down as much as possible.

Fat hogs are liable to get smothered or to die of heat in summer. At water-tanks, a brakeman holds the valve open, walking along the train as it moves under him, to give the hogs a shower-bath.

Cattle are the worst. Once a steer gets down, his chances are small, for the rest will trample and gore him to death unless the attendants can get him up promptly.

The stockmen in charge of a shipment of eighteen cars of Mexican steers bound for Denver on the Santa Fe in June, 1901, managed to get left behind at La Junta. Some of the cattle got down, which started a fight in one car.

The noise and the smell of blood started all the others to fighting, and for the next

half-hour eighteen car-loads of battling steers went bowling across the prairies. The trainmen could do nothing, so the riot went on until the combatants were exhausted. When it was all over twelve cattle had been killed, and twenty others were so badly hurt that they died soon after.

Some obstreperous steers on a Union Pacific train bound for Omaha gave Brakeman Frank Monahan a chance to prove that he possessed both courage and presence of mind. The steers managed to knock a door off, and three or four promptly jumped out while the train was running. Monahan, who was on top, where all good trainmen were supposed to be in the days of the Armstrong brake, saw the door go and the steers jump.

Realizing that a car-load of good beef would be spilled upon the prairie unless something was done very quickly, he sprinted back to the stock-car, climbed down the ladder, and sidled along the slats to the open-door, where he stood hanging on with one hand, threatening the steers with his cap in the other hand and yelling. He kept this up until the train came to stop at the next station and help came. He saved the beef.

If it were not for the railroads, people in cities could not have porterhouse steak for dinner every time they wanted it. Prior to 1850 all cattle were driven to market. In 1847 three men drove one hundred and nineteen head of beef cattle from Lexington, Kentucky, to New York, a distance of eight hundred miles, in ten weeks.

Not infrequently cattle were driven all the way from Iowa to New York City, and sheep were driven from Oregon to Nebraska. Every year cattle by the hundred thousand were driven from Texas to the grazing-grounds in Montana and Dakota.

### First Shipment to New York.

In 1852 one of the first important shipments of live stock to the New York market was made. It consisted of a hundred head of cattle, which were driven from Lexington, Kentucky, to Cincinnati, where they were loaded in cars and shipped to Cleveland. There they were put on a steamboat, which took them to Buffalo, where they were again transferred to cars for the journey to Albany, New York.

At the latter place the final transfer to a steamboat was made, on which they went



down the Hudson to New York. The cost was fourteen dollars for the entire distance.

As soon as rail routes from Texas to the northern grazing-grounds were available, the great overland drives came to an end. Live-stock traffic played an important part in keeping the Santa Fe afloat in the early days. At this period, the company could not afford the luxury of a fence, and the consequence was that the cost of damages for live stock killed by trains rose from \$16,545 in 1878 to \$44,143 in 1881.

### Freight Rates on Cattle.

Now, the average cost of hauling cattle from Texas to Montana ranges from \$3.19 to \$4.70 per head, as compared with an average cost of \$2 per head for the overland drive; but there were heavy losses in the drives, and the cattle reached the North late and in poor condition. Now that they travel in luxury, the cattle reach the range early and thus have months more in which to put on weight.

The loss is negligible. The cost includes the drive to the station in Texas, freight at \$100 to \$137 a car, feed on the way at \$2 per car at each unloading-point,

and caretakers at \$2 a car and the cost of driving from the station to the ranges.

From the northern ranges to Chicago the cost runs from \$4.72 to \$8.49 per head, the freight rate being from thirty-five to sixty-six cents a hundred pounds, and the switching charges \$2 a car. From Chicago to New York the rate is twenty-eight cents a hundred pounds, while from New York to London the ocean charges range from \$6.60 to \$7.20 a head, to which must be added hay for fourteen days at \$2.50 to \$4.50 a head and attendance at fifty to sixty cents each. To ship a two-hundred-pound hog from Missouri to Chicago costs from seventy cents to \$1.50.

The standard stock-car has an average capacity of twenty-nine tons. In shipping to the range thirty-five head of cattle can be put into a car, but after fattening twenty-five head make a load.

The average beef weighs about nine hundred and fifty-five pounds; but a choice export steer weighs around twelve hundred and fifty pounds, and will yield about seven hundred pounds of dressed beef. Hogs average seventy-five to the car, while a double-decked car will hold two hundred and forty sheep.

## KEEP AT THE WELL EYE.

NINE persons out of every ten, with a cinder or any other foreign substance in the eye, will instantly begin to rub it with one hand while hunting for a handkerchief with the other. This is all wrong.

The right way is not to rub the eye with the cinder in it, but to rub the other as vigorously as you like.

A few months ago, I was riding on the engine of a fast express, says a traveler. The engineer threw open the front window of the cab, and I caught a cinder in my eye which gave me pain.

I began to rub the eye desperately, when the engineer called to me:

"Let that eye alone, and rub the other one."

Thinking he was chaffing me, I only rubbed the harder.

"I know the doctors think they know it all; but they don't, and if you will let that eye alone and work on the other one, you will soon have the cinder out," shouted the engineer.

I did as he directed, and soon felt the cinder down near the inner canthus, and made ready to take it out.

"Let it alone and keep at the well eye," again shouted the engineer.

I did so for a minute longer, and then, looking into a small glass the engineer handed me, I saw the offender on my cheek. I have tried it many times since, always with success.—*The Interior.*

## VELOCITY OF STEAM.

THE velocity of steam escaping under pressure is known to be very great, though few are aware that even under a moderate pressure of, say, twenty or thirty pounds to the square inch, it is, generally speaking, equal to that of a projectile fired from a cannon. A notable example of the high velocity of escaping steam is that of a steam whistle in which a jet of steam, little thicker than ordinary writing-paper, produces a

sound that can be heard farther than the loudest thunder. The writer has often heard a railroad whistle eighteen to twenty miles away, while thunder is seldom heard over ten or twenty miles. Every engineer knows how little his safety-valve lifts, while the whole current of steam required to run his engine escapes therefrom, and how small a leak in a valve will cause his engine to "creep," provided his piston-packing is tight.

# Observations of a Country Station-Agent.

BY J. E. SMITH.

## No. 35—What Do You Suppose Will Happen When a Superstitious Woman with a Phoney Dollar Moves to Ohio and Leaves Her Cat Behind?



WHY is it that a woman will swat and scowl and scold all day, then fondle the cat in the evening?" asked the bill clerk.

"For the same reason," replied the rate clerk, who is wise beyond his years (he has to be wise to be a rate clerk), "that a man will kick a boy and whistle to a dog."

"Why is either or both?" asked the check clerk, who should have hurried out to itemize the household goods from the van that had just backed up at the freight-house door.

The agent looked wise, selected a few healthy Websterians, and handed them out thus:

"Professor Broadpate of Tweedledee University says, primordial man and the primeval dog occupied the cliff cave together until the abysmal friendship became instinctive and has endured throughout all ages."

The agent tilted his head and glared through his bifocal glasses with a superior wisdom.

Thereupon the rate clerk thrust his nose into I.C.C. 6611, muttered something about "See note 'q'; same as Weehawken; arbitrary; differential; note paragraph C, rule 99. Same as Oyster Bay, only different. Wilkesbarre base. Harlem divisions L.C.L. not accepted; embargo on C.L.—"

The bill clerk lit onto the billing machine with a clatter which answered for applause. The check clerk took tardy notice of the call of the drayman which had grown grossly vociferous.

The agent resumed the perusal of a claim wherein it was set forth that five pounds of prunes had escaped from a sack by reason of a hole caused by a nail in the floor of the car, and entailing a total loss of forty-two cents, "subscribed and sworn to," etc., etc.

This bit of curiosity on the part of the clerks, and the scientific explanation on the part of the agent, were brought about by a little incident of the day before.

A woman shipped her household goods to another State. The drayman with a van unloaded them into the freight-house.

Then the woman appeared at the freight-house office, worried, tattered, and disheveled to perform the last sad rites of signing the shipping order and releasing the goods to the prescribed valuation.

"Sign your name right there," explained an obliging clerk. "Yes; right on that line. Your first name in full, and then again on that line."

"You write it. I'm so frustrated, I can't," she said.

"You'll have to sign it," protested the clerk. "We can't sign it for you."

"Then you'll have to hold this cat," exclaimed the woman.

She made a hocus-pocus movement and drew from the folds of her shawl a scraggy



cat. It had a sad hate-to-leave-my-happy-home look and gave a wild you-are-the-cause-of-this-blink at the clerk, who backed off a few feet.

"Set it down on the floor."

"It might get away. It's so scared, poor thing. You hold him a minute—and be careful."

The clerk lent a reluctant hand. The

any of you gentlemen want a nice cat to take home with you?" She held him up, arched and limp, for inspection.

"What's his name?" asked the bill clerk.

"Tobias."

"I don't like the name."

"Land sakes! You could call him something else, couldn't you?"



"DO ANY OF YOU GENTLEMEN  
WANT A NICE CAT TO TAKE  
HOME WITH YOU?"

"It might hurt his feelings."

"Cats don't care so you feed them well and they have a warm place to lay around. They are just like men. You would like Tobias. He ain't what you would call a stylish cat, but he is a good cat. He stays so close. He's just like one of the family."

cat squirmed uneasily and cast suspicious slants.

The woman labored with her first name, left a blot and ruined a pen.

"Don't see what you have me do that for," she growled. "It's just red tape, ain't it?"

"We have to have it that way," grunted the clerk. "Twelve sixty. Pay the cashier there."

The commercial transaction being out of the way, she again assumed the custody of the cat.

Raising her voice, she called out: "Do

"Why do you want to give him away?"

"I'm moving to Ohio. It's bad luck to move a cat. Law's a me! I thought everybody knew that."

"What would happen?" asked the rate clerk.

"Some of the family would die, or the house would burn down, or we would lose all our money, or something else dreadful would happen. It's bad luck to move a cat. I wouldn't take the risk."

"We ought to have a nice hand-raised, home-bred cat around this office, but you will have to see the cashier about it."

"I wouldn't want him to stay here. The cars might run over him. Poor Tobias! That would be awful. I would just as soon have the bad luck myself as to have Tobias run over."

"I'll tell you what you do," said the rate clerk. "Take him over to the ticket office and give him to Chauncy, the ticket man. He'll take anything any one wants to give him."

She went across. Chauncy looked the cat over with the inspection of a live-stock expert, and delivered a critical opinion.

"Don't seem to be Angora or tortoiseshell, or Chartreuse, or Chinese. Mixed strain; mostly tabby and tom. Who told you I wanted a cat?" asked Chauncy.

"They sent me over here from the freight-house. They said you'd take him. I am moving to Ohio. I can't take him along. It's a bad luck, you know, to move a cat."

"That's right," said Chauncy. "Never move a cat, or you'll lose your teeth, or your hair will come out, or some other dreadful thing will happen. That's me. I'm liable to move any time, and I'd have to leave him. That would be sadder than I could bear. He's not one of them Kilkenny cats, is he? He's not one of them midnight prowlers and porch-climbers, is he? Does he cultivate Vognerian orchestra and grand opera associations?"

"Oh, my, no! Tobias ain't that kind. Tobias—"

"Is that his name? Tobias. Flossy name, all right. Toby for short."

"Tobias just lays around where its warm and comfortable and purrs and mews and 'tends to his own business."

"That's fine!" returned Chauncy. "I wouldn't mind having that kind of a job myself. Did you ask the cashier at the freight-house if he would take him—the one with the glasses and the bald head? Try him. Then see the agent himself. The elderly man with a scared but fatherly look. He's hardened to all kinds of purring, mewling, and yowling, and one extra performer thrown in wouldn't make any particular difference to him. That's the happy-home solution for Tobias."

The woman retraced. On the freight-house platform she met the old drayman who had crated and delivered her goods.

"What," cried the drayman, "you ain't takin' that cat along, air you? You surely wouldn't do anything like that, woman,

would you? If you take a cat along with you nothin' would ever go right again. Give him away to some one!"

"I'm trying to," replied the woman eagerly. "Do you know some one who will take him and give him a nice home? I don't want to leave him around here. He might get run over with the cars."

"Let me see," pondered the drayman gravely. "Maybe I could fix it. Let me think a minute."

The drayman gave an imitation of going into the matter of providing a home for Tobias very thoroughly. He made a number of calculations of available homes. In the mental strain incident thereto, he sat down on a barrel of glassware with legs relaxed. Presently he brightened up.

"There's something about these signs, ma'am, that people generally don't understand. You see I'm a drayman. I've been movin' people comin' twenty-five years next March, or is it April? No, it's March—24th of March—comin' twenty-five years the 24th of March, that's it. I've moved millions; maybe not that many, but thousands of families, anyhow. Some people don't pay any attention to signs and luck, and don't believe in 'em—but I do. I caution 'em all. Don't take the cat or the broom or break the lookin'-glass. Them's three things that musn't be done. Breakin' the lookin'-glass is worst of all. If the lookin'-glass gits broke, some one in the family will die. I've paid particular attention to that. It never fails."

"Do they die hard?" asked the woman anxiously.

"Most of 'em do," replied the drayman with grave assurance. "Most of 'em come to a violent end."

"Maybe I'd better leave the looking-glass, too," said the startled woman.

"It won't do any good," continued the drayman. "It's yours. You can't get away from it. If you would leave it and some one else that's careless would break it, the bad luck 'ud come to you, not them. See? But I've packed it so it won't break. I know the responsibility that's on me, when I'm packin' the lookin'-glass. In your'n there's a pillow in front and another behind, and all wrapped up with two comforts. I reckon if they break that they'll haft to use dynamite instead of just durned carelessness."

"Now, about a broom. If you take a broom along you'll have a fire and burn



out, and that's mighty bad just for an old broom. I never let a family move a broom. If they're ignorant or stubborn, I hide 'em, or stick 'em under the seat of my van. I've saved many a family that wouldn't thought of it themselves. I am always lookin' to protect my customers that I'm doing draying for. That's me. 'Help them that helps me.' That's my motto.

"No, of course not. Your broom ain't with your household goods. I seen to that. When you get to Piqua you'll be short a broom. It ain't no joke. It's for your good. But that cat. If you move that cat you'll lose all your money. That's what movin' a cat does!"

"Won't you take him; please do," pleaded the woman half frantically, holding the wild and wondering-eyed, the hoodooed and outcast Tobias at arm's length toward the drayman.

The drayman shrunk from the responsibility of the charge.

"I'd like to, mum, but I can't. I'd haft to kill him. I can't have cats around my place. I'd have to make way with him. I could put him out—"

"No, no!" cried the woman, hugging the blinking and unconscious nemesis to her bosom in protection. "Tobias ain't goin' to be killed!"

The drayman brightened up with a new thought.

"There's another thing about luck and hoodoos and the like. They sure do play queer pranks, lady. I've been movin' people so long, I've learned all 'bout such things, all the way from Friday an' the dark of the moon to the lookin'-glass. Now, take that cat there," the drayman raised his finger and pointed with a wise and impressive gesture, "take that cat there.

If you'd take him along with you yourself, move him with you a purpose, you understand, you'd have all kinds of bad luck. But listen. If that cat would happen to find you, or follow you to your new home hisself, and you wouldn't know anything about it, or have any hand in it, it would be just as much good luck the other way, as it would be bad luck a takin' him along. Ain't they some queer freaks to luck, ma'am?"

"But Tobias couldn't follow us," protested the woman. "We're movin' to Ohio!"



"IF YOU MOVE THAT CAT YOU'LL LOSE ALL YOUR MONEY."

"Cats do some wonderful things," assured the drayman. "Dumb animals have got instincts that we don't know anything 'bout. They turn up sometimes when only Heaven knows how they git there. They got senses what we ain't got."

The drayman posed thoughtfully. Then his face lighted up with a sudden solution.

"I got it, lady, leave it to me. I know where I can place your cat, where it will have the same care you give it. I'll see that it gits a good home."

He reached over with coarse red hands and gripped Tobias.



J. NORMAN LAMB

"THE RED CROSS DIDN'T ARRIVE ANY TOO SOON."

"Are you sure he'll be well treated?" asked the woman dubiously.

"Dead certain, lady. I know the family."

"And will you tell him we boil the milk for him and always keep a pink ribbon round his neck? He's ust to it."

"I'll see they understand it, lady."

"And always feed him on a blue china plate. He's never eaten on anything else."

"Yes, mum."

"And have him always sleep in a feather bed. He's never slept on a mattress."

"Yes, mum; they'll understand all about it."

"And when they have porterhouse steak, feed him the lean under the bone. It's the tenderest, you know. He's never had anything else."

"It's a little trouble for me, ma'am, but I'll do all I can. They'll understand it, and they'll treat him just the same as you do. You can depend on my word for that. As I say, it will take a little of my time. Of course, it will be worth a little something."

"Will a dollar pay the bill?"

"Yes, mum, I reckon that will be enough."

He pocketed the coin and turned his head while there took place the sad scene of parting, in which there was a confusion of endearing caresses, affectionate names, and smothered osculations.

The drayman got away with the cat. When the woman turned her back he slipped into the freight-house where her household goods were being trucked into a car. Among the effects was a coop of chickens.

The drayman pried up a slat and slipped Tobias in with the chickens. Then he re-nailed the slat.

"That's easy money," chuckled the drayman to the freight-house man. "I have found a happy home for Tobias. He's goin' along. She'll be tickled to death when she opens up them Plymouth Rocks and out jumps Tobias."

It was a clever idea neatly executed, and was played according to the rules of that inscrutable fate that determines the difference between good luck and bad; that makes a fine distinction between the cat that was taken along and the cat that was sent.

The only blunder in the whole arrangement was on the part of the drayman who, possessing those human qualities of exultation and braggadocio over little triumphs, held up the silver dollar and chuckled gleefully and triumphantly to the freight-house man.

"Ain't I in on that?" asked the freight-house man.

"Well, I guess not," replied the drayman. "You ain't played no part in it. I explained all about movin'-luck to her. It was me that figgered out the way for her to git her cat and save her luck, too. That's expert advice. People haft to pay for expert advice same as goin' to see a doctor or a lawyer."



"Well, I'm checkin' these goods," responded the freight-house man. "The way-bill and bill ladin' call for one coop of chickens. They don't read mixed load chickens and cats. They don't read even one cat. There ain't no cat goin' to dead-head through on this billing."

The situation was something like getting sugar or my lady's finery through the custom-house, where, in times past and perhaps in times to come, there seems to be the ancient and homely way of putting something across by slipping the coin into an upturned palm.

It is a crude and awkward procedure, but the freight-house man was ugly and obstinate and stood firmly on the hair-splitting distinction that one coop of chickens was not one coop of chickens when it contained one cat, and that classification rules must be observed to the letter. If the coop was billed "chickens," it must be "chickens"; if billed "cats," then cats it must be.

The matter was compromised by the drayman paying the freight-house man a silver quarter.

The drayman went into the office.

The freight-house man gave the coin a critical inspection. It was a smooth quar-

ter and it aroused suspicion. There are places where they pass but for twenty cents. The freight-house man had misgivings that the drayman had purposely short-changed and flimmed him out of five cents in the double-dealing transaction.

Obeying an impulse of resentment under the guise of doing his duty, he pried up a slat and lifted Tobias out of berth No. 13 and renailed the coop.

The drayman's moving-van was standing near the freight-house door, and the freight-house-man slipped Tobias into it, where he cuddled up in some straw under the seat, oblivious of the departure and distress of his mistress, unconscious of the intrigues of which he was the central figure, and unconcerned for the future.

The woman took the next passenger-train for Ohio, assured that Tobias was to be well cared for and secure in the faith that no ill-luck was incurred in the process of moving.

Later the drayman took up some freight bills and passed some coins over the counter to the cashier.

The cashier slid a silver dollar back to him.

"Not at this bank," said the cashier.



THE DRAYMAN PRIED UP  
A SLAT AND SLIPPED  
TOBIAS IN WITH THE  
CHICKENS.

"See how blue that is. Feel it. Just like oleomargarin. Put your teeth on that and get the grit. That's glass and pewter. You ought not to lug that kind of hardware around, to say nothing of trying to pass it as money. Look out for Uncle Sam!"

The drayman blinked his eyes in a baffled and perplexed manner, rubbed the coin, and bit it.

"That woman what moved to Ohio gave me that, I'm dead certain," said he.

"The thing for you to do is to drop it in the well," advised the cashier, "before an officer nabs you."

"What would they do to me if I'd pass that on some one?"

"If you didn't know it was bogus, they would simply make you take it back in exchange for real money. Since you know it's bad, if you try to keep it in circulation, you're a standing candidate for the striped-garment colony. You can't plead that you didn't know, for you do know. Every minute you walk around with that piece of metal in your pocket you are an uncaught criminal. If you try to pass it on me again, I may see that some one knows of it who ought to know. By the way, what did you do with that woman's cat?"

"I'm sending it to her. It's with the household goods. I slipped it in the coop with the chickens. It's not bad luck to send a cat. It's bad luck to take one—"

"Save that kind of talk for the women," protested the cashier. "If that cat kills a bunch of chickens on the journey, you may find it bad luck to send one. Don't forget that!"

"I had some bad luck last night," said the drayman mournfully to the freight-house man a day or two later.

"How's that?" asked the freight-house man.

"You know that pointer pup of mine that I paid ten dollars for last month? They's a stray cat around my barn last night almost put him out of business. I heard an awful rumpus out at the barn about two o'clock, and I lit the lantern and went out there. The pup was all clawed up. He'd been in a mix with that cat, and the Red Cross didn't arrive any too-soon. I took him up to the house and patched him up. I thought one of his eyes was gone, but I guess he'll be all right after a day or two. They can't anybody's cat hang around my premises. I got no use for a cat, anyway."

"How's the pup coming along by this

time?" asked the freight-house man of the drayman the day following.

"I got him shut up in the crib. A pup's got no business with a cat. I ain't feelin' very well to-day; I didn't get much sleep last night. That same durned cat I was tellin' you about yowled and howled around my place all night. I sailed out after him three times, but he got away every time. About the time I'd git back to bed, he'd slip up a little closter and let out another one of them solos of his'n. Say, have you still got that double-barreled shotgun you ust to have?"

The freight-house man nodded his head.

"Bring it down, will you? That cat's too fresh. I want to pump both barrels into him."

"Say," said the drayman next day, "this is gittin' something fierce. You know what that cat done last night? Killed six of my little buff Plymouth Rock chicks out of that settin' of eggs that cost me five dollars a while back."

"I forgot to bring the gun," said the freight-house man, "but I'll have it here to-morrow noon. That's sure."

That night the drayman, with great care and deliberation, prepared a *pâté* of Hamburg steak *à la* strychnin, and placed the succulated tidbit at the spot under the barn from which the midnight marauder would most likely issue forth. During the night, he heard the creeping tread and the familiar call. At early dawn, he slipped out to gloat over death and destruction.

What he saw filled him with fury. The pointer pup lay near-by in cold and stony death. In one bunch of convulsions, he had passed from this vale of cats.

In some way he had gotten out of the crib and had beaten the cat to the fatal offering. He was a desperate drayman. At noon he got the double-barrel shotgun from the freight-house man.

When the drayman appeared at the depot next day, the right side of his face was done in courtplaster and absorbent cotton.

"I loaded her too heavy," he explained to the freight-house man. "I got one good shot, but she sputtered and kicked and nearly put me out of business. I forgot to hold her tight. You got to hold a shotgun tight. That shoulder's pretty sore, and there's some skin off my cheek and neck, but doc dressed 'em up."

"I set that gun last night right where I could get it handy. I don't know how





"WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT GUN?"

long I'd been asleep, but my wife punched me and says, says she: 'Pap, did you hear that?'

"Hear what?' ses I.

"That noise,' ses she.

"I listened a minute and I heard it—that sneakin', creakin', crawlin' noise.

"It's burglars in the house,' said she.

"It's that durned cat,' ses I, crawlin' out and gittin' holt of that Daniel Boone of your'n.

"Right then there come an awful crash of china from the sideboard. Two jumps, and I was in the kitchen just as pussy made a wild leap from the sideboard to the open window. Now, I ain't no Buffalo Bill or Doc Carver, but I just let loose both barrels in the general direction, and it brought on our glorious Independence Day, with pin-wheels, and skyrockets, and shooting stars!

"What would our magnificent country be if it hadn't been for George Washington? Three cheers for the old flag! Let the band play! Them were the fleeting emotions I had! I didn't git up for a good while, because my wife fainted and I had to come to first. As quick as I could, I went out and looked all around, but they wasn't any scattered remains.

"I ain't goin' to wait until night any more. I'm goin' right after him this afternoon. They ain't goin' to be nothin' else done until I pump that cat full of buck-shot."

The noon train from Ohio brought in a woman passenger. She crossed the track and made a bee-line for the freight-house man.

"I'm the woman that had my goods shipped to Piqua, Ohio, the other day," she explained. "Maybe you can tell me where that drayman lives that hauled my things to the depot. I gave him my cat and paid him to find it a good home. The first night I got to Piqua, I had an awful dream about Tobias. I dreamed he was an outcast and was being hunted down to be killed. Last night I dreamed it again.

"When you dream a dream two times, it's a presentiment and a warning. Some people might call it foolish, but I don't. Do you believe in dreams?"

"Not as a rule, ma'am," replied the freight-house man; "but this onct you dreamed it exactly right. That cat of your'n is hanging around that drayman's barn, and the drayman got a shotgun, and right this minute he's trying to draw a bead on To-

bias to fill him full of buckshot. Maybe you're too late now—"

"Show me, quick!" cried the woman excitedly.

He gave her hurried directions and she lit out.

The drayman was patrolling the premises—sort of reconnoitering, as it were—when the woman came upon him.

"What are you doing with that gun?" she demanded shrilly.

"Nothin' much, ma'am," he answered without looking up. "Just huntin' for a stray cat that's been raisin' the dickens around here for the last week."

The woman darted into the barn. In two minutes she emerged carrying the gaunt and fugitive Tobias. She found him by a hocus-pocus Hindu instinct. Then she thrust a clinched fist under the drayman's nose.

"You villain! You wretch! You swindler! You took my dollar to find Tobias a good home, and here he is under this barn, and you a hunting him with that gun! Give me back that dollar!"

The drayman weighed two hundred and was armed to the teeth; nevertheless he wilted into a foolish helplessness against this onslaught. Without a word, he dug down and handed over the coin that the woman demanded.

The woman lugged Tobias back to the freight-house, where he was amply fed and tucked away into a basket.

"I have you to thank," said the woman warmly to the freight-house man, "for saving his life. I am thinking I ought to give you a quarter."

She held out the same silver dollar.

The freight-house man pocketed the coin and dug up seventy-five cents return change for the woman. By an artful manipulation the smooth quarter was the middle coin in the transfer.

Tobias traveled to Ohio first class, lower middle, in the basket, jealously guarded and every want anticipated.

"It may be bad luck to move a cat," philosophized the woman, "but it's a whole lot worse luck to leave him behind; and when you dream the same dream twice, that's a sign it's time to act."

In the evening the freight-house man asked the cashier to change the dollar.

"Out of my sight with it!" cried the money man. "Look at it! Feel of it! It's made of putty. That's the second one of those paste dollars this week! Avant!"

"Say," said the freight-house man next day to the drayman, "I wish you'd killed that infernal cat before that female got to you."

"How'd that cat git there?" asked the drayman.

Moral, N.B., and P.S.—Never overwork and never capitalize a woman's little superstitions.

Moral, N.B., and P.S. No. 2—Keep the lead dollars away from the freight cashier.

## MEMORIAL TO PHINEAS DAVIS.

**P**REPARATIONS are being made by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, to erect a tablet to the memory of Phineas Davis, inventor of the first coal-burning locomotive in America, whose body occupies an unmarked grave in the cemetery of the old Friends' Meeting House, at York, Pennsylvania.

The career of Davis is among the most romantic of American inventors. Beginning as an apprentice to Jonathan Jessop, a noted watch and clock maker, he created a sensation in 1820, by producing a perfect time-piece no larger than a nickel. Later, while he was connected with the firm of Webb, Davis & Gardner, machinists, he had a share in the building of the first iron steamboat in America, which was launched on the Susquehanna River. In 1832, the Baltimore and Ohio offered a prize of \$3,500 for a coal-burning locomotive that would excel all others

in a competitive test, and in this, Davis won over Peter Cooper and other noted American inventors. He was then taken into the service of the company, and three years later, as a result of many experiments, he brought out another engine which was claimed to be superior to anything that had been produced in America or England prior to that time.

On the trial-trip, over rails laid on wooden stringers, Davis lost his life through the breaking of one of the rails. He was only forty years old at the time of his death, and as the development of motive power advanced, he was forgotten through achievements that overshadowed what he had done. His case was lately brought to the attention of the railroad company by the secretary of the York County Historical Society, said to be the only man living familiar with the location of the grave.



# SOME SAND AND MUCH GRAVEL

BY GUY C. BAKER.

**Business Is Business Even if Cupid Interrupts the Plans of a Railroad Builder.**



WITH that self-satisfied demeanor that betokens the divestment of business routine for some pleasant recreation, Richard Collier

stepped onto the porch of the small frame office and, softly humming some nondescript air, glanced along the road that zigzagged itself into perspective over the hills.

His eyes then wandered complacently along the ridge of hills extending for several miles in either direction parallel with the railroad that shimmered drearily under the slanting rays of the afternoon sun.

He watched the swarms of laborers toiling on the slopes; he could hear the fussy engines of the steam shovels as they poked their cyclopean noses farther and farther into the great banks of gravel; he noted the long gravel train worm its way out of the pits as, one by one, the empties were magically filled by the giant shovels.

Those hills were literally colossal heaps of gravel from base to summit. They were veritable gold mines—only the gold was gravel. Collier's complacency was justifiable. He owned those hills.

A number of years before, the hills and surrounding uncultivated country had been owned by an eccentric old fellow named Job de Kemp. De Kemp died leaving a will, in which he devised all his property to a trustee, with power to sell, lease or rent, in trust for his niece, Mara de Kemp.

The will provided further that the leases and rentals should terminate, and all the estate become the absolute property of, and be turned over to the niece at her marriage. On the failure of the niece to marry, or in the event of her death before marriage, the

vast estate was to go to certain charitable institutions.

The railroad company had early leased a right of way back through the hills, over which they built a switch to the isolated pits of a man named Senman. Shortly after, Richard's father purchased all the De Kemp land, subject to the lease of the railroad company. At the death of the senior Collier, Richard had inherited the valuable hills with their rich deposits.

But the meditations of this practical, hustling, young man just at that particular moment were neither occupied with the singular history of his possessions nor with the noisy activity before him.

His reflection carried him to more felicitous byways—he was thinking of her. Wherever man lives, there never has been business cares so complex as to entirely exclude a "her." In fact, ever since that memorable day when this particular "her" unexpectedly appeared at Snooks farm, and was ceremoniously ensconced in the spare bedroom—a distinction that indubitably marked her as the "star boarder,"—his thoughts had been of her.

That first evening, Richard had searched out his gracious landlady and proceeded to ply her with a fusillade of questions concerning the fair newcomer, but, to his surprise, that amiable person, a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, only said:

"Now you pay 'tention to me, Mr. Dick, and don't you forget what Auntie Snooks tells you neither! I ain't 'lowed to tell you who that young lady is, nor nothin' 'bout her. I know who she is, and I know she is pertic'rly all right and a lady from the ground up, and that's s'fficient. Besides, what business is—"

"Stop, Snooks, for Heaven's sake stop!" protested Collier with a laugh, "I'll bridle my curiosity. But how am I to address her?"

"You ain't got no business addressing her as I know of," was Mrs. Snooks's good-natured sally as she turned and plunged into her culinary tasks.

With that the young man was compelled to be satisfied; and although he could learn but little concerning the refined, well-groomed girl with her wealth of sunny hair and her eyes of quiet gray, yet he was firmly convinced from the very first that she was the loveliest bit of femininity that he had ever run across.

But Mrs. Snooks's well-intended circumsppection was hopelessly futile in its effort to cope with an impressionable, hot-blooded young lady marooned in a picturesque, quiet country home with a determined, vigorous, good-looking young man with an automobile.

At the end of a week, Richard and "Miss Mystery"—his name for her—were inseparable. At the end of two weeks, even Mrs. Snooks capitulated unconditionally with:

"Well, let them go, Gallagher! Ain't they both thoroughbreds?"

Thus the little romance progressed by forced marches until, only the evening before, Richard had tenderly whispered the old, old theme into the willing ears of "Miss Mystery." He was to have his answer this very evening.

His agreeable reflections were rudely interrupted by the fussy arrival of the afternoon passenger-train which came to a stop before the makeshift of a station, amid the rasping grind of air-brakes, the clanging of the bell, and a cloud of dust and smoke.

As young Collier's heedless glance regarded the alighting passengers, his pleasant reverie was suddenly dispelled as he recognized, in one of the arrivals, Stutz, the superintendent of the road, already picking his way toward the office.

"Demmit," gloomily murmured Richard, "I suppose old grump will keep me here until dark again."

"Howdy, Collier," greeted Stutz with his characteristic, exasperating assurance, "just ready for flight, I observe. Well, I will detain you but a minute. I merely desired to mention the matter of the renewal of your shipping rates. The present contract expires to-day as you remember."

"Sure, I remember, Stutz," Dick replied as he clasped the visitor's hand, but making no move to enter the office, "you did not need come all the way out here to divert yourself of that information."

"But you see—"

"Pardon me, Stutz," interrupted the young man, determined to head off what he was convinced would develop into a two hours' confab, "I have a pressing appointment, and cannot take the time to draw up a contract to-night. Just draft a new one to-morrow and mail it to me for signing."

"Oh, as to that," smiled Stutz, in his inscrutable manner, "that part will be all right, all right, I assure you, Mr. Collier. However, I simply desired to inform you of the recent action of the company in raising your rate to—"

"Raising my rate?" broke in Richard, incredulously.

"Yes; to seventy cents a yard," finished the official imperturbably.

"Surely, Stutz, you are not serious, are you?" faltered Richard, incredulity and amazement struggling for dominance in his eyes and voice.

"Never more serious in my life, old man," was the emphatic answer, "and the increase goes into effect to-morrow!"

For the interval of a full half minute, Richard stood speechless, his face ashen, his eyes like glints from a flashing rapier, his lips compressed cruelly. Quickly stepping down he faced Stutz on the level, and burst out:

"Seventy cents! Why not seventy dollars? One is as reasonable as the other. Why, that is prohibitive; worse, it is ruinous, insane, imbecilic! I'll see your lopped, burlesque of a dinky railroad in Hades first!"

"Don't talk foolishness," calmly suggested the superintendent, "you must simply adjust yourself to the new order of things—merely raise prices—"

"Only the effervescence of an idiot would suggest raising prices when the crushed-stone people are yelping at our heels now," retorted Richard angrily. Then his face relaxed under the warmth of a new hope as he triumphantly exclaimed: "See here now, you people had just better cut out this rate boosting business, or I will refuse to furnish another single yard for the fills and ballast on your Clifton extension!"

"Your estimate of our foresight is not



flattering," replied Stutz, with the demeanor of one playing his trump card, "but we anticipated your action. We will at once relay our switch back over our right-of-way through your property to the Senmar pits. We will furnish our own gravel."

"The dickens!"

"Tut, tut, Collier," said the older man quickly, "that's business, you know, that's business. Think it over. To-morrow afternoon I will bring the new contract."

Richard watched the superintendent deliberately turn and walk back toward the station. He was stupefied. The bottom of his business achievements seemed to have dropped out of sight.

An undefined, poignant sense of loss crushed him. He dared not attempt to analyze his terrible disappointment.

Slowly his glance wandered to the hills—his hills, teeming with activity; to the distant road; and, finally to the mouse-colored machine. A lump sprang up in his throat; the boyish buoyancy of five minutes before was gone; the mist of emotion blurred his sight.

With his eyes fixed on the ground, he slowly passed out to the waiting car. With one foot on the running-board, he paused, and, his eyes harboring a far away look he murmured:

"Looks like it's all up, Dick, old boy—'Miss Mystery' and all."

## II.

THE portentous mass of purplish-black clouds was fast enshrouding the close of the hot, sultry July day in premature darkness. The unnatural stillness was oppressive and disquieting. Distant thunder rumbled ominously. The weird, uncanny light that yet remained intensified the blackness in the West. All nature seemed awaiting the storm—motionless, breathless.

Casting frequent, anxious glances over his shoulder at the threatening clouds, Richard Collier grimly gripped the steering-wheel as the powerful automobile hurled along the country road in a mad race to reach Snooks's farm.

With terrific swiftness the whirring machine swept down Rockaway Hill, bumped over the little bridge at the bottom, and, momentum undiminished, sped up the steep hill beyond.

Racing over the summit, it flashed past the hurrying form of a girl. The fleeting

glimpse that Collier had of her as he passed, revealed a glorious, fear-imprinted face that made his heart stand still.

It was "Miss Mystery."

Savagely shoving back the emergency lever and jamming down the foot-brake, he brought the throbbing car to an abrupt stop. Springing to the ground, he opened the door to the back seat and waited anxiously for the hurrying girl.

"Hike in here! Hurry!"

"Oh, Richard, how fortunate! I was so frightened! The storm!" she was breathlessly pouring forth as she came up to his side.

"We'll beat it yet, but we will have to take to our heels!" broke in Richard with a tone of imperativeness. Without further ceremony, he boldly gathered the trembling girl in his strong arms, deposited her in the roomy back seat, slammed the door shut, sprang back into the driver's seat, shoved down the high-gear clutch, and, before the girl could grasp the situation, the car was once more shattering the speed records.

A blinding, vicious streak of fire rived the black cloud wall with zizzag ferocity, and, instantly, the stillness was shattered by the rending, deafening, crashing report of a thousand pieces of ordnance.

With an appalling roar that drowned the whirring, whizzing machine, the furies of the air let loose in tumultuous pandemonium.

The air was filled with flying leaves and missiles. Another flash of lightning and peal of thunder, and then a deluge of blinding, driving rain.

Checking the speed of the machine, Collier switched on the electric side-lights, then shouted back over his shoulder that there were rain aprons under the seat. Alarmed, the girl drew the aprons about her, and, tense and speechless under the spell of the storm, kept her eyes on the broad, square shoulders of the motionless driver as he leaned over the wheel peering anxiously ahead. Then it happened.

Simultaneously, with a terrific clap of thunder and a dazzling glitter of heaven-filled fire, a mighty monarch of the forest was struck. It trembled a moment, then with a mighty crash fell out over the road in front of the flying car.

There was a jerking grind of the brake, a warning cry, a terrific impact! Driver and passenger were hurled into the darkness—all in the span of a second.

Collier landed violently in the road, five yards away. He was instantly on his feet. He peered uncertainly about him in the darkness. He heard no sound save the roar of the storm. A flash of lightning revealed the automobile with front wheels perched high on the fallen tree. He groped his way in that direction.

Reaching the machine, he waited. Another flash of lightning, and he beheld the motionless form of the girl lying a short distance away. He groped his way to her side in the succeeding darkness. With a surge of thankfulness he quickly ascertained that she still lived.

Carefully wrapping his coat about her, he tenderly lifted her in his arms, and, stumbling along the slippery road in the darkness, started for a small, unoccupied hut which he knew to be not far away.

Once, when the lightning momentarily turned the blackness into day, he looked down into a pair of gray, wondering eyes that regarded him hazily. Presently a soft arm crept up over his shoulder and about his neck.

He pressed her closer, vivified by the warmth of her breath against his cheek. Then the girl's arm slipped limply from about his neck, and she swooned into a dead weight.

Collier reverently kissed her cheek.

At length—ages it seemed to Collier—stumbling along desperately, he reached the hut. Placing his precious burden on the floor, he paused for a moment to rest and regain his breath.

Carefully feeling his way in the darkness he finally reached the old fireplace. In a familiar niche, he found and lighted a match, which he quickly applied to some ready kindling. The flames were soon merrily casting grotesque shadows on the walls, and removing afar the tumult of the outside storm.

Turning to administer to his fair charge, he was confronted by the bewitching vision of "Miss Mystery," her chin propped on her shapely arms, and a pair of quiet, gray eyes watching him in bewilderment.

Collier sprang quickly to her side, knelt close before her, gently took her hand between his own, and, searching her face anxiously, with deep solicitude said:

"Gee! but wasn't that a bump! Are you hurt?"

"No, I think not—only somewhat mixed," she replied, running her hand over

her damp hair, "but where are we, and how came we here?"

"I really cannot clearly tell you just how we did get here," he smiled, "but we are here—in the gloomy den of some bad ogre, in the midst of a vast forest—"

"How charmingly romantic! And you—you are the fearless knight I suppose," then blushing, "and just the proper setting for the—for the answer."

Richard suddenly turned pale. Slowly and silently he arose and assisted the girl to her feet. Then taking her hands in his, he looked into her startled eyes with calm determination, a world of bitter renunciation vibrating in his voice as he little more than whispered:

"I cannot permit you to give an answer to-night."

"I don't quite understand," she murmured, tremulously.

He quietly led her to a chair and sat down by her side.

"I will explain," he commenced. Then in the mellow warmth of the fire, the girl silently and attentively listened, while Richard recited all the events of the day that threatened to so materially alter his condition. When he had quite finished, and sat silent and dejected, she leaned forward and asked softly:

"And is that all?"

"All?" he asked bitterly, "is it not enough?"

"It is nothing, nothing, nothing!"

With a happy, little laugh, she placed two entrancingly lovely arms about his neck, drew him close, and—whispered something into his ear.

The effect was electrical. He sprang to his feet, lifted her and pressed her close in his arms as he fervently kissed her. Holding her from him for a moment, he exclaimed:

"If the machine wasn't perched up in that tree, we would do it to-night!"

"Why, Dick," demurely suggested the girl, "our grandfathers had no machines."

A flash of understanding passed between them. Laughing happily, arm in arm, they passed out into the night.

### III.

THE following afternoon, when Superintendent Stutz and the company's attorney alighted from the afternoon train, they found young Collier in his big machine,



the motor already pulsating preparatory to leaving.

"You seem to be in a hurry," volunteered Stutz, his tone conveying a suggestion of concern in spite of his outward assurance.

"You are good at a guess," nodded Richard, flashing a puzzling smile at the two visitors, as he pulled on his gantlets.

"Better shut down your engine," suggested the superintendent. "It will take some time to look over the new rate contract. We want it signed—"

"Of course you do!" Richard's enigmatical good humor was getting on the nerves of the dignified official. "Still seventy cents I suppose?"

"Well, yes, you see—"

"Sure I see," interrupted the young man, "but let me put you next to something on the dead level. I won't sign it!"

"Don't be hasty," warned the official imperturbably, shaking his head knowingly. "You must surely appreciate the serious consequences of such a course."

"Consequences," snapped Richard, his eyes flashing a challenge, his jaw muscles twitching. "I refuse to sign. Now what are the consequences?"

"We regret the necessity," coldly an-

swered the official, "but the company will at once relay their own switch."

"A-h!" Richard feigned deep interest. Leaning toward Stutz, in a low, quiet voice, he asked, "where?"

"Why, over our right-of-way, through your land of course," was the retort.

"You have no right-of-way," corrected Richard softly.

Stutz regarded Richard for a moment speechless, half convinced that the young man was positively crazy.

"Your lack of seriousness is consuming the valuable time of both of us, Collier," scolded Stutz impatiently. "You know that our lease lives as long as Mara de Kemp."

"Provided always," corrected Richard, "that Mara de Kemp does not marry."

"Well," jerked out the official in a startled voice, "she is not—"

"She is married."

"I don't believe it!" exclaimed Stutz loudly. "When and to whom?"

"Miss de Kemp was married last night—to me," Richard spoke very low, but his smile was loud—very loud.

"The dickens!"

"Tut, tut, Stutz," mimicked Richard, "that's business, you know; think it over."

## PENNSYLVANIA ON TRAIL OF SWINDLERS.

**A**DVERTISING swindlers are using the Pennsylvania Station in New York as a means of perpetrating fraudulent schemes in many parts of the country. A number of these have been brought to the attention of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

One swindle which has been extensively worked is that of a large advertising poster, which it is claimed, will be hung in the Pennsylvania Station in New York, and in various other stations along the lines of the company. This poster contains a large picture of the Pennsylvania Station, surrounded by advertisements.

A rather unique method is used by the solicitors for this scheme, in that they state that they do not want any money, only a signed contract, and

that the auditor of the Pennsylvania Railroad will make the collection.

When the contract is signed, and the town is worked, the solicitors leave, and later on the printing concerns draw a draft on the advertiser for the amount of the contract. One of the contracts is marked, "Accepted, C. E. Keen, 308 Monadnock Building, Chicago, Illinois," and the posters are printed by a Chicago firm.

The Pennsylvania Railroad officials state that the company knows absolutely nothing about any of these schemes, and that it has no connection whatever with any of them. It was further stated that it was a well-established policy of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company not to have any advertising matter posted on its property.

## ONE-MAN LOCOMOTIVES.

**T**HE Swedish State railways are at present contemplating the adoption of a one-man locomotive for distances with a limited local traffic, and a commencement has already been made over the Orebro-Adolfsberg line. The name, one-man locomotive is, in a way, a misnomer, inasmuch as the driver is not meant to manage the locomotive entirely alone, but the fireman has also to act

as guard, collect tickets, etc., or the guard undertakes the duties of fireman, whichever way one may choose to put it. The Swedish State railways have bought ten locomotives with this service in view. This method has been used in other countries, more especially in Germany, for some time with most satisfactory results.—*American Engineer.*


# The Buffer and Vestibule.

BY ROBERT AUGUSTINE.

THE life-saving characteristics of the air-brake, the automatic coupler, and the semaphore have been recorded many times, but among other inventions that have gone far toward making railroad travel a delight, the lowly buffer and the comfortable vestibule are frequently overlooked.

After all is said and done, however, and we get down to the real reasons why the big Pullman sleepers and the baggage, mail, and passenger-cars no longer try to crawl inside of one another like folding lunch-boxes when the train comes to a sudden and abrupt stop, we find that it is the buffer and the vestibule that keeps them in place.

## Early Devices Which Indicated What the Simple Inventions of Ezra Miller and H. H. Sessions Would Eventually Accomplish in Making Railroad Travel Safer.

NEXT time you board a train, pause long enough to take off your hat to the buffer and the vestibule. So quietly and so unobtrusively are their inestimable services performed every hour of the day and night on every railroad in the land that no one ever gives these lowly portions of the equipment so much as a grateful look, to say nothing of the appreciation they deserve.

On the contrary, the buffer is trodden under foot without a thought by the fidgety traveler who never can stay in the car where he belongs; while the vestibule, if it is honored with recognition at all, is regarded merely as a convenient opening in which the bread-line may deploy while awaiting the signal for the assault on the dining-car. It is only another instance, so common in this hard world, in which modest merit goes unheeded while noisy self-assertiveness gets all the applause.

When a train gets in trouble, it is always the buffer and the vestibule that stand between the passengers and harm. These two inventions have saved more lives, probably, than all other devices in use on railroads

combined, the air-brake alone excepted. Any one who doubts this is invited to look through the files of daily papers and technical journals before and after the introduction of buffers and vestibules.

Before Ezra Miller and H. H. Sessions appeared on the scene, every account of a collision—and collisions were numerous in early days—included a long list of killed and injured. After Miller's safety platform had been introduced, these casualty lists shrunk to moderate proportions; and after Sessions's modern vestibule was adopted they nearly disappeared, a fact upon which the American public was felicitated in columns of editorials.

These congratulations only lasted until the wonderful inventions lost the zest of novelty. Now they are forgotten.

### The First Buffer-Beam.

To appraise the vestibule and the buffer at their true worth, it is necessary to turn back to the early history of the railroad. When the first train on the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad pulled out of Albany, New York, on the morning of August 9,



1831, the five coaches were coupled together by three long links between each two coaches.

Engineer Dave Matthews was afraid the clumsy little De Witt Clinton locomotive couldn't start the train, so he opened the throttle with a jerk that would have caused the Clinton to jump off the rails if it had not been anchored to that train.

As it was, the first coach received a violent jerk. It got even by jerking the next, and so on, the whole five pitching forward with startling suddenness. Then the coaches bumped into each other.

This sort of thing continued in a lesser degree until the first stop was made. Conductor Clark, aided by willing volunteers, raided a fence for rails, which, when lashed to the coupling-chains, held the coaches apart after a fashion. Thus the need of the buffer was first recognized.

For more than thirty-two years after that historic trip was made, passenger-cars were coupled together with links and pins. This was somewhat better than the original Mohawk and Hudson arrangement, but it still left a fearful amount of slack between the cars, so that a railroad journey was an endless succession of bumps and jerks.

Or course, the light equipment of early days was not capable of exerting the tremendous force of a modern steel train, but the difference was only in degree, and not in kind. Just what railroad travel would be without the buffer and the vestibule has been eloquently set forth by the dynamometer. Like figures, the dynamometer cannot lie; unlike figures, the dynamometer never misrepresents.

#### What the Dynamometer Shows.

The dynamometer, then, has registered jerks as high as 300,000 pounds in freight-trains, the action of which is absolutely identical with that of passenger-trains. Most of the jerks, though, were below 180,000 pounds.

Apart from these heavy jerks, the dynamometer demonstrated that a train progresses by a continuous succession of surges, due to the unevenness of the track and curves. These surges are transmitted through the draft rigging to the whole train. Usually, they are under 35,000 pounds; but occasionally they run as high as a hundred thousand pounds.

Buffing shocks, which are the reverse of

the jerks, vary from 5,000 to more than 300,000 pounds. Buffing shocks as high as 600,000 pounds have been recorded. The latter, however, were in the yard, not on the road.

Any one with a mind for arithmetic can figure out for himself exactly how delightful seventy-two hours of continuous bumps and jerks, ranging from 3,500 to 100,000 pounds each, would be in a journey on a train without buffers and vestibules from Chicago to San Francisco. No wonder the passengers of early days mourned for the good old stage-coach, and would not be comforted.

Bumps and jerks were by no means all the discomfort with which the passenger of former days had to contend. The old link-and-pin couplings kept the cars so far apart that, in passing from one to another, the traveler had to make a leap for life across a yawning chasm. If he didn't drop between the cars, he was likely to be wafted out over the landscape if he ventured out on the exposed platform when a high wind was blowing.

In case of collision, the frail platforms offered no resistance, but crumpled like paper. The heaviest loss of life on railroads of early days was due to this cause.

#### Miller's Platform.

This serious defect in passenger-cars was the subject of a great deal of discussion; but no one could suggest a remedy until Ezra Miller secured his first patent on his platform, buffer, and coupler in 1863.

Miller was born in Bergen County, New Jersey, in 1812. He was given a technical education, and prepared for the profession of civil engineer. He went to Wisconsin in 1848, where he lived the usual life of a pioneer until his attention was directed to the need of better cars. He undertook to find some means to protect the lives of passengers in case of accident, and also to promote their comfort.

The solution of the problem was the famous Miller platform. Strength to resist buffing shocks was given to the platform and coupler by placing them in line with the car sills, instead of below them, as had been the practise. To take up the slack, and so put an end to the bumps and jerks, Miller added a buffer to his platform.

It was simply a steel plate with an area of a little more than a square foot on a

single stem in the center line of the car. The buffer spring was of one-inch steel, five and a half inches in diameter, backed up by an eight-by-nine-inch timber fastened in the center platform sills. This relieved the draw-bar spring of considerable stress.

### First Automatic Coupler.

The Miller platforms fitted together so closely that one could step from one to another in entire safety. In fact, it would have been impossible to fall between them. Such success could not have been accomplished with the old link-and-pin coupling. Of necessity, the first automatic coupler was introduced along with the Miller platform.

This was the renowned Miller hook, which every old-time railroad man will recall with a shudder. It cannot be denied that the Miller hook did splendid service in its day, but—

On a straight track you could generally couple two cars equipped with Miller hooks without trouble. Miller hooks have been known, also, to uncouple themselves while the train was running without assistance or solicitation; but when you wanted to cut off a car at a station or in the yards, it was different.

Having spotted your car, you seized the lever and "heaved on it." Next, you placed your feet to better advantage, took a fresh grip on the lever, and heaved again, and again, and yet again. Then you signaled the engineer to slack back, which he did after submitting some unkind remarks about "cornfield sailors who tried to go railroading."

Your partner came and helped heave on the lever, and, at length, the conductor sprang up to show how to cut off a car in the highest style of the art, but only succeeded in getting his hands soiled, which made him grouchy for the rest of the trip. Finally, a car-repairer came along and, those infernal hooks having wearied of each other's company, pulled the lever up with one hand.

Coupling an engine or a car with an ordinary draw-bar on to a Miller hook was the worst. You began by prospecting in a foot of wet cinders on the back of the tank for a crooked link. You never found it until all the cinders had been plowed over, which required strong finger-nails.

As there was only a little niche in the face of the hook for the reception of the

link, it was impossible to make a coupling by guiding the link into place. Instead, the link was placed in the hook and onto it the ordinary draw-bar was backed.

There was no play for the link in the hook, and a man dared not stand between the cars where he could guide it properly, for fear the hook would swing out and slip by, as it did nine times out of ten. Coupling a Miller hook onto an ordinary draw-bar was like cracking an egg with a steam-hammer. It could be done, but it required a genius to do it and not lose his life.

The Miller platform, buffer, and coupler were first tried on the Chicago and Northwestern, and the Milwaukee and Prairie du Chien in September, 1864. They were hailed as the greatest life-saving inventions of the age.

Miller lived to see his inventions adopted by every railroad in the United States, and in many foreign countries. They earned a princely fortune, which he returned to New Jersey to enjoy. He died in 1885.

The Miller platform was a long step in the right direction, but it did not go far enough. Once given the cue, a host of inventors began groping after the vestibule.

The first patent for a vestibule was granted to Charles Waterbury, June 29, 1852, twelve years before Miller brought out his platform. It was a closed passage between the rounded ends of cars, with doors at the sides. Its object was "to protect passengers and exclude the dust."

It was tried on the Naugatuck Railroad, in Connecticut; but, being a flimsy affair of wood and canvas, was discarded as a failure at the end of two years. About the same time, similar affairs were tried in England and Russia with no better success. None of these early vestibules made any attempt to perform the functions of a buffer.

The next attempt to provide a vestibule was made by S. R. Calthorp, whose patent was dated August 8, 1865, a year after the Miller platform was brought out. Calthorp's idea was to build a cigar-shaped train with pointed prow and rounded stern, like a ship. The vestibule was there, but the Calthorp train looked like a caterpillar with the dropsy. It never received serious attention.

Frederick Upham Adams patented a vestibuled train on lines somewhat similar to Calthorp's twenty years later, but the vestibule was merely an incident in his scheme



to reduce atmospheric resistance. It was tried out by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, but was never adopted by any road.

C. S. Smith, among others, patented a vestibule in 1882. Smith's vestibule was a narrow passage, with a bellows-like hood remotely resembling those in use to-day, but with doors in the corners of the cars. It was not given a trial.

#### Sessions's Vestibule.

At length, H. H. Sessions hit upon the right idea. He patented his vestibule April 29, 1887. Then he showed it to George M. Pullman. The great palace-car builder bought the patent outright.

Immediately the vestibule was made the Pullman standard. As soon as possible, a vestibuled train was built and started on an exhibition tour of triumphal progress through the principal cities. It created a sensation wherever it went. It was then placed in service on the Pennsylvania.

The vestibuled train had not been running long when it figured in a collision—running into another train at forty miles an hour. The engine was demolished, but the passengers in the Pullmans were unharmed.

This spectacular demonstration of the value of the vestibule as a life-saving device was all that was needed to create a demand. The Wagner Palace Car Company built vestibuled cars without waiting for the formality of obtaining a license from Pullman. There was a great lawsuit, which resulted in a complete victory for the holder of the Sessions patent.

The vestibule, as Mr. Sessions first constructed it, was a narrow passage between the cars, with doors inside the line of the top step. A rubber bellows in a steel frame with broad steel face-plates, kept in contact by rods and springs, bridged the gap between the wooden passage on the car platforms.

A better buffer was needed than the Miller to make a continuous floor between the platforms. So Mr. Sessions made the first double-stem buffer the full width of the passage, with broad bearing surface and a steel apron to cover it and protect the feet of passengers. The face-plates of the vestibules performed the same service as the buffer by assisting to make a rigid connection between the cars.

Several unsuccessful attempts to im-

prove the buffer were made. A. G. Leonard invented a hydrostatic buffer, which consisted of two cylinders placed between the center sills fitted with pistons and a ram which held the buffer against a spring. There was a hand-pump in the car to keep the cylinders filled with water.

Leonard's buffer was tried by the Wagner Palace Car Company, but was quickly discarded. About the same time F. W. Webb, an Englishman, got up a similar contrivance with two cylinders nine inches in diameter and a two-foot stroke, filled with a mixture of petroleum, soap, and water. It was tried on the London and Northwestern. A German inventor patented still another hydraulic buffer, which was tried in the fatherland. Both were failures.

#### Solano's Face-Plate.

R. Solano patented a face-plate for vestibules, to be kept in contact by four pistons working in air cylinders. F. A. Fox, of New York, invented a face-plate held in position by screw and bevel gear. J. N. Barr and others tried various inclined arrangements by which gravity was used to hold the plates in contact. All these schemes were worthless.

H. C. Buhoup, however, really did improve the face-plate in some particulars. The Gould Coupler Company made a steel platform which was very much stronger than the old wooden platform, together with a two-stem, continuous-platform buffer, which made a smooth floor in all positions, on curves or elsewhere.

Finally, in 1895, the Standard Coupler Company placed on the market the three-stem buffer, in which the center stem was free, while the end stems were attached to an equalizer, which fully met the requirements of up-to-date railroad equipment.

Pullman, always quick to recognize a good thing, adopted it as the standard for his palace cars, and by August, 1898, his lead had been followed by forty-three railroad companies. The wide vestibule was now possible, so it was adopted and became universal as soon as cars could be equipped.

In out-of-the-way corners an occasional narrow-vestibuled sleeper, and even a coach with the old Miller platform, may still be found. A very few of these relics preserve the Miller hook. I wonder where one may be seen. Who of the many readers of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE knows?

# THE DESERT MAIL.

BY CY WARMAN.

Written for "The Railroad Man's Magazine."



WHEN your feet have strayed from the  
everglade  
To the shore of a shipless sea,  
When the bar is crossed and, at length,  
you're lost  
In its hushed immensity;  
When you search the wild through the silence piled,  
Waist-deep, for the desert trail,  
There's a distant roar, like a sea ashore—  
'Tis the moan of the Desert Mail.

Through the racing years there the engineers  
Sit close to the cabin-pane,  
As they urge their steeds where the white trail leads  
Through the Land of Little Rain;  
And out behind, on the desert wind,  
Blown back, like a bridal veil,  
Far, dim and gray, like the Milky Way,  
Lies the dust of the Desert Mail.

When the gaunt wolves howl where the spirits prowled,  
With ghosts of the desert's dead;  
And the living, lost where their trails have crossed,  
Mill 'round, while the sun paints red  
The western skies; when the long day dies  
And the stars shine dim and pale,  
There's a beacon fair on the desert there—  
It's the light of the Desert Mail.





# Building Hotels by the Mile.

BY ANDREW CHANTON.

**F**IFTY-TWO years ago George Pullman and a carpenter named Leonard Seibert rebuilt two old passenger-cars belonging to the Chicago and Alton Railroad. When their work was finished, Mr. Pullman proudly exhibited to the railroad officials two plush-upholstered sleeping-cars of a distinct type, each containing ten sections, a linen-locker, and two wash-rooms. These were the first Pullmans. They were put into service on the Chicago and Alton. A berth rate of fifty cents a night was charged. The brakeman made up the beds. To-day there are forty-five hundred big, comfortable Pullmans gliding over the rails in this country, and 7,500 employees are supplying the increasing demand.

**Passengers Did Not Wear Their Boots to Bed as Was Predicted, and Gladly Paid the Price that Mr. Pullman Asked To Ride in His \$24,000 Cars.**

**U**BIQUITOUS Hotel Concern" is the name that George Mortimer Pullman delighted in giving to the enterprise of which he was the Aladdin. "In the desert, on the prairie, aloft in the mountains," he would say, "our traveling inns come along and pick you up out of the discomforts of the waste places and carry you on, surrounded by the luxuries of a great hotel."

One day Mr. Pullman was traveling in one of his own sleepers, on his way to visit his branch shops in St. Louis. A woman passenger entered into conversation with him, not knowing who he was. Presently she was regaling him with a recital of the troubles she had in providing all the knives, forks, spoons, dishes, etc., that were necessary in maintaining a family hotel that she conducted in St. Louis.

"Madam," interrupted Mr. Pullman,

"your woes as a hotel-keeper I appreciate, for I have some slight responsibility in that line myself. I am the principal owner of ten thousand dozen knives and as many forks.

"I keep on hand over two hundred thousand spoons. I use about one hundred and fifty thousand cups and saucers every day. And I have in service a hundred thousand table-cloths and over half a million napkins and about a million towels and—"

"Land sakes!" exclaimed the woman, looking at her fellow passenger in blank amazement, "you must run a pretty large boarding-house."

"Yes, ma'am, I do. It has a thousand dining-rooms and three thousand bedrooms, containing over thirty thousand beds. I employ some five thousand colored servants, and have about fifteen thousand white men on my pay-roll. Seventy-five million two hundred and fifty thou-

sand pieces of linen are laundered for me every year, and—"

"Say," interjected the woman, whose expression had turned from amazement to affright, "I don't believe you're a boarding-house keeper at all. I think you run some sort of an asylum."

### Getting a Pass to the Plant.

I told this story to the Prime Minister of the Principality of Pullman. You'll learn who he is in just a minute.

When you are in their city, the Chicagoans will tell you that it is as much your duty to visit the Pullman shops as to go to the stock-yards. The first step you take, then, is to go to the big Pullman Building on the Lake Front and get a pass.

I went there, walked up to the president's office, and asked to see Mr. Robert T. Lincoln. The son of Abraham Lincoln was out of the city. So I was shown into the office of the vice-president, Mr. Charles S. Sweet.

Mr. Sweet knows everything about everything pertaining to a business that is as wide and as long as the continent itself. He is Prime Minister of the Principality of Pullman.

"Writing about George Pullman!" he exclaimed. "Why, I'm sure you can describe no scenes at our shops that will interest a public that cares only for results."

"But my story won't be confined to 'sights,'" I said. "There's the human side. I believe I can tell you an anecdote of Mr. Pullman that even you never heard."

And then I related the anecdote with which this article opens, the story of which illustrates Mr. Pullman's practise of keeping on the tip of his tongue an inventory of the properties of his "Ubiquitous Hotel Concern."

Even before I finished that tale Prime Minister Sweet indicated that he had heard enough. He pressed a button. A stenographer entered, note-book in hand. "Get a pass for one to the administration building at the works."

That's how I came to travel the fourteen miles out of Chicago to the city of Pullman, the capital of the Pullman Principality, and the greatest car-building town in the world, with a ticket of admission signed by Mr. Richmond Dean, the general manager.

My ticket was addressed to Mr. Thomas Dunbar, the manager at the works, who turned me over to a guide, after handing me a crimson card that "passed" me over the whole "making" plant.

Before I had been a quarter of an hour at the shops I was treated to a curious experience. Sideways! Like a monstrous crab! That's the way the Pullman car traveled in which I was a passenger. Thus, sideways, it rolled along the track for an eighth of a mile.

It was a private car, brand-new, nearly ready for delivery to one of the Vanderbilts. In no respect was it physically different from any other private car. The twelve wheels were in their usual places; the trucks were in their proper position.



BEHELD THE CONDUCTOR AND PORTER  
SOMEWHAT MIXED UP.



Yet that forty-five-thousand-dollar "flat on wheels" was navigated, as a sailor might say, "broadside-on." In that car, in company with a Pullman official, I lolled on a satin divan.

Through the windows on one side I looked straight to the front. Out of windows on the other side I looked plumb against the head end of the boiler of the locomotive that pushed us forward sideways a whole furlong.

That car made its extraordinary journey along a kind of alley between the great shops. In the shops there are some ten miles of track. On these tracks, any day, you can see seven thousand workmen building a hundred or more railroad cars. As each car nears completion it is either moved to another of the many different shops, or is taken out into the yard to be turned over to the "finishers."

Well, our private car was being moved out into the yard. First, it was rolled out of the shop and onto a platform that traveled along a track more than seventy feet wide, down the alley between the giant buildings. The platform looked like a turn-table, only it didn't turn.

### Sixty Miles of Hotels on Wheels.

It was pushed along sidewise, with our car as its load, till it reached a certain yard-track, where the car moved in its natural "head-on" way by being pulled off the platform by a switching-engine.

Such is one of the "sights" at the place where they build traveling hotels by the mile. On the rails of North America there are to-day over sixty miles of such hotels on wheels. In other words, there is a "fleet" of forty-five hundred Pullman sleepers, parlor-cars, and diners "on the road."

Last year alone the Pullman shops turned out over twelve miles of itinerant

hotels, or about one thousand passenger-cars of all classes. And our private car that traveled sideways represented a paltry sixty feet of the fifteen miles of traveling bedrooms, dining-rooms, drawing-rooms, and "sitting-rooms" (coaches), that will be built during the present year at the capital city of the Principality of Pullman.

The capacity of the shops is one sleeper, two coaches, and fifty box cars a day. "We can, and pretty nearly do, turn out in a year over sixteen thousand cars of all kinds," said a Pullman worker. "Hitch all those cars of a single year in one train, and the front car would stand in New York and the rear car would be in Baltimore, making a train one hundred and eighty miles long."

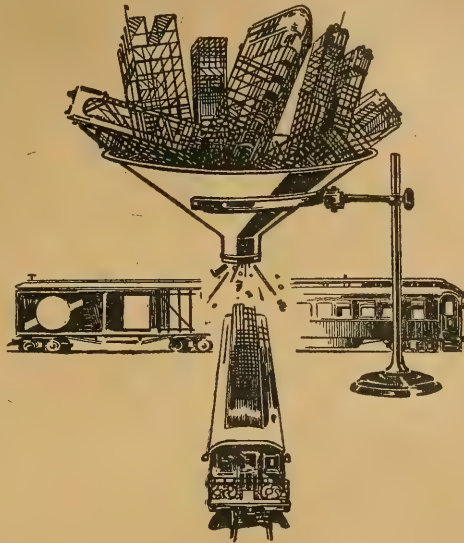
The value of all Pullman and private

cars in the country to-day is one hundred and twenty-five million dollars. That is more than one-half the total value of all the telegraph systems of the country, and a quarter of the value of all the mining products.

In the passenger-car shops the racket was so deafening that I could only pretend I heard what my guide was telling me. It was the noise of a thousand hammers and mallets on wood.

The hammerers were driving nails at the rate of about two thousand a minute, and in making the sides of cars they pounded thoroughly seasoned hardwood into place at the rate of a hundred planks a minute—planks taken from the two million dollars' worth of lumber that is carried in stock.

Amid the banging and the general din, however, my pilot managed at last to make me understand that in the Pullman shops sixty million feet of lumber were used last year. If delivered at one time, as we afterward figured, that yearly lumber supply would require a train fifty miles long, consisting of five thousand cars.



ENOUGH TO BUILD SIX SKY-SCRAPERS IN  
NEW YORK CITY.

With that lumber you could build a board-walk, eight planks wide, the whole length of the Atlantic coast of the United States. Lay the walk one plank wide, and it would be twelve thousand miles long, running down the coasts of the three Americas from Labrador to some point near Patagonia.

### Supplies and Materials.

When you think of all that lumber and all the wood-workers required to convert it into railroad cars, you accept as a matter of course the information that George Pullman's father was a carpenter, that George started life as a carpenter's apprentice, and that he afterward learned the trade of cabinet-maker.

A trifle of other materials, too, is used in the Pullman shops. In a year they consume one hundred and twenty-five thousand tons of iron, enough to build six sky-scrapers in New York City or Chicago. Delivered all at one time, that iron would arrive on a train sixty miles long, composed of six thousand cars.

There are also a few machines in those car-building sheds, fifteen hundred and some. They are operated by thirty stationary engines having a total of twelve thousand horse-power.

The biggest of the engines is the giant Corliss that made its debut at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia thirty-one years ago. With it are connected nineteen and one-half miles of shafting and belting.

The coal used in keeping those thirty engines in action during one year, 60,000 tons, would warm at least six thousand ordinary houses for a whole winter.

### The Wreck Test.

Queer "stunts," other than that of making cars run sideways, are performed at the shops. One day a year or so ago, on the Pullman Railroad that is operated in connection with the plant, there was a wreck—not one of your accidental affairs, but one deliberately planned and executed to order.

Down the tracks came a train consisting of a parlor-car and an engine. The engine was pushing the car and making directly for a lone sleeper, a new one, that stood on the same track. As the backing train neared the sleeper it gathered a speed of thirty miles an hour.

One could see that the engineer did not

even try to avert a collision. Did he mean thus wantonly to wreck his own train? Did he intend maliciously to destroy railroad property worth a small fortune? Yes! That's exactly what he meant to do—if he could.

*Crash, bang!* went the flying train into the solitary sleeper. And when the Pullman workers looked the "wreck" over this is what they found: Tender of engine fit only for the scrap-heap; vestibules of parlor-car reduced to kindling and junk; sleeper absolutely intact, unhurt, unscathed.

What was all the fuss about? It was just a wreck test. Both cars were Pullman-made, but the parlor-car was the regulation wooden affair, while the sleeper was a type of car you've never seen—unless you have visited the Jamestown Exposition, where that car—the "Jamestown"—was placed on exhibition soon after the wreck test at Pullman.

The "wreck" took place a few days before I presented my pass at the Pullman works. "Where's that car now?" I asked, and learned that it stood at the Grand Central Station in Chicago. At that station I boarded the first sleeping-car of its kind on earth—an "all-steel" car.

### First All-Steel Car.

It was designed by one who is to-day the proudest member of the general staff of the Pullman army, Max Schneider. On the inside of the car I looked in vain for wood. Its bones, so to speak, were all of steel.

Its walls were nine parts steel and one part asbestos. Its floor was two parts steel and one part concrete. Its roof was steel, but its inner ceiling was aluminum. And its window-frames were of brass.

Pour burning oil on that car, and you would damage only the carpets and upholstery. Try to wreck it while its wheels turn at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and, as I've shown, nothing doing happens—except to the other car or engine.

After leaving the shops, I walked around the town. Two or three of the twenty-five hundred householders invited me to step inside to inspect the model nests of brick that Mr. Pullman built "to help my employees to help themselves."

One man said he had occupied the same house for nearly a quarter of a century. Then I visited the Pullman Club, looked in at the theater, and stopped at the library,



where ten thousand volumes are at the free disposal of anybody.

This model city is now thirty-one years old. It covers thirty-five hundred acres, or about six square miles. Its shape and size resemble that of Central Park, in New York, two miles long and half a mile wide. You can ride for twelve hours over paved streets a hundred feet wide, stroll sixteen miles on sidewalks, and go seafaring on three miles of Calumet Lake.

The inhabitants of this very distinctive manufacturing and railroad town number fifteen thousand, a population equal to that of Ann Arbor, Michigan, twice that of Annapolis, Maryland, or three times that of Boise, Idaho.

To the workmen in Pullman alone the company has paid, since the town was founded, over seventy-five million dollars.

The seven thousand five hundred workers of the town comprise one-third of all Pullman employees in the country. That makes the grand total twenty-one thousand, with an annual pay-roll of thirteen million dollars.

One day Mr. Pullman was crossing the Arizona desert, on the Southern Pacific, in a car named Psychrus. At one of the water-tank stations he got out to stretch his legs, wandering a little way from the tank. When he returned he said to a porter:

"How far back is my car?  
It's the—ahem!—the Circus!"

"Oh, you mean the Pish-rush," cried the porter. "Second car back."

Another time he was traveling on a Union Pacific train, going west. The cars on that train were mostly of the "R" class—Rhamnenses, Rhodanus, Rhyndacus. Now, as Mr. Pullman passed through the train he chanced upon a Pullman conductor who was studying a Greek Testament.

"Putting your spare time to good use, I see," remarked Mr. Pullman.

"Yes, sir. I'm a theological student."

"Young man," Mr. Pullman said with impressive solemnity, "if you're a theological student, I'm astonished that you'd resort to prevarication in any form. For it's my belief that in studying that book you are merely mastering the nomenclature of the no-



BRAVELY HE ATTEMPTED TO  
OPEN A WINDOW.

ble profession the uniform of which adorns you at this moment."

In talking of private cars, the visiting railroaders at the Hotel Florence said that certain private-car owners have of late declared that the privacy thus attained does not offset the additional dangers incurred. Your private car is always at the rear end of a train.

When the train is long and is running at high speed, you are whirled around curves in a way that makes you feel like the end



FROM LABRADOR TO  
PATAGONIA.

boy in the game of snap-the-whip. Also, there has been in recent months an epidemic of rear-end collisions. For these two and sufficient reasons Mr. George Vanderbilt recently sold his private car, and now rides, as Mr. Pullman frequently did, in an ordinary sleeper.

One of my acquaintances at the hotel related a specific incident suggestive of other dangers of private-car travel. A Montana mine-owner,

on his way East in his own car, reached St. Paul. There a switching-engine transferred his car from the road he came on to a Chicago foad.

The Chicago train immediately pulled out. No notice of the "private" had been given to the conductor. Hence no rear lamps were put in position, nor were the steam and air-brake connections attended to.

On the bridge over the Mississippi the mine-owner suddenly found his car standing still. He was at dinner. Into the dining-room rushed the cook to announce that the car was standing on the track in the middle of the bridge and that the rest of the train had vanished.

The man from Montana sprang to the door and instantly realized his danger. The coupling had broken. A train coming from either direction would hurl his car into the river.

He jumped off and hurried back over the bridge, momentarily expecting to fall through the ties to a watery grave. He found a station, and the telegraph operator did the rest. Stations to the rear were notified to hold up trains, and a station ahead was wired to stop the Chicago train and send it back to pick up its lost car. But that Montana miner never afterward felt quite happy in his luxurious and exclusive traveling flat.

### His Christian Name.

Tales are told by the dozen by the rank and file at the Arcade. One "Arcadian" said: "Here's one that isn't twenty-four

hours old. It's about a Pullman porter, well known in this town, who got square with a passenger that incessantly and haughtily ordered and never tipped.

"See here, George," cried the passenger, 'bring me—'

"That's me, sah! Ah'm George. But Ah didn't s'pose you knew me well enough to use mah Christian name. Gem'men calls me just "po-tah." Glad, sah, to count you as mah pussional frien."

"And now," the "Arcadian" said, "I ain't going to tell you George's other name, because if you printed his full name he'd get fired. Discipline in the United States army is child's play compared to what it is in the army of Pullman.

"And say, did you know that Mr. Pullman had a head shaped like a railroad car? Well, he did. Phrenologists called it his 'long head.' It just shows how a man's business can affect the outline of his cranium.

"Look at the 'old man's' hat that's been lying around the hotel yonder ever since the creator of this vast business was laid in his specially invented dynamite-proof grave beneath several tons of concrete and steel, and you'll see that I'm telling you gospel."

The rarest thing in the Pullman army is dishonesty. I refer principally to the porters, the men who are frequently tempted but who seldom fall. A man gets off a train early in the morning, leaving a plump pocketbook, or a valuable watch, under his pillow.

### Temptations of a Porter.

His wife leaves her diamond-rings lying on the wash-basin in their stateroom. That money, those jewels, are found by the porter, who hands them over to the conductor as he would do if the articles were an umbrella and a book.

After much questioning of members of the Pullman army at Pullman town, I at last heard of one porter who was sorely tempted and fell. He fell literally, too, with a dull thud.

The story of that porter's sudden back-sliding is so exceptional in the annals of Pullman that I set it down here as a variation of the monotone of integrity.

It was a train on the Northwestern, bound from Omaha to Chicago. One of the passengers in the sleeper was a mining man from Goldfield, Nevada. In a satchel he carried forty thousand dollars' worth of



Goldfield municipal bonds which he intended to "peddle" in Chicago.

In a moment of confidence the Nevada man communicated his secret to the porter.

"That bag of mine," he said, "looks like it might hold socks and a collar. Well, it contains the price of about eighty thousand pairs of socks and of about a third of a million collars." And then he named the contents as "forty one-thousand-dollar bonds."

Not many minutes later he looked for his bag and failed to see it. Just as his dismay began taking the more active form of wrath, he heard sounds of a scuffle. In the rear door of his car he beheld the Pullman conductor and the porter somewhat mixed up as to legs and arms.

### He Saved the Bag.

As the man from Nevada rushed down the aisle with intent to ally himself with the conductor, his bag fell to the floor of the vestibule! He seized it, and simultaneously the porter vanished.

Did that porter fall off? Or did he jump off? Perhaps doubt on this point can be dispensed by the sheriff of a certain county in Iowa, providing he found the porter lying on the Northwestern right-of-way, as he expected.

When the report of this incident reached the town of Pullman the car-builders were dumfounded. A porter gone wrong? Incredible! It was only a practical joke—perpetrated by the mining man. His bag really contained only socks and a collar. Such was Pullman-town sentiment. The only part of the report that pleased the Pullmanites was a remark of the philosophic traveler who referred to "that willing but unlucky porter."

"Wonder if you ever heard of a Pullman conductor called 'Beehive' Brady?" said one of the "Arcadians." "No? Well, he ain't in the service now. Don't know what's become of him. But I recollect hearing him tell how he came to be known as 'Beehive' Brady.

### Wouldn't Part with His Insects.

"He once had the Chicago-St. Paul run. At a way-station a man with a flowing white beard boarded one of Brady's sleepers. The old gent carried a wooden box about the size of the canary-bird cages you see in

stores. When Brady collected the passenger's ticket he heard a peculiar buzzing sound coming from that box.

"Passengers ain't allowed to carry nothin' alive in these cars," he said.

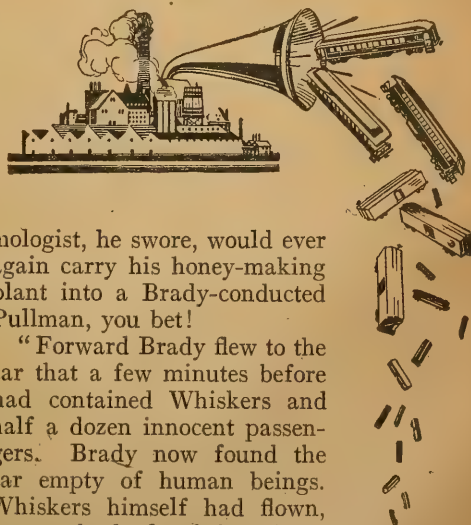
"These are harmless creatures," the passenger replied. "They're a rare species of insect. They're in a patent trap. Can't get out. A man of your superior intelligence, conductor, will appreciate my position and privileges when I tell you I'm an entomologist."

"That word put the quietus on Brady. He couldn't enforce rules on a man that called himself a thing like that. Perhaps entomologists were entitled to privileges he had never heard of. Anyway, he decided to leave Whiskers alone till the train-conductor could be consulted as to the rules for entomologists.

"Brady was about two cars farther back, still collecting tickets, when in dashed an old lady with horror written in her pallid face. 'Conductor!' she cried. 'It's simply disgraceful! I'll report you. That car I'm in is full of bees!'

"A great light flooded Brady's brain. At last he knew what an entomologist was—knew all about it without having to display his ignorance by asking the train-conductor. An entomologist was a dealer in honey.

"Harmless insects! Rare species! Brady was furious at the thought. No ento-



mologist, he swore, would ever again carry his honey-making plant into a Brady-conducted Pullman, you bet!

"Forward Brady flew to the car that a few minutes before had contained Whiskers and half a dozen innocent passengers. Brady now found the car empty of human beings. Whiskers himself had flown, hot on the heels of the others. And so had the 'harmless insects.' They had managed to escape from their patent

1 SLEEPER,  
2 COACHES,  
50 BOX CARS  
DAILY.

hive, and the car was fairly alive with them.

"As Brady entered, he heard a noise like that of a hundred electric buzzers—and also he was stung on the nose." Yet he bravely attempted to open a window—only to be stung on the ear. Even in the hasty flight he then achieved (leaving the door open so that the enemy could escape), he was stung on the chin.

"In a towering rage and maddened by pain, he reached the smoking-car, where Whiskers had taken refuge.

"What do you mean by bringing beehives into my cars?" howled Brady. "Didn't I tell you that live things weren't permitted? Confound you! Why didn't you say you were the kind of entomologist that has beehives?"

"Never you mind, conductor," said Whiskers. "I'm not, strictly speaking, an entomologist. It's true I dabble in the *genus entomophagous*, and am somewhat versed in entomotaxy. But my proclivities are chiefly apiarian, and that's how I came to invent that new beehive that I now see needs a little improvement as to means of egress. In short, conductor, I'm an apiarist."

"Oh, is that what you are?" murmured Brady as meekly as an immigrant traveler that doesn't understand English. "Well, if that's what you are," he added, "why, then, of course, perhaps, I guess I ought to allow you the usual privileges."

### Hard on the Railroads.

Still other soldiers of the Pullman army spoke of how proud Mr. Pullman was of Chicago, and especially of the part the railways were playing in the city's development. To a United States Senator from Illinois Mr. Pullman once said:

"Yes, sir, we have over a thousand trains a day running in and out of our city, with over a hundred and fifty thousand passengers. And the fact is the railways have made Chicago just what it is to-day."

"Goodness gracious!" cried the Senator. "What a horrible charge to bring against the railways!"

One car-builder told me that Chicago did not raise the man Pullman. "Pullman raised Chicago," he insisted.

It seems that in the days when the city was "lifted" bodily out of a marsh, Mr. Pullman was one of the first to secure a

contract to move a block of buildings. He was then in his early manhood. His father had given him certain patented devices for raising buildings without disturbing street traffic and without injuring the structures.

George heard that men were wanted to "raise" Chicago. He called on owners of business property in the heart of the city, displayed his new appliances, and secured a contract to raise a hotel and "fill in."

His success was so complete that other contracts came to him, and by the time that a good part of the central district of Chicago stood on dry land (with the marsh smothered beneath the "fill in"), Pullman had cleared about twenty thousand dollars.

And that was the way young Pullman got the money to begin the construction of the first comfortable sleeping-car in the world. He paid five thousand dollars for a patent or two, and spent the remainder of his little capital in building, in 1865, the now famous "Pioneer." That car cost altogether eighteen thousand dollars, or over four times as much as any "alleged" sleeping-car then in existence.

### Pioneer Sleeping-Car.

Even as early as 1836 an extremely primitive sleeping-car had been put in operation between Chambersburg and Harrisburg for the accommodation of travelers to the Pennsylvania State capital. The berths were remodeled from those of steamboats.

By 1858, the New York Central had "sleepers" with berths three deep on each side, and with practically no bedclothes or pillows. The mattresses were stored at the end of the car, and were dragged along the none too clean floor to the berths as wanted.

The car was lighted by candles or sperm-oil lamps. Those who wanted to wash did so in a tin basin.

In 1859 Mr. Pullman made a night journey from Buffalo to Westfield over the New York Central.

"It was a sixty-mile ride," said Mr. Pullman afterward, "and I occupied a bunk in one of the so-called sleeping-cars. The rattling and bumping and jolting kept me awake the whole way. I put the time to good use, however, by revolving in my mind plans by which I could build a car with a dormitory, which would provide more comfort than the car I was riding in. By the time I reached Westfield I was convinced

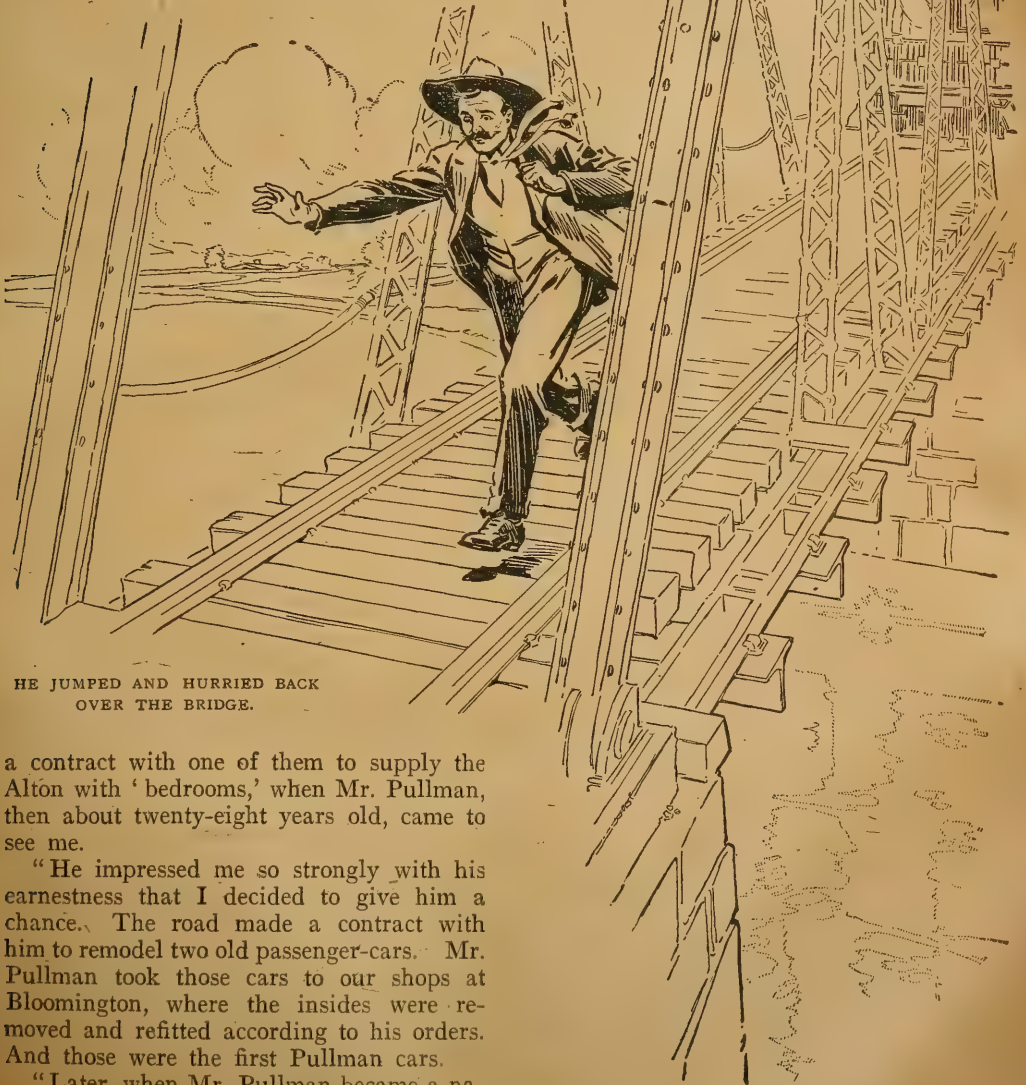


that I could build a car in which passengers could really get some sleep."

The railroad that gave Mr. Pullman his start in the sleeping-car business was the Chicago and Alton. But which particular official of that road made the first "bargain" with the young inventor? It was the superintendent, Colonel R. E. Goodell, of Denver.

### Building the First Pullmans.

"It was in 1859," says Mr. Goodell. "Three different companies were making crude 'bedroom' cars. I was about to make



HE JUMPED AND HURRIED BACK  
OVER THE BRIDGE.

a contract with one of them to supply the Alton with 'bedrooms,' when Mr. Pullman, then about twenty-eight years old, came to see me.

"He impressed me so strongly with his earnestness that I decided to give him a chance. The road made a contract with him to remodel two old passenger-cars. Mr. Pullman took those cars to our shops at Bloomington, where the insides were removed and refitted according to his orders. And those were the first Pullman cars.

"Later, when Mr. Pullman became a na-

tional character and a millionaire, I saw him frequently. Much of his business was done while traveling. Presidents and superintendents of roads would come to his car and in half an hour's conversation arrange the details of business for perhaps a whole year. He never grew enthusiastic over anything, and I never saw him excited."

Colonel Goodell always carried a pass good on every car belonging to the Pullman company, either in America or Europe.

"I have helped many men," he once said, "and George Pullman was one of the few who remembered. This pass of mine was mailed every year so that it came to me on New Year's morning."

It was after Mr. Pullman's experiments on the Alton that he built the "Pioneer."

"He rented a workshop and employed skilled mechanics," says a Pullman official, "and though Mr. Pullman was himself without mechanical training, he personally directed the work of others in all the minute details of putting his ideas into material form in the 'Pioneer' and in the still more expensive cars that immediately followed."

### Would Wear Their Boots to Bed.

"But such extravagance in a mere railroad car is ridiculous," protested President Joy, of the Michigan Central, addressing Mr. Pullman. "People will climb in between the sheets of your sleeping-car with their boots on. And they will view the carpets and upholstery in the light of a convenient cuspidor."

"Not at all," replied the optimistic inventor. "The same instinct which makes people conform in their habits to elegant surroundings in a first-class hotel will make them conform to the appointments of my hotel on wheels."

The result of this conversation was that President Joy said: "Well, we'll run a few

of your twenty-four-thousand-dollar-cars on the Michigan Central just for the experiment. But I'm sure the public will never pay two dollars for a bunk."

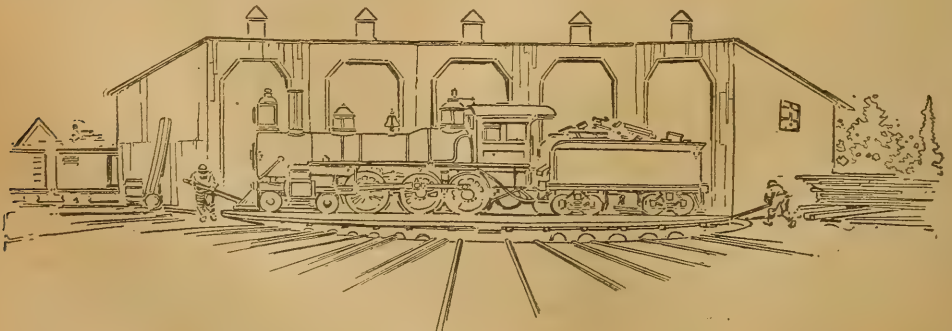
To the Florence Hotel—named for Mr. Pullman's daughter—come many railroad officers who once had personal dealings with Mr. Pullman. They are unanimous in declaring that the famous car-builder had the infinite capacity for details that spells genius. His talent for organization is apparent to-day to even the casual visitor to the works, though the genius of the establishment died ten years ago.

### Keeping Track of the Cars.

In the administration building, for instance, I found that they can turn to the record of any given car, no matter in what part of North America it may be running at the time, and tell to a penny what it cost originally, how much it is earning per month or per day, what its expenses are for operation and repairs, how many passengers it has carried altogether since it was built, how many passengers occupied it at any particular time, and the names of the conductor and porter in charge of it on any specified day or run. In short, in the home office, one can find the whole life history of any Pullman car.

After my visit to the noisy passenger-car shops, already described, I went through the wood machine-shops, the cabinet-shops, the marquetry department, the brass foundry—and everywhere there was the same bedlam. Pandemonium reigned throughout that plant as on a battle-field.

Men everywhere were driving nails in battalions. The sound effect was of volley upon volley of musketry. Loads of lumber slid from cars to ground with a booming sound, like cannon to right and left in action.





# "J. HARRY JONES, AUDITOR."

BY CHESTER PORTER BISSELL.

## He Sent the Chills Down Adams's Back and then Adams Returned the Compliment.

**N**O. 7 had just gone. The few passengers who had alighted shambled along the boardwalk to the business part of the town. Sam Adams, the station-agent, pushed the truck back into the freight-room, checked the packages with the way-bills, and, finding they were O.K., he closed the freight-room door with a bang. Picking up three or four sacks of mail, he trudged toward the post-office.

Sam had been agent at Capeville, for the C. H. and W., for fifteen years. It seemed to him that he had worked at the red depot all his life. Other men had been promoted and went to better paying positions, leaving Sam plodding in the same rut.

Sam had married Mary Grisham, the daughter of a prosperous farmer, about fifteen years before. Sam was then beginning his career as a telegraph operator, and Mary saw no reason why he should not climb the ladder, rung by rung, until he reached the pinnacle—the presidency of the road.

Alas! In spite of Sam's faithful service and ability, he remained at Capeville for fifteen years, and Mary accepted his failure with fortitude, although she could not understand why other men went ahead of Sam.

As she struggled to keep up the house, and feed, clothe, and send six growing children to school on Sam's fifty dollars a month, tears of disappointment came to her eyes many times.

As Sam walked to the post-office with the mail he seemed to be in a trance. At any rate, he was in an unhappy frame of mind. He had long contemplated a lay-off. Now that their home was out of debt, he could afford to take a short breathing spell.

Only Mary and he knew the personal sacrifices and grinding economies that had enabled them to secure a home. He would have been put to shame if it would have been proclaimed to the world how far he had learned to make a nickel go, and how many darns and stitches Mary took to make the little stockings and pinafores hang together.

Sam asked himself if he could afford a vacation. To do nothing—absolutely nothing for a few weeks! What a novelty!

But something seemed to step in and say, "No; not yet."

One day a car arrived containing the outfit of a number of immigrants. Its destination had been changed while in transit. Sam collected the freight charges as originally billed, not noticing the changed heading of the way-bill; therefore, he did not collect the full amount from the consignee. Furthermore, he never could—the consignee was dead.

Sam, in due time, received a letter from the auditing department, instructing him to "take special debit for \$31, account under-charge on car of emigrant outfit, account Duluth way-bill 18756."

The writer of the letter was somewhat caustic. He asked Sam if he ever revised his way-bills, and called his attention to "amendment 18-B to supplement 49-G to tariff 1973-I.C.C., also in connection with C. H. and W.'s proportion-sheet 62-F, paragraph 4, for the correct rate."

When Sam read this letter he was real mad. It meant another month or more before he could take his vacation.

He entered the post-office and threw the mail on the floor with a sigh of relief. Brushing the dirt from his worn clothing,

he peeped into his box, and took out a postal-card. It was a Western Union Telegraph Company's error-card amounting to ninety-three cents.

"Great Scott!" Sam ejaculated. "Is there no end to this paying money out? The company wants a fellow to work for next to nothing, then pay it all back in what they call errors. Hang the railroad company!"

With bitterness in his heart, Sam returned to the depot.

He entered the waiting-room, drew the keys from his pocket, and was preparing to unlock the office-door when he noticed a well-dressed man at the ticket window. Sam noticed particularly that the stranger carried an expensive gripsack. As Sam entered the office, the stranger picked up his grip and followed him in.

"I suppose you are the express-agent here?" he asked politely.

"Yes, sir; what can I do for you?" answered Sam, eying the stranger closely. He was about thirty-five years of age, well built, clean cut, and polished in manner, but he had a queer, unblinking stare.

"I am here to check your express accounts. My name is Jones—J. Harry Jones. Here is my authority." He handed Sam a letter.

Sam had always held traveling auditors in a sort of fear. His accounts were always in tip-top shape, and frequently the auditors had commended his neat bookkeeping and his small, clear-cut figures in the impression books.

But this man Jones! There could be no doubt as to the authenticity of the letter. It was written on the superintendent's letter-head, and carried his signature. Sam had seen this signature so many times.

In a bewildered manner, Sam read the instructions giving all agents orders to allow J. Harry Jones to audit the station accounts.

The typewritten words seemed to run together in a blur. A vague feeling stole over him that, for some unknown reason, his bonding company might have terminated his bond—that this man had come to check him out!

"Why, Mr. Patterson, the route-agent, was here last week," said Sam nervously.

"That's all right. Don't feel uneasy in the least," replied the auditor reassuringly.

Sam felt as if a weight had been removed from his heart. He put out his hand, and

the auditor shook it warmly. Sam appeared to be very happy.

"You see," continued the auditor, "Route-Agent Patterson misplaced the report on your check, and was not able to locate it. As he is very busy, I was sent here to get another check." His voice had a soothing effect.

"Now, the first thing is your cash," he added, opening his grip. Sam went to the "cast-iron" safe, took out a roll of bills, which he handed to the auditor.

"I intended to remit yesterday, but did not get to it. I am afraid I have more money on hand than is allowed by the rules," said Sam, growing slightly nervous again.

"That's all right. Agents cannot always live up to the stringent rules the company makes," the auditor answered, smiling.

Sam stared in astonishment. Here was an official who was not harping on the rules. On the contrary, he was taking sides with Sam. A feeling of good fellowship began to steal over him.

"Do you wish me to remit?" asked Sam, getting a remittance slip and a money envelope from the case.

"Oh, no; I will just take it along with me. Here is your receipt. Two hundred and fifty-four dollars. Now, get me your express books," said the auditor with a gleam of satisfaction as he placed the roll of bills in the grip.

Sam got his "delivery," "forwarding," the "old hoss" book, and the impression book that contained copies of his monthly reports, and laid them before the auditor. In a few minutes he was totally absorbed in checking abstracts, statements, and money-order reports.

Sam went to the telegraph table, in the window, sat down on the inverted end of the nail keg, which served him as a waste basket, and gave the despatcher the "OS" of No. 7.

As he sat by the telegraph instrument he thought of the mail he received on No. 7. He drew the express way-bills and three or four letters from his coat-pocket. He opened one. It was a requisition for two gallons of coal oil and a half-dozen lamp-wicks returned from the superintendent's office, with a note on it asking Sam what he had done with the oil and wicks which had been sent him a month previous. Sam laughed, and laid a track-spike on the requisition.



"It's that little pinheaded chief clerk that asks such idiotic questions," he said to himself.

He picked up another envelope. It contained a bunch of tariffs from the traffic bureau. Vivid recollections of the thirty-one dollars came to him as he glanced at them. With a feeling of disgust he threw them aside.

Sam opened another letter. This one was a circular letter from the express company: "One Thousand Dollars Reward" was the heading. It gave in detail the Bertillon measurements and the description of a noted international swindler, who had served several terms in jail and had many aliases.

He was about to throw it to one side. Agents generally give such things only passing interest. But—he chanced to look on the opposite side of the circular.

He paled and his body seemed to become suddenly paralyzed. Little chills began to run up and down his back. His hand trembled with excitement.

Before him was a photographic likeness of the crook wanted. It was an excellent picture of the auditor sitting behind him.

Sam quickly regained his composure and began to think just what action to take. Here was a serious problem to be solved quickly and by himself. Then, also, two hundred and fifty-four dollars were involved for which he would be held responsible. The very thought of losing such an amount made him shudder.

There was another risk to run. He might be mistaken. Such coincidences had happened. He pulled out his watch. The picture of Mary on the inside of the case looked at Sam with a soft, tender gaze. A white flame of passion shot through him, charging his body with courage! He would arrest this man! If he made a mistake, he would take the consequences!

He would take the risk.

The auditor worked on unconcernedly. He was so like an "old head" that Sam was uneasy. Now and then he would ask Sam a question that showed he was "dead next to the job." This only made the situation more perplexing.

Twenty miles from Capeville was the town of Cooper—the division for the railroad company. The office of superintendent of the express company was located there.

Sam heard the "GO" wire working with Cooper. He knew the operator at Cooper

—old "KN." Sam opened the key and got busy.

"Say, 'KN,' could you get off about fifteen minutes? I want you to step over to Moore's office—the express superintendent," Sam sent over the wire.

"I guess so. What is it you want, old man?" responded "KN."

Sam sent a hurried statement to be forwarded to the superintendent—that the picture on the circular and the face of the auditor were alike as two peas.

"Ask them if they sent any one here to check this office, and let me know what to do quick," continued Sam.

His fingers trembled on the key as a flash came to him that the auditor might be an operator.

"You stay right there a minute, old man. I will phone and let you know," said "KN," leaving his key open.

If the auditor was an operator he never let on; he was still deeply absorbed in his work.

"When does the next train go east?" asked the auditor.

"In just two hours. One goes west in about an hour," Sam answered without turning his head.

"I will take the one going east," added the auditor.

The auditor would not take the east-bound train if Sam could prevent him. The instrument called Sam sharply.

"Say, old man, there is something doing! You have stirred up a hornet's nest! The superintendent is here, and says for you to watch this man and he will be down, with two officers, on No. 5, in about an hour," said "KN."

After answering a volley of questions, Sam closed his key. The operator at "GO" resumed business with Cooper, and Sam, in an unconcerned manner, turned around and walked into the freight-room.

As he looked through the freight-room door he saw the sheriff going by. Sam hailed him with more than customary fervor.

In another minute the sheriff knew the situation. Sam showed him the photograph on the circular, and told him that the officers were coming on No. 5.

"There is a thousand dollars reward, Sam. I might as well get that as the Pinkertons. Let's arrest him now," said the sheriff.

There was only one thing on Sam's mind—the two hundred and fifty-four dollars

he might lose if the auditor got away. Sam was agreeable to nabbing him at once.

"All right, I am game," replied Sam, putting the circular in his pocket.

"Return to your office and I will be in soon and ask for something. Leave the door open and keep cool," said the sheriff.

Sam returned to his office. The auditor had just finished the books. He threw them in a pile on the table, leaned back in his chair, lit a cigar and gave a long sigh of relief, and placed his feet on the books.

"Well, I am through. Everything is O.K.," he said, drawing long puffs and closing his eyes.

"Thanks," replied Sam. His anger began to get the best of him as he thought of the cool manner in which this man was trying to dupe him. Then his heart jumped. The sheriff was coming through the waiting-room into the office.

"Hallo, Sam! See if you have an express package for me?" asked the sheriff, casting a side glance at the auditor.

"I'll see," replied Sam, going to the table where the auditor sat.

"I will have to trouble you for my delivery-book," Sam said to the man.

"Sure," replied the auditor.

As he leaned back and lifted his legs from the books, Sam grabbed both of them and turned him over backward, smashing the chair and overturning the table.

Sam fell on top of the auditor. A pistol-shot rang through the office just as No. 5 whistled for Capeville. Sam managed to knock the revolver from the auditor's hand just as he was going to fire the second time.

Then a desperate hand-to-hand scuffle ensued, but the combined efforts of Sam and the sheriff rendered the auditor helpless. The blood trickled from Sam's cheek and he began to feel somewhat faint. No. 5 rolled in with the superintendent and two detectives.

"Got him, have you?" asked the superintendent as he scrutinized the auditor's face. "That's him! Go through him and see if he has any more shootin'-irons."

A pair of handcuffs were snapped on him.

"What's the meaning of this?" he demanded, choking with rage.

"This is the meaning," replied Sam, showing him his own picture on the circular.

J. Harry Jones resolved himself into a deep study.

The next morning Sam stopped to read the following letter which he had received on No. 7, from the express company:

MR. SAMUEL ADAMS,

DEAR SIR: I find that J. Harry Jones, the fake auditor, has swindled nearly every agent on my division, with his photo right in front of them. I have communicated with the general manager, and he authorizes me to pay you the reward of one thousand-dollars. Enclosed find draft covering same. Acknowledge receipt.

A. H. MOORE, Superintendent.

With a pale face Sam gazed at the draft. Then he thought of his bright, smiling Mary with a feeling of joy. The sudden burst of prosperity seemed more than he could stand.

Sam put the draft in his pocket and, jumping to his feet, let loose a few blood-curdling war-whoops. He picked up the chair that had been shattered in the scrimmage with J. Harry Jones and hurled it across the office. He threw the coal-hod through the ticket-window, followed closely by the fire-shovel. He played foot-ball with his waste-basket—the nail-keg—and finally broke into a whirling dance.

Sam Adams, who had maintained the dignity of the C., H. and W. Railroad Company at Capeville for the past fifteen years, was celebrating.

"Hey, Sam, what on earth are you doing? Why don't you bring that mail to the post-office? People have been waiting for an hour! If I had not known you for the past twenty years, I would swear you was drunk!" cried the postmaster through the ticket-window.

"By gosh! I clear forgot that mail!" answered Sam as he grabbed the sacks and fairly flew up the board-walk to the post-office door.

And then he ran home to tell Mary.

A cold boiler will never burst—neither will it haul freight. Let enough enthusiasm into your life to make steam.

—Pleadings of the Piston Block.



# THE THOUSAND-MILE TICKET.

BY DAN DUANE.

Author of "In the Hornet's Nest."

**Fulward, of the Snowball Trust Company,  
Develops a Scheme That Gets Him in Bad.**

## CHAPTER I.

The Sum of \$101,298.



NE afternoon, at about ten minutes past the hour of five, a well-dressed man, aged forty-five, his steel-gray hair, sharply cut features and piercing brown eyes denoting the clever business expert, walked briskly down Broadway, New York, in the direction of the Snowball Trust Company.

That is not the correct name of the financial institution toward which the steps of Mr. Oxenham Fulward were directed, but as this narrative is based more or less on things that have made history, the author begs, for obvious reasons, that the real names of the people and places and things connected with it be sufficiently changed to preclude the possibility of embarrassment.

The story, however, is just as it was told to me by several of the parties connected with the remarkable affair.

Mr. Oxenham Fulward was walking in the direction of the Snowball Trust Company. He was the assistant cashier of that company. He had left his offices in the ground floor of the imposing sky-scraper which it occupied, at precisely three o'clock.

At that time, the officers usually took their departure, for the daily routine of the bank official begins at ten in the morning and ends at three in the afternoon, although the clerks and their superiors are obliged to stay until five in order that the business of the day may be checked up and recorded.

Fulward was timing himself to arrive at

the offices of the Snowball at fifteen minutes after five. By that time, the clerks who were not permitted to leave their desks until five sharp, would have put on their hats and coats and become part of the great stream of toiling humanity which at that hour files homeward through the cañons that lead from the financial district of the metropolis to the entrances of the Elevated and Subway trains, and the concourse of Brooklyn Bridge.

Fulward had a key that unlocked the front door. This he deemed necessary, for his visits to the bank after hours were of more or less frequency. Patrick Carr, the worthy citizen who guarded the place when it was closed, to give the alarm should thieves break in and steal, was absolutely unconcerned regarding the unusual visit of so prominent an officer of the concern.

When Fulward entered and nodded cheerfully to the watchman who, with a bunch of evening papers and an easy chair, was preparing to make himself comfortable for the night, Patrick merely returned the salutation and went his way.

"Them bankers do not have so easy a time as one would think," said Patrick to himself as the assistant cashier entered his private office. "Mr. Fulward is obliged to come back here most every night and work until 'tis very-late. Thank Heaven, I can take it easy."

Patrick was entitled to the promptings of his soliloquy—but Mr. Fulward did not have to return to the office for any such reason. He returned because it was to his particular advantage to do so.

In a shorter and uglier phrase, he returned to doctor his books.

Mr. Fulward, for some five years or more, had been systematically robbing the Snowball Trust Company.

His peculations had now run up to a sum that was slightly over one hundred thousand dollars. His system was as old as the eternal hills. Men had tried to beat it before and had gone down to ruin.

Fulward began to rob when he read of an apprehended cashier who had kept this particular scheme in successful operation for ten years. That was the first tip that he had that bank robbery was so very easy, and he resolved to put it to the test. His first haul was a thousand dollars. It came so easy that he took another thousand and then another and still another. Finally it had become a habit.

The ancient scheme was to intercept the collections for the day, take whatever sum he needed and alter the collection-clerk's sheet.

The next morning, the bookkeeper who entered on his journal the collections of the preceding day was none the wiser. As Fulward had direct charge of this part of the company's business, it was easy for him to operate and conceal his peculations.

They now covered a period of five years. During that time; he had read of other cashiers who had gone down to disgrace through similar methods. He had read of suicides and families made miserable, of institutions being wrecked and the wreckers sent to jail, of wives who suffered the tortures of degradation through their miscreant husbands, of little children who knew what it meant to have the fingers of their playmates pointed at them in derision, and to hear the ignominious curse, "His papa is a thief."

To all the newspaper reports, to all other records of unfortunates, Fulward simply smiled and said, "Fool! He didn't know how to play the game."

But on this particular night, Fulward came to the conclusion that he didn't know how to play the game either. Sitting at his desk, he took a little red-covered pocket-book from the top drawer, reached for pad and pencil, and began to figure.

With the care and accuracy of a trained business man, he had kept account of every sum that had come to him through his medium of dishonesty. Not only was the sum recorded, but the date on which it was taken as well.

One by one, Fulward jotted on the pad

each item recorded in the red-covered book. Then with the swiftness of an adding machine he added the sum. It read, \$101,298.

Fulward leaned back astounded. "God knows I can never pay it back," he said.

It stared at him with the eyes of a demon. \$101,298! It was awful. It bit straight into his conscience. It seemed to cling to him with the claws of a starving wolf.

For the first time in five years, Mr. Oxenhäm Fulward felt a cold and beady sweat on his brow. It is the sweat that comes when fear enters the heart.

Fulward didn't like it. It seemed to make him afraid of himself. He had never been that!—no, in all the years of his dishonesty, he had never lost his nerve or his belief that he could "make good" to the institution when the time came.

Now the thing was rising before him like an insuperable barrier.

Fulward brushed the cold and beady sweat from his brow and began to think. Three things were quick in coming to him.

First: He had to stop stealing then and there. The matter had been going on long enough. He would turn over a new leaf.

Second: He would make good the amount at once.

Third: How?

The third was a stickler. It dissolved the other two as the sun dissolves the darkness.

Perhaps the best plan was to make a good haul and take a flurry in the street. He could put his hands on some \$25,000 of the trust company's money inside of a week, for some unusually large collections were coming in from the Western banks.

He would watch the market closely, he knew where he could get a tip or two that would be followed by a sudden rise—and all would be well. Oh, it was easy!

Then, the whole thing might be blamed on another man! There was Bezon, the head collection-clerk, a silent, wan-faced, plodding young man. His record was good, he had been bonded by the surety company because an influential friend had vouched for him; he had to support a widowed mother and all that—but sentiment could have no place when the getting of a hundred thousand dollars was the issue at stake.

Of course, he could not accuse Bezon outright. Bezon was perfectly honest and could prove it. Bezon would have to be found dead in the bank and, naturally, the books would be examined and the shortage



discovered. And Fulward would rise in his might with horror-stricken countenance and say, "How terrible! Why can't young men respect and honor the trust that is placed in them!"

Mr. Fulward had an imaginative mind.

There was yet another way out of it. With peculiar force, it struck Fulward on the solar-plexus of his thinking apparatus and he almost jumped with joy. That final way was the purloining of the Thousand-Mile Ticket.

The Thousand-Mile Ticket was an heirloom. As its name indicates, it was a common form of transportation issued by a railroad company. At its face value, such a ticket would be worth a paltry twenty dollars, but even if the dictates of the law placed this particular document at such a valuation, Mr. J. Erasmus Low would not have taken ten thousand times that amount for it—no, not in cold cash!

## CHAPTER II.

### Erasmus and the Ticket.

**J.** ERASMUS LOW was a millionaire many times over. Singular as it may seem, the Thousand-Mile Ticket had been instrumental in making him such.

Many years before he became a financial power in the land, before he ever thought that he would be rich enough to give millions to research work, millions to endow public institutions, millions to colleges, and millions to wipe out consumption, the Thousand-Mile Ticket played a most important part in his life.

The "J" in his name stood for John. In the early days when he was plain John Low and rather disturbed because his parents had divided so simple and noble a cognomen with the New England appellation of a departed uncle, he had saved the life of a man, by name Thomas Enger.

The horse which Enger was driving became unmanageable, and young Low, a tow-headed lad in a country village, had thrown himself bravely in the horse's path, grabbed the infuriated animal's bridle, and brought it to a halt.

Enger thanked the boy. Being a calculating man, he gave John fifty cents and told him that he would remember him some day.

That day came when J. Erasmus Low was about twenty-five years old. Enger had

found it necessary to take a trip to New York. With his customary method of economy, he purchased, at the ticket-window of the little depot, the now famous Thousand-Mile Ticket. As the train was pulling out, the unexpected happened.

It collided with a fast freight. The wreck was a bad one. Enger was carried to the baggage-room in a bad way.

A doctor told him that his hours were numbered. He called for pen and ink, took the Thousand-Mile Ticket from his pocket, and on the back of the long array of perforated coupons he wrote his will.

He disposed of various parcels of property with a shaky hand, remembered several old toilers who worked about his farm, cut off an unworthy son with a penny, and then, mustering his final courage, made J. Erasmus Low a benefactor to the extent of ten thousand dollars. "Because," as the dying man wrote, "this brave boy, with remarkable heroism, saved my life in a runaway at the risk of his own."

That night, old Tom Enger was gathered unto his fathers. Seven days later, J. Erasmus Low received a check for the amount of the bequest.

Erasmus didn't dash madly to the city as other boys, who come suddenly into a fortune, might have done. Erasmus, fortunately, was born with the money-making germ well planted in his hearty system. He knew from that inborn trait that one dollar if properly used will make another, and he accepted as his guiding-star the well-founded Hebraic doctrine that no man should use money for his pleasure until he has a comfortable nest-egg pickling in the brine of gilt-edge investments.

Erasmus came to New York. He started a loan business in a small way. He loaned on gilt-edge securities and first mortgages, and, if the truth be told, he never failed to charge a little more than the legal interest whenever he thought that the borrower needed the money badly.

He was quick to make his collections, quicker to foreclose when the borrower failed to come to time, and his call loans were the bogy of those who held them. Sentiment had no place in the business notions of young Erasmus. He hated nothing more than the man who came to him and begged an extra day or two in order to raise some money.

Before many months had passed, the original fortune of J. Erasmus Low had

reached twenty-five thousand dollars. Then it crept up to the fifty-thousand mark, and soon it was recorded at double that amount.

As time sped on, it grew and grew, and by the time the tow-headed New England boy had reached the mellow forties he was the biggest man in the street; his name was a household word; the picture of his sharp-featured face was seen everywhere; fond mothers and jealous fathers pointed to him with pride, and told their sons that his was the life to emulate, that being President of the United States was nothing to being a J. Erasmus Low.

When he was well settled in life, with a wife and family, several homes, motor-cars, and a yacht, Erasmus began the establishment of a private museum. In a large room of his Fifth Avenue mansion he gathered the treasures of many lands, as well as treasures that marked various mile-posts in his interesting career. Although these latter were of a personal nature, they were, nevertheless, as valuable to him as the real and fake art objects of the old world for which his money went so readily, and among them, prided above all else, was the Thousand-Mile Ticket.

Because he was rich and powerful, because his word was better than his bond, because he had done much for the little town of his birth, the courts had set aside all precedent and permitted him to take the queerly made will into his own keeping.

He had promised that it would be more safe in his private museum than in the safe of the county court; that so long as life was vouchsafed to him, he would guard it with personal care.

The newspapers at the time made much of the incident. They were given to recording, beyond the limit of veracity, every move that the millionaire made; but their display attending the transfer of the Thousand-Mile Ticket was of such exceptional journalistic sensationalism that the ticket became known from one end of the land to the other.

The preying brotherhood of night marauders at once jotted all the foregoing on their minds. One day, despite bolts and bars, the famous book of transportation showed up missing. Of course it was stolen only for the reward. That was soon announced. It was of goodly proportions, and the book, without so much as a faded letter, was returned to its rightful owner and no questions were asked.

J. Erasmus Low then placed it in a special estuary of beaten gold, in the very center of his museum, and for many months a squad of reserves whiled away the night hours and cursed the bally thing that kept them on such tiresome duty.

Then, again, while its owner was motor-ing through Switzerland, it disappeared. J. Erasmus cabled to America volumes of instructions, and again offered a reward that meant a princely fortune to the lucky thief or thieves. As before, it was returned to its gold case in the Low museum, and no questions asked.

Up to the time of this narrative no one had the courage to disturb it until Oxenham Fulward, sitting in his private office in the Snowball Trust Company, racking his brain for the quickest way to raise \$101,298 to cover his shortage, hit upon the theft of it as a particularly bright idea.

So many months, aye, years, had elapsed since its second disappearance that it had escaped the popular mind as a topic of conversation. If he could get his hands on it, the return would be a quick one. No doubt Mr. Low could be made to pay as much as several hundred thousand dollars if the man with the precious will in his possession held out long enough.

### CHAPTER III.

#### From the Iron Gate.

**O**XENHAM FULWARD sized up his own precarious situation. There was no cause for immediate danger. The company was in good condition; it had the respect of a list of large depositors; unused thousands rested in its vaults, earning the established three per cent a year which has caused so much dissension between the commercial banks and the trust companies. He was regarded as a first-class man. No one doubted his integrity or business methods. In short, he could let the matter stand for a week or two—meantime he could take some action.

The more he thought of it, the more the theft of the Thousand-Mile Ticket loomed up as a possibility. He seemed to like the idea the more he turned it over in his mind. He would work with the utmost caution, lay his plans with care and precision, get everything arranged so there would be no hitch—in fact, he would do it up brown.

His first plan was to look over the Low



mansion. This gabled and monolithed domicile stood in the center of the mile of millionaires' homes that bordered the east side of Central Park on the most aristocratic avenue in all the world.

"There is no time like the present," quoth Fulward to himself, and he tore up the sheet of paper on which he had been figuring, recorded "\$101,298" in a corner of the red-covered book, returned this chronicle of his crime to its resting-place, and started for the street.

"Shall I call you a cab, sir?" said the faithful Patrick, having devoured the political sensations of the evening sheets.

"No, thank you, Carr," replied the banker. "After a hard day's work, a walk along the streets will be more refreshing. Good night."

Once outside, Fulward hurried up-town to his club. While Patrick was musing on the hard life of the overworked banker, deprived of exercise by continuous application to business, and seeking fresh air in the highways, the object of his thoughts was being whirled along in the Subway to that part of the city where the theaters and gay hotels cover the area that is commonly known as the Tenderloin.

He went to his club, ate a hurried dinner, donned a long coat and a gray soft hat, and made his way up Fifth Avenue. The night was cool and inviting, and Fulward's long perfecto never tasted quite so good. He seemed to have a certain spring to his step that pleased him greatly. He was rather gay and light-hearted, rather jaunty and debonair.

After a walk of some fifteen minutes, Fulward reached the Low mansion. He stood in the shade of a tree that jutted over the Central Park fence. It finally dawned on him that he had done a foolish thing, for policemen, no doubt, were lurking in the shadows taking mental photographs of all who leered suspiciously at the house.

It came to him again and again that he was foolish. What could he discover, how could he help himself by simply staring at that massive architectural monstrosity of steel and stone?

He could have secured a description of the place in any New York newspaper, as columns were devoted to the minutest details of its construction at the time of its completion.

He looked cautiously about him. There were no officers in sight. Perhaps the guard

of reserves had been ordered to a more pleasant task. He turned. A bluecoat was coming down the avenue. Fulward started in his direction with the casual air of a man out for an evening stroll. The officer passed him by with silent tread. Fulward surmised that he was the regular man on patrol, walked on for a block or so, turned, crossed the street, and walked back until he was directly in front of the palace.

"The museum is on the side facing the cross street," he said as he strolled thither. Placing his hands behind his back, and swinging his cane with a careless gesture, he stood there in a brown study.

Between the Low mansion and the house that stood at its rear was a large yard—rather large, indeed, even for the home of a New York millionaire. The house was set back from the street, and so was the outer wall of the yard. This wall was of solid brick and cement, and was built to a height of ten feet.

In the center of the wall was an entrance—a heavy iron door—which opened only on the inside. Fulward was taking it all in with a critical eye. This evidently was the entrance used by the servants.

He wondered if the top of the wall were smooth or covered with pieces of broken bottles stuck in mortar. He also wondered if the private museum were within close proximity of a certain window about five feet above it and facing the street.

Fulward might have been considered a bit bold in thus exposing himself to the police should any be around; but he had come to the conclusion that a man of his standing in the community could easily explain his presence if accosted. On the other hand, a lurking, suspicious man would be more quickly "covered" than he who came out boldly.

His eyes were making hasty measurements of the various corners of the millionaire's home, when, with a peculiar suddenness that made his heart thump, the iron door opened and a woman stepped out.

Fulward started to walk away as one unconcerned, but something about the woman arrested his attention.

With the easy eye of the connoisseur, he might have been admiring the building. Instead, he was looking at the woman.

He was quite sure that she was not one of the servants, for a servant would not have stood on the threshold of the gate so gingerly and looked so appealingly up and

down the block. A servant would not have started in the direction of Madison Avenue, and just because she saw a man approaching from that thoroughfare, turn and walk toward Fifth Avenue. But this particular maneuver pleased Mr. Fulward. He walked to the corner of Fifth Avenue and stood on the curb and waited.

The woman came along and stood very close to him, looking up and down the thoroughfare.

In the darkness, and because of the rather heavy veil that covered her face, it was not easy to get a good view of her features. Fulward's keen eye, however, was not slow in gathering that she was rather young and frail and dressed in good taste.

Her hat was small and jaunty, and the cut of her clothing showed that she had studied the modes. Around her neck was a muffler of silver fox from the ends of which dangled two tails of unusual size, and her hands were incased in a muff of the same expensive fur.

Fulward did not want to seem impolite or impertinent. He did not want to exhibit an ungentlemanly curiosity or the leering look of a policeman. He wanted to know why that young woman had so completely arrested his attention.

Just then one of the big green buses that ply the avenue came along, and the young woman stepped forward, held up a dainty hand, and got aboard.

It was only natural that Fulward should be waiting for the very same bus. Therefore, he boarded, too. The vehicle was somewhat crowded, and the young woman was so seated that when Fulward wedged himself into a comfortable attitude, she was directly in front of him.

She took a tiny purse from her muff, but she was some time in locating it in the capacious hand-warmer. For a moment Fulward felt that he might have to offer to pay her fare.

Fulward deliberately took her in from head to toe. She was rather pretty. He could see through the veil, in the brightly illumined bus, that she was more than ordinarily good-looking, with wavy blond hair and a fair complexion.

Fulward began to wonder if she were aware of his persistent gazing. She had hardly looked at him, but had kept her poise so calmly under his apparent scrutiny that he believed she was not disturbed. Then he thought himself a fool for having

noticed her at all. Why had he gone to this extreme? Why had he let this girl arrest his mind to such an extent—he who had cared so little for women as to have remained a bachelor for forty-two years?

On the other hand, there was something so peculiar about the manner in which she came out of the gate of the Low mansion, something so queer, so unnatural in her manner as she looked up and down the street, that he was sure that she had a secret hidden, perhaps, in the silver fox muff which she held so gracefully. He wondered.

The bus rumbled into Fifty-Seventh Street. Near the corner of Broadway the girl beckoned to the conductor to stop. In another breath she had gracefully stepped from the vehicle.

Fulward was so wedged in that he was unable to turn to see the direction in which she started when she left the car. He did not care to attract attention by following her. So he rode on for three or four blocks and then alighted. Turning toward Broadway, he walked in the direction of that thoroughfare. When he reached it—gay with the white lights that have given it a world-wide fame—he looked in either direction, not knowing which way to turn.

"I will stroll toward Forty-Second Street," he said. "Maybe she will pass me. I know it is like looking for a needle in a haystack, but—maybe she will pass me."

As Fulward walked on, he said again:

"I don't know why I should have been so terribly interested in that girl. Perhaps it has some connection with the old theory that it takes one thief to catch another. Who knows?"

## CHAPTER IV.

### In the Early Hours.

FULWARD reached home rather early that night. Home, to Fulward, was an apartment of three rooms in a building, entirely devoted to bachelors, that stood midway between Fifth Avenue and Broadway in the forties—a building filled with an array of apartments ranging from three rooms to seven, always crowded, and always popular, and the tenants were all men whose names stood for something in the various callings of the great city.

Fulward occupied one of the smaller



apartments. It was elaborately and most comfortably furnished. It contained all the little things that a bachelor likes—a reading-table and a drop-lamp, a humidor for cigars, a great bowl of fine tobacco and a dozen pipes, and a walnut sideboard in which Fulward kept a small but select stock of rare wines and several bottles of whisky—and in order to establish a side of this man's character not hitherto told, he was a teetotaler in every sense of that hybrid word.

The liquids were kept only for his friends, and they were legion. Fulward made friends and made them quickly. Having made them, he held them. He spent money on them with a lavish hand, and he loaned it to them to such an extent that he was called a good thing. His dinners were a delight, and his motor-trips to Long Island and other spots dear to the New Yorker were frequently attended by large parties—and Fulward paid most of the bills.

Fulward drew his comfortable chair alongside his reading-table and lit his favorite pipe. Peering through the clouds of smoke, he reviewed his own criminal career, looked with a pitying face at the portrait of his dear mother, whom he thanked God was dead and could never know the disgrace that might come to him, and then—he thought of the girl.

Suddenly he arose and paced the floor.

"I'm a fool! I'm a fool!" he said aloud. "Why, that woman was nothing—nothing! I'll forget her. There!"

He did forget her. He drove her from his mind, and all the next day and the next he gave up his spare moments to the development of the scheme that would lead to the theft of the Thousand-Mile Ticket. That was to be the paramount issue in his career until it was consummated or proved to be worthless.

It seemed to him that, with his intimate friendship among prominent men, it would not be impossible for him to get some sort of an introduction to the Low home. It was known in financial circles that the millionaire was not of the social few selected by family, age, and wealth to represent the élite of the metropolis. Although he had added the "Erasmus" to his name, and reduced the John to a simple "J.," this was for the purpose of having a signature that would be unusual and not easy to imitate should some evil-minded person try to use it fraudulently.

Aside from the exact value of the securi-

ties and first mortgages that came into his keeping, and the whirling flourish with which he signed his famous name, and his art collection, he had no other whims whatsoever. He was a plain, ordinary man, fond of all the good things of life, but when it came to putting on daddoes in order to appear at Mrs. Tufthunter's tea or Mrs. Parvenu's evening, he was out of the running. The only man or woman who was better than J. Erasmus, in his calculating mind, was the one who could make more money than he.

So, with this kind of a man to deal with, it did not seem difficult to Fulward to get an introductory letter on the pretense of examining some of the art treasures in the old man's collections.

Now, there was Jimmy Stanwood. Jimmy was a sort of majordomo to the Lows, and when the head of the family preferred the comfort of his bed to a night at the opera, Jimmy acted as escort and got a good dinner, a ride in the Low motor-bus, and heard some good music—and all because he was a comely good-for-nothing, with a pleasant manner and a good tailor.

Yes, Jimmy would be just the very man. The very man, indeed. Fulward would ask him to dinner at the club, and then, in his easy-going way, would turn the subject to art and art collectors, and J. Erasmus Low would be the main topic.

And Fulward would say how he would give his life to see the wonderful things that were stored in the Low museum, and wouldn't Jimmy—wouldn't he please give him a letter to Mr. Low, or get permission to bring him to the house, or—anything, so long as he could spend an hour or so in that wonderful place drinking in the stories that the collection would tell, and incidentally slip the Thousand-Mile Ticket into his pocket.

Of course, Jimmy might hedge. He might feel that he would be overstepping his privileges in the Low household, and all that—but Fulward had always been a convenient man whenever a loan was needed—and Heaven knew that Jimmy Stanwood needed one often enough.

Yes, that was the plan—the best, most possible plan.

Fulward had come to that conclusion one afternoon just before the close of the banking day. Before he left the office he took a sheet of his private note-paper and wrote a most polite note to Jimmy asking him to

meet him at the club for dinner on the following night at seven, and if he could not make it on the night stated, to come at the earliest opportunity.

He placed the letter in his pocket. He would mail it when he left the office. Leaning back in his chair, he lit a cigar and smiled at the prospect. He was more than pleased with himself. He was a real genius, a regular Napoleon, when it came to developing diplomatic moves.

Then, like a mighty wave of desire, like a powerful fever that robs one of his strength, like the magnetism of one who vibrates in unison with our ideas, Fulward felt the inclination to steal come over him. Oh, there could be no harm in dipping into the pot once more! He had taken so much, so very much, that another thousand or two would not make the slightest difference whatsoever!

If he were to be caught, it would be just as well to be hung for a sheep as a lamb.

These and similar thoughts passed through his mind, and they were emboldened by the prospect of stealing the Thousand-Mile Ticket, the absolutely certain prospect, the very great reward that would be offered, the return of the precious document, the covering up of his speculations, and the honest, upright life that he would lead ever after. No, another thousand or two would make no difference—no difference whatsoever.

Fulward arose, pushed his hat on the back of his head, swung open the door of his private office, and with the brisk air and studied demeanor of a man on whose head is resting the troubles of the world, walked into the collection department.

Patrick Carr did not pay the slightest bit of attention to him. Mr. Fulward was too familiar a figure around the offices, working after banking hours, and Patrick was too accustomed to his energy to give him even a look.

Mr. Fulward entered the collection department. He remained within its brass-latticed walls for a period of ten or twelve minutes. Then he returned to his own office, closed his desk, put on his overcoat, and passed into the street. At the first mail-box he posted the letter to Jimmy Stanwood. Then he took four five-hundred-dollar bills from his trousers pocket, rolled them up tightly, and transferred them to his pocketbook.

He went up-town, and, after dinner, to

his favorite pastime—roulette. He played with his usual luck. He ran the two thousand up to five thousand, and then, in an effort to double, dropped back. When he decided to quit, there remained about five hundred of the original two thousand.

When he reached home that night it was unusually late. He had played longer than usual, and it was nearly one in the morning when he turned the key in the front door and aroused the sleepy colored boy who operated the elevator to a sufficient state of animation to be taken up to his floor.

The hallway was illumined by subdued electric lights, and the heavy carpet on the floor—purposely used so that those who came home late would not disturb those who were already asleep—seemed softer than ever to his footsteps.

He inserted the key in the lock, opened the door, and stepped inside. All this he did with a peculiar sense of the unwritten rules of the apartment—rules made by the bachelor tenants themselves—that one coming in during the small hours would move as much like a ghost as possible. So Oxenham Fulward opened his door with the caution of a nurse in a hospital ward, and with equal caution closed it.

He had thrown his coat half off, when an unmistakable metallic tapping in the living-room turned him as livid as a stone.

He listened. The tapping stopped, and then it started again.

There could be no mistaking the sound—but what in the name of all that was good could any burglar find in his rooms? He smiled at the thought.

He pulled his coat over his shoulders, and stepped as softly as a cat from the little hall into the room.

He knew just where the button was that would throw the room into a flood of light. It was right at his elbow. He had only to touch it, and the midnight marauder would be cowering before him in all his iniquity.

He watched the tiny round light of the burglar's lantern as it flashed up and down the door of the walnut locker in which he kept his liquors. True, he kept it locked that the servants of the place might not be tempted; but what—what did that burglar expect to find?

Did he take it for a jewel-case? Fulward was tempted to smile again.

He stood in the darkness. A sharp pain gathered in his breast, for he was frightened



lest something would disturb the worker. Again the burglar ran his tiny lamp over the locker, again it dropped, again there was a muffled noise, and again the click, click of the hammer on the jimmy as it slowly pried its way into the lock.

"Poor fellow," thought Fulward, "if he is so hard up for a drink as to enter my house and pry open my 'wine-cellar' with his blooming burglar-tools, I'll treat him to a good four fingers of my best and let him take a bottle home with him."

(To be continued.)

## THE MAN AND HIS WORK.

### Just Why the Erie Railroad Honored an Engineer by Naming His Locomotive for Him.

A RECENT innovation of the Erie Railroad in placing the name of a trusted engineer on either side of the cab of his locomotive is decidedly a move in the right direction. This man handled the same engine for a very long period; he contributed toward few, if any, engine failures, and he kept the machine out of the shop for a phenomenal period, as such things are measured, before heavy repairs became necessary. The interest which he feels in his locomotive is largely proprietary. He would not accept maybe a better paying run because he could not take it along with him on the new job. Now the company gracefully recognizes his faithfulness and skill by identifying him with his engine.

We think well of this departure, and are confident that it will bring results in widespread efficiency which will prove most gratifying. It is a very common old world procedure, and was particularly recommended in instances of special worthiness by the late M. du Bousquet, of the French Northern Railway, one of the most able demonstrators of the art of handling men who ever held an executive position. His splendid locomotives on the Paris-Calais line, the fastest passenger service for the distance in the world, bear prominently the names of their engineers and firemen. The London, Brighton and South Coast Railway paints the name of any engineer

He raised his arm and silently pressed the electric button. Every light in the room flashed bright. Fulward threw up his hands and gasped.

A shriek—a woman's shriek—pierced the astonished man's heart. The marrow in his bones seemed to be turning to ice as he beheld, the mingled picture of grief and shame, crouching before him, the very girl whom he had so keenly observed after she came out of the iron gateway of the palatial residence of J. Erasmus Low.

of proved efficiency in his cab; the London and Northwestern has it under consideration, and many continental roads have adopted the practise.

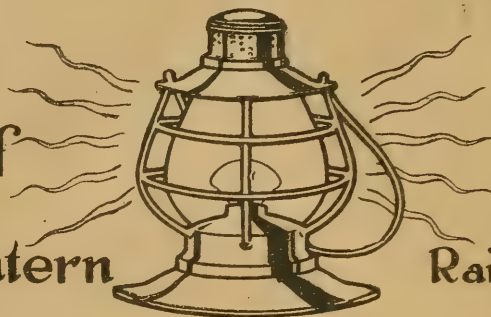
It conveys a hidden but nevertheless undeniable appeal to any engineer and fireman, despite the fact that it would be difficult to define its exact nature. It is an assurance on the part of the company that the locomotive in question will remain in possession of its master, and that he will thus be publicly proclaimed as a good engineer just as long as the honor is merited. There is not a man in this world so indifferent as not to be appreciative of this, and who would not be reluctant to see those big gold letters effaced from under his cab windows. It is equally safe to assert that anything he can do will be exercised to keep them there.

A too liberal application of the idea might perhaps lessen to some extent the high degree of honor so conferred, but the Erie can be trusted not to fall into this error. So far, there have been but three locomotives on the system thus adorned, but vastly more than three of its engines are struggling for like preferment. No mistake has been made by this railroad in establishing a plane of superior and recognized merit, and it is a departure which may be followed to advantage in the locomotive practise of any country.—*American Engineer and Railroad Journal.*

Keep your oil for your gears, don't waste it on the boss. He won't like it, anyhow. Respect doesn't mean servility.—The Shack.

# WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

By the  
Light of  
the Lantern



Questions  
Answered  
for  
Railroad Men

ASK US!

**W**E like to be as useful to our readers as we can; but, because of the great popularity of this department, we are forced to impose certain restrictions. It is limited to the answering of questions of an informative, technical, or historical nature only. Letters concerning positions **WILL NOT** be answered in this department. All letters should be signed with the full name of the writer, as an indication of his good faith. We will print only his initials.

**H**AS anything been done about House Bill 22,237, introduced by Congressman Murphy, in regard to the eight-hour law for railroad operators?—W. H. B., Mayville, Michigan.

House Bill 22,237 was referred to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, but was not reported from that committee.

**W**HY isn't a passenger brakeman promoted to passenger conductor as a freight brakeman is so promoted?—B. D. M., Oroville, California, and F. C. A., Waco, Texas.

A general belief seems to exist among trainmen that a proper line of promotion is from freight brakeman to freight conductor, and from freight conductor to passenger conductor. Passenger brakemen are generally promoted to train baggagemen, but, in late years, a large percentage of the train baggage work has been taken over by the express companies, principally because the express companies pay a lower wage, and also prohibit their employees from affiliating with labor organizations. In many of the brotherhoods of trainmen working agreements there will be found the provision that a passenger brakeman cannot be promoted to a conductorship until he has served a given time as freight brakeman, usually two years. It is reasonable to believe that freight brakemen better understand practical railroading

than passenger brakemen; and as it is found that freight brakemen and conductors are in the majority, their influence is shown in the working agreements now in effect from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

**W**ILL gasoline freeze, and if so, at what temperature?—R. J. H., San Diego, California.

It has never been known to freeze in the official tests of the Galena-Signal Oil Company. We understand that Saybolt has run it as low as 160 degrees F. below zero without any indication of solidification.

**W**HICH single track road in New York State operates the most trains in 24 hours? My opinion is that it is the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad.—H. C. D., Utica, New York.

From a careful canvass of the situation, it seems that the Allegheny Division of the Erie Railroad, from Hornell to Salamanca, handles the greatest number of trains within the time mentioned. The Erie main line is double-track to Hornell, after which the single track begins, therefore this section of the road comes within the requirements of your question. We cannot give the exact number of trains handled, but, no doubt,



the general manager's office of the Erie, 50 Church Street, New York City, will furnish this information.

**I**N the Stephenson link motion, if the link were pivoted in the center with one end attached to a single eccentric, and a radius rod to connect the link and rocker arm, would it not give the same result as the use of two eccentrics?

(2) Can a locomotive be stopped by putting the reverse-lever in the center of the quadrant?—J. L. C., Albert Lea, Minnesota.

(1) In remodeling the motion as you indicate, it is practically transforming it into the Walschaert gear. This gear employs the pivoted link and one eccentric rod connecting the return-crank on the main pin with the lower part of the link. Read an illustrated article on the Walschaert valve-gear, which appeared in the November number of *THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE*, and which contains diagrams of both motions. This will make clear to you the difference in the two gears.

(2) When the reverse-lever is put in the center of the quadrant, the movement of the valve is so restricted that, ordinarily, no steam is admitted to either cylinder, and the locomotive must necessarily stop in time. Such practise, however, is seldom resorted to, and the middle notch is seldom used unless the engine is left to stand unattended.

**W**HAT is the weight of the largest Shay locomotive in the world, and on what road is it used?

(2) In giving the tonnage of an engine are the drivers included?—A. McM., Chihuahua, Mexico.

(1) The largest Shay engine which has been built up to the present time by the Lima Locomotive and Machine Company, is for the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway. Its weight, in working order, is 310,000 pounds. The C. and O. has eleven of these engines in service, and two more under construction. The general dimensions are as follows: Number of cylinders, 3; diameter and stroke, 17 in. x 18 in.; number of driving-wheels, 16; total wheel base, 58 ft. 4 in.; boiler diameter, 62½ in.; boiler pressure, 200 pounds; fire-box length, 114 in.; grate area, 48.48 sq. ft.; number of boiler flues, 310; diameter of flues, 2 in.; length of flues, 13 ft. 6 in.; tractive power, 53,000 pounds; water capacity of tank, 8,000 gallons; and fuel capacity, 18,000 pounds.

(2) As dimensions are ordinarily given for locomotives, the weight on drivers, and on leading and trailing-trucks are shown separately. Drivers, trucks, and everything are included in the total weight in working order.

**W**HY are most bridges called viaducts? Is the latter just a name, or is there any particular reason for the designation?

(2) Is the Southern Pacific the only road which has the Mallet compound engines?

(3) Does the S. P. own the largest engine?

(4) Why are the Mallet compound engines called "Baldwin hogs"?—C. C. J., Shreveport, Louisiana.

(1) A viaduct and a bridge are the same, but the former term has come to be more generally applied where the bridge crosses a deep gorge or a valley.

(2) No, they are used on the Frisco Lines, the Great Northern, the Virginian, the Erie, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Santa Fe, the Mexican National, Norfolk and Western, Delaware and Hudson, and many others.

(3) The heaviest is No. 1700, of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway. Its total weight is 462,450 pounds, of which 412,350 is on the drivers.

(4) The Mallets are not so designated. If so, it is done locally, and, perhaps, because the engines in that section happened to be the output of the Baldwin works. The American Locomotive Company builds just as many Mallets, because this type has come to be practically regarded as standard for heavy grade work. A large number of these engines will be constructed during 1911.

**W**HO built the first locomotive engine in the United States, and in what year?—S. V. T., Key West, Florida.

America's pioneer locomotive builder was Peter Cooper, a well-known merchant of New York, who, on August 28, 1830, put the first locomotive, "Tom Thumb," on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad between Baltimore, Maryland, and Ellicott's Mills, about 14 miles from Baltimore, this comprising the total length of the road.

The "Tom Thumb" had a vertical multi-tubular boiler, and was mounted on four wheels. There was one vertical double-acting cylinder, 3¼ in. diameter, and 14 in. stroke. The piston-rod passed through the upper cylinder-head to a cross-head running in two round guides. The connecting rod was attached to the outer end of the cross-head and extended downward to a crank-arm on an intermediate shaft secured below the frame. The end opposite to that carrying the crank-arm had a gear which meshed with another equal to one-half of its diameter, the latter being fixed to one of the main axles. The valves were worked by eccentrics having "V" hooks. The supply of water for the boiler was carried in a barrel located on the platform and connected with a pump worked from the engine. The Tom Thumb weighed only one ton. It was not over 1½ horsepower, yet it pulled 4½ tons at 12 miles an hour.

**M.** F., Rochester, New York.—The number .7854 represents what remains of an exactly square area when it has been converted into a circle of equal diameter. For instance, the square area 1.0000 loses a certain amount when the corners are cut off to form the circle, and this

amount, which has been found to be .2146, must be subtracted from the unit, leaving .7854.

For example, we will take a circle 8 inches in diameter. Multiplying this diameter by itself, gives 64 square inches, which it would contain if it were a square; but as we are dealing with the area of a circle, it is necessary to multiply the 64 square inches by .7854; in other words, to insure that the proper reduction is made for the missing corners, and which gives about 50.26 inches.

**R.** B. M., Princeton, British Columbia.—The amount of steam pressure to be carried on a home-made boiler 4 feet high, is entirely dependent on the material from which it is made, and the peculiarities which enter into its construction, but, without a thorough inspection of the boiler we could not consistently advise you. Boilers are generally designed with 5 as the factor of safety; in other words, that they are to operate at one-fifth of the bursting pressure. Submit your design to some up-to-date boilermaker, or foreman, and he will, no doubt, straighten you out.

**W**HAT railroad has the largest compound locomotive in the United States? How many lubricators has it? Does it have flange-oilers? How is the reverse-lever worked, and what are its principal dimensions?—H. L. F., Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Engine No. 1700, of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway, is the largest according to our latest record, compiled July 1, 1910. This engine is of the Mallet (2-8-8-2) type, equipped with Jacobs superheater and feed-water heater. It exerts the enormous tractive effort of 108,300 pounds. The total weight of the engine in working order is 462,450 pounds, distributed as follows: on drivers, 412,350; on truck, 24,050; and on trailer, 26,050.

The weight of the tender, loaded, is 234,000 pounds. The high pressure cylinders are 26 in., and the low pressure, 38 in., both with a stroke of 34 in. The diameter of the driving-wheels is 63 in., and the working steam pressure, 220 pounds.

The boiler has 387 flues, 2¼ in. diameter, and 21 ft. long. The total heating surface, including boiler heating surface, and feed-water heating surface, is 6,674 square feet. The engine burns oil, and has a tender capacity for 4,000 gallons of oil, and 12,000 gallons of water. Two lubricators are employed, but no flange-oilers. The reverse-lever is operated through power gear.

**C.** P., Jacksonville, Illinois.—The bridge which you mention in Kentucky, at High Bridge, over the Kentucky River, with 323 feet above the river, is the highest of which we have any information, and, no doubt, exceeds all others in that regard in this country. You can find out much

more about the name given Burgin, Kentucky, through direct inquiry in your own section. Local names, seldom reach outside the railroad system on which applied. The throttling-governor has never been seriously considered as an appliance for a locomotive, and has never been applied so far as we are able to learn.

**W**HAT are the chief duties of a division engineer? In order to work up to such a position, what subjects would you consider advisable to study? Are there any chances for a young man with a fairly good education to get a position in an office of this kind and work his way up?—H. C. N., Boston, Massachusetts.

You can do no better in your quest for definite information on this position than to read carefully the three articles, "Surveying for a Railroad," "Building a Railroad-Track," and "Keeping a Railroad-Track in Order." These appeared in the March, April, and May, 1909, numbers, respectively, of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. The pay for a division engineer ranges from \$125 to, maybe, \$250 a month. He has charge of the maintenance of the track on a division, and sometimes of the bridges and buildings also, where the road does not have a superintendent of bridges and buildings.

In this latter case, his duties are practically confined to track. The section-foreman reports to the supervisor, and he, in turn, reports to the division engineer or to a roadmaster, who so reports. In order to make any headway in securing such a position, it would be necessary for you to take a course in civil engineering, and, for that reason, college graduates have much better opportunities in the engineering than in the other departments of railroading.

There are instances, of course, where the requisite of an engineering education is waived, and the newcomer learns on the job. Call on one of the division engineers of the Boston and Maine or New Haven roads in your own city, and he will explain to you what opportunity exists. It is very attractive work, and is fairly well compensated.

**W**HAT lines are under control of the Harriman system?

(2) What is the length of the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie Railway, and what types of engines does it use?—M. R. K., Baden, North Dakota.

(1) The Harriman lines, so called, are composed of the following: Arizona and Colorado Railroad; Coos Bay, Roseburg and Eastern Railway and Navigation Company; Corvallis and Eastern Railroad; Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio Railway; Houston and Texas Central Railroad; Houston East and West Texas Railway, and Houston and Shreveport Railroad; Iberia and Vermilion Railroad; Ilwaco Railroad Company; Louisiana Western Railroad; Maricopa and Phoenix Railroad; Morgan's Louisiana and



Texas Railroad; Nevada and California Railway; New Mexico and Arizona Railroad; Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company; Oregon Short Line Railroad; Phoenix and Eastern Railroad; Sonora Railway; Southern Pacific Company; Southern Pacific Railroad in Mexico; Texas and New Orleans Railroad, and the Union Pacific Railroad. The total mileage of the above group is approximately 30,000 miles.

(2) It has a mileage of 3,525 miles, 446 locomotives, and 24,102 cars. The power follows the prevailing standard types, and with no unusual departures therefrom of which we have been advised.

✿  
**W**HAT city has the most railroads, Chicago or St. Louis, and how many?—F. E. E., Winkelman, Arizona.

Chicago has the most. It is the meeting-place of 32 railroads. These are composed of 26 through, and 6 local lines, representing altogether 90,000 miles of track. This means that the Chicago roads include more than one-third of the entire mileage of the country.

✿  
**E.** D. K., Tanred, Montana.—Your question in regard to the heaviest tonnage handled on the Great Northern Railway from Kelly Lake, Minnesota, to the ore docks, can best be answered by J. M. Gruber, general manager, St. Paul, Minnesota and to save delay we would advise you to write him direct.

✿  
**W**HICH part of a locomotive wheel moves forward the faster, the part at the top or the part at the bottom?—C. H. S., Detroit, Michigan.

To prove that the top of the wheel moves the faster would be quite easy through the use of a diagram, but it may surprise you to know that the point of the wheel in actual contact with the rail does not move at all. This may seem inconceivable, but it is an actual fact, nevertheless.

The leverage of the main rod on the crank-pin, which in reality propels the locomotive, must be exerted at some point where the propulsion will be of some avail, otherwise the wheel would simply turn in relation to itself and not move the locomotive in a progressive direction. The point of contact between the wheel and the rail, therefore, becomes a fulcrum, and it must remain stationary in order that the leverage may be exerted.

Of course, the time that it is stationary is so small as to be immeasurable, nevertheless it exists beyond dispute. So much for the first, or lower point, of the wheel under consideration.

A wheel is a circle, and the center of this circle, in the instance of a locomotive, would be the axle. Then, so long as the lower part of the circumference does not move at all, as has been explained; the axle can only have a movement equal to the actual progressive motion of the locomotive on the rails, while the upper part of the wheel

must have a movement equal to twice that of the axle.

This may be a somewhat labored explanation, but it is a fact which cannot be disputed. The upper part of the wheel, in direct answer to your question, and taking diametrically opposite points of infinitesimal dimensions, moves infinitely faster than the lower point. The diagram which would convincingly illustrate this is known as that of the cycloid curve. It is difficult to convey in print, but assuming a point on the rail exactly under the vertical center line of the axle, and another a point on the rail exactly under the extreme rear of the circumference of the wheel, turn the wheel one-half a turn. It will be found that while the first point indicated has advanced a certain distance, the last named point will have advanced over twice that distance; therefore, it must be conclusive that the upper part of the wheel turns much faster.

✿  
**C.** B., Ottawa, Ontario.—No cross-compound engines were built last year in the United States, but some of the Richmond type are now building at the Montreal works of the American Locomotive Company, for the Grand Trunk Railway. In the past they were used more in freight than in passenger service, but have been run in passenger with fair average results.

It is recalled, in this connection, that the Southern Railway had one, No. 909, which did very well in passenger service between Knoxville and Chattanooga, Tennessee, during 1904, at which time the editor of this department enjoyed the honor of assisting in its performance. Theoretically, the advantage of a compound locomotive over a simple engine lies in its ability to utilize a greater degree of the expansion of the steam; a greater degree of temperature between the live and the exhaust steam, and, therefore, for the same work performed, its smaller consumption of steam.

With the cross-compounds, the limit of power available is attained when the diameter of the low pressure cylinder is so great as to reach the clearance limits allowed on any particular road (in practice, about 35 inches), and, in addition, they possess the defect of all two-cylinder engines, lack of balance, which is destructive to track and roadbed. Compared with simple locomotives doing the same kind of work, compounds show a saving in coal and water of 20 to 30 per cent.

Stated in another way, the compound develops from 20 to 30 per cent more power than the simple engine of the same type consuming an equal amount of fuel and water. Liability to breakdowns and cost of repairs are items which usually show a balance in favor of the simple engine.

The fastest runs in Europe, on which you desire information, are not made by engines of the cross-compound type. Read the article in the February number of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, "Europe's Most Famous Run," and the dif-

ference in compounding will be made quite clear to you.

**R.** B., Kesseville, New York.—The Westinghouse "ET" brake-equipment represents a development of the automatic brake, so it is rather difficult to say which type is now in more general use. Although the "ET" equipment has made vast strides since its introduction, there is every reason to believe that the older, or automatic form, still remains in the majority. Practically all new locomotives, however, are equipped with the "ET."

There is no reason why a train could not be held for ten minutes on a slight grade by the air-brake. It would, no doubt, leak off in time, but the attention which is now being given this detail would practically insure against this.

A book which would help you very much in your preparation for the duties of a fireman is "Standard Mechanical Examinations on Locomotive Firing and Running," published by F. J. Drake & Co., Chicago, Illinois. It contains the progressive examinations for the first, second, and third-year firemen which have been adopted as standard by the Traveling Engineers' Association.

**W**HAT is meant by the term "working pressure?"

(2) Are compound locomotives, with the exception of the Mallet type, a complete success in this country? If not, why?

(3) What is meant by reducing the pressure of a locomotive?

(4) Is there an advantage in the Belpaire boiler over the wagon-top or straight type, and why is the pressure per square inch generally greater in the Belpaire?—S. C. H., Avon, New York.

(1) It means the amount of steam pressure in pounds per square inch under which the boiler has been designed to work.

(2) See reply to "C. B.," Ottawa, Ontario, in this issue.

(3) It may mean one of two things, dependent upon the conditions. As ordinarily employed, the term implies reducing the steam pressure, as shown per gage, in the face of some emergency; as, for instance, where the throttle-valve cannot be closed, or to pack some cock, or the throttle-stem, where the packing has blown out.

It is usually effected by removing one of the steam-chest relief valves and opening the throttle-valve, or waste can be wrapped around the opening of the whistle-bowl to deaden the sound, and the whistle opened. This process, however, is much slower than that first mentioned.

Reducing pressure is also resorted to as a permanency when a boiler grows old or where defects in design are present which makes it inadvisable for the locomotive to carry the pressure contemplated. In the instance of an old boiler, originally designed to carry 180 pounds pressure

per square inch, they are usually cut down to 170 pounds after some fifteen years.

(4) Each of these two types of boilers has its own advantages and disadvantages, and these have been the subject of much discussion. It must be finally recognized that neither the one nor the other is very definite, but the wagon top boiler is more extensively used and it appears to be preferable in the case of large boilers. A few of the larger railroads, including the Pennsylvania and its allied lines, and the Great Northern, are using the Belpaire boiler, but in each case their latest engines have been equipped with the wagon top or round top form. The Belpaire is somewhat more expensive to construct than the other and adds a certain amount to the weight of the boiler without a corresponding increase in the heating surface, hence the largely predominating use of the simpler wagon top. The Belpaire does not carry any more pressure than the other type of boiler.

**J.** S., Portland, Oregon.—The master mechanic of the North Coast Railroad is W. M. Saxton, Spokane, Washington.

**D**OES the center of a shaft turn when running? I mean the finest center possible.—M. S. DeM., Palestine, Texas.

Reducing the center to the line of atoms which compose the exact center implies, of course, no rotary motion. Authorities claim, however, that even with this infinitesimal exactitude this line of atoms is continually changing position with those adjacent. Still it may be safely asserted that the exact center has absolutely no motion, provided that the shaft is hung in hangers and is stationary. In the instance of a locomotive driving-axle or shaft, the exact center has progressive motion dependent upon the speed of the locomotive, but no rotary motion.

**W**HAT is the average running time of the Twentieth Century Limited between Chicago and New York?

(2) Name some other passenger run having an average speed of fifty miles an hour, or better?

(3) Considering the time lost making station stops, pulling through big cities, etc., do not American passenger-trains beat all foreign passenger-trains for actual, not average speed?—W. D., Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

(1) The distance over the New York Central and the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern is 964 miles, and the average speed in miles per hour is 53.5.

(2) Pennsylvania; Jersey City to Chicago, 50.9 miles per hour; New York Central; the Empire State Express, New York to Buffalo, 53.3 miles per hour. The fast short-distance runs between Camden and Atlantic City, New Jersey, 59 miles by the Pennsylvania, and 55.5 by the



Reading, are made at speeds of 68.1 and 66.6 miles per hour, respectively, from start to finish.

(3) No, they do somewhat better abroad, but the trains are not nearly so heavy, and, altogether, conditions there are such that they scarcely admit of comparison with those in this country.

**W**HAT is the world's record for fast running, and where was it made?

(2) Is there any train in England which runs at the rate of two miles in a minute? What is the fastest English run?—S. R. S., Sturgis, Michigan.

(1) A distance of 4.8 miles was made in 2 minutes and 40 seconds at the rate of 107.90 miles per hour on the Plant System, March 1, 1901.

(2) No, certainly not. No such time was ever made by a steam locomotive and will not be as their arrangement now stands. London to Bristol, by the Great Western Railway, 118 miles in 120 minutes, or at the rate of 59.2 miles per hour, is the fastest run in England at present.

**E.** E. M., Temecula, California.—It is said that Baldwin Locomotive Works can turn out 3,000 locomotives in a year should such a demand be put upon its resources.

**J.** F. Q., Napa, California.—Some of the principal reasons for using the Walschaert valve-gear are the following: It is lighter and more accessible for adjusting, cleaning, and oiling than the Stephenson gear must necessarily be on a large engine. By removal of the valve-motion

parts from between the main frames, more substantial cross bracing and stiffening of these frames is permitted. The increasing size of axles and greater throw of eccentrics requiring larger sheaves, coupled with the lateral play of driving-boxes, results in rapid wear to Stephenson eccentrics and straps. The inertia, due to the increased size of these parts, long and heavy transmission, bars, etc., has a great deal to do with shortening the life of the Stephenson motion as a whole. A strong point of the Walschaert gear is that, once properly set the valves remain square longer than with the Stephenson. This goes far to offset the probable better general steam distribution obtained by the latter motion, for, if the valves do not remain as set, the economy from that setting is lost. Theoretically, the constant lead of the Walschaert gear is a distinct disadvantage when applied to a locomotive which is to be operated at any considerable range of speed; but in practise, this objection is more than offset by the greater ease with which the reverse-lever can be handled.

**R.** R., Rockville, Connecticut.—We do not believe that a boy fifteen years old would stand much chance of being taken on as a caller, unless under peculiar circumstances, for instance, being the son of an injured employee.

J. M. Collins is master mechanic of the New Haven road, at East Hartford, Conn.

**F.** M. A., Sandusky, Ohio.—In regard to pictures of old locomotives, write to Charles S. Given, Bowdoinham, Maine.

## WHEN KATE SHELLEY SAVED THE EXPRESS.

**T**HE recent retirement of E. G. Wood, one of the oldest engineers in the service of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, brings to light a most interesting story of railroading:

Mr. Wood was one of the engineers who grew up with the Northwestern. He was born in New York State in 1841, where he spent his first quarter of a century, and where he became the husband of Miss Clara Main. Like many other energetic young men, the West looked attractive to him, so in 1865 he and his wife set their faces toward the prairies of Iowa. They stopped at Boone, which was the terminus of the Chicago and Northwestern at that time, and started a boarding camp for the men who were building the first bridge across the Des Moines River.

It was at this bridge in later years that the most thrilling incident in his life occurred, says *The North Western*. About sunset, July 6, 1881, a tempest burst with terrible fury in Iowa. In an hour, the Des Moines River had risen six feet. Kate Shelley, a girl eighteen years old, stood at a window looking at the Honey Creek bridge when she saw through the darkness the headlight

of an engine move steadily along for a moment and drop suddenly. She ran to the bridge after lighting an old miner's lantern held in a railroad frame, and saw that the bridge was gone. She shouted and swung her lantern over the rushing water. A faint answer came from the engineer, who was the only survivor of the crew.

The engineer told her to go to Moingona station, a mile away, and warn the fast express train, then nearly due. She ran to the high trestle, 500 feet long, over the Des Moines River, where her light went out. In the storm she crawled across the dizzy structure, reached the station, told her story, and fell unconscious.

The engineer who sent her on that mission was E. G. Wood. He remained in the water until six o'clock next morning, when he was rescued by Thomas McPherson, a miner.

Mr. Wood began firing for the Chicago and Northwestern in 1867, but the Iowa farm lands looked good to him, and the next year he took a farm, but in 1872 he reached his final choice and has been in the engine service of the company ever since.

# THE SUDDEN-DEATH SEMAPHORE

BY LILLIAN BENNET-THOMPSON.

## Why the Second Appearance of the Vision Proved a Tragedy After All.

**I** WOULDN'T have believed that one could find such a bit of wilderness so near the city, if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes," observed Post, looking out of the car window at the rugged country.

"City!" jeered Harding derisively. "You call Olney a city? Why, New York could put the whole shebang into one pocket and never hear it shake!"

"However," he added, "we won't knock Olney until we hear what mystery she has to offer us. From what Miss Westmore said in her letter, I should think—"

"Both Miss Westmore!" interrupted Post. "Don't let's talk shop to-night. It will be time enough when we have to. By Jove, Rus! Look! Isn't that picturesque?"

Harding dropped his paper and leaned forward. The train was just entering a deep cut, so narrow that the frowning rock walls seemed almost to graze the car windows. It had been a huge task to hollow out a space sufficiently wide for even the single track which here took the place of the regular two-track system of the road.

The roar and rattle of the cars echoed and reechoed from the rocks, the deafening clatter making conversation difficult.

"Nice place for an accident," said Post. "I'd like to see it by daylight. I'll bet it's simply wonderful. It's so infernally dark outside now that I can't make out—"

The sentence was never finished. The whistle shrieked. A jarring lurch threw the passengers forward.

Post's head came into violent contact with the back of the seat ahead of him, and he was temporarily stunned.

When he recovered his senses, he saw his friend's startled face bending over him.

"Are you all right, Jimmie?" Harding asked anxiously.

Post sat up, passing his hand over his forehead in a half-bewildered way.

"I—I guess so," he said dazedly. "My head hurts like Sam Hill, but I guess it isn't broken. What's happened? Have we run into anything?"

"I don't know," replied Harding. "The train stopped—emergency brakes. I haven't had time to find out why. We may have run over some one or hit something on the track, but if so I don't think it's anything very big. If you feel like it, we'll get out and see."

The few passengers had all left the car, and a perfect babel of voices filled the air outside. Men were shouting and lanterns were flashing.

Post and Harding made their way between the coaches and the wall of rock to the engine, which had stopped in the cut a few rods from the mouth of a tunnel. A circle of excited, gesticulating men surrounded a dark object which lay between the rails.

"Is there a doctor here?" called out some one, as the investigators hurried up.

For a moment there was no reply. Then Post spoke.

"I'm not a doctor, but my father is, and I've studied a bit with him. What is it?"

"The engineer. This way. He looks as if he were dead."

The crowd parted to let Post through. On the ties just ahead of the pilot lay a man, flat on his back, his rigid face showing ghastly white in the glow of the headlight. His knees were drawn half way up, and his arms were outstretched.

Post bent over him, felt his pulse, and then made a hasty examination.



"Has any one any brandy?" he asked.

Some one produced a flask, and Post forced a few drops of the spirit between the engineer's set lips. In a moment or two a flush of life stole into the pallid cheeks; the man stirred, and uttered a low moan.

"He's better now, I think," said Post, rising to his feet. "Seems to have fainted. How came he here? Was he thrown from the cab?"

No one seemed to know, and the fireman was not in sight. If the sudden application of the emergency brake had hurled the engineer through the open cab window on to the track, a happening unlikely enough at best, the locomotive would still have had sufficient headway to run over him, and must inevitably have done so. Yet he was lying fully two yards ahead of the pilot!

The escaping steam filled the air with its sharp hissing, the gleam of the headlight flickered weirdly into the blackness of the tunnel and upon the rocky walls of the cut.

A few yards further along the green of the block-signal indicated a clear track. The little group around the engineer had fallen strangely silent; the whole scene was ghostly and unreal.

Post looked about for Harding, and discovered him standing a little way back, in earnest conversation with the fireman. As his eye fell upon his partner, he beckoned to him.

"This is Mr. Jackson, Jimmie," he said, as Post came up. "My partner, Mr. Post, Jackson. I have been hearing quite a remarkable story, Jim, which we'll hear again later. How's your patient?"

"Better," replied Post. "He'll do, all right. Wait, he's coming to; I must see to him."

He hurried back, just in time to see the engineer open his eyes and try to struggle to a sitting position.

"I'm done for!" came in a low, shaking voice from the pale lips.

"Nonsense, man!" cried Post cheerily. "It was just a faint."

"I'm done for, I tell you. No use wasting any time over me." The engineer's voice sank to a whisper. "I've seen the 'fantom engine'!"

The passengers who were near enough to hear exchanged glances.

The "fantom engine!" The man was crazy!

With the help of a couple of men, the engineer was carried into the baggage-car. He was so shaken and unnerved that he was totally unfit to run the engine, and accordingly the fireman took his place at the throttle, while the brakeman volunteered to act as fireman, *pro tem*.

While the train moved slowly through the tunnel toward Olney, Post, Harding, and the conductor remained in the baggage-car with the engineer, who was in a state of utter collapse.

He seemed either unable or unwilling to explain his action in stopping the train, or to tell what he had seen or heard. He lay on the floor, his eyes closed, his hands clenching and unclenching, muttering that he had twice seen the "fantom engine," and that his time had come.

Post dared not interrogate him, as it appeared to excite him, and the young man feared to aggravate a condition which might prove very serious.

In the coaches there was but one subject of conversation—the inexplicable stopping of the train in the middle of the cut, with the signals indicating a perfectly clear block ahead.

The only solution of the mystery seemed that the engineer had suddenly gone crazy, and imagined that his train was about to collide with something. That would explain his references to the "fantom engine," as surely no sane man would talk and act as he had.

Olney, the terminal, was reached without further incident. As Post left the baggage-car, having turned his patient over to a local physician, he was met by Harding, looking rather the worse for wear, hot, tired, and begrimed.

"Jackson has got to take his train in and make a report, and then he's coming over to the hotel," Harding said. "We'll cut along and clean up before he comes. I'm hungry, too."

"Jackson?" queried Post.

"Yes, the fireman. There's more in this than meets the eye, Jimmie. That engineer isn't crazy. He is just plumb scared to death. Jackson himself was almost too frightened to talk about it, but I got him to promise to meet us in our room as soon as he's off duty.

"I guess Miss Westmore's case will have to stand over a day. I'm going to investigate this 'fantom engine' business."

"What under the sun do you want to go

wasting your time and getting mixed up in any little local fuss like this for when there's an interesting case and a big fee waiting for you?" Post wanted to know.

Harding dropped one arm over his friend's shoulder as they walked along over to the hotel.

"For two reasons, Jimmie," said he. "First of all, Jackson is engaged to that engineer's daughter, and he says it will about break her heart if her father is dismissed from the road, which he certainly will be, if the officials think he's seeing things.

"The second reason is that the superintendent is likely to pay a fair-sized sum to have this mystery cleared up, because if such a superstition gets to be current on the line, it will hurt business. People don't patronize a road if they think the employees are crazy, you know.

After getting rid of the accumulated coal-dust of their trip, the partners ate a hurried dinner and went up to their room to await the arrival of the fireman. In a very few minutes the latter was announced.

"Now, Mr. Jackson," said Harding, when he had seated himself, "will you be good enough to repeat to Mr. Post exactly what you told me? I want him to hear it at first hand, and see what impression he gets of it."

The fireman shifted uneasily in his seat, and cast a furtive glance at the door, which Harding promptly closed.

"I'm not what you'd call a coward, gentlemen," he said apologetically, "but somehow these last two nights have got my goat. It was this way," he went on, turning to Post.

"Joe Pratt—that's the engineer—was speeding up a little last night, because of being a couple of minutes late. I was putting a shovelful of coal on the furnace, when suddenly I heard him give a yell. Then he slapped on the emergency, same as he done to-night, and like to threw me head over heels.

"I looked up, and there Pratt, white as a ghost, with his eyes popping out of his head. We hadn't hit nothing, and I asked what was up. He didn't say a word for a minute, but just sat there staring ahead. Then he turns around, and whispers, 'The fantom engine, Pete! I've seen it!'"

"Just a minute," interposed Harding. "Mr. Post and I are strangers here. What is the 'fantom engine'?"

"It ain't anythin', sir, and that's a fact!" was the astonishing reply. "I can't tell you it's an engine, because there ain't never anythin' there. But them as sees it twice running ain't long for this world! If a man sees it only once, it means a warnin'. Twice is—death!"

There was no mistaking the fact that Jackson believed implicitly what he was saying. His voice was low and earnest, and although he kept his eyes cast down, his manner bore the stamp of truth.

"Do you mean to tell me that Pratt—who looks like an intelligent man—believes all that nonsense, and that he thinks he saw this engine?" demanded Post.

Jackson shook his head.

"He didn't just think he saw it, sir. He did see it. He told me the headlight flashed right into his eyes, just after he passed the curve at the center of the cut.

"He thought, of course, the signal had gone wrong, and that another train was coming, and he slammed on the brakes, expecting every minute to crash head-on into the other train.

"He says he just shut his eyes, and when nothing happened he opened them again. There wasn't any other train there. The track was clear ahead. Then he knew it was the 'fantom engine' he'd seen, and he—well, sir, it was pretty bad for him, you'll allow."

"But I don't quite understand," said Harding. "Where did this idea about the 'fantom engine' originate? Nobody believes in ghosts these days."

"Didn't you ever hear how the Olney Express ran head-on into a wildcat engine about ten or twelve years ago?"

Harding shook his head.

"The brakeman told us they'd never had an accident in the cut," cried Post.

"It was before they put the block signals in," explained Jackson. "There hasn't been one since then. It happened just around the curve in the cut—the same place where we stopped to-night—and last night.

"The Olney Express was late, and the engineer was making up time. He saw the headlight coming and tried to stop, but he ran right into the engine. There wasn't nobody on her—she was running wild.

"The engineer of the express was killed, and the fireman died the next day. He just got his senses long enough to tell the story of the accident. He saw the engine, too."



"It wasn't long after that that Matt Wales saw an engine coming right for him. He threw on the brakes, but when the train stopped, there wasn't any engine there. It shook him up considerable, but he stuck to his train, same as Mr. Pratt done. And the next night—Wales saw it again.

"He died in the ambulance they got for him at Olney. I tell you, Mr. Harding, I don't want to see that engine. You see it—and it isn't there to see." The fireman shuddered.

"I don't mind the things you can get ahold of," he said. "I ain't afraid of man or beast, if I've got a chance for my life. But—well, there was Jack—"

"Never mind the others," interrupted Harding. "Let's hear about Pratt. You didn't see the headlight last night—or to-night?"

"No, I didn't, thank Heaven!" said the fireman fervently. "Poor Joe! I heard him yell to-night, but before I could get to him he was out of the cab and runnin' ahead. Then he turned around and came tearing back, only to fling up his arms and fall in a heap on the track."

"So that's how he happened to be lying just ahead of the pilot," said Post. "I couldn't figure out why he hadn't been run over if he had been thrown out by the shock of stopping so suddenly."

"Is there anything else, Mr. Harding?" asked Jackson. He had been getting more and more uneasy, and seemed in haste to be gone.

"Nothing, thank you," returned Harding, "except that I may want to ask you some other questions to-morrow. I'll have to get the superintendent's permission to take this up, I presume."

"But you'll do all you can for Joe, won't you?" the fireman asked pleadingly. "Poor Lou—that's his daughter—she'll take on awful if they fire him, sir."

"I'll do my best," promised Harding, and Jackson took his departure, declaring he stood ready to lend all the assistance he could.

"Well, Jimmie, what do you make of it?" Harding leaned back in his chair and regarded his friend with wide, interested eyes.

Post shrugged his shoulders.

"Jackson is off his head," he returned. "He's been bitten by the superstitious bug. Pratt is undoubtedly crazy, and ought to be locked up. To have a man like that in

charge of human freight is nothing less than a crime.

"'Fantom engine,' indeed! Fantom rot! I've heard of a man seeing pink armadillos and plaid elephants, but never the ghost of an engine."

Harding took out his watch, looked at it, and rose.

"That's your opinion, is it?" said he. "Well, I'm sorry; but I can't agree with you—at least, not about Pratt. He's as sane as you or I. He saw something—the question is—what?"

"Ridiculous!" snorted Post. "How could he see anything when there was nothing to see? Jackson admits that the track was clear last night, and we ourselves know that it was to-night."

"The cut at the mouth of the tunnel is so narrow that it couldn't have been anything beside the track. If there is a path down the rocks, it would be too steep for an engine to climb, Rus."

Harding smiled.

"That's all right, Jimmie, as far as it goes," he returned. "I'll grant you that nothing could have been on the track without our seeing it to-night. Yet something did get away. I'm going to find out what that 'something' was."

"I wish you joy in the job, then," said Post skeptically. "Probably it was an aeroplane, carrying a headlight, and just as soon as Pratt saw it the aviator flew away."

"All right, laugh if you will," retorted Harding. "It's getting late, and I'm going to bed. I've got a hard day's work ahead of me to-morrow."

He was up early in the morning, and immediately after breakfast called upon the division superintendent. As he had expected, he found that gentleman somewhat perturbed about the occurrences of the last two nights; and, although he was inclined to be a trifle reserved at the beginning of the interview, he soon thawed under the influence of Harding's shrewd observations and the obvious interest he showed in the case.

"I am inclined to let you and your partner try your hands, Mr. Harding," he said, after Harding had emphatically declared his implicit belief in the engineer's sanity. "In fact, I had just telephoned to your hotel for you, when my clerk told me that you were waiting to see me."

"Miss Westmore rang me up early this morning, and urged that I should have a

talk with you before proceeding further. She is a relative of mine, and seems to have great faith in your ability.

"Joe Pratt has been in our employ for a number of years, and we have always found him careful and reliable. He is honest, steady, does not drink, and keeps good company. His daughter is a nice little girl, and thinks the world of her father.

"I should be sorry to think that he is suffering from hallucinations; and yet, until I have something to go upon, I cannot well think anything else. This supernatural business is all bosh."

"The belief that a doomed man sees the 'fantom engine' is then current among the men?" queried Harding.

The superintendent laughed.

"I believe so. But you may be sure it is confined to the shops. If any of the officials were to question the men, he would undoubtedly be assured that they had never put any faith in the stories."

"What about Matt Wales? I understand that he saw this fantom twice running, and died immediately afterward."

"Matt Wales was crazy. His wife had died very suddenly, and I think he never was the same man after it. Then, too, his son was a disappointment to him, and he brooded over his domestic troubles.

"You know how a superstition will cling, once a foothold for it has been established. Wales was an ignorant, uneducated man, quite different from the general run of engineers; but he had worked his way up by sheer tenacity of purpose, and there was little about an engine that he did not understand thoroughly.

"But, as far as Pratt is concerned, I think he would put no faith in any boggy business. I can't reconcile his words last night with what I know of his character. I shall be mighty glad if you will get to the bottom of it, though, frankly, I don't see how you expect to go about it.

"In addition to my regard for Pratt personally, I believe that, in letting you take up this case, I am acting in the best interests of the road. We are not a large corporation, Mr. Harding, and competition is very keen.

"You can readily see that if this superstition spreads it is going to hurt us. Once let the public get nervous about traveling over our line and our business is going to fall away to nothing."

Harding nodded slowly.

"I see your position," he said.

"Now, I have heard of the work you and Mr. Post have done in just such puzzling cases as this," continued the superintendent, "and, while I believe that you have undertaken an enigma this time, I'm willing to have you try to solve it, and shall pledge you a substantial fee if you succeed in finding out what Pratt really saw. Like you, I am loath to believe him crazy, or to think that his 'ghost' was really the image of a diseased brain."

"I am willing to take the case on a contingent fee," returned Harding. "No pay unless we are successful. The only thing I want is your cooperation. I shall have to call upon Jackson for assistance. He leans toward the ghost theory; but I believe I can get some help from him, nevertheless."

"Use Jackson all you can," agreed the superintendent. "He's going to marry Lulu Pratt, and he's naturally interested in her father. When young Wales—Matt's son—went to the bad, we gave Jackson his place on Pratt's engine, and he's getting along very well.

"Good morning, Mr. Harding, and good luck to you. I hope you will keep me advised of any progress you may make."

During the rest of the morning Harding was very busy. He held a long conference with Jackson, and also with the engineer who was to take the unfortunate Pratt's run.

Then he paid a visit to Pratt's home, but the old man was in such a precarious condition that the physician in attendance would allow no one to enter.

"You see, he is firmly convinced that he saw this 'fantom engine,'" explained the doctor, "and he believes that it foretold his death. Unless I can rid his mind of this idea, I cannot be answerable for the consequences."

"I am trying to prove that he saw no such fantom," said Harding. "Can you, will you, allow me to circulate the report that Pratt is better, and will make his usual run on the express to-night, instead of the man now in charge of the train?"

The physician was puzzled, but when Harding had explained his motive for making such a singular request he not only acquiesced, but even agreed to help personally in the deception.

"And now, Jimmie," said Harding, when he had rejoined his friend at the hotel that



afternoon, "we have our work cut out for us. The first thing is to see about hiring an automobile."

"What do we need an automobile for?" asked Post curiously.

Harding gave a provoking laugh.

"You made fun of all of my theories, and I'm going to leave you in doubt," he answered. "But I'll tell you this much. There is a road over the hills back of Olney that has a continuation in a narrow path over the top of the tunnel and along the edge of the cut, through which the railroad track runs. We are going up there this afternoon to await developments."

Late that afternoon a small but stanch automobile might have been seen wending its way along the hilly road back of the city. It was occupied by Harding and Post, investigators, and a chauffeur. The latter wondered where they were going, but wisely asked no questions.

He stopped his machine and let his passengers out about a mile above the curve in the railroad cut, and then drove back to the city.

"This is going to be a pretty ticklish job, Jimmie," said Harding as they walked along together. "We had to come up here early because I wasn't sure whether I could find the right place in the dark. I guess our man is sufficiently familiar with the surroundings to come at any hour, but I fancy he won't show up for some time yet."

"Our man?" inquired the mystified Post.

"Certainly. That is, I hope so. I also have reason to believe that he will try his little game again to-night, because I have conscientiously circulated the report that Joe Pratt is going to take his train through, as usual, although the poor fellow is really in bed, and the doctor despairs of his life.

"Now, I want you to keep your eyes open, and your mouth shut. If you see anything unusual, take it all in; but don't say a word. I can't be certain of the exact spot where he will appear, or if he will appear at all; but I think I'm right.

"I'll stay in one place and you in another, and we'll nail him some way. Don't, for your life, let him get away. After the train has passed, grab him and hang on. Don't let him give you the slip. But, above all, don't lay a finger on him until the train has gone by the place where he is. Then collar him and yell for me. I've got a coil of rope in my pocket, and we'll truss him up.

"If I'm nearer him than you are, I'll do the collaring, and you come and help me out. Is that clear?"

"It's all clear, except who 'he' is, what he's going to do, and what in thunder the whole thing means," said Post, a trifle ruefully. "You might give me a hint."

Harding laughed.

"I'll tell you all about it when it's over," he said. "I don't want to give it away until I'm sure that I'm right. Now, you stay here."

He drew Post into the shadow of a tall rock, about a hundred feet from the edge of the cliff, which fell in a sheer drop to the mouth of the tunnel.

"This is an excellent hiding-place," he added. "I'll go on a little farther. Keep absolutely still, remember." With a wave of his hand, he vanished among the trees.

Post stared amazedly at the spot where his friend had disappeared.

"Here's a go!" said he. "I wonder how long I'll have to decorate the landscape before the show begins? And I'd like to know what's afoot anyway. Confound Rus and the mysterious 'he'!"

He sat down behind the big rock and made himself as comfortable as possible by leaning his back against it. In the west, the sun was setting in a sky flecked with rose and gold.

The towering hills, at the foot of which the city of Olney lay, were tinted in gorgeous hues, but in the shadow of the great trees that hemmed in the rock on all sides, twilight was already beginning to fall.

It was very still, very desolate, very lonely. Post was not a fanciful person, but the long, dusky shadows, the intense stillness, unbroken even by the call of a bird, somehow made him uneasy. Darkness came swiftly. The tall, almost leafless trees sighed above his head.

From somewhere, far to the right, came the harsh, disagreeable scream of a screech-owl. It seemed like the cry of a child in terror or pain. Post stirred impatiently. He wondered where Harding was and what he was doing all this time.

What was that?

Surely something more than the noise of the wind in the branches!

Post sat bold upright, and then cautiously rose to his feet, peering out from behind the rock. That shadow—the one under the big maple that he had been idly watching—had moved!

It was no longer a mere, impalpable shadow, but the figure of a man—a man moving silently, stealthily, toward the edge of the cliff over the tunnel entrance.

Was it Harding, or the mysterious "he"? Post could not tell. He longed to call out, but he dared not—dared not move a step, lest the sound of his footfalls convey a warning to the intruder.

The shrill scream of a whistle rent the air. The train was entering the lower end of the cut. The green light of the semaphore spelled clear track ahead.

Trembling with excitement and anticipation, Post waited. What was the man about to do? What strange drama was about to be enacted? From Post's position, the track itself was invisible, but he had a clear, unobstructed view of the man, who was moving quickly about, apparently engaged in manipulating a rope.

With a roar, the train swept around the curb, traveling at high speed; and then—a low, exultant laugh came from the edge of the cliff.

The whistle sounded; there was a grinding of brakes. Surely that had been Harding's laugh! But at what had he laughed? Was it Harding?

The young man did not hesitate. He had had his directions and he must follow them. Scarcely had the strange sound died away; when he impulsively started forward, his foot caught in the tangle of vines and underbrush, and he plunged forward on his face, amid a loud crackling of twigs and branches.

An agonized shriek came to his ears, a shriek so full of horror and fear that his blood seemed to run cold.

He struggled to his feet, just in time to see a dark body hurtle through the air, over the edge of the cut and whirl down—down—down, into the blackness beneath!

Sick at heart, trembling, appalled, Post crawled unsteadily to the brink of the rocky wall and leaned over. The train had come to a stop at the mouth of the tunnel. Men with lanterns were running back and forth.

What was it—who was it? Who had gone down to such a frightful end? Post strained his eyes. At first he could see nothing; but after a moment, he made out the dim outlines of a shapeless mass that lay huddled in the narrow space between the wall and the rails—a mass that did not move when the trainmen bent over it.

Post found his feet and dashed back along the way Harding had gone that afternoon. Twice he stumbled and fell.

The low-growing branches of the trees lashed his face, but the only feeling of which he was conscious was that he must get down to the tracks, to that sinister heap lying there. He must know if Russell Harding had met that hideous fate.

"Jimmie!" The call halted him in his tracks.

"Jimmie!" came the voice again, and a moment later Harding was at his side!

"Rus!" The emotion of seeing his friend was so great that for an instant Post choked. He forgot the man who had plunged headlong to destruction.

"Who was it?" he whispered.

"Young Wales, I think! Great Heaven! What a terrible death! Come, Jimmie, there's a path just below here. We'll go down to the train. Don't ask me anything now; I've made a mistake, a miscalculation. I couldn't get to you, although I tried. I was too far along."

In silence they made their way down the steep, winding path that led to the tracks. It was a hazardous undertaking, for the thick darkness obscured the way; but they finally reached the bottom, and, walking along the ties, got aboard the last car of the train and walked through the half-empty coaches to the baggage-car.

There the superintendent met them.

"This is a bad business, gentlemen," he said gravely. "I'm afraid you've been hurt," he added, as he noted Post's scratched face and bleeding hands and the torn and disordered clothes of both the partners.

"I'm all right," Post hastened to say. "I thought for a moment that it was Harding who had gone over the cliff." He shuddered slightly. "It was so dark that I couldn't make out the man's face, and as soon as the train had passed and I started for him, he—he—it was too late."

The superintendent nodded.

"Poor fellow!" he said. "They have taken him into the baggage-car. You know, of course, that it was Matt Wales's son?"

"Yes," said Harding. "That is what I thought."

"I was on the train myself—on the engine, in fact," continued the superintendent, "and I don't wonder that Pratt was frightened. I saw that headlight plainly—too plainly. It was no fantom, Mr.



Harding, but the most realistic thing I ever saw in my life.

"For Pratt to see it as I saw it, and then find nothing tangible to account for it, must have been a terrible shock.

"As we came around the curve, the light flashed full in our eyes. The engineer had told me that he had his directions from you, and so he whistled and applied the brakes. We heard a crash and a terrible cry on the track ahead,—and I sent the brakeman to investigate.

"I understand, of course, that Wales was in some way responsible for all this, but I confess I am still in ignorance of how he produced the illusion."

"If you will wait a minute," Harding said, "I think I can make it all plain to you." He descended the steps, and a moment later his voice rang out:

"Mr. Cleve—Jimmie! Here!"

They found him standing a few rods ahead of the engine, holding up something that flashed in the light of the lantern Jackson had lifted over his head.

"What is it, Rus?" cried Post.

Harding held out a hollow square, seemingly of wood, with splintered pieces of glass clinging to it here and there.

"Do you know what it is?"

They did not, for the moment.

"The frame of a large mirror! This is what caused Pratt to see the 'fantom.'"

"By means of a rope and pulley, Wales lowered the mirror over the edge of the cliff, so that the headlight of the approaching train would be reflected directly into the engine cab.

"Then he quickly pulled it back, so that it should not be struck. He kept it concealed somewhere in the bushes on top of the cut."

The superintendent gave a cry.

"But what—what was his object in doing this, in jeopardizing the lives of the passengers and train crew?"

Before replying, Harding led the way back to the cars, which were ready to start on their interrupted journey to Olney.

"I learned this morning that young Wales believed Pratt to be responsible for his dismissal from the road. He was in the habit of drinking heavily, and when Pratt reported his last spree, a report which led to his being summarily discharged—he swore he would get even.

"His dissolute habits had also caused Pratt to forbid his daughter Lulu to see

Wales, and the girl herself refused to have anything to do with such a character.

"In his anger at Pratt and at Jackson, whom he believed to have supplanted him in his work and also in the affections of the girl he loved, Wales conceived the idea of ruining the old man by playing upon his imagination.

"The simple apparatus which he rigged up produced a perfect illusion of another train in the cut, and knowing very well that Pratt shared, to a certain degree, the superstition current in the shops; that the man who saw the 'fantom engine' twice running was doomed, Wales resolved to shock Pratt and Johnson and encompass their dismissal."

"And that his cowardly design failed is entirely due to you, Mr. Harding!" exclaimed the superintendent.

"My only regret is that I was unable to prevent the tragedy," replied Harding. "I did not dare to get too close for fear of scaring him away.

"I spread the report that Pratt was better, knowing that Wales would be more than likely to make a final attempt at once, as he would count on the old man's mind not being strong enough to stand another shock. If Wales had known that Pratt was ill at home, he would not have produced his ghost again."

"But how—how did he happen to—" the superintendent paused.

"He must have heard Post fall, and been so startled that he lost his footing and toppled over into the cut."

"Olney!" shouted the brakeman.

"Will you come to my office in the morning, Mr. Harding?" asked the superintendent as he rose. "I shall have word sent to Pratt at once, and I believe that as soon as he knows the truth, and that no supernatural agency produced the vision he saw, he will take a turn for the better.

"I am mighty grateful to both of you for what you have done, and the gratitude of the road will take substantial form."

"Was Wales crazy, do you think, Rus?" inquired Post.

"He might have been unbalanced, or simply crazed by drink," replied Harding. "He has been a bad egg ever since he was a boy, and sank lower and lower, until no one would employ him. I think it is more charitable, though, to believe him mad than to assume that he was actuated simply by a wild desire for revenge."

# Told in the Roundhouse.

BY WALTER GARDNER SEAVER.

**H**ERE'S one for the tallow-pots. What would you be inclined to think if you had been boosting the gage pretty hard and suddenly looked out ahead to see the stack of your locomotive glowing red? If you can imagine how you would feel under such conditions you have some idea of the thoughts that went chasing through Donald Jones's head when he made that startling discovery.

Mr. Seaver also gives us some other tales of sudden surprises which end rather unpleasantly for the persons who were taken unawares. They are the kind of yarns you hear around the yards. The sort of stories that railroad men want to hear and love to tell.

## An Engine Smoke-Stack That Changed Color; a Green Wiper Who Was Initiated, and the Peculiar Difficulties That a Wandering Engineer Discovered.

**D**ID you ever meet Donald Jones?" asked Watson as Spence came in and joined the gang around the stove.

"It seems to me that I have. Where did he run?"

"He fired out of old St. Joe for a long time, and then got set up. The last time that I heard of him he was riding on the right side."

"A medium-sized, smooth-faced, rather good-looking fellow?"

"He was all of that, and was also a good dresser. When he came off his run you would never suspect him of having just left his engine after a hard day's work, shoveling the black diamonds."

"I think I know the man. But, no matter. What about him?"

"You know Dennis, who has been firing the ten-spot, that crazy old switcher that they have been using here in the yard when she should have gone to the scrap-heap ten years ago, has been given a road run, and goes out to-night on the 527."

"So?—hits the iron on a way-freight.

Well, he deserves good luck; for any man who can stick to the old No. 10 and keep her hot as long as he has deserves all that is coming to him. But what's that got to do with Donald Jones?"

"Not very much, it is true; but in many respects Dennis reminds me of Donald. What I started out to tell you was that Dennis, getting a road run, reminds me of Donald, who also went on the road from the deck of a switcher; one of these bally old saddle-tank mills that causes a runner to forget his religion nine times a day. But Donald was exceptionally lucky, for he got a passenger engine from the jump. He was no tenderfoot when it came to shoveling coal, for he was one of the crack firemen on the Burlington until the strike of 1888 caught him and put him down and out.

"Frank went to the Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City, and was firing a switcher in the Main Street yards of St. Joe, when he was given the road-engine; and what he didn't know about firing an engine was mighty little. The boys swore that he



could tell the moment his pick struck a lump of coal, just where it was from—whether it was Leavenworth, Richmond, Rich Hill, or Fort Scott coal. I do not believe that he was really such an expert as all that; but the fact remained that he could keep the needle on the mark, up hill and down, and get over the division with a smaller coal consumption than the majority.

"Just about the time that Donald was given this passenger run the superintendent of motive-power, or some other man who stood pretty well up toward the top, conceived the idea that if the smoke-stacks of all engines on the road were painted red it would not only be a novelty, but, being somewhat in the nature of a freak, would cause various and sundry comments from all sources, with the result that the road would consequently come in for some extensive and cheap advertising.

"Busenbark was passenger-traffic manager at the time, and he could give the press-agent of a minstrel show cards and spades and then discount him when it came to turning out unique and wonderful advertising stunts.

"Now, Busenbark may have been responsible for this red-stack stunt, and he may not. Charlie Berry, assistant general freight-agent at St. Joseph, swore that Busenbark did not know anything about it; and whether Charlie was in the play that got Frank into the snap is not known to this day, though at that time Charlie was something of a practical joker himself.

"But, no matter who was responsible, the fact remains that the engine which Donald was called to take out was just from the shops, and came into St. Joe pulling freight, in order to get her legs under her, about eight o'clock at night.

"Owing to a scarcity of motive-power, she was carded for the night run on No. 3, from St. Joseph to Kansas City, due to

leave about 3.30 A.M. Donald was called an hour before leaving-time, and in the darkness he did not notice the ensanguined hue of the stack. He swung into the work, and was more intent on learning the old girl's whims and whether she liked a light or heavy fire best, or whether she preferred bank to level firing. By the time he had



"HERE'S YOUR RED-HOTS! NICE, FRESH RED-HOTS!"

these points well worked out it was daylight, and the engine was on the Kansas City Northwestern tracks between Leavenworth and Kansas City when the sun concluded to put in an appearance.

"Now, Donald's engineer, who, I think, was named McDowell, was keeping pretty close tab on Donald.

"Finally, Donald swung up on the fire-

man's box and looked ahead. McDowell, who was watching him, while apparently having eyes for nothing except the track ahead, swears that Donald looked, rubbed his eyes, then looked again, and then hopped down to the deck and, crossing over to Mac, said:

"What's the matter with the stack?"

"Mac looked ahead, and then, apparently much surprised, said:

"Great Scott! Donald, what have you been doing to her? That stack is red-hot, that's all."

"Red-hot nothing! How could a stack twenty feet away from a fire-box and mounted on the top of a smoke-box at that, get red-hot?"

"Don't know, Donald; but she's red-hot, all right, and it's up to you to explain. I see your finish, old man."

"Oh, go tell that to the marines! What do you think I am—a corn-field fireman?"

#### Donald Makes a Discovery.

"I have always understood that you were some nuts of a fireman; but when you throw so many hot cinders out of the stack on your first run that it makes the stack red-hot, why, there's bound to be some explanation. You know that the old man is cranky about anything that concerns the motive-power; and when he finds that the 25 came into Kansas City on her first run

with a red-hot stack, why, there's going to be something doing—that's all."

"Now, Donald Jones was pretty well up to all the tricks that are likely to be perpetrated on a green fireman, and he cudgelled his brains for some time to find an explanation of what kind of a job had been put up on him.

"Just as they were coming into old Wyandotte, and McDowell had shut her off for the station-stop, Donald threw open the cab window and sailed out along the running-board, his eyes popping.

"As the engine came to a stop, he stepped onto the steam-chest, and from there to the pilot-beam. He could not reach the stack from this point, but he could see that its carmine hue came from paint and not from heat.

"He said nothing, but climbed back into the cab; and when Mac asked him if he had found out what was the trouble with the stack he merely nodded and said nothing. He had set it up that Charlie Berry and some of the boys at St. Joseph had put up this job on him, and he swore that he would get even.

"At Kansas City Mac had put the con and the rest of the train-crew wise. The con wired Berry at St. Joe to keep up the play. The 25 was doubled back on No. 2, and as she pulled into the Main Street depot at St. Joseph the newsboys were yelling: 'Here's your red-hots! Nice, fresh red-hots!' But they didn't get a rise out of Frank.

"Engine 25 had been cut off and set in on the spur north of the depot, and No. 1 had come in from Des Moines while Frank was washing up. She was pulled by No. 26, and her stack, too, was a vivid red.

"Frank looked at her, then at the stack of his own engine, and, throwing aside his towel, swung down, crossed over to the 26, and, hailing the fireman, said:

"Cully, I don't know your name or where you hail from, but I want to put you wise to the fact that the old man won't stand for firemen who fire so badly that the stack gets red-hot."

"Donald dropped down and faded away. The fireman of 26



IT WAS NOT WITHOUT CONSIDERABLE DAMAGE TO HER TEMPER.



hailed McDowell, and said:

"What's the matter with your fireman? Been hitting 'em up too much?"

"No, he's all right," Mac replied, touching his forehead. "Just a little so-so."

"Poor man!" the fireman muttered as he gazed after the sturdy figure swinging down the street. But no one ventured to mention anything to Frank about throwing red-hot cinders out of the stack after that."

"That reminds me," Hank remarked, "of the early days on the Iron Mountain. During the latter seventies and the early eighties there was a lively gang running on that road, especially on the Belmont division from Bismarck to Belmont."

"Fredericktown" was then the division-point between St. Louis and Belmont, and, though it had a population of only two or three thousand, a large proportion of these were railroaders—mostly young fellows and full of the Old Nick.

#### Breaking in the Beginners.

"The height of ambition of the average farmer lad in Madison County was to get a job railroading, and the ranks of the wipers at the Fredericktown roundhouse were constantly recruited from this source. Some of the boys failed to make good; but, as a rule, those who entered the service of the company as wipers gradually got on the road as firemen, and, with few exceptions, they turned out to be good men.

"It was only natural that all kinds of tricks would be played upon the beginners, and the stunts that crowd couldn't think of to make life a burden to the embryo fire-



"YOU CALL THAT PLAYIN' MARBLES, EH?"

man were not worth considering.

"O. A. Haynes was master mechanic, and the main shops were at Carondelet, a suburb of St. Louis. Haynes was not very favorably impressed with the capacities for devilment that were exhibited by the gang, and whenever he had an opportunity he came down hard on the offender. Jerry Phalen got ten days once for causing a kid wiper to spend half a day of the company's time chasing around the town in search of a left-handed monkey-wrench, he having assured the lad that it was impossible to set the valves on the left side of 30 without this wrench, and unless the valves were set the engine could not go out on her run.

"The 30 was pulling passenger on the north end between St. Louis and Fredericktown, and she was due to leave on No. 2 about one-thirty in the afternoon. It was about eight in the morning that he sent the kid out on the chase.

"Well, Jerry was making good money and the lay-off did not phase him to any great extent. He dead-headed back to Fredericktown on No. 3, and put in the time during his lay-off in studying up tricks to be played, and sending the wipers on all kinds of impossible stunts.

#### The Eagle Eye His Hero.

"A lad of about sixteen, whose parents resided at Mine La Motte, was inoculated with the railroad fever and was determined to become an engineer. He had hung about the roundhouse, lending a hand whenever occasion offered, until one of the wipers having been sent out firing, caused a va-

cancy and the roundhouse-foreman gave the kid the vacant job.

"Now, in the eyes of this boy, the man who rode on the right side of an engine pulling a passenger-train at the reckless speed of thirty miles an hour was a bigger man than General Grant, who was then President of the United States, and, consequently, some 'punkins,' while the fireman who kept her hot, ranked head and shoulders above a United States Senator. Therefore, the faintest wish expressed by an engineer was law and gospel to this lad.

### Getting the Goat.

"He was a hard worker, anxious to please, and determined to make good, but all this was not known to the gang until later, else his initiation might have been less strenuous.

"The kid got his job just about the time that Jerry drifted in from St. Louis on his lay-off, and, of course, was at once marked down as a likely victim. Bob and Joe McQuade, engineers, and a number of firemen were in the roundhouse, some of the firemen were rubbing up the brasswork on the engines while the hoggars busied themselves tinkering about their pets.

"I have previously said something about the goat that used to hang out around the roundhouse. Billy came strolling along the edge of the turntable-pit, keeping the gang on the keen edge of expectancy of seeing him tumble overboard but managing to keep on the right side all the time, and as soon as Jerry spied the goat, an unholy desire seized him to press that goat and the kid into a stunt that would make sport for the gang.

"So he called the kid and told him to catch Billy and take him over to the Railroad Hotel and tell the landlady that Jerry Phalen had sent him to get the harness and the little express wagon, and when he had Billy hitched up to drive him to the roundhouse and they would tell him what to do.

"Now engine No. 21 had just pulled out of the roundhouse to go out on her run, and the wipers had just finished washing out the pit in her stall. These pits were laid with brick floors—cement not then having come into general use for these purposes—and the foreman was particularly cranky on the subject of dirty pits.

"The kid caught the goat and managed to pull him across the street to the railroad hotel. Now, as at least seventy-five per

cent of the railroaders who ran in and out of Fredericktown boarded at this place, the landlady was inclined to let them have the moon if they wanted it and she could manage to get it for them, so when the kid and the goat hove in sight at the alley-gate, and the kid had managed to get Billy inside, not without considerable exertion and determination on the part of the kid, she tumbled at once that the gang had something on and that there would be something doing in short order.

"So, when the breathless lad told her what was wanted, she not only produced the articles but assisted in harnessing Billy, despite his protestations. But it was not without considerable damage to her temper and a long rent in her red-flannel petticoat, that the angry goat was at last securely harnessed in the shafts.

"Unknown to Johnnie, the kid, and the widow, their performance of harnessing the goat had not been without witnesses. As soon as the kid and the goat had disappeared in the alley back of the hotel, the back yard of which was surrounded by a high board-fence—too high to see over—the gang promptly strolled across the street and lined up alongside the fence where convenient cracks and knot-holes afforded an unobstructed view of the rear yard of the hotel.

"The gang kept quiet with difficulty. It was an exceedingly hard task to witness the ground and lofty tumbling indulged in by the widow, the kid, and the goat without shouting.

"When Johnnie showed up with Billy duly harnessed and banged over the rails into the house, the gang was innocently engaged in swapping yarns.

### Obedying Orders.

"Jerry took the lad and his goat-outfit back of the roundhouse to the cinder-pile and told him to fill up the wagon with cinders, haul it into the roundhouse and spread it over the floor of the pit in the vacant stall about two inches deep and to work fast, for it was necessary that this floor should be covered before another engine was set into that stall. The men needed the cinders to stand on and avoid wetting their feet while the boilers were being washed out.

"Jerry impressed upon the lad the necessity of working quickly and to have the job done if possible before the foreman returned.

"Billy was inclined to be obstreperous,



but Johnnie was not made of the stuff that would lie down to a billy-goat. In a short time he had the goat pulling the wagon as sedately as any old mule. The boy worked fast, and when the foreman finally broke away and wandered over to that part of the house he was dumfounded and speechless for a moment. Here was the floor of his

came down in the barrel doubled up like a jack-knife, his head and feet alone appearing over the top.

"This was too much for Jerry and he intervened:

"That'll do you, now, Murphy. Don't touch that boy again."

"Then Murphy turned on him. He



"I SAW HER DROP SOME OF IT INTO A CUP OF COFFEE."

pit, that he had always kept as clean as a parlor, covered with cinders.

"Then Johnnie with his goat-wagon came in with another load which he proceeded to dump into that pit.

### Johnnie Gets Another Goat.

"Here, what are you doing there?" he yelled.

"The kid looked up. Without pausing in his work he quietly ejaculated, 'What d'ye think! Playing marbles!'

"You call that playin' marbles, eh?"

"The foreman seized the lad by the collar of his jacket; lifting him clean from the floor with the toe of his number ten brogans, he sent him flying through the air.

"Engine 17, a mogul, was in the next stall. On her pilot-deck she carried a barrel filled with dry sand. Johnnie described a graceful parabola through the air and

called Jerry everything but a gentleman, threatened to report the matter to Haynes by wire with a request that whenever Jerry was laid off in the future, that Haynes should see to it that he was locked up some place where he would be unable to play any tricks during his lay-off.

"Well, outside of all that I'm a good fellow, ain't I? Have a cigar,' said Jerry, after Murphy's trimming.

"Murphy glared at him while the surging blood congested in his face until it was almost purple and the veins on his neck stood out. He gurgled a moment in a futile effort to say something and then turned on his heels and strode away, while the gang yelled and howled until the city marshal, who was at the depot awaiting the arrival of No. 1 came running at full speed to see what had broken loose in the roundhouse.

"From that day, Johnnie was the especial protégé of the enginemen. He soon

went to the left side, then to the right, and is general superintendent of one of the trans-Missouri lines."

"Hello, boys, what's doing?"

Watson swung around in his chair.

"By the nine gods of war, if it ain't old Jack Fraser!"

"Right! But what's doing?"

"Nothing much. Everything seems to have gone to the bowwows. Why? Want a job?"

"Not to-day, Mike—some other day, perhaps."

"Where are you from?"

"Running out of Santone."

"Good run?"

"Oh, so, so. Country's hot and dry; the sand-flies something fierce at times; even boxes run hot standing on the sidings. Never felt such heat."

"That's all right, Jack; but this crowd's been on earth almost nine months. Fill your pipe and spiel. I know you've got a story somewhere."

### Jack Fraser's Story.

"Well, Mike, to tell the truth, I had an experience shortly after I began running down there that I will not soon forget. Of course, little Willie was only a looker-on in Vienna, but she was sure hot stuff while she was running."

"I'll bet a cookie there's a woman in it," Spence muttered.

"Safe bet; you win," said Jack.

"There generally is," said Fox.

"Sure. Else how would a billy-goat get a red-flannel petticoat to flag down the St. Louis Limited—one of the Pennsy's crack trains?"

"That's all right, Watson," Fox replied.

"You can bet your bottom dollar that a red flag stops me at any time and any place."

"Humph! Now I know why you have never got married."

"Good boy. You know more than any one else, then. But this is not listening to Jack's story."

"Well, then, for pure, cool, unadulterated nerve, the fellow that I am going to tell you about takes the whole bake-shop and then some. Nine men out of ten would have gone up in the air and began shooting instead of coolly lying down and waiting until he got the guilty party dead to rights. It was only by an accident that I happened in for the last act of the drama.

"We were going west, pulling fast freight, when the old girl got tired, lifted her trucks, climbed the rail, and laid down gently on her left side in a little three-foot cut on the outside of a curve between Sabinal and Uvalde. It doesn't often rain in that country, but when it does it rains and then rains!"

### Into the Ditch.

"When the old girl began to swing, I yelled to Hank Busby, my fireman, to hit the grit. I just caught a glimpse of him swinging out of the gangway on the left side as I went overboard on the right. I lit on my knees, rammed my head in the soft, muddy bank, turned a somersault, and lit on top of the bank still rolling. I happened to be on the down-hill side, and the hill was pretty steep, so I kept on going for the very good reason that I couldn't stop.

"I landed in the bottom of one of them infernal arroyos that never carry water except in rainy weather. I got to my feet, and my first impression was that it had been raining box-cars, for the way the twenty boxes in that train were scattered over the landscape was scandalous.

"How they managed to be strewn around so promiscuously, and none of them catching me, is a mystery.

"I climbed up the hill, and when I got back to the right-of-way I saw the way-car still on the rails, not even scratched, and the con was still perched up in the lookout.

"I wondered why he did not get out of that, but just then the rest of the crew came straggling in. Busby was the only one that was hurt, and his left hand and arm were badly scratched and torn where he had plowed through some briars. The three brakemen had been sitting together on top of a box car when the car rose right up without any warning and dumped them all out on the prairie among the buffalo-grass and cactus.

### The Con Gets Caught.

"We yelled at the con to wake up and get out of that, and he said that he couldn't unless we came and helped him pry himself loose.

"We hustled into the way-car and climbed up into the lookout. The con had been sitting with one leg bent back between his





"NOW MOUNT THOSE PONIES AND GIT, BOTH OF YOU!"

chair and the edge of the coaming, and the shock had twisted his chair and bent the iron standard so that the corner was jammed into the wooden coaming, catching a fold of the con's trousers and driving it into the wood.

"The cloth was strong, and he was held as securely as though he had been nailed there. We had to take a knife and cut a section out of his trousers-leg before he could get away.

"We had clean forgot about flagging the wreck, but that was the first thing the con thought of, and the way that he jumped those brakeys was a caution. They hunted up their flags and fuses and hustled out. There was nothing due there for two mortal hours from either direction, but that con wasn't going to take any chances.

"I went ahead, and looked at the engine. The old girl was still purring, but, as I had shut the throttle before I jumped, she wasn't tearing up the soil any. She had rammed her nose into the soft, muddy bank of the cut, but as far as I could see, aside from smashing the cab windows on the left side, she was apparently all ready to go whenever she was set back on the rails.

#### Foraging for Food.

"There was nothing for me to do, so I began to think of foraging for chuck. I started for a grove of mesquit about half a mile away, and just beyond I found a 'dobe

house. I knocked at the door, and a woman came in answer to the summons.

"Before I had time to say anything about grub, she squealed:

"Oh, thank Heaven, you have come! My husband has taken poison and is dying! I have no one to leave while I go for help. Will you stay with him and watch while I go for help?"

"There was nothing else to do, so I answered that I would. She led the way into the house, where a man was lying on the floor, with his head on a pillow, with a quilt thrown over him. His face was deathly white, great beads of sweat stood on his forehead, and he was breathing deeply and heavily in a way that looked to me as though each breath would be his last.

#### Plot to Poison.

"The woman went. A moment later I heard the clatter of a pony's hoofs. I sat down and listened to the sound as long as I could. Then I turned around to look at the dying man. He was sitting up. As he caught my eye he said:

"Quick! Hand me that club behind the door. That woman will be back here in a few moments, and I want to be ready."

"I went to the door, and found the club. He laid it beside him under the quilt. Then he said:

"My wife and a sheep man, living about a mile from here, have become altogether

too friendly, and for some time I have believed that they were plotting to get me out of the way. I have watched her for some time, and a few days ago she brought home a bottle of laudanum. To-day I saw her drop some of it into a cup of coffee while I was washing.

"She went out to the kitchen to bring in the victuals, and I chucked the coffee out of the window and filled the cup with fresh coffee. Then I pretended that I was going under, knowing that she would get word to the fellow some way. Now, when you hear them coming, cover me over from head to foot and let them think that I died while she was away. Then stand by, and you'll see some fun."

"In an incredibly short space of time I heard the *rat-a-rat-atat, rat-atat-rat-atat* of two ponies coming at a gallop. I drew the cover over the 'dead' man. A moment later the woman rushed in at the door, followed by a low-browed, squat, stockily built fellow whose face bore the stamp of a coward and all-around tough.

#### Disposing of the "Remains."

"I wondered what any woman could see in such a geezer.

"As she came in, she asked:

"Is he dead?"

"I simply nodded. I couldn't speak. It was none of my funeral, anyway. I noticed the woman look at the man, and a look of exultation showed plainly on his face, though he tried to keep his face lowered.

"They went to the side of the dead man, standing side by side. She tried to lift the quilt, but could not. The man stooped over and lifted it.

"Then the dead man became suddenly very much alive, and the way that he made the shillalah play over that fellow's head and shoulders was a caution.

"When the husband thought that he had welted the man good and plenty, he started after his wife, but she was safely out of doors.

"The husband grabbed the sheep man by the scruff of the neck and pitched him

out through the door. Then he dashed a bucket of cold water over him, and as he sat up, gasping and gagging, he said:

"Now mount those ponies and git, both of you! Don't wait for your traps, for you won't get any; but git and git quick! And don't either of you ever cross my path!"

#### A Revengeful "Corpse."

"The sheep man scrambled to the back of his pony after a fashion, but the woman had already mounted and was dashing down the trail at a gallop. The 'dead' man looked after them for an instant.

"Turning to me, he said:

"Stranger, I am mightily obleeged to ye. What mought your business be?"

"I told him that I was a locomotive engineer, and that my engine was on her side at the head of a wrecked train not far away; that I had started out to locate a ranch-house to secure some chuck for myself and the crew, for we could not tell how long we might be laid out there.

"He stretched out his hand, saying:

"Shake, stranger. I knowed ye was a white man when I fust seed ye. If it's chuck ye want, ye are welcome to what I've got and as much as ye need."

"He led the way out to the chuck-wagon. We found it well supplied with coffee, sugar, hard-tack, bacon, potatoes, and some canned fruits and vegetables. He hitched up the wagon, and, bidding me mount beside him, drove across the prairie to the wreck, where the boys had begun to consult as to the advisability of sending a tracer after me. The con had started back on a ten-mile tramp to Sabinal to wire a report of the wreck.

"The cattleman unhitched. Building a fire from some of the splinters of the wreckage, he soon had coffee boiling and bacon frying.

"This, with some hard-tack and canned fruits made a meal fit for any one, to say nothing of a gang of half-starved rail-pounders.

"Eat? Say, it was a sin the way we waded into that man's chuck!"

Many an old switchman has to give a smart eagle-eye points before he can get out of town.—Proverbs of an Old Pensioner.





# BAKER OF THE BAD LANDS.

BY W. T. PERCIVAL.

A Modern Crusoe, with a Price on His Head, Prepares to Pass a Pleasant Summer.

## CHAPTER I.

### Baker's Bailiwick.

**B**AKER had lived the greater part of his forty years in that section of the primeval West which the earliest settlers called the Bad Lands, and which later travelers have dubbed with a more forcible and less polite appellation. Baker, horse thief, desperado, train robber, had learned to love the Bad Lands. He had learned to love them for the particular reason that, on divers occasions, if he had migrated to a more civilized country, he would have run a desperate risk of being made the occupant of a dungeon.

That we may get better acquainted with Baker, let us first get well acquainted with his habitat. Bad Lands is the name applied to the arid regions of the West where there are long, barren, sun-baked areas of hills and ridges broken by numerous gullies and deep ravines. The principal stretches are in the Western Dakota and Central Wyoming.

The big Bad Lands of the western part of South Dakota and east of the Black Hills, is an area of about two thousand square miles. It consists largely of unproductive land that form expansive basins in the plateaus bordering the White and Cheyenne Rivers.

The scenery is wild and wonderful.

There are ridges and mesas running to a height of nearly four hundred feet, eroded by the subtle and untiring hand of Nature into all manner of fantastic shapes.

Ravines and cañons cut them into an endless variety of rugged buttresses and pinnacles. This phalanx of serried grandeur is chiefly composed of sandy clay and limestone of a light color. When the sun is shining at its brightest, the bare slopes reflect a light that is hard to penetrate—and wo to him whose eyes are weak.

There is an occasional fall of rain, but the limestone is so very dry and the gullies so deep, the water is sapped up and vanishes before vegetation can establish itself.

However, there are places where the rain falls in abundance and vegetation is as prolific as it is queer. One of those places was an abandoned settlement—one of those many "camps" of the West where fearless pioneers located, thinking that there was nothing to do but dig from the earth the metal that would make them rich. But, like so many similar expeditions, the one that settled on the spot of earth where this story is laid had passed into time.

There was flurry for a while, tents and rude cabins were set up, holes were dug, women suffered hardships that their husbands might prosper, children were born—but there was no gold. As soon as this fact became evident to all, the settlers picked up their belongings, folded their tents, and silently stole away.

Hunted like a wolf, driven from county to county, from hiding-place to hiding-place, Baker at length came to the abandoned settlement. He wandered through its deserted avenues aimlessly, going from house to house—if I may be permitted to dignify the crude, weatherbeaten huts that dotted the side of a hill as such.

Be that as it may, when Baker, driven from place to place by an army of paid pursuers, cleverly evaded them and rode his horse to death in mad flight and finally reached this abandoned settlement, it looked as good to him as the middle of Broadway would look to one who suddenly found himself marooned on a desert isle.

The horse had dropped from under him some miles back, in the early hours of the morning. Baker had ridden that night! He had ridden as few men had ever ridden before!

He knew that his only claim to safety was to put as much territory as possible between him and the men who were pursuing him.

It was a case of driving him into the wilderness. That he realized as the country through which he was passing grew new and strange and the more fertile areas turned slowly into the brown and gray approaches of the great and lonesome region of the Bad Lands.

On the night before, Baker had some sort of a hunch that it was up to him to make one grand spurt. He surmised that his pursuers, wherever they might be, would sleep that night.

He had given them a "run for their money" during the day, and he had found a convenient gulley where there was food and water for his horse.

Of course, none of the occupants knew him when he appeared at a miner's cabin just before sundown and asked for food.

News did not travel fast or far in that country. The story of the hold-up of the Pacific Coast Special, the fastest and smartest train on the C. G. and G., twelve miles out of Dead Gulch, single handed, by a lone bandit, had not penetrated any faster than the posse that was following Baker could spread the sensation.

"What did he get away with?" asked the wide-eyed, as the news was told them.

"Twenty thousand that was being shipped to a bank in Oregon!" exclaimed the leader of the posse.

"Bills or cash?" asked one fool.

"Bills, you jackass!" was the answer. "How far could you pack twenty thousand in gold with a posse chasing you, eh? This baby didn't leave no trail of twenty-dollar gold pieces by which we could find him. He got away with the long green and he's got it on him at that!"

"Who was it?" asked another.

"Baker of the Bad Lands."

Then everybody smiled. Baker of the Bad Lands was a name to conjure with in that part of the world. It had been given to him because he knew that desolate region better, perhaps, than any other man on earth except the officers of the United States Geological Survey, or the fossil-hunters who infested the ravines and the plateaus at various times digging for the remains of the animals that thrived there in the Eocene age.

Yes, Baker knew the Bad Lands. He knew that few posses wanted to chase men into their peculiar and uninviting vastnesses. So, when the miner's family had given him a square meal and his horse seemed refreshed, he mounted and cantered slowly along the road until the moon rose over the hill and showed him the way—clear and distinct.

Then he put his spurs deep into the animal's already scarred and bleeding flanks, gave its head a mighty tug with the bridle-reins and urged it to top speed.

"I don't know how far the dogs are behind me," said Baker, half aloud to himself. "They may be on my trail—right back of me—and they may be, God knows where; but if it is a case of horse or man—the man is going to win!"

He dashed on and on and on into the bright night. Ever and anon, he would pull up his panting horse to listen.

Ever and anon, he would urge him to greater speed with spur and bridle-rein. He almost had him winded several times—but that made no matter—that horse had to get him to the farthest point in the quickest possible time.

Once—and only once—the animal stopped still and refused to budge. All of Baker's urging and beating could not break that fit of balking. The horse had made up his mind.

—He was not going a step farther until he regained his wind. Baker gave him a chance. He gave him several hours. All that time he stood on his feet and listened—listened with his ears strained for the



slightest sound that might come through the mighty silence of the night.

His right hand rested on the holster of his trusty six-gun. His left held his charger's reins. His eyes pierced the far stretches made bright and perceptible by the moon. He was looking for shadows—but more keenly, he scanned the sky-line of the hills to the west, momentarily expecting that some horseman would gallop silently into view.

Now and then he would relinquish the hold on his six-gun and tenderly press a leather bag that hung from his right shoulder and snuggled under his left side next to his skin.

Although he knew the bag was there, he wanted to be doubly sure. He wanted to *feel* it every little while; he wanted to be certain that it was safe. He wanted to do more than that. He wanted to sort of squeeze its sides and feel the bundle of bills that rested therein.

As he felt them, this time, he smiled. Twenty thousand dollars! Twenty thousand dollars!

Egad! That *was* a sum! That was a haul which should make any hold-up man feel proud! Why, that was sufficient with which to retire from the game!

Retire from the game. The very idea of it seemed to have come upon him like a flash in the night. The hope, the possibility of—

A clattering, metallic sound broke his musing.

Sure as the heavens above him, he heard it—but it did not come a second time! He listened with suspended breath. He was positive that he heard it.

However, the horse still nibbled the short grass by the roadside in its placid way, and did not rear its head and prick up its ears, as horses had so often done on previous occasions when he was being chased by men, giving evidence of their approach when he could not hear a sound.

Baker was not a man to take chances. Jumping into the saddle, he spurred on again. This time there was to be no stop. Baker was as sure as death that he had heard the hoofs of his pursuers' horses. That was sufficient.

The more he puzzled over the sound, the more certain he was that he had to get further into the Bad Lands. He thanked his luck that the moon was so bright and the way so clear. To be sure, he had never

been in this particular ridge of the hills before—but the formation of the land, the peculiar and unmistakable sheen of the ridges, were as an alphabet to him.

He gave his horse no chance for rest again that night. On and on he flew—on and on through the night—the animal's flanks white with foam, its neck and head stretched, its hoofs beating such a regular clatter on the roadway that Baker could tell just when its speed was diminishing.

Whenever this became evident, Baker would administer the spurs all the more. What meant a horse when his liberty and twenty thousand dollars were at stake!

The horse struck a rock, stumbled, plunged head forward and fell. Baker made a dive into the dust and scraped along for a dozen feet. He was too good a rider to get hurt, and he quickly picked himself up and ran to the horse.

"Get up!" said Baker sharply, as he dug his boot-toe in the animal's belly.

The animal did not move. The reckless rider had ridden him to death.

## CHAPTER II.

### The Deserted Settlement.

**B**AKER did not stop. The horse dead, he must, of choice, take to his feet. So on he went, leaving the dead animal to the vultures or the posse or whichever or whatever would first find it.

On and on walked the hunted man, on and on through the night and the early dawn until, at length, he found himself in the abandoned mining-camp.

Tired as he was, he began to explore the place. From general observation, it was evident that the place was deserted—but he wanted to be sure. This one looked just like the dozen or more deserted camps that he had come across at various stages of his career, but, perhaps, there was some reclusive passing his days in a cabin; or some prospector who still believed in the place, occupying one of the dried-up tumble-downs.

Baker went from cabin to cabin and peered in. If a cabin happened to have more than one room, he entered and made a complete search. Not only this, but he walked around each one, and peered under the porches, where porches were still visible.

He even searched the remaining barns and outhouses, but, except for himself, there

was absolutely no sign of life, save for an occasional snake that, disturbed in its sunny peace for the first time in years, scampered to safety under the rocks; a few lizards that had come from their crevices to warm themselves in the early morning sun, and a pair of buzzards that circled far above him.

The abandoned camp was riot run rampant. Empty tomato cans, kerosene-oil tins, empty bottles, and the bones of abandoned animals bleached white by the sun, littered the "streets" along which the thirty or more huts were irregularly arranged.

There were no footprints to show him that man had been there before. The winds had covered up all such traces.

The limestone hills of the Bad Lands looming far to the east, added to the grayness and the gloom. If a more lonesome place existed on earth, Baker could not have found it.

But he was glad. Inwardly, he rejoiced and was glad. It was just the place of all places for him. Had he been given free transportation after making away with the twenty thousand, he would have chosen just that spot as his destination.

Looking over the huts with critical eye, he chose one about the center of the camp for his dwelling-place.

In his tour of inspection, he had noticed this one particularly. There was a bed inside on which was a time-worn mattress covered with dirt and dust—but still a mattress.

Strewn about the floor were several blankets and some old clothing. A broken mirror, in which his face looked tangled and awry because the heat had distorted the mercury, still held its place on the wall.

But—better than all this, the original tenants had planted a truck-garden at the rear—and now, the sun and the rain and a gushing spring had made the desert blossom as a rose.

The vegetables were growing at will, twining their tendrils onto each others stalks. The supply seemed plentiful, and Baker thanked his luck again.

He searched the other huts until he found the dilapidated remains of a broom. In a short time, the Baker mansion was swept clear of the accumulated dust of years; spider-webs were torn from the rafters; centipedes were sent scurrying to other quarters; the blankets were taken out and beaten; the bed was propped up; the mattress knocked into respectability, and comfortable

proportions and the old clothing hung on the pegs behind a door that resisted all effort at closing.

Baker was very much more at home than he had been for some time.

Having been either on foot or in a saddle for some twenty-eight hours, he was now ready for sleep. He took off his boots that his tired feet might relax, placed them within close proximity of the bed, felt his leather bag, took the six-gun from its resting-place, and with his finger on the trigger, he lay him down to sleep.

It was still daylight when he awoke. Although the rest had made his body stiff and sore, he was nevertheless unwilling to stay abed longer.

First of all, there was the money. He wanted to take a good look at it. The frightened messenger who had thrown out the strong-box when Baker held up the train, had told him that it was hardly worth the taking, but Baker had heard such stories from messengers before.

When he had ordered the train on its way and taken the strong-box to a convenient place and opened it, he was not surprised to find the messenger mistaken, or else, perhaps, in other circles, the twenty thousand dollars in bills of husky denominations was a mere bagatelle.

Baker wanted to take a look at his money. He wanted to hold it in his hands, count it over and over again, press it to his cheek, and inhale the peculiar odor that distinguishes a well-worn bank-note. He wanted to revel in his new-found wealth. He wanted to paw it over until his hands were tired of the worn crispiness of the notes, and then he would put them to one side, like a cat tired of her kittens.

He went to the door and looked out on the landscape. He scanned the horizon, he ran his eye over the tree-tops, he looked into the valley below, and he even looked into several of the empty houses.

There was not a soul in sight. He was as much alone as ever. Returning to the place that he had elected as his abode, he entered and plumped himself on the bed tailor-fashion.

Unbuttoning his shirt, he reached for the strap that held the leather bag in place, and unhooked it. The bag was wet with the moisture of his body, and as he opened it and took out his fortune, he marveled how much a part of him it all seemed.

Then he reveled in the money, counting



and recounting it. He piled it up in various piles according to its denomination. He looked at the date of issue of each, he read the numbers, he marveled what a story each note could tell if its wanderings could be recorded.

He held them up to the light, he turned them over. He smoothed them out, and counted them again. He put them to his lips and kissed them—for they were his all! He had risked his life for them, he had been chased into the wilderness for them—and they were all, all his!

He piled them one on one carefully, tied them with a piece of twine, laid them gently in the snug recesses of the bag and fastened the strap to his body. As he did so, he thanked his luck—which was playing him a splendid game this time—that all the bills showed signs of usage. That was good.

"Those spick, span new bills," said Baker to himself, "are always dangerous. Every time you lay one of them down, the fellow who takes it looks at you as if you had stolen it. But, with these old ones, it always looks as if you had carried 'em for a long time—been sort of industrious and saving, as it were.

### CHAPTER III.

#### The Lonesome Capitalist.

ALL of the facts that have been narrated in the preceding chapters happened during that month of the year when spring is well on its way, and summer is already announced by warmth and blossom and the enlivening doings of the wild things.

Baker was also very glad of that. Whatever he had to look forward to, a winter in that desolate spot, with its chilly winds and rains and bleak surroundings, was more than even the sudden possessor of twenty thousand dollars could stand.

But all through the summer and the glorious autumn he would live the life of a gentleman—so far as it was possible, of course—and by the time winter had begun to show its teeth then the disappearance of Baker of the Bad Lands, with twenty thousand from the Pacific Coast Special, would have pretty well melded into the ages.

The sleuths would be tired of looking for him, the reward that would undoubtedly be placed on his head would become forgotten. Other train robberies and other deeds of desperate men would be occupying the greedy

newspapers and the craving minds of the public—and then he could go forth a free man.

A free man!

He spent the rest of the day in rummaging around the weather-worn cabins until he had accumulated a rusty and battered stove. He also unearthed a stew-pan that was bent and battered and which the erosions of time was quickly turning to rust; a large spoon, also turning to rust; several smaller pans of equal decay; three empty tins; a knife that was in a fair state of preservation, for it had been wrapped in several pieces of cloth and stuck in a drawer.

In another house he found a table. He carried this and the stove and various kitchen utensils into the cabin just next door to his. He had plenty of room, and why not have the kitchen removed from the house? The smell of cooking was none too pleasant, at any rate.

The stove had only one leg. Instead of searching for the other three, Baker knocked off the remaining one and let it rest on its bottom on the floor. Having accomplished this, he realized the importance of having an ax and one or two other tools to put the stove-pipe in place.

Baker started out in quest of these things. He did not find an ax, but he found a miserable apology for a chisel, a dozen screws, a wooden mallet, and a coil of wire. He added all of them to his stock. Noticing a piece of stove-pipe jutting from the roof a cabin not far from his own, he wended his way thither and wrenched it loose.

He had to be pretty careful, for the metal was in the last stages of decay. Stove-piping seemed pretty scarce, but with this length he could at least get his stove in working order.

He moved the stove against the window and deftly arranged the pipe so that it pointed outward. In order to accomplish this he had to turn the stove slightly on one end. One or two blocks under the stove held it in place, and the wire served well to keep the pipe from leaning out so far that it was liable to lose its balance.

The next thing to do was to get stove-lids, and yet that could wait until he had his pots and pans in order. Taking the largest pot to a point of vantage back of the kitchen, Baker beat it with the mallet and scraped it with the chisel until the rust began to disappear.

The metal was pretty far gone, however. It was like trying to save wood that had been burned in a fire. He scraped and pounded the tin vessel until it showed some of its pristine glory; then he placed it on the stove, filled it with water from the spring, and proceeded to light a fire.

Baker was too old a desperado not to know the simple method of producing fire by friction. With his knife, a piece of flint which he always carried, and some of the dry sticks which littered the place, he soon had a good fire in the old stove.

Soon the water was boiling and eating away the rust. Baker supplied more water, and as it came to the boiling-point he scraped the sides of the pan with a stick, applying the power that lay back of his muscles.

In a short time the pot was in a presentable shape. Though battered and worn, it was clean and would do for cooking. He placed it in the sun for a few minutes while he gathered more wood, and it was not long before the pot was again on the stove serving as a bath-tub for the smaller utensils, which were boiled and scraped until Baker had quite a respectable dining-layout.

The stove needed four lids, but two would suffice for the present. Baker went on another foraging trip. This time he found a lid that was much too large for the stove in his kitchen, but which would answer every purpose. A few feet further he found the tin cover of a miner's dinner-bucket. This would also serve as a stove-lid, with the aid of a stone to keep it in place.

He filled his large pot with clean water and put it on to boil. The sun was beginning to dip low toward the west, and the cool breeze that ushers in evening was coming up from the lowlands. It was nearly time for his dinner.

He went into the vegetable garden and pulled up three large well-formed potatoes, a beet, and two parsnips. These would be sufficient. Perhaps it would be best to go sparingly with the viands—they would have to last him for months.

He washed them and scraped them and put them on to boil. He stood over them with the air of a chef as the water bubbled and foamed. Now and then he prodded the vegetables with his knife. They taxed his patience a bit when they did not soften as quickly as he anticipated, and he wondered if all things took so long to prepare for the table.

Finally the meal was before him. On a

tin platter on the rough table, with the ancient spoon to aid, he sat him down, and in all his life nothing ever tasted quite so good.

As he ate, he lacked but one thing, he thought—that ever necessary staple, salt. It is wonderful what the palate demands. For a while, Baker thought that if he had to dwell in that place without salt, he would go mad, but then he remembered the stories he had heard of the men who crossed the Rockies, with Frémont, who put gunpowder on their food in lieu of salt and found it pretty good at that.

He also remembered having read another article by a famous Chinese diplomat, who held that eating salt was only a habit, and a very bad habit at that. The air we breathe, the food itself, the water in which it is cooked, all contain a sufficient amount of salt to satisfy the wants of any man, and the promiscuous application of it to one's food is dangerous.

## CHAPTER IV.

### His House in Order.

THE meal finished, Baker cleaned up his pots and pans, brushed off the table, and began the task of putting his house in order. That it needed yellow soap, water and elbow grease, was more than evident.

Baker could easily supply the water and the elbow grease, and in place of soap, he used the fine sand that he scraped up from the dilapidated "streets," and a piece of soft sand-stone. Filling his largest pail with water, this modern Crusoe got down on all fours, rolled up his sleeves, and went at it.

The Baker mansion was quickly transformed into a spick and span frontier cabin.

Early the next morning, like the Crusoe of renown, Baker strolled about to get better acquainted with his circumjacent. He climbed to a high knoll which commanded a good view of the deserted camp and the surrounding country.

Baker took it all in keenly. From his intimate knowledge of that part of the world, he realized that he was at the outer edge of the Bad Lands, and that it would be safer to remain where he was than move in any direction.

To the east and north of him lay the impassable and inhospitable Bad Lands; to the west and south the open country.



He could see the flaming posters now being nailed to every available tree and fence-post and country store, offering, perhaps, five thousand dollars for the return of his body—dead or alive. He could see the mounted sheriffs and their daring men dashing hither and yon on foam-flecked steeds at every little breath of a rumor, thinking a hanged sight more of the reward than of him. How easily he had fooled them!

They would not think of following him into the Bad Lands. They would surmise that no train robber, no matter how clever or daring, with twenty thousand dollars in his kit, would risk his life in those uninviting wastes. That's the way they would look at it—so Baker surmised.

He stretched himself at length on a rock and watched the sun glint to silver the spires of the lime-stone peaks crowning the vast region to his right. He pulled his hat down to shadow his eyes, gave the bag containing his fortune a hitch so that it would not jab into his side—and the whole world was his.

A lizard darted from its home in the rocks close by, scrambled up to the side of a boulder some six feet away, and began to blink in the delight of its morning sun-bath.

Baker watched it closely and began to scheme. The vegetable diet might pall, and he wondered if a bit of roast lizard would not vary his menu.

He had read in that same wonderful narrative of Frémont, how the Indians that accosted his party when he was crossing from California to the east, would drag lizards from their holes with crooked sticks, roast them alive over a fire, and eat them with marvelous relish.

"Well, what's good enough for a fine Indian is good enough for me," said Baker, and he realized that when men are hungry it matters little what they eat so long as something edible heaves in sight.

He glanced down over the irregular rows of cabins, and was surprised to observe a green patch behind a projecting ledge about three hundred feet from his own front door. Rising to his feet, he circled the neighborhood with his eyes.

He had involuntarily formed this habit before moving from one point to another. If the change of base were only a few feet, Baker took that precaution. Just why, he did not know. He thought it the safest thing to do.

The lizard, surprised at the presence of

so queer a living thing, disappeared as if by magic, and Baker, with light and agile step, darted down the rock, walked glibly past his own door, and turned the ledge of rock that disclosed to his view the green patch he had noticed a little while before.

Before his eyes were half an acre of oasis—some dwarfed pepper-trees, a scant willow, a stretch of tall, tough grass, queer, hardy plants with scentless flowers of a dull, yellow hue, and—best of all—several gushing springs that poured forth a volume of cool, clear water, and sent it down into a cañon to find its way to some river or back into the earth again.

Baker stooped over one of the springs and drank deep of its flowing coolness.

"Luck, and still more luck!" he exclaimed aloud.

Here was water in abundance. Not only would he have sufficient—with the spring behind his house—for cooking and washing and drinking, but here he would hollow out a natural tub, so to speak, and every morning have a plunge that any man might envy.

He walked around the outer edge of his new-found paradise. Under the most spreading of the willows, he was surprised to see a rough, pine board which the hand of man had thrust into the ground.

It was a piece of fence-board, gray and weather-worn and rough—but it marked the only grave in that wild stretch of desolation.

Baker approached it querulously. He knew that it had been put there to mark some passing event in the former life of the town, and a queer little lump came into his throat as he read this epitaph which had been rudely carved with a knife:

"Emily. Age 5."

That was all. Baker looked appealingly at the grave and wondered what sort of a story that piece of board could tell if it could only speak.

Poor little Emily! left alone in that speck of a paradise in the most lonesome region of the West. Who was her father, and who her mother? What dread disease took her away? Where were her parents now? Did they ever think of that little grave which the cruel winds of winter had leveled to the ground, leaving only the modest memorial that such miscreants as he might not desecrate a grave.

Baker was not without sentiment. Though a desperate man who held life cheap and knew no fear—this resting-place of a child went deep into his heart.

He would not be so lonesome with little Emily to think of now and then. He would come often to the willow-tree, and, as time wore on, he would build a head-stone of rock with his own hands—a head-stone that would last and defy the elements.

And he would carve her name thereon—aye, he had the chisel and the mallet with which to do it, and the time. Even if it took the long summer through, he would see that Emily's grave was marked by a massive and enduring monument.

He returned to his home. Now, that things were beginning to shape themselves, he would have little trouble in living there until the winter set in. Then, as he had planned, he would emerge from his hiding-place, drift slowly and cautiously back to civilization, and in some great city enjoy the money he had stolen.

When that was gone, the villain mused, he would start forth again. There were other trains that he could hold up, and it would not be unpleasant to again think of the world being startled by the daring escapades of Baker of the Bad Lands. And, having held up another train, he would return to this spot—which he quaintly christened Bakerville.

That night he slept more peacefully than he had slept for many moons.

When he retired, he felt secure in his hiding-place. He had started a comfortable home which he would improve from day to day—yes, he would even have plant-vines and train them over his porch and windows; he would set stones in front to form a yard, he would gather a sufficient number of old

(To be continued.)

stove-lengths to pipe the water to his back door; he would contrive to make a quilt to cover him at night; he would try a roast lizard some day, and he would wander into the wilderness in search of a bird!

Oh, he would be a king! a lord of the manor! a prince who was the master of possessions that were fertile and flowery! And he would plant trees and flowers in his front yard, and he would make himself a comfortable chair and sit there and watch the sun turn the sky to crimson, and hear the night birds pour forth their melody to the moon—

Baker had fallen into a deep sleep and was dreaming.

The next morning, he peeled a few potatoes and went to the spring to get the water in which to boil them. When he had filled the pot, he arose and turned completely around—his old habit.

The pan dropped from his hand with a crash. His heart, which had become attuned to the silence of the wilderness, seemed to pound his ribs, and his breath came in short gasps.

Over the trail by which he had found his way to the deserted camp, a man was tramping.

This man saw Baker, and he quickened his steps. He was a big, grizzled man of middle age, and he walked with a gingery alertness that Baker did not like.

As he came closer, it was evident that he was armed—two hefty six-guns hung from either hip.

Baker felt for his weapon. In his sense of security, he had left it in his cabin.

## A PRACTICAL RAILROAD PRESIDENT.

AS an illustration of the practical ways of Mr. Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore and Ohio, in looking after everything that makes for the best interests in the road, it is related that on his way home from New York he left his private car and went into the cab of the engine, in which he made the rest of the journey. Being an expert engineer himself, it was not long before

he discovered that the locomotive was not doing its best work. This was no-fault of the man in charge. On reaching Baltimore, he had the engine turned over to test experts. The fault in the locomotive was soon discovered and rectified, but this did not suit the chief, and he gave orders for the similar testing of all the passenger engines.—*Railway and Locomotive Engineering.*

A new hand on the extra list knows why; an old hand ought to be finding out. If you're dissatisfied maybe the Old Man is.

—Musings of the Master Mechanic.



# On the Immigrant Special.

BY GEORGE E. MAYO.

**W**HAT becomes of the army of immigrants which this country receives from year to year after they have been passed by the government and ticketed to their destinations by the Trunk Lines Association's clearing-house at Ellis Island?

Here is the answer to this momentous question, which many of our readers probably have asked since reading Mr. Mulligan's article in last month's issue of *THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE* about the wonderful organization that segregates the bewildered newcomers, places them aboard train and starts them on their journey into the new world.

The immigrant service is a branch of railroad work peculiar to itself. It is recognized in the organization of every big railroad in the country having eastern seaboard connections. It is replete with incidents that amuse as well as touch the heart.

**Travel in the Immigrant Coaches Often Furnishes Some Odd Bits of Comedy and Tragedy That Rarely Reach the Notice of Those Who Ride in the Pullmans Up Ahead.**

**B**ROADLY speaking, the traffic of railroads is of two kinds, freight and passenger. It is the unofficial opinion of a good many railroad men, however, that there should be a third class; namely immigrant traffic. Certainly the handling of this business on the roads which carry the bulk of it is an undertaking entirely separate and distinct from that of handling the regular passenger business.

It is a service that has its own coaches, in which the ordinary traveler never rides—never at least after they have been used once or twice by the immigrants. It is handled through its own stations, which the ordinary traveler over the road never enters.

Its conditions are unlike the conditions under which any other kind of passenger traffic is carried on. In comparison with the task of chaperoning a dozen or so coaches filled with the raw material of American citizenship, taking a Sunday excursion

crowd out of South Chicago or West Hoboken is an easy matter.

The obliging official of fiction who fixes up a special at 12.30 A.M. for the hero or heroine to catch the crack "Through Thunderbolt" that left thirty-seven minutes before on a schedule with no stops, can take no medals for celerity from the men who have to shove along the immigrant trains when half a dozen big liners come into port and Ellis Island begins to pass them along to the operating department.

Ellis Island the Nucleus.

As Ellis Island is where about eighty per cent of the incomers first set foot on American soil—said soil being in this case a wooden gangway—it is the trunk lines running out of New York that get most of the immigrant business. Sixty per cent of all those who land at that port are ticketed out without stop-over by one or another of these roads.

Ports other than New York get only an occasional slice of this business. Boston received about 40,000 immigrants last year, Baltimore 31,000, Philadelphia 16,000, while over 100,000 came in at various other points. Most of these newcomers are bound either for the cities where they land or points not far away, and cut practically no figure in railroad traffic.

It is only at the big terminals over on the Jersey shore of the Hudson, and in the traffic offices on the Manhattan side, that they roll up their sleeves and get ready for quick action when the liners come in. It won't do to keep the American citizen-in-the-raw waiting all night in a Jersey railroad station unless the road is ready to foot the lodging bill, and when there are two or three thousand of him to be taken care of in the course of an afternoon, action has to be prompt.

It is one of the peculiarities of the immigrant business that it comes spasmodically, depending as it does upon the schedules of the transatlantic steamship lines. One day not a ticket may be given out by the immigrant clearing-house of the Trunk Lines Association at Ellis Island. The next may see the arrival in port of half a dozen boats from as many European ports, and the clearing-house may be filled and emptied many times in the course of the day's work.

### Easy Prey for Swindlers.

Nor is it only celerity that is required. These throngs of bewildered strangers, helpless as so many children under the unaccustomed conditions which surround them, must not only be set down at their destinations as expeditiously as possible, but care must also be taken to see that they are set down at the right destinations.

They must also be protected *en route* from the extortions and wiles of tricksters, who consider the ignorant and credulous stranger but fair game. It may seem that there can be little opportunity for the faker to swindle the occupants of the immigrant coaches, since ordinary passengers are not admitted to these, and the presence of intruders is certain to be discovered by the trainmen.

In spite of all precautions the resourcefulness of the modern crook often finds a way. If of foreign origin, he can pass himself off as a worldly-wise countryman of the

newcomer, and in this rôle he has the choice of an unlimited variety of schemes for separating the victim from his savings. The commonest trick is to represent himself as being able to procure the immigrant a job, the preliminary thereto being, of course, the payment of a fee ranging from \$2 to \$20, according to the immigrant's means and the operator's nerve.

### Variety of Bunco Games.

There are plenty of other games, however, ranging in originality and daring from selling to the bedazed wanderer the very coach in which he is riding, to plain barefaced robbery.

It is true that opportunities for perpetrating frauds of this kind are pretty strictly limited while the immigrant is actually under the wing of the road, for among their duties the officials and employees charged with his safe transportation number that of discouraging such ingenious games.

That they are successfully carried out from time to time is due as much to the victim's inability to tell when he is being fleeced and his fear of complaining of the acts of persons having in his eyes an appearance of authority, as to the superior skill of the crooks.

It is not often, however, that one hears of such a daring piece of work as that which two men pulled off one night in July last year, on a train between Jersey City and Paterson. This was a case of plain robbery. The startling feature of it was the nerve of the robbers in attempting to do what they did and the fact that they succeeded.

The train was a limited, and on the night in question a couple of immigrant coaches, carrying some sixty or more recently landed passengers bound for Western points, had been hitched on the rear.

### Bedlam on Wheels.

Immigrant cars are likely to be put on any of the trains that run out of Jersey City at any time, and while they are not exactly popular with the crews, it is all a part of the day's work. The trainmen on the limited weren't worrying about their two loads of "greenies" trailing along behind, and it was not until the train slowed down at Paterson that the yells and screams



from the rear coaches attracted any notice. Then the conductor went back, with a couple of husky trainmen, to suppress what he supposed was an incipient race riot.

He opened the door upon a scene a great deal more startling than a riot. The aisle was strewn with bundles, empty valises, and their contents. Over these scattered belongings, frightened, frantic men and women were shrieking and running about in confusion, while others, equally excited, were holding up empty pocketbooks and shaking fingers, stripped of rings, before the faces of the astonished trainmen.

After a lot of time and a good deal of questioning, the cause of the disturbance was discovered. It appeared that immediately after the train pulled out of the station at Jersey City, two masked men entered the first of the immigrant cars. One stopped at the front door of the first car and displayed a revolver ready for business, while the other went through the passengers in a deft and nimble manner, not only requiring each to turn his pockets inside out, but also making them open their valises and bundles, the contents of which he searched.

#### Held Up in Cars.

In the next car the highwaymen repeated their work with equal thoroughness, threatening to shoot any of their victims who made a noise. The threat and the sight of the pistol was enough.

Not a man in the coaches showed fight, and the silence which prevailed until the robbers jumped as the train began to slow down was perfect. The vocal efforts which followed their departure and which alarmed the train crew, however, more than made up for the previous stillness.

As none of the immigrants could speak more than a few words of English, the officials of the road, to whom the case was promptly reported, had a hard time getting anything like an adequate description of the robbers. Consequently they have not, up to date, been disturbed in the enjoyment of their booty, which amounted to about \$50 in money, besides a quart or so of rings and other cheap jewelry.

As an illuminating comment on the average immigrant's understanding of the new conditions by which he finds himself surrounded, the fact may be mentioned that some of the victims did not know that they

had been robbed until they were told by the trainmen. They had thought, they explained, that it was a new kind of tax they were being made to pay, and they regarded the somewhat abrupt methods used as the ordinary manner of the tax-collector.

#### Just Does as He Is Told.

This, however, is an unusual incident in immigrant traffic. Ordinarily, the worst extortion encountered is at the hands of some vender of refreshments—dining-cars are not run on immigrant trains, nor is the immigrant admitted to the station restaurant under ordinary conditions—while the immigrant's chief discomforts are those he brings on himself or suffers through his ignorance of common hygienic and sanitary principles.

He has not even to worry about his safe arrival at his destination—a question which harasses the nerves of a good many traveling Americans, especially women who ought to know better. His responsibility in that connection was settled when he arranged his passage, probably before ever departing from the fatherland.

He has only to do as he is told; the road does the rest, and sees that he is not lost, mislaid, or stolen until the time when he is gently shoved out of the car upon the platform of the station designated on his ticket and into the arms of his waiting friends and relatives.

A better understanding of what this means in the way of organized effort may be arrived at by following the course of one individual of the hundreds of thousands who are annually transported over thousands of miles, and set down safely at the end of their journey at a destination the name of which they may not be even able to pronounce.

#### How Casimir Came.

There is, for instance, the case of Casimir Podolsky. Casimir hails from a little village somewhere in the Polish Prussian provinces, where the government has been attempting to Germanize the native Polish population, with a resulting encouragement to emigration.

Casimir dislikes the idea of serving in the Kaiser's army, or perhaps it is his experiences in that service that instil in him the feeling of unrest. Anyhow, he decides

that the time is ripe to transfer his allegiance and his husky muscular equipment to the land of the free and the home of the dollar.

There is a brother Henryk, who has already been in America two years and who writes to Casimir that he can get him a job in a place called Cleveland, if he will come at once. Casimir goes to the nearest agent of one of the transatlantic lines, if Henryk has not already made arrangements for his passage in Cleveland, and pays down his money for the through trip; so many marks for the steerage to New York, and so many more for a railroad ticket, at immigrant rates, from New York to Cleveland. The agent gives him a mysterious looking pale green document, stamped and inscribed with German writing which Casimir cannot read.

### Through the Clearing-House.

Nevertheless, his faith in it is great, and rightly placed, for the document is an order upon the immigrant clearing-house of the Trunk Lines Association at Ellis Island for rail passage thence to Cleveland. Already Casimir becomes an object of interest to the traffic branch. He is now immigrant business in its first stage.

The second stage is Ellis Island. When the Immigration Bureau has taken Casimir's declaration and pedigree, has duly thumped him on the chest, looked at his eyes for trachoma and at his scalp for skin diseases, made him turn his pockets out and show his money, and decided that he is qualified for admission, it ties a large numbered label in his buttonhole and passes him along to the end of the long, low, red-brick wing, where the immigrant clearing-house has its offices.

Here Uncle Sam's concern with him ends, and that of the railroad begins; for the immigrant clearing-house is the institution, jointly maintained by the trunk lines running out of New York to the West, through which all their immigrant business is handled.

If you have ever bought a ticket to the annual outing of the United Lime-Pickers' Association at Paradise Park, and then tried to get on the train of three coaches and a baggage-car filled principally with "refreshments," simultaneously with your 4999 fellow-excursionists; if you have ever attempted to storm your way to a Satur-

day double-header at the West Side grounds ten minutes before playing time when the "Cubs" were fighting the "Giants," if you have ever been a Brooklyn commuter, you may be able to form some faint idea of what the immigrant clearing-house is like on a busy afternoon.

To fully realize, however, you must see and hear it on such an occasion. The packed mass of alien humanity, which had just passed the bewildering process of inspection by the immigration officers, flows along, babbling all the tongues and dialects of Europe, submitting, sheep-like, to an authority which it does not understand, and creating apparently hopeless confusion as it packs into the big main receiving-room, where the various bureaus of the clearing-house are.

The confusion is only apparent, however. As a matter of fact there is a ready hand and a voice, speaking his own language, to guide the immigrant at every turn until he finally lands in the proper compartment, ticketed, relabeled, and ready for the next stage.

### No Chance To Go Wrong.

There is never a chance for Casimir to lose his way or make a mistake. Authority in a uniform meets him at the entrance and steers him straight, every time—first to the ticket-window, where he surrenders his pea-green document and gets in return a much less imposing looking slip of pasteboard which reads "Jersey City to Cleveland."

Thence he goes to the money desk, where he turns his marks into good American coin at the prevailing rate of exchange. Maybe he goes to the telegraph office, where he sends word to Cleveland when and by what train he may be expected.

If instead of having his passage prepaid, Casimir is one of the twenty-five per cent who wait until arriving at Ellis Island before buying their railroad tickets, the process is the same, except that he gets his money changed before going to the ticket window.

After all this is over, he is shunted off into another room, divided by wire partitions into several compartments, each one of which is plainly marked "Erie," "D. L. & W.," "B. & O.," "West Shore," and so on through the list of roads belonging to the Trunk Lines Association.



Into the right compartment they steer Casimir, where he stays until it is time to go on board the boat. It isn't always the same road to the same destination, for the attempt is made to concentrate each day's business as much as possible upon one or two lines.

### Making Up the Trains.

Thus one day it will be the Lackawanna, the next the West Shore, the next the Erie. The baggage is similarly sorted out in another series of compartments.

Meanwhile, the various railroad operating departments are getting ready as the clearing-house sends word, "Six hundred coming up at 4.30," to one; "Four hundred at 6 o'clock," to another, and so on through the list.

Sometimes the day's grist can be handled in one instalment; sometimes the clearing-house is emptied and filled again several times in an afternoon. However fast they come and however short the notice, it is the operating departments' business to be ready.

Once Uncle Sam has passed them, the immigrants cannot leave Ellis Island too promptly to suit him, as all his spare space is needed for the next arriving batch. The clearing-house has even scantier accommodations than the government. Its responsibility is ended when it has delivered Casimir and his companions at Hoboken, Weehawken, or Jersey City, as the case may be. It is then up to the various railroad operating departments to make the next move or provide lodging for the crowd.

Consequently these move in double-quick time from the moment that word is received from the island. The special stations maintained by the principal lines at their Jersey terminals for the exclusive accommodation of immigrant traffic are quite able to hold five or six hundred persons at once.

### Ready to Start.

Their appointments, if not so elaborate as those of the regular passenger stations, are adequate and are superior to anything those who use them have been accustomed to heretofore. The resources of a separate immigrant lunch-counter are available to those who have not bought one of the regulation box lunches sold at Ellis Island. It isn't such a tedious wait, therefore, until a string of immigrant coaches,

which are simply standard passenger coaches assigned to immigrant service, can be coupled up and backed into the station.

If coaches enough are filled they will be made up into a special train; if not, they are attached to the rear of one of the regular trains. Forty to a coach is the standard allotment of immigrant passengers, although the ordinary coach has seating-room for sixty.

Packing them to capacity, however, is not regarded as good policy on the tedious day-and-night runs with frequent lay-overs which the immigrant train has to make to avoid interfering with the regular schedules.

Even with the coaches filled to only two-thirds of their normal capacity, the atmosphere is apt to be rather stuffy, but Casimir and his traveling companions don't mind that; ventilation is an art with which they have never concerned themselves.

Nor do they miss the absent sleeper, but indulge in refreshing slumber sitting bold upright or curled up on the seats. Food and drink they can buy plentifully at the stations along the road.

Altogether it is far from an unpleasant experience to Casimir's mind. It is better than the steerage, for even if the space for movement is a trifle more cramped, there is, at least, always something new to see from the windows of the train, and there is no strict discipline of the ship to be submitted to.

### In the Immigrant Coaches.

Here is something of the atmosphere of the land of freedom. One can talk and smoke, and sing and generally do as one pleases, even to the extent of taking part in a friendly row when the bottle which some one is pretty sure to produce has circulated a sufficient number of times to stimulate the spirit of argument.

Said indulgence, however, is found speedily to result in the appearance of members of the train crew with a display of hard fists and brief courtesy, which often ends in knocking the participants into opposite corners and compelling them to stay there.

Milder social amenities proceed unchecked, however. Acquaintances of the steerage are sure to be numbered among the party, and new friendships are soon made in the enforced companionship of the journey. The first few hours sees the formation of many congenial little groups.

Those of the same nationality draw naturally together, particularly those who have known each other in the previous stages of the passage, or who hail from the same town or district. Again, there is a mutual bond of interest among those bound to the same destination. New sympathies are discovered, too, in the bashful exchange of glances of admiration and curiosity between young man and maid who meet thus strangely so far from their native land.

It would be no unprecedented thing should Casimir introduce to his Cleveland relatives a blushing betrothed whom his enamored eyes beheld for the first time across the aisle of the immigrant coach. Romance can, and does, have its beginning there as well as anywhere else.

Speaking of romance, here is a story in point. It concerns a railroad man whom, for purposes of identification, we'll call "Bill" Atterbury. It happened a couple of years ago, before Bill was put on the through run he now has.

On this particular occasion he was running up to the mines with a rough crowd of Slavs, Bohemians, and Italians. In one of the coaches though there was a little party of a different sort; a Welsh family of father, mother, and grown-up daughter going up to Scranton.

The girl was quite pretty and not badly dressed; a fact which Bill had noticed at first sight, as he was a bachelor then. He managed to keep pretty close to that car most of the time after that. It happened that there was a particularly ugly bunch of foreigners in there, and Bill was inclined to fear that there would be trouble.

It came, unfortunately, when Bill was somewhere else. Some of the other occupants of the car had noticed the girl, also, and although the little party of Welsh folks kept strictly to themselves, the men began staring at her and saying things among themselves. By and by, one fellow who had had a few drinks too many stepped over and started to sit down by the girl.

Her father jumped up and struck him, and then three or four more of the gang piled on top of the old man and tried to

punch holes in him with their boot-heels, while the girl and her mother yelled for help.

Bill heard the yells in the next car. In less than a minute he was in the middle of the mix-up with both fists flying and with a 190-pound Pennsylvania Dutch brakeman to help him out.

In less than two minutes Bill and the brake were in undisputed possession of the floor, except such portions of it as were occupied by prostrate members of the gang.

Naturally the Welsh folks made a great fuss over Bill. They told him all about themselves and how they were going to stay with a son who had succeeded with a small business in Scranton after starting in the mines. Bill took another look at the girl and told them that he often laid over in Scranton. That brought an invitation, which of course Bill accepted.

As previously mentioned, Bill was a bachelor then. He isn't now. He married in less than a year afterward, and Mrs. Bill was born in Wales.

There is pathos on the immigrant train, as well. Not more than a year or two ago, there was a Russian family on its way to Chicago. Among the children was a little twelve-year-old girl; pretty, clever, and full of curiosity about everything that was going on.

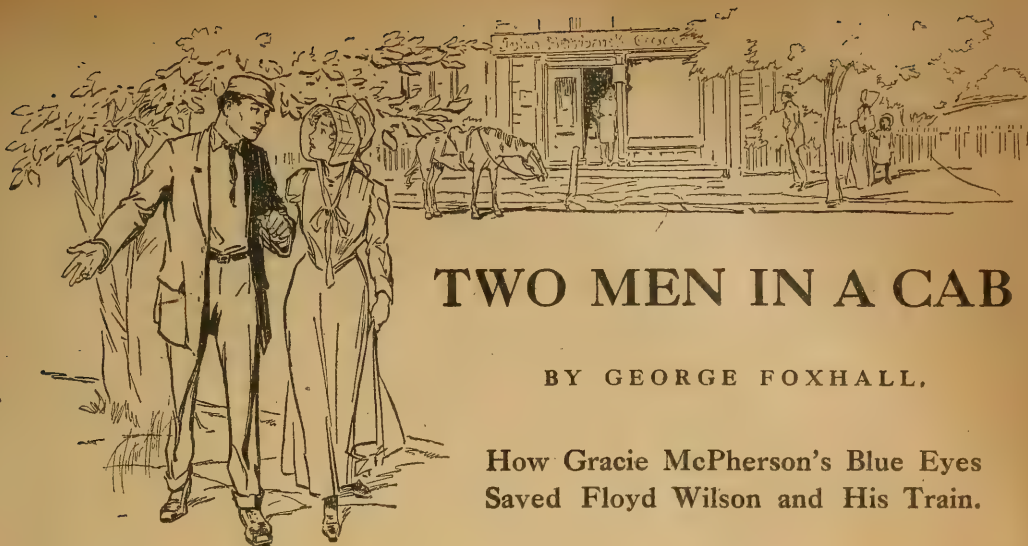
It is a longer ride to Chicago on an immigrant train than on one of the eighteen-hour fliers, and before the trip was over the child had become a general favorite. In Chicago, while friends were greeting the father and mother, the little girl was overlooked for a moment.

When they missed her there was an awful howl, but it was too late; she had disappeared in the crowd. The station force and the police did all they could, but in spite of their search she was never found.

The only reasonable explanation of her disappearance was that she had been kidnapped. Not only the immigrant children get lost around the stations. The grown-ups often get into trouble when they take to roaming around by themselves, but they are usually found and brought back before twenty-four hours have passed.

We know politeness don't cost nothin', but some folks is so proud  
you can't give it to 'em.—An Old Con.





## TWO MEN IN A CAB

BY GEORGE FOXHALL.

**How Gracie McPherson's Blue Eyes  
Saved Floyd Wilson and His Train.**

**G**RACIE MCPHERSON saved the Royal Red Limited and No. 24 fast freight, and she wasn't within fifty miles of either train. It's not a spook story; you couldn't imagine anything less like a spook than Gracie McPherson. She was as plump and as ruddy as the Scotch lassie her father had courted among the heather thirty years before, and she was as sweet and gentle as the white-crowned woman who had rested from the burden of living a year ago the previous 14th of August—before father and daughter came to America.

The date is mentioned because that was the day that Tom McPherson began to be "queer;" and it was the day that Lloyd Wilson, her father's fireman, had taken Gracie's hands in his own and stammered awkward words of comfort about God and heaven, and the sorrow of her father that needed her strength.

Tom McPherson had always been a deliberate man—authoritative, but never tyrannical; stern, but always just.

That 14th of August had brought to Tom two things—the inexorable sense of loss, and the equally inexorable knowledge that he was suffering from an ailment that no engineer has a right to suffer from and work. It was on the very evening of that day that he had fallen, ghastly pale and sucking in great gasps of breath, into his big arm-chair. In a moment, Gracie was at his side.

Reviving just in time to prevent his

daughter from giving an alarm, he had cautioned her harshly against ever breathing a word about the incident; for he saw, in the long, idle days of retirement, a terror that his lonely soul could not face.

Gracie, looking into his eyes, saw the change and the terror, without knowing what either meant, and her heart sought comfort in the memory of two strong hands that had enfolded hers, and two serious gray eyes that had spoken of tenderer things than the lips had dared to frame.

Next day, on the run, the old man was morose and irritable. The following day he was the same, and each succeeding day seemed to add sourness to his disposition. Lloyd met his changed mood with a patience built upon years of loyal friendship, and a pity that never forgot the old man's loss.

No friendship nor pity could withstand the gradual undermining of confidence that was bound to result from these strained relations, the reason for which Lloyd could not always fathom.

For years they had worked together with the efficiency of mutual confidence—the splendid cooperation that builds friendship. Now a mutual distrust crept stealthily into the spirit of the day's work—a distrust laden with possibilities of wreck and death and lifelong tragedy.

If Lloyd was at first in doubt about the underlying cause of his engineer's new-born dislike, he was soon to have it hurled upon him with the staggering pain of an unexpected blow.

On the second Sunday, Gracie, for the sake of her father, bore her blushes and sent a little note to him, appealing to him to come and try to cheer her father out of his gloom; and, because there was creeping into his own life something new and alluring and winsome, he went.

Gracie busied herself preparing dinner while the two men made shift to be as uncomfortable as possible. Lloyd made one or two awkward attempts at conversation, drawing from the old man a surly monosyllable or two, and then McPherson got up and went into the garden, carefully closing the door after him as a hint that the garden would hold only one man at a time.

"Is anything the matter between father and you?" asked Gracie, coming in a minute later and finding Lloyd alone.

"Not that I know of," answered Lloyd. "I think he's just brooding over his trouble. He'll be all right in a week or two."

She began to set the table just as her father came in. He stood for a moment and watched her, and as she placed a knife and fork in the place always occupied by the fireman a dull flush crept over his neck and ears and face. He turned slowly on his visitor.

"Lloyd Wilson," he said, "don't you know when you're not welcome?"

Gracie looked up in wild-eyed astonishment, and Lloyd flushed scarlet.

"Why, Tom," he said, "I didn't think I was unwelcome."

"No? Well, let me tell you. You are! I've been watching you for a long time. I've seen the way you look at my girl, and the soapy manner you talk and act to her; and let me tell you, there isn't any mooning lout of a tallow-pot going to take my lassie away from me while I've strength to order him out of the house. You can go. And," he added, with sour sarcasm, "don't you come again until you get a written invitation from me."

Shamed and humiliated, the girl fled before the tirade was finished, and Lloyd, not daring to trust the anger that flared up within him and consumed the affection of years, picked up his hat and went.

Then the old man, bitter without cause, began a systematic persecution of his fireman that was as senseless as it was cruel. Only a fireman can understand the thousand ways in which an engineer can make life unbearable for the second man in the cab.

The running position of the reverse-lever was changed, and the engine used ten or fif-

teen per cent more steam than she had ever done, and did her work less easily. The skillfully built fire would be whirled into bare spots and deadening heaps, and coughed through the exhaust with disheartening persistence when it was most needed.

The result was that the engine, with its forty loads, went dead twice within a month at the Barden grade, laying out the limited once for ten minutes, while the Teutonic patience that Lloyd Wilson inherited from his mother began giving way before the hot passion of his father's Celtic blood.

He had been humiliated in the eyes of his workmates and superiors, and belittled in his own esteem; but he had kept his tongue under guard through the memory of an appealing, troubled face that had been turned to him for a second in its grief.

He had seen her once or twice, but there had been no opportunity for more than a few words since that memorable Sunday. At length they met in the post-office, nearly a mile from McPherson's house. As they went out, Lloyd walked up the road with her.

"Gracie," he said, "I can't stand this any longer."

"What?" she asked faintly.

"The way your father treats me. He's making life a misery to me. He's disgracing me as a fireman, and he's keeping me from you, though he knows I love you with all the strength of my life."

"You ought not to talk like that to me, Lloyd, when you know how my father feels about it," murmured Gracie, the pink of her cheeks hiding itself in her throbbing heart.

"I'm not going to discuss the rights and wrongs of it," he blurted roughly. "I've suffered wrongs enough to balance his rights, and a man has no rights that injure other people's lives, anyhow."

"I've treated him like a son, and I've earned his respect; but what has he given me? Insult and shame. I love you, dear," he went on, softening, "but I wouldn't stand in the way of anybody's duty. To-day I shall apply to be transferred, and if I'm refused I'll quit. But I'm going to work and wait, and I'm going to make a home for you, if you'll come to it when—when you can."

"I can't talk about that now, Lloyd. I'm too upset and miserable. You'll have to speak to my father."

"Your father—" he began hotly, then stopped. "I've made my last run with your father," he finished doggedly.



The memory of the three mysterious, courage-shattering attacks stabbed the girl's heart with anxiety for her father.

"Oh, Lloyd," she pleaded, "don't leave him. I'm so worried and frightened. He's an old man and nearly crazy with grief, and—and—" Her courage failed, and she dared not tell. "Don't leave him. Go to-night, anyhow, Lloyd. Promise me you'll

exhaust told of the mighty power that was moving a mighty weight.

As the train gained momentum, she picked up speed and soon was making thirty miles on a gentle down grade. Then came a slight up grade. From the usual running position McPherson pulled the reverse down three notches and the exhaust sighed great wet sobs into the night,



IN A MOMENT GRACIE WAS AT HIS SIDE.

go and look out for him. I'm so miserable," she finished moaningly.

Lloyd caught her hand in an impulsive tenderness. "Poor little girl," he soothed. "It's been with the memory of you that I've borne all his insults and abuse without a word, and for your sake I'll go to-night; but I cannot promise more, for there's an awful temper pulling at my will, and I'm at the far end."

He pressed her hand a moment, then dropped it and was gone.

The run began eventually in the gathering dusk that evening, the fire-box sending out a soft, gentle glow that grew brighter as the black background of night crept on. The men read the orders, and the engineer signed them, and then, after a slip or two of the drivers, the slow, rhythmic

Lloyd swung his arms with increased energy to carry her up the grade without losing pressure, but with the persistence of Fate the gage fell back; two hundred and ten, two hundred and five, two hundred, one hundred and ninety-five, one hundred and ninety, and then the grade was topped and the heart-breaking pull on the gage ceased, though the exhaust waste went on. With painful slowness the needle climbed back.

"What's the matter?" growled McPherson hoarsely. "I haven't heard that pop-valve for the age of a duck."

Lloyd did not reply, though his nerves tingled and his brain was hotter than the fire-box.

"I reckon the pop-valve must be broken," shouted the old man tauntingly.



"DON'T YOU KNOW WHEN YOU'RE NOT WELCOME?"

"I'll put a requisition in if you say so. We'll be blowing the gage to pieces first thing you know."

"We'll never blow any gage to pieces while you keep a cut-off that carries ten pounds of pressure up the stack every time she exhausts. What did you want to drop the reverse for?" shouted the fireman, and then he choked off before his anger could overpower him.

"Bah! You ought to fire a donkey-engine," retorted the engineer disgustedly.

They were on the single track section between Cedarville and Barden. Brixton lies between the two, with the Cedarville grade dipping through it and the Barden up grade beginning about a mile beyond.

Previously the 24 was scheduled to get onto the double track at Barden before meeting the flier, but that day had seen the making of a new schedule for the flier and the fast freight was ordered to get into clear at Brixton and wait for the flier to pass. The new orders had nettled the engineer, and as it proved, it was this that brought tragedy into the night's run.

"I suppose you noticed we have to take the siding at Brixton, for the flier," he yelled, above the crash of the exhaust. "Reckon they got tired of us dying half way up the Barden grade, and laying the limited out."

"I reckon so," said Lloyd, mopping his forehead and refusing the bait. They were topping the summit for the Cedarville dip, and she had a full head and little work for the next five miles.

"I understand you were going to quit me to-day if it hadn't been for Gracie."

Lloyd nodded surlily.

"Well, I don't care a darn, and Gracie only wants to save me breaking in a new man. I told her that wouldn't hurt me, and she don't care now whether you go or stay. She says you're a quitter and a coward, anyhow."

Then the iron restraint of over a year broke down. Lloyd leaped across the cab and grasped the old man roughly by the arm as his hand was about to close the throttle. He swung him half around and glared up demoniacally into his face.

"You're a liar," he screamed.

Half surprised and half frightened, McPherson grasped a heavy wrench and swung it downward. The blow was partly blocked by the other's arm, but it dazed the fireman and forced him, reeling, backward. Mad with rage the old man sprang down from his seat.

A second blow struck Wilson on the shoulder, but before McPherson could strike again, an agony of pain and terror flashed into his eyes and overspread his face, and



with heart-piercing yell he crumpled to the iron floor, his limbs working and his lungs sucking in great sobs of breath.

"My pocket, Lloyd! Look in my pocket!" he gasped with a mighty effort, pointing to where his coat hung above the reverse lever. Then he straightened out convulsively, dead.

The light of madness was still in Wilson's eyes. The revulsion, the breaking down of the iron will that had dammed his rage for so long, and the message from the girl combined to produce an obsession of rage that the death of his enemy would be the last thing that could stem.

For a second his dazed eyes took in the scene, then, comprehending, with a weird laugh of triumph, he sprang to the engineer's seat. He would be engineer now, through five miles of a ripping ride to death. He was boss in the cab at last.

He looked back. The last load had topped the summit, and they were gathering headway for the wild plunge down the mountain, with the limited in their path

near the end if they kept the rails. He would keep them on the rails.

He twitched the handle of the Westinghouse a little to steady them, so as not to end the ride too soon. The steam still hissed through a wide open throttle. It should be a glorious ride.

He looked around joyfully and touched the engineer's coat as he turned. Somehow that coat wove itself into his insane dream. What was there about it? The old man's body caught his eye and he laughed. Medicine in the pocket, probably.

Well, he was beyond medicine now, or soon would be; and Lloyd peered grimly into the flying night. A coward and a quitter, eh? Maybe, but here was something he would see the end of, and nobody could call him a quitter then.

The coat still obtruded itself on his consciousness. Its presence seemed to mock and insult him. He was no longer the boss he had been when he first leaped into that seat. Well, he would soon make short work of the intruder.



MCPHERSON GRASPED A HEAVY  
WRENCH AND SWUNG IT  
DOWNWARD.

He would throw the coat out. He turned and seized it. Something protruded from the pocket, stiff and large. It was a piece of cardboard. On it was some writing in a hand curiously familiar. He read:

To my dear old friend, Lloyd Wilson,  
By courtesy of Father.

The date at the corner was that very day. He turned the cardboard over, and into his bright, mad eyes, looked the half-wondering, wistful eyes of Gracie McPherson. Appealing and innocent they gazed into his, and once more a voice, tinged with the presage of a great trouble, sounded in his ears, "Promise me!"

Like the awakening from stifling ether his brain slowly cleared, and, sane, he found himself looking into pictured eyes that mirrored life and duty; and again the memory of a voice, pleading with the agony of helplessness, came to his unfettered mind, "Promise me!"

He glanced around the cab and into the night, and with a cry as pitiful and prayerful as her own, he sprang to the engineer's box and snapped the throttle-valve shut. Then, gently, but as quickly as he dared—for with the long train and the steep incline he dared not risk a derail—he pulled the air lever around to the emergency notch, and there was a shrill screeching of shoes on wheels.

The check was hardly perceptible, but she ceased to gain. He would have to plug her, and for one man, at such a speed, there is danger as well as hard work in the feat.

He straddled the quadrant, released the catch, and put his whole soul into a mighty pull. She came until she was almost upright and then began the struggle.

With sickening jerks she bucked against him, but still he strained, and then with a snap the lever went over and he locked her, two notches to the good in the reverse position. The horror of the approaching limited began to obsess him, but he put it from him and held his nerves with a will of steel.

Gently, slowly, he leaked steam into the

cylinders, and then he felt the shove of the steam on the pistons. Gently he opened her farther. The momentum was being checked and everything was holding so far, but they were nearing Brixton and he must have her under control for the siding.

The dread that he might fail gripped him for a second, but he shook it off. He gave her more steam and the speed slackened perceptibly. Still he kept up the backward drive, until he felt her answering to his touch. Then he released the brakes a little and when he tightened them again he knew he had her under control.

He pulled down the cord and whistled triumphantly for the siding. Then he closed the throttle and eased the reverse-lever into running position with the air at the service hole and the train making a normal gait for the switch.

When they found him he was leaning over the body of the man he had loved, and in his hand was the letter—found in the same pocket as the photograph that had restored his reason. It was in the old man's writing:

MY DEAR LLOYD:

This is the written invitation from me, though I have a feeling I shall not be there to meet you when you accept it. Ever since the wife went, I have known my doom was sealed, and it has made a coward and a tyrant of me. Every time I step into the cab I am crazy with fear, and when I saw you at the house I was crazy with fear and jealousy, for I knew I had not long to be with my little girl. So the result for you has been such as only the bravest and truest man in the world could have stood. In a way, I am glad you have gone through it, though God knows I have not put you through it purposely, but it lets me know before I go that my little Gracie will have a man for a husband. I feel as if this will be my last run, though I hope I am wrong, and I have left a note for Gracie, telling her what a true man and a true friend you are, though I know the girl knows it better than I do. Take care of her, Lloyd. If it should take me on this run, forgive me for everything, boy, and God bless you.

Your old friend,

TOM MCPHERSON.

Clean overalls don't make a good workman, but slovenliness sometimes spoils one. Bloss up your proper pride.—Exhortations of the Old Man.



# First Fight for a Railway.

BY FELIX G. PRENTICE.

**H**ISTORY proves that every great invention or discovery, no matter how many blessings it promised to mankind, at some stage of its development has been met by a wave of popular opposition often emanating from the very persons it was designed to benefit.

The railroad has been no exception to this rule. In Great Britain and America, the first proposals to build road-beds and lay rails were blocked and hindered through ignorance, prejudice, and fear; ignorance on the part of those who would not believe what their own eyes told them was true; prejudice among the narrow-minded who, on general principles, opposed everything that was new and unknown; fear among those who believed that their means of livelihood would be threatened by the new method of transportation.

These were the popular impressions which the builders of England's pioneer line from Liverpool to Manchester had to contend with in their legal fight to gain the government's consent to their plan. Many of the questions asked and the answers given during the famous proceedings before the committee of the House of Commons, in this day of progress, are as funny as Honk and Horace trying to break into society.

This article, and the concluding one next month, will present the ridiculous ideas the people of eighty odd years ago had in regard to railroads, and they throw a great light on the almost hopeless array of fallacies and misconceptions which George Stephenson and his associates had to overcome before they were permitted to turn a wheel.

## Determined Effort of British Lawyers to Prove That Stephenson's Locomotive Would Either Blow Up, Stand Still, or Slide Down Hill.



**T**HE first legal battle for the construction of a railroad was fought in 1825, in England, when the proposal to construct a line between Liverpool and Manchester was considered by a committee of the House of Commons. The sanction of Parliament had been previously given to other lines, but they were chiefly unimportant in extent, and did not encounter much opposition, but, in 1825, the great struggle was between the railroad and the canal as modes of transit, and

the interest at stake was the continued progress of the great towns of Liverpool and Manchester.

The anticipation of the men and the actual results will show the *ignorance* of mankind—eighty-six years ago—regarding the powers of natural forces.

The committee of the House of Commons to whom the bill was referred met for the first time on Monday, March 21, 1825. The chair was occupied by General Gascoigne, who was then member for Liverpool. The other extremity of the line, the

city of Manchester, was neither represented on the committee nor in Parliament, for Manchester was then neither a borough nor a city.

The railroad company appeared by counsel, the chief of which was Sergeant Spankie and Mr. Adam. Arrayed against the bill was a formidable phalanx of canal-owners, road trustees, and landed proprietors, among whom were the trustees of the Duke of Bridgewater, the proprietors of the Mersey and Irwell Navigation Company, the proprietors of the Leeds and Liverpool Canal, the trustees of Barton Road, near Manchester; Sir William Gerrard, Charles Orrell, and other landed proprietors through whose property the line was intended to pass. The legal talent engaged on their side appeared overwhelming. Mr. Alderson, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Rose, Mr. Earle, and Mr. Cullen being eminent lawyers of their day.

#### Pleas of the Promoters.

The first day was entirely occupied by the opening statement of Mr. Adam on behalf of the promoters of the line.

He began by saying that he proposed to discuss the subject from two points of view—first, with reference to the state of commercial interests; and, secondly, as connected with a more expeditious mode of conveyance.

"Railroads are a more convenient, safer, more economical, and a more certain mode of conveyance than any others which now exist," said Mr. Adam. "Unless something is done to increase the facility of communication between Liverpool and Manchester, the advances now being made in commercial prosperity must cease. Economy is one of the principal things on which to found the success of our commercial interests. If the committee find that, by the mode suggested, parties will be able to convey goods from the place of manufacture to the place of exportation at a very reduced rate, and in much less time than at present, the present measure ought to receive the sanction of the Legislature.

"The promoters of the bill ask permission to make a railroad, for the purpose of procuring a more expeditious mode of conveyance between the towns of Liverpool and Manchester. They allege that 'the making and maintaining of a railway, or tramroad, with proper works and conveniences

adjoining thereto, or connected therewith, for the passage of wagons and other carriages from or near the town of Liverpool, in the County of Lancaster, in and through the several parishes or places hereinafter mentioned, to the town of Manchester, in the same county, will be of great advantage to the inhabitants of the said county, towns, and places, by opening an easy and expeditious communication between the two large trading towns of Liverpool and Manchester, and by affording an additional mode of transit for merchandise between those places; and, also, to and from the neighboring county, and will in various other respects be of public utility.

#### Need of Greater Transit Facilities.

"The present means of transit are not sufficient in themselves. They are uncertain, attended with great risk, and with great expense. The promoters of the bill do not desire to supersede any of the existing establishments; on the contrary, they are desirous to go hand-in-hand with them. The new railroad shall be as speedy, as cheap, and as certain as the canal in all respects.

"Manchester, and the country of which it is the center, includes a manufacturing population of over half a million. The population of Manchester alone amounts to one hundred and sixty-five thousand. Within the last three years it has increased thirty thousand, and that, perhaps, is carrying it further back than the great commercial increase of the country requires. Manchester is the channel of communication through which the clothiers of Yorkshire export their commodities, and the manufacturers of Sheffield send much of their hardwares, as well as a variety of other commodities. They all make use of Manchester as the center; and require the same means of transit as the goods manufactured in the immediate vicinity of that large and populous town.

"There are a great quantity of manufactured articles, the transit of which is to be provided for at Manchester to Liverpool. They require extensive means of transit, and if that be so with the articles exported, it must be exceeded by the imported articles, for the greater part of the articles manufactured in Yorkshire, and in the neighborhood of Manchester, are far more bulky, and require much more space



in their raw state than when manufactured."

Mr. Adam added that the increasing consumption of coal and the output of cotton added much to the necessity of the road.

### To Help Move the Cotton.

"What is the condition of the cotton trade from America?" he continued. "The whole of the cotton imported into Liverpool, with very little exception, finds its way to Manchester, and at present is imperfectly supplied by means of the existing canals. The amount of cotton imported in the year 1823 into Liverpool was 668,400 bags, but from America alone the quantity exceeded 400,000 bags.

"In the year 1773 the canal of the Duke of Bridgewater and the Mersey and Irwell Navigation Company were in progress. The population of Manchester at that time did not amount to quite 28,000. It is a most curious fact, that in the year 1790 there did not exist one steam engine in Manchester, though in 1824 there were above two hundred.

"So slowly did those advantages find their way among the manufacturing population of Manchester that, though at present there are 30,000 looms worked by steam, in 1814 there was not one worked in that way. This circumstance is mentioned for the purpose of contending that if it is found that the articles sent from Manchester to Liverpool, and the raw articles from Liverpool to Manchester, are so greatly increased, and that the facilities of conveying those articles are not greater in point of capacity than at that time, the promoters of this bill are entitled to a decision in their favor.

"Some idea of the demand for the means of conveyance may be formed when, in addition to these facts, attention is called to the quantity of articles that must be supplied for the daily consumption of the inhabitants, exclusive of that of the manufacturing factories.

### Canal Routes Unsatisfactory.

"The transit between Liverpool and Manchester does not fall short of twelve hundred tons every day; and there has been in the last year an increase of one thousand tons a week. Therefore, if twelve hundred tons be the quantity that now

passes every day between those two places, we have reason to believe that an enormous increase of facility of transit will be required.

"For the passage of bulky articles, there exist three means: the Mersey and Irwell Navigation Company, the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal, and the Leeds and Liverpool Canal. The original object of the last was to communicate between Liverpool and Leeds; and it is only a few years ago that it was made the means of communication between Liverpool and Manchester; but the expenses, and the circumstances under which it is carried on, render it hardly possible that any persons can avail themselves of that medium of communication. Those are the only means by which goods may be sent from Liverpool to Manchester.

"It will be shown that both the manufacturer and the man who sells direct to the people suffer a great loss and inconvenience through lack of means to send their goods to Manchester and bring them back again. It will be shown that goods are materially delayed. The carriers say to the shipper, 'You had your turn last week; you must wait your time.'

"If it shall be shown that large manufacturers have actually suspended their operations because they have not had the means of carrying them on; if it is shown that large sums have been lost in consequence of the non-arrival of those goods, will you say, for the sake of any person, however meritorious or however respectable, that you will allow things to remain in that situation?

### Shipments Delayed Six Weeks.

"It will be shown that it has taken longer time to pass goods from Liverpool to Manchester than to bring them over from America to Liverpool. It will be shown that goods have taken twenty-one days in coming from America to Liverpool, and that they have remained on the wharves before they could get the means of conveyance to Manchester for more than six weeks.

"Persons who have had goods to send have preferred to send them by common carts on the turnpike roads rather than suffer the delay to which they would be exposed by the other existing means of conveyance.

"During one whole week they passed but thirty bags. For four or five days they passed none—although the person to whom it was addressed required one hundred bags a week to carry on his manufacturing operations. It will be shown that it took *six weeks* before this shipment found its way to Manchester to be worked out.

"Another person you will find was actually obliged to buy cotton in Manchester in consequence of the delay, not intentionally, but on account of the present inadequate means of shipping. Spinners have been obliged to stop their employment, and merchants have lost advantageous bargains.

"Timber has been obliged to be deposited on the shores, until the owners have been fined by the Corporation of Liverpool for leaving it there beyond the time which is allowed by act of Parliament, because means could not be furnished to carry it into the interior of the country. Instances, and repeated instances, will be shown in which corn has been landed and warehoused, because it could not be sent on.

### Dangers of Ocean Travel.

"Liverpool is in an open estuary, liable to the operation of strong tides, and most violent winds. In point of fact, its navigation is a sea voyage, and a sea voyage under the most serious and inconvenient circumstances. The course of the River Mersey is so shallow, and the channel of the river so narrow, that it is navigable only three hours out of twelve.

"You have to thread the mazes of its sands and shallows, and at all times it requires great skill to navigate it. It will be proved to you that the vessels must arrive at Runcorn, where the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal and the other canal enter the Mersey, at high water, and that they must therefore leave Liverpool some three hours before the rise of the tide; and, on the other hand, in order to get over the shoals that would obstruct their passage, they must go off at high tide, and if they miss that, they lose their voyage.

"This navigation is attended with danger. No longer ago than the month of November last, two vessels, with all their crews, were lost in their passage from Runcorn to Liverpool, and three were stranded. That is by no means an infrequent occurrence.

"With respect to canals, sometimes they have to struggle with frosts. So long ago only as 1802 or 1803 this took place, and twice within a still later period. Of course, they are liable to drought. You cannot possibly ship goods by those canals where the boats must pass through a vast number of locks without a large percentage of delay, or with the same celerity as by the mode proposed—railroads.

### Eighteen Miles Saved by a Railroad.

"The shortest line by the canals is fifty miles at least. It will be shown that the average time in performing the voyage from Liverpool to Manchester is thirty-one hours. The distance between Liverpool and Manchester by the railroad is thirty-two miles and a half, instead of fifty.

"Since 1759 railroads have been known to a certain extent; but within the last ten years they have been in use, under circumstances not to be compared with those under which we stand, with great and considerable success.

"You will find in the neighborhood of Newcastle an instance of a colliery at Hetton, in which a railroad has been in existence long enough to show the application and safety of steam to the conveyance of heavy articles.

"The distance from the colliery of Hetton to the River Wear is about seven miles, and the quantity of weight carried is about sixty tons; the route that the railroad is traveled upon is about four and a half miles.

"It is a railroad under most unfavorable circumstances. In the first place, the railroad itself is not very perfect; but the machinery of the vehicles in which the coals are carried is still less perfect than the road, and yet you find that they work it to the extent of sixty tons.

### Success of Other Lines.

"It was declared that the steam engine would be the result of countless disasters—but nothing has happened. The horses have not started, nor the cows ceased to give their milk at the sight of these things going forward at the rate of four and a half miles an hour.

"Besides the Hetton Railroad, there is another, the Killingworth Railroad, which has existed for ten or eleven years, and



which is in the neighborhood of Newcastle. This railroad has existed, without any doubt as to its efficacy, without any objection, and with the greatest possible advantage.

"That railroad runs over an undulating surface. But the proposed Liverpool and Manchester Railroad will have scarcely any rise—so little, that it is hardly worth noticing. It is so far from sudden rises that it will not be necessary to have one fixed steam-engine on the whole line.

"Locomotive engines we shall have, and horses we may employ if we think fit, but we shall not have to employ one single fixed steam-engine from one end of the line to the other.

"With regard to the liability to accidents by locomotive steam-engines, it is said that, inasmuch as it must be a high-pressure engine, it is not a safe means of employing the force of steam. The answer is that the assertion is not founded in fact. It is true that we shall be obliged to employ high-pressure engines—that is, engines where the steam will not be condensed; but so far from their being engines which will increase the quantity of danger, you will find that the pressure is so very little greater than that of low-pressure engines that it is scarcely to be noticed.

"You will find that accidents to steam-engines have arisen from one of two causes—either from gross negligence, which would have produced the same accident even with other engines, or that the boilers have been made of improper materials. They have been made of cast iron. If a wrought-iron boiler bursts, the opening is gradual and the steam gradually escapes, and thus it does away with all danger.

### Six Miles an Hour Hoped For.

"Parliament has recently passed an act in which locomotive engines of the kind I am speaking have been adopted. I believe in the county of Durham there is one for the extent of twenty or twenty-three miles. I am fully satisfied that locomotive engines could supply the force to drive a carriage at the rate of five or six miles an hour. I say that those labored petitions, and the opposition that is to be made, plainly show that those opposed to railroads know that if steam was applied to the transit of goods between Liverpool and Manchester, it will produce the most beneficial results."

Referring to opposition, Mr. Adam said:

"No doubt the complainants, on the other side, are as much entitled to respect as any persons in the Dominion. What is the case of Lord Wilton, Lord Derby, and Lord Sefton? They state that they are large proprietors of lands. Do they state that those smoking engines, which are said to be nuisances according to law, affect their dwellings—as if the promoters of the bill were going to bring a railroad under their parlor windows and deprive them of the enjoyment of their own firesides?

"This railroad will not pass within two miles of Lord Derby's house, nor near the residence of Lord Wilton, nor near to Lord Sefton. Their houses are not within sight, or within smell, or within hearing. It must be imagination that could induce those noble persons to make any opposition, so far as they are personally concerned.

"It may be said, in some parts the cutting [culverts or cuts] will be deep, and will impede the passage from one part of those noble lords' estates to another; but you may walk across a railroad, though you cannot walk across the canals.

### A Boon to Irish Farmers.

"America and Russia are beginning to form railroads and to make use of locomotive engines in the transit of goods, and it behooves England to resort to the same means of communication. Think of the advantage that would arise from the proposed railroad of enabling Ireland to bring her produce into the British market on as good terms as the Dutch, and some other foreign nations."

The whole of the first day was occupied with Mr. Adam's speech, and during eleven days immediately succeeding witnesses were examined. They were chiefly persons engaged in trade in Liverpool and Manchester, to show that the means of transit by the canal were inefficient and slow. The statements made more than bore out all the assertions on this head in the opening speech of the counsel for the railroad proprietors.

Sir John Gladstone, an eminent merchant of his day, the father of the late William Ewart Gladstone, the greatest British statesman of his day, was one of the members of the committee. He was examined as a Liverpool merchant, and gave his evidence so decidedly in favor of the scheme that the following question and answer passed between him and one of the opposing counsel:

Counsel — "You are perfectly satisfied with the general information you have received on the subject; you are perfectly satisfied it will be expeditious and economical, though the question is to be decided by the committee upon the evidence?"

The Witness—"I am satisfied, but have changed my opinions before, and I may be induced to change them again."

### Examining Witnesses.

The witnesses next examined were the engineers, the first being J. U. Rastrick. He stated that he was a civil engineer at Stourbridge. During the eighteen years he had been so employed he had made a large number of both condensing and high-pressure steam-engines. In his opinion, high-pressure engines were not more liable to accidents than others; and they were preferable because they could be applied in many situations, such as during a scarcity of water, when condensing engines could not be used. He testified that he had made a locomotive engine ten or twelve years previous, and had made several observations on the working of locomotives on railroads in the north of England.

He then gave a description of the parts and the construction of a locomotive engine, and proceeded to state the results of experiments, which, in conjunction with Mr. George Stephenson and others, he had made on locomotives in the north of England.

During January of that year the first engine they tried was one at Killingworth, which they met coming down the line with a train of wagons. It had been at work since five o'clock in the morning, and had not been prepared in any way for experimental purposes.

The length of the road on which the engine was working was about a mile and a quarter. The ground was undulating, the total rise being from five to six feet. The rails were partly of cast and partly of wrought iron, and, in some places, had been laid down for horses.

### Engineer Gives His Experiences.

The road was in bad order; so was the engine. Besides, there was a very sharp curve in the road. The wheels of the engine were four feet in diameter, and the entire weight of it, including tender and coals, was 9 tons 14 cwt.

The train consisted of twelve Newcastle caldron-wagons, all loaded, and weighing altogether 46 tons 4 cwt. The engine being started, drew this train along the road (a mile and a quarter) in twenty-four minutes; but, in returning, owing to the difference in the gradients, it only occupied eighteen minutes; that is to say, the speed going up was at the rate of  $3\frac{1}{8}$  miles per hour, and coming down 4 1-6. The quantity of coal consumed on both journeys was  $170\frac{1}{2}$  pounds. Other experiments were made showing the following results:

Weight.	Rate of speed per hour	
	in miles.	
40 tons 10 cwt. ....	Up 4.445	Down 4.285
32 " 16 " .....	" 4.205	" 5.172
67 " 19 " .....	" 3.947	" 4.838

This third experiment was with another engine whose wheels were only three feet in diameter, but the four-foot wheels of the other were put on this, and the result was as follows:

With the engine alone a speed of ten miles an hour was obtained, and with a load, including the engine, of about sixty tons, an average speed of 6 2-3 miles was gained. In these latter experiments, it required a consumption of about 1 2-3 pounds of coal and half a gallon of water to take one ton of goods one mile.

Mr. Rastrick further testified that the engine might be so improved as to require only one pound of coal and be able to carry forty tons at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Such engines could be made perfectly safe.

### Steam-Engine Better Than Horses.

Mr. Rastrick then gave the results of some other experiments made on a line about 2 1-3 miles long at Hetton colliery, near Sunderland. On this line there were three locomotives working, the "Dart," "Tally-Ho," and "Star." These engines had wheels three feet in diameter.

The first engine taken was the "Dart." The road on which it ran formed an inclined plane, but the engine pulled up a weight of about thirty tons at a speed of  $5\frac{1}{4}$  miles an hour. In going down the incline, steam was not used at all, as the train descended by its own gravity at the rate of about five miles an hour.

"The steam-engine can be advantageously applied to the railroad," said Mr. Rastrick,



"because, in the first place, you can obtain a greater speed than you could conveniently do by horses. Your engine is not tired at the end of the journey; it can keep up its speed during the entire way, provided you supply it with the necessary fuel and water, so that you may go on all day, or work a whole day or a week, merely stopping at such times as is necessary to take in the coal and water.

"It is superior to a water conveyance, because a greater speed is obtained with an equal power. The speed on a canal could not be increased beyond three or four miles an hour, whether it is produced by horses or other power. The advantages of a railroad are that there is never any delay upon it, while a canal is closed ten days during the summer for repairs. On a railroad the repairs may be done without any hindrance to business."

This curious question was then asked Mr. Rastrick by a lawyer for the opposition:

"I have only one question more to ask you. I wish to know if you have made any observations with respect to the effect of engines with a train of wagons after it, in motion, upon horses; or upon horses in wagons, going along the road?"

Mr. Rastrick replied: "Yes;—I had a very good opportunity of making an observation. We were taking the level of the road at Hetton, where the railroad crosses the turnpike-road from Sunderland to Durham.

### "Made Him Look a Little Wildly."

"When we had fixed our station-staff upon the center of the road to take our levels, the wagons came up at that very instant. The first wagon was covered and the driver was inside. I called out to him to stop his horses. He did not get out of the wagon to stop his horses; but, being a covered wagon, he merely lifted up the cloth, looked out, and stopped the horses.

"Before we had finished our observations, one of the locomotive engines, with a train of wagons behind it, came up at the speed of about five miles an hour. The leader-horse in the wagon was within five or six yards of the road where the carriages passed.

"He was a young horse, and did not seem to be frightened at the train of carriages running past him at that velocity. However, it made him certainly look a little wildly.

"At the same instant a gentleman, mounted

on a very young horse, rode up till his horse came almost in contact with the train. He checked his horse for about a moment and let the train pass. His horse was no more frightened than he would have been at the passing of a stage-coach. I called the attention of others to this fact in order that they might recollect the circumstance."

Mr. Rastrick was subjected to a severe cross-examination by Mr. Alderson, in which, however, his evidence was not shaken. What the lawyer made of it may be gathered from the following extract from his own speech in summing up:

### Why the Engine Couldn't Move.

"I think," he said, "they have given us a theory against the practise. A controversy arose between Mr. Rastrick and me affecting the rate of traveling with those machines. He admitted that in the case of an engine standing still and kept from moving by the weight sufficient to prevent it from moving forward, and operating over a single fixed pulley, though the wheels of the engine should, by an increase of the power of the steam, turn round more rapidly, it would produce no increase of moving force, and the engine would continue to stand still.

"But he says, and says truly, that when the engine is in motion, if there be a moving force sufficient to overcome the resistance behind it, if there be no slipping of the wheels, the engine will then move forward more rapidly in direct proportion to the rapidity with which the wheels turn round.

"I agree to that, if the fact be so. But it may happen that the machine is not perfectly steady upon its wheels. These may slip back; the weight may perhaps overcome the moving force in question, produced by the friction; the slipping back may increase as the weight to be drawn increases, and the question is, will there not be slipping which has a tendency to counteract the power of the machine to go forward?"

### How to Prove That She Slips.

"Mr. Rastrick admits to me that if on an inclined plane you get to a certain elevation, the machine may turn its wheels round, but will not go forward or backward; because, in that instance, the resolved part of the force of gravity on that plane is exactly sufficient to counterbalance the fric-

tion by which the machine is intended to be propelled, and the one counterbalancing the other, the whole will remain stationary.

"Now, if we have an engine moving at a certain rate, not indeed upon a level plane, but upon another and less inclined plane than the one on which it will stop, I say it must of a certainty slip back. In the first case put, it must slip back altogether. On the inclined plane—when it arrives at such an inclination as to stop the machine altogether—it is palpable that the progressive motion is equal to the slipping back. There is a progressive motion arising from the turning of the wheels, and a slipping back arising from the inclined plane.

"In this extreme case it slips back altogether. Now, in the other case, I say, the slipping back will be in proportion greater or less according to the weight to be dragged up and the inclination of the plane. If my position be true—and I am not conscious of any fallacy in it—is there no mode of ascertaining it? I say there is.

"The number of the strokes of the piston compared with the progressive motion will prove that an engine has slipped back. If the entire distance traveled by the engine does not equal the distance, as shown by the multiplication of the circumference of the wheels by the number of strokes of the piston, it is clear the engine must have slipped back. Do not they know this?

"Why, I did but ask Mr. Stephenson: 'Do you go up an inclined plane?' 'Oh,' said he, 'I know what you are after—there is no slipping back.' Then, I say, why do you not count the strokes of the piston and give us the means of ascertaining whether you are right or wrong?"

"But what must the committee think of a witness who says, 'It cannot be so,' and yet will not make a decisive experiment to prove whether he be right or wrong? I will, however, show by the evidence now given by one of our witnesses that Mr. Stephenson is sadly mistaken.

### Bound He'd Make Her Slip.

"The committee will recollect that these experimentalists did count the strokes in the first experiment, and they say that they did not count the strokes of the second. This gentleman did so; and, if I am right, the second experiment will confirm my view of the case; if I am wrong, it will not.

"Let us try. They say there were 536

strokes of the piston in going up the first time, which will cause a certain progressive motion. Every person knows that the proportion of the diameter to the circumference of a circle is about 3.1416. The wheels were four feet in diameter. If so, 536 strokes of the piston (which would produce 536 turnings of these wheels) would give 6,735½ feet. According to that, the machine would have gone the distance of 6,735½ feet; but inasmuch as the distance was a mile and a quarter, the actual progressive motion was only 6,600 feet.

"It follows that there was a slipping back in ascending 135½ feet. The engine must have slipped back to that extent. It had thirteen wagons behind it. Now, observe what it did during the second experiment, with only eight wagons behind it. This would produce a less retardation; and this young gentleman has shown that when there were only eight wagons behind it the same distance was accomplished in 520 strokes of the piston, and, consequently, there was then only a slipping back of 35½.

### Would Have Her Slide Both Ways.

"Now, to what is it that the committee can attribute the additional slipping except to the greater weight behind the engine? This is the state of facts in ascending; in descending, it is different. When the weight is behind, then the whole weight slides forward together. It is palpable, then, that the weight behind neither accelerates nor retards the engine; the consequence is that the engine runs, as it were, alone down the plane, but it has the whole weight attached to it and acting upon it when it goes up. Does not this again confirm, and is confirmed by what this young gentleman has stated, viz., that in descending, in both experiments, the strokes of the piston are equal.

"Where the same circumstances occur, they are equal; but where there is a weight dragging behind, there is a slipping proportionate to that weight; and I put this fact against all their theory. There are none so blind as those who will not see, none so foolish as those who will not make experiments to show that their hypothesis is wrong.

"They say all this is due to a slip arising from a turn in the railroad. But is not the turn there equal whether there are eight wagons or twelve, even admitting that any



turn does exist thereabout, respecting which there are contradictory statements? I say also that the turn will equally apply to the ascent as to the descent. But, in point of fact, the engine slips *backward* in going up and *forward* in going down.

### Some Legal Hair-Splitting.

"Does not that show the nature of the adhesion of the engine to the railroad, and that Mr. Rastrick is not correct in his view of the case. It is palpable upon the face of this transaction that a great deal of jockeyship has been used to make those experiments.

"Mr. Rastrick said that he casually met an engine with four-foot wheels; whereas, when that respectable gentleman, Mr. Wood, was called, he said that it had been prepared, and the railroad had been prepared, and the experiment had been prepared; and now it appears that not only had they prepared what experiments they would make, but also those which they would not make. A more uncandid mode of making experiments, I think, could not be, especially when they do not examine Mr. Cubitt, the only disinterested person.

"So much, then, for these experiments, which I cannot help thinking very fallacious; but I agree that these engines have been in use some time at an average speed of three and a half to four and a half miles an hour. That is a fact which no one can dispute.

"I do not mean to say, upon a better investigation of the matter, that these engines might not be made to go at the rate of five or six miles an hour, which only now go from three and a half to four miles an hour; but I am satisfied the committee will not act upon mere surmise and conjecture. In the case of an experiment, the fire is properly kept up, and to show how material that is, I appeal to Mr. Palmer's experiment. He proved that the strokes of the piston varied from thirty-six to fifty-seven in the course of thirteen minutes.

### Afraid Engine Would Catch Cold.

"What does this show? It shows that it is necessary to keep up the fire very carefully, and that the various accidental causes to which it is exposed may reduce its speed in thirteen minutes to one-half. Therefore, when my learned friends are talking of the

experiments being a criterion of the average speed at which these engines can go, I say it is not a fair criterion, and *I say there is no evidence upon which the committee can safely rely; that, upon an average, more than three and a half or four and a half miles an hour can be made.*

"Consider the nature of an engine. It consists, in part, of a large iron boiler, and the elastic force of steam is the moving force, and that depends upon the quantity of heat. The water is enclosed in a boiler of iron, a most rapid conductor of heat, and which must move in storms of snow, in storms of rain, and during the times of frost. At all these times, it will be extremely difficult to keep up the elastic force of the steam. I do not say it is impossible, but extremely difficult.

"The common engine is different. There the weight of the atmosphere is brought into play; but then it would be too cumbersome for the purposes to which these engines are appropriated.

"Now, sir, I say there will be great difficulty in keeping up the elastic force—and the circumstances brought out in examination confirm it—for it appears that those engines have coverings for the purpose of preventing the heat escaping. They are obliged, in the short distance they go on the collieries, to carry either wooden or woollen coverings. This shows the rapidity of the escape of the heat, and, perhaps, that does not wholly prevent it.

### Dangers of Too Much Coal.

"Why, one shovelful of coal put on the fire at an improper time would reduce the number of strokes of the piston from fifty to thirty. These are circumstances which cannot occur at the time of the experiment, but they will occur when you have careless men to deal with. It is just as certain that you will not have always careful men as it is certain that you will not have perfect railways—in spite of what Mr. Stephenson has stated.

"Then, as to the danger. Oh, says the maker of these engines, they are perfectly safe. Why, did you ever know a manufacturer to declare his engines dangerous, or a gunpowder-maker to say that his powder-mills could not explode? Surely there must be some little degree of danger, or I should not have found this clause put into the bill itself: 'And whereas it is expe-

dient, for the more complete accommodation of the public, and the greater security of persons passing along said railway, as well as for the better management of the undertaking, that all locomotive and other moveable engines employed on the same railway or tram-road should be constructed on the most improved principles and in the most substantial manner.'

"It is not my opinion alone; but thus out of their own mouths I judge them. But we have been told they are safe. What is the meaning of safety? It depends upon circumstances. A loaded gun is a safe thing in the hands of a gamekeeper, but who would say it was a safe thing to leave in a house with children?

"Anything may be safe in the hands of a careful man, but in the hands of careless, and obstinate, and self-willed people nothing is safe. But the question is, will an accident, if it happens, produce great mischief? That is really the criterion by which to judge safety. But, say my learned friends, we have got a lock-up safety-valve, the only thing that was wanted to give perfect security!

"Now, what is the danger from the ordinary safety-valve? Why, this: When a man is anxious to get on more rapidly than he should he loads the safety-valve and wilfully exposes himself to danger.

"Then, I ask if it is not true that the lock-up valve is in his power." 'No,' says my learned friend; 'the rivets are fastened on the inside.' Who cleans the machine? Why, this careless man, by a hole at the end. He can enter through that hole, and, when he is in, what is to prevent him from undoing the rivets and enable him to load the valve?

"In a stationary engine, it may be different; there the master of the place is about the engine, and he may adopt means of proving that the machine is safe at any precise period of time; but what is true of a machine which is under perpetual inspection of a master, is not applicable to an engine under different circumstances. This

(To be concluded.)

is a specimen of the real care which engine-makers have for their clients.

"I say, then, there is nothing proved that any practical advantage can be attained by the railroad, in point of speed, over the canal. It is clear that up to four and a quarter miles the advantage is equal; but there is no distinct evidence to show that steam-engines will make a greater speed."

George Stephenson, the perfecter of the steam-engine, was next examined. After telling who he was, and how he had been employed, he said that since he commenced business he had constructed fifty-five steam-engines, of which sixteen were locomotives. He knew of a locomotive engine in Leeds which was worked by a cogged wheel fitting into ratches in the rail. He considered this method useless, and accordingly all his engines were constructed to run without such a device. He thought locomotive engines a better means of conveyance than canals, because they were cheaper and safer.

Mr. Stephenson testified:

"A locomotive engine may be as safe as a condensing engine by making the boiler proportionably strong to the pressure it has to bear. It may also be kept in order as easily as a common engine, and the safety-valve may be kept from derangement by the engineer.

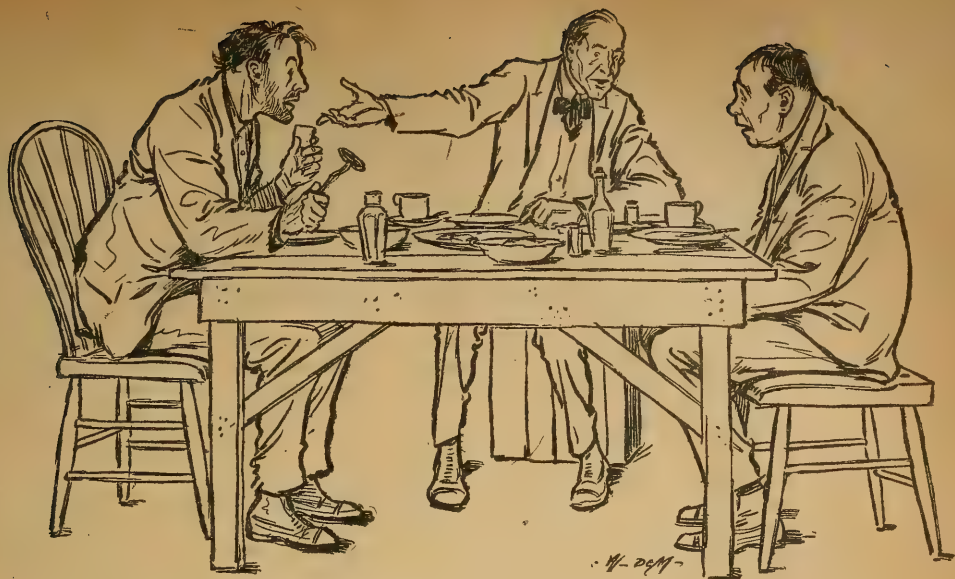
"My experience has taught me that such engines can be built with safety, and that the boiler may be constructed stout enough to resist atmospheric pressure and that of the steam. Such engines can be driven with perfect safety at a speed of from five to six miles an hour.

"On such a road as the Liverpool and Manchester I have recommended eight miles an hour with twenty tons, and four miles an hour with forty tons. I am quite confident that much more might be done. *Those engines, when in motion, are very easily managed—much easier than a horse.*

"They can be stopped in a quarter of a minute, and even less than that. They can be stopped as quickly as you could stop a stage-coach."

**A tramp might save a train, but he's not there for that purpose, an' the company ain't haulin' mascots. Leave your excess on the gravel.—Observations of the Head Shack.**





"WOULDN'T THAT SPOOF YOU? SITTING AROUND HERE, MOOCHING OUR GRUB."

## HONK AND HORACE.

BY EMMET F. HARTE.

Geology, Weary Willie, and Dobbin  
Add to Life's Gaiety at Wakickewa.

**D**O you know anything about geology?" asked Honk cautiously.

"Oh, come off!" I replied. "That's some kind of a catch about me working on the rock-pile. No you don't! I'm not biting very well this morning."

"No, it's no 'sell,'" he assured me. "Don't be so suspicious. I've been delving into the great natural science of strata and eras. I've got it all pat, from the paleozoic epoch up. Show me a specimen of terrestrial matter, picked up or dug up at random, anywhere on the planet, and I either will, or will not, tell you instantly when, how, where, and why it happened and what for."

"Try me. Any old thing. Magnesian

limestone, lower silurian sandstone, oolitic clays, upper secondary chalk-marls, shales, gravels, basalts, granites—come on with the test! Give me a trial!"

"Well, gee whiz!" I said. "Turn off the buzzer a minute, till I can find some thing."

I stepped off the platform, stooped, straightened up, and stuck out a fragment of some grayish, mottled substance, very irregular in shape and having considerable weight in proportion to its small size.

"Here's your specimen," I said. "Let her flicker!"

"Residue or slag," he began, clearing his throat learnedly. "Left after the combustion of common soft or bituminous coal. Popularly called a 'clinker.' Constitutes, say, seven to ten per centum of that well-

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known mineral fuel, caking or cannel coal. The same is found in beds, or sheet-like layers, deposited at varying depths beneath the earth's surface in both the eastern and western hemispheres.

"Generally speaking, coal beds were formed about the middle paleozoic period. Some varieties, however, date from the jurassic, or middle-secondary epoch. Contains: carbon, 60 to 70 per cent; volatile matter, 10 to 30 per cent; ash, 5 to 10 per cent. It has a specific gravity of, say, 1,329; one pound, in combustion, will evaporate five and one-half pounds of water, approximately. The 'why' and 'how' of coal present a peculiarly interesting—"

"I'll take your word for it," I interrupted. "Save the balance of it for some rainy day."

"Very well," he said. "But this is what I'm trying to get at; on the train I had a talk with a Professor Magillicuddy. We had a session from the Colorado line to Kansas City. He's a geologist from Rocky Ford, Stone County, Missouri. We classified and stratified this whole western country as we came through, and I've got a scheme to make you and me live happy ever after. Ever study up any on Portland cement? Never mind; you'd have it all hopelessly mixed, if you had!

"Portland cement is so-called from its color, which resembles Portland stone, a famous oolitic limestone quarried at West-cliff, England. Portland cement is composed of carbonate of lime in conjunction with a certain chalky clay found in different places. The only thing requisite is to find your deposit of the necessary ingredients, build a mill to grind, mix, and burn your cement; and then you can sit back and stamp 'paid' on the bills of your customers when they mail you the checks.

"Portland cement sells like flour, and tobacco, and creamery butter. It's a staple commodity. Magillicuddy and I figured and measured and puzzled over the geological formations of Oklahoma pretty severely. We finally located a deposit of the before-mentioned materials for making cement somewhere within twenty or thirty miles of this place Wakickewa, where you're slaving your life away for a mere pittance.

"The truck is here somewhere, Horace. We traced the stratum and the general layout of the geographical aspect until we can almost lay our hands on the stuff."

"That's some science," I said admiringly, "to figure it out that fine and never even see the locality. But, it seems to me, I'd have rather located a gold-field or a diamond mine, while I was at it. A clay bank is sort of—er—tame, don't you think?"

"There's a mint of money in it, though," he maintained stoutly. "We'll organize a company and build a plant that'll employ thousands of men. And think of the work it will provide, all over the country, for men to mix and lay concrete. Buildings, walks, walls, pavements, monuments—it's a great benevolent enterprise, providing work for your fellow men, Horace! D'you know where I can hire a pony to ride? I'll get busy prospecting."

I referred him to the entire village of Wakickewa and its adjacent rural environs, and told him to hire any pony that he thought would fill the bill. There were several to pick from, no doubt; if he'd take the trouble to look 'em up.

Pleased with my masterly insight, my quick perception, and presence of mind, etcetera, Honk started out to secure a steed. An hour or so later, he returned in the company of a ratty-looking, lop-eared plug of a dull mauve color and of a thinness bordering on transparency.

"You wouldn't exactly call this horse pretty," he said, marking my mild amusement. "But I got him reasonable. I'm to feed him for the use of him."

"Something on the order of a mine," I said. "You have to develop the property before you can realize anything on it. I'd be careful of him if I were you," I advised. "He has a mean eye."

Honk laid in a supply of oats, corn, hay, bran, and condition powders, and quartered his palfrey in the tumbledown stock-pen some rods to the south'ard of the depot. Daily thereafter he jogged promiscuously over the surrounding landscape of hills and hollows, in the quest for his cement-mine.

Sometimes he left at daybreak and did not return until after dark. He seemed to get a great deal of enjoyment out of the thing. His horse being regularly fed and watered—a state of affairs that had that half-starved animal guessing, no doubt—began to pick up in flesh and moult his coat of unkempt wool.

A day came when Dobbin bloomed out in a sleek summer suit of dappled gray. He was as capery and proud as if he'd sud-



denly fallen heir to a pedigree. And he simply neighed by Honk—which proves that the equine heart is reached via the stomach same as a man's.

Dobbin never had much use for me, though. He had a way of rolling his eyes and cocking one ear at me, like he'd just as lief as not slip me a couple of hoof-prints to remember him by.

Soon after Honk's arrival, we fitted up the freight-room of the Wakickewa depot for light housekeeping. We put in a cooking-stove, table, two chairs, and a line of skillets and pans bought at a farm sale for about one bar of a popular song. Then we built a Pullman section to sleep in, from odds and ends of boxes and lumber, and with a borrowed saw and hammer.

It was far more homelike than boarding, and not nearly so expensive. By purchasing eggs, butter, milk, etc., from the timothy-chewing denizens of the neighboring hills, we saved the middleman's profit. My

forty-five dollars a month was the sole resource of the concern at that particular time, and, as Honk's equine protégé was eating eighty cents' worth of feed a day, it didn't take a graduate of a business college to determine the end of the horn from which we were going to emerge in the course of time, if we had good luck.

"Of course, I have a considerable stake—about six hundred plunks<sup>2</sup>—salted away on a time certificate of deposit, drawing four per cent," Honk reassured me, "but when we find our cement-mine site, we'll need that; so, for the present, you can handle the running expenses, Horace. That'll be our part of the undertaking."

"All right," I said. "But I hate to work hard, day in and day out, foregoing my champagne and cigars and other little luxuries of life, just to fatten up a glass-eyed horse that doesn't even look at me with respectful civility."

Day after day Honk rode forth blithe-



HONK HAD CAPTURED A "WITHOUT VISIBLE MEANS  
OF SUPPORT" OF THE FIRST MAGNITUDE.

somely, and night after night he reviewed the progress made. He was ever on the verge of nailing the great discovery that was to make Wakickewa famous and us rich, but, somehow, he never actually lit on the exact spot.

Occasionally the conversation reverted to

House to-night," I'd sigh drearily. And then Honk would gaze grimly out of the window and say no more.

We'd been slopping along in this manner nearly a month when the family in the Wakickewa station was augmented by one. One more mouth to feed—and I was still getting forty-five a month. It happened suddenly, as the man said when lightning struck him.

I've noticed that most things of any consequence do happen all in the twinkling of an eye. Head-on collisions, earthquakes, elopements, panics—even fame and fortune,



I FED HIM CHICKEN  
BROTH WITH A  
SPOON.

Valhalla—a subject on which Honk was particularly vindictive.

"The Transcontinental played you a low-down, scurvy trick," he'd growl, "but I got even with 'em; I quit 'em cold. I left 'em in the soup, plenty and proper. They sent out a high-schooled kid to take charge when I quit, you know. Some chump with a brain like a chocolate éclair, but kin to the directorate, I presume. No doubt he's got Valhalla on the greased slide that leads to oblivion ere this; at least, I hope he has. Why, Horace—"

"I'd like to be back in the old Medicine

or disgrace and bankruptcy, as the case may be, may overtake and smother you in a single night.

Honk set out that morning with his responsibilities burdening him but lightly. He whistled a ragtime tune and said he was intending to ride some twenty miles or so that day.

"I feel it in my bones that to-day's the day we strike pay-dirt," he remarked. "Watch for us coming over the hill and have a good supper ready, Horace. And, say—by jinks! Let me have what chewing you've got in your pocket, will you?



"I forgot to get any; and you're here handy. You can run across to the store any time."

I surrendered what I had, but I made him ride alongside the platform to get it. I also had a feeling in my bones—about being kicked in the face by a gray horse.

Somewhere near four o'clock my glance rested on the distant road winding to the top of the hill. I saw Honk returning—on foot. He was plodding beside his goodly charger, on whose back was perched an uncouth figure. The progress of the cavalcade was slow. I had plenty of time for speculation as to what had happened before they came up. Whatever conclusion I arrived at before they did, however, fell considerably short of the actuality.

Honk, to all intents and purposes, had captured a "without visible means of support" of the first magnitude, a Weary Willie of the purest ray serene. The man was about my size and he'd had a shave within the week, but his general appearance was desultory, not to say helter-skelter.

He had no hat, his coat was rent and torn, his trousers dirt-caked and speckled with clinging weed-seeds, and—most noticeable of all—his clothing, from the waist down, was soaked with dark stains that looked like blood.

The pallor of his face and hands seemed to indicate that the blood had come out of his own supply, and the man was clinging to the saddle only by good luck. So far as any tenacity or dogged purpose was concerned, he might just as well have fallen off a time or two, coming down the hill; there wasn't anything to prevent him.

I took his shoulders, and Honk the lower half of him, and we lugged him into our drawing-room, where he promptly fainted and forgot his troubles.

"Well," I said, surveying the exhibit. "What is it, and where'd you get it? Is that the pay-dirt you spoke about?"

"Found him about ten miles from here," Honk said. "He was bleeding to death from a gunshot wound in the left leg. An artery clipped—maybe the femoral, I couldn't tell. I tied it with a twine string. He's badly hurt, all right; he'd have forded the dark river in a little while longer if I hadn't found him when I did. It was a lucky—"

"Who is he?" I asked. "Who shot him?"

"Since you mention it, I don't believe he gave me his name and address. I be-

lieve he said he was out deer-hunting, and his horse threw him off in a thicket and broke away from him, and a tree-limb got tangled up with his rifle, which went off, and did the rest. Now you know all I know."

I was engaged in heating water and preparing bandages by the time Honk concluded. I afterward found that I'd torn up one of Honk's best shirts in my hurry.

"He looks like an undesirable citizen to me," I said, "but of course we'll do what we can for him. Is the bullet in his leg?"

"Nope," said Honk. "It went on over in the next county; must have been a 30.40, from the looks of the hole it made. I wonder if Willie has croaked," he added, stooping to examine the still form on the floor. "If he has, I'll call it ungrateful of him, after me bringing him ten miles to save him."

I knocked off bandage-making until he determined whether or not the man had slipped off his mortal coil and ducked across the river while we'd been parleying. He hadn't. He was still on our side of the creek and hadn't double-crossed Honk, so we set about Red-Crossing him according to the best authorities on backwoods surgery.

This process being neither thrilling, amusing, nor heart-interesting, there's no use trying to work it off as literature. Pass it up!

By sundown, we had Willie the Waif bolstered and bandaged up, in Lower 1, with his breath smelling of "bitters," and a wan smile enlivening his waxen facial expression as I fed him chicken broth with a spoon. He had fallen in the hands of the Samaritans.

That night, as well as several succeeding ones, Honk and I flipped nickels to see who'd occupy the upper berth, and who'd sleep on the baggage-truck.

Our patient recovered his health and strength without any serious complications or delay. Within a week he was able to hobble around on the crutches Honk made for him out of a couple of pitchfork handles. He was able to hold down his end of the eating long before that.

Between Willie and Dobbins, I could see the poorhouse staring me in the face. The man didn't seem in any hurry, when he attained the convalescent stage. His complete recovery seemed to hang fire at that point. He just sat around with his whole

vital energy and being focused on eating. It was like trying to fill the proverbial barrel with both ends knocked out, to satisfy that man's craving for food.

At no time during this period did Willie disturb himself about volunteering any information regarding his former life or his ambitions and plans for the future.

He appeared to like the place, my cooking pleased him, and nothing seemed to be crowding. To the Man up the Tree, it looked very much like Willie had fallen into what is commonly termed a "pudding." I mentioned this phase of the situation to Honk one evening, when I had come away from a cleaned supper-table, still hungry.

"You and your horse and your anonymous friend from Nowhere, seem to think I'm Santa Claus," I said. "You three are having the time of your lives—at my expense. What do you take me for, anyhow? Lady Bountiful, or what?"

"My dear Horace," said Honk, with a pained look. "Are you tired of seeing me around? If so, I'll go, Horace. I'll pull out to-morrow."

"You needn't commence to cry about it," I continued, unmoved, "because your tears won't affect me in the least. And if the three of you think you can blandy me into feeding you, on and on, here forever, without a word of protest, you'd better consult a specialist; that's all! You've got something the matter with you that needs looking after. I'm not running no Foundling's Home."

We wrangled about it for quite a while. Honk said he'd taken a liking to the fellow whose life he'd saved, although he didn't know much about the man's history.

He said he thought it was no more than common humanity for us to get the fellow on his feet again before we turned him out. As for Dobbin, the horse—he declared that a few days, at most, would settle the question of the clay-deposit. He was bound to find it, now, most any time—and then Dobbin's services would be no longer required.

"Possess your soul in patience, my boy," he said, "just for a few days longer, and then we'll have the world by the tail. We'll look back, in days to come, and laugh about this period of depression. It'll be a great joke—"

"Ha! Ha!" I barked mirthlessly. "I'll look back and see what a gump I was, when I'm drumming at back doors for

handouts. But, all right! I've got a dollar or two left, and next Thursday's payday. I'll see you all through."

Willie the Waif was getting able to walk pretty well on his game leg. He took a marked interest in Honk and his multitudinous schemes and theories. They got as chummy as two old soldiers on the same park-bench.

Honk explained, and enlarged, and expounded; telling what he and I could and would do, if we had half a chance, and vowing that we'd scare up a chance, or leave it in such a fix that nobody else would—while Willie listened. He was the best listener I ever saw.

I think it was this happy faculty in the man, of evincing a breathless interest in everything I'd tell him, that finally endeared him to me. He'd sit by the hour without saying a word, and let me tell him what a crackerjack I was. I taught him how to play several new games of single-handed cards, or solitaire; and in return he'd mind the station for me while I went fishing.

Life doesn't trickle along in a certain gutter forever, though, and one-day a letter came for Honk that upset the routine. It was from his scientific traveling-companion, Professor Magillicuddy, and it put a sudden and summary quietus on Honk's search for the chalky-clay deposit that was to lift us out of our morass.

"I have gone over our joint calculations and conclusions," said the professor, "and I find that a serious fault exists in—" So and so and so forth and so on.

There were three or four pages of tiresome details. To sum up, he said that the cement-mine wasn't in the vicinity of Wackewa at all. Instead, it would be found somewhere in the township, range, and section adjoining the town of Webster's Cross-Roads, in Central Kansas.

Honk fumed and swore and tore his thatch for upward of an hour; later, he relapsed into a melancholy silence that extended through the orgy of supper. He ate little or nothing.

Even Willie lacked something if his usual gusto and enthusiasm for food. These alarming symptoms in my two best boarders so affected me that I made a sneak across to the store and bought a can of salmon, some sweet-mixed pickles, and crackers to accompany 'em, with the idea of tempting their wavering appetites.



They perked up enough to devour these tidbits, but the same did not dispel Honk's gloom.

"Well," he growled finally, "I guess I'll dig out of this one-horse burg; there's nothing here for me. I believe I'll hit for Panama, or the Philippines, or Alaska—"

"Or Bombay, or Bloemfontein," I suggested.

At this point Willie broke a three-days' silence. He swallowed the last bite of the only remaining pickle, reached for a cracker and remarked:

heard him jerking and kicking the surprised Dobbin to an accompaniment of brutal "whoas" and "standarounds!" And, finally, we heard him leading the horse away.

Willie pondered the matter over in his mind for a considerable spell without audible comment; he seemed reluctant about coming to any definite conclusion, but the fact had apparently penetrated his skull, at length, that Wakickewa wasn't a Home for Little Wanderers.

He, too, reached for his hat—one Honk



MY OWN EXPERIENCE DRILLING ALONG A FORLORN STRETCH OF WEED-GROWN TRACK MOVED ME TO A FEELING OF PITY.

"What do you want to go away for? Ain't we living easy here?"

Honk gawked at him for a minute without speaking. When he did speak, I thought I detected a tinge of irony in his tone.

"Hear that, Horace?" he sneered. "'Ain't we living easy?' Wouldn't that spoof you? Sitting around here, mooching our grub, and then brag about living easy. That's too much! That's rubbing it in! Ain't we living easy! Waugh!" and Honk clapped his hat on, and flung himself out the door toward the stock-pen, where we

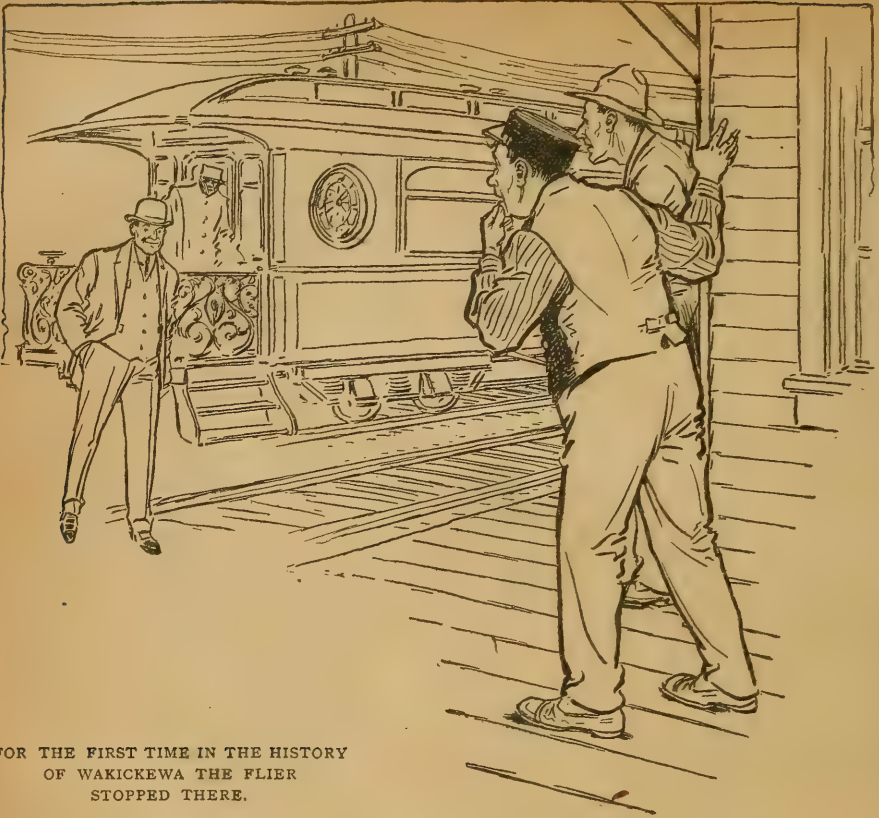
had given him—and, after thinking the matter over, moved toward the door.

"So-long, friend," he said. "I guess I've wore out my welcome here; so I'll be hitting the grit."

"Which way you think you'll go, Willie?" I asked unconcernedly.

"North," he returned briefly. "I'll walk to Cotton Junction, six miles, and catch a freight on the Katy, maybe."

"Nonsense!" I said. "You needn't be in such a hurry. You can get a train out of here about daylight. I'll square it for you with the con."



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE HISTORY  
OF WAKICKEWA THE FLIER  
STOPPED THERE.

But no! Not a minute would he wait. He was one of these guys that hang fire on a decision a long time; but when they do cut loose, they go all at once.

I followed him along the platform to the mail-stand. There we shook hands and murmured our sad farewells. He limped off up the track, the cinders crunching under his worn-out shoes. It was dark and lonely. Something of my own experience drilling along a forlorn stretch of weed-grown track moved me to a feeling of pity.

"Wait a minute, Willie," I called, and trotted after him.

"Work's hard to find," I said, kind of embarrassedly, "even when a fellow's hunting for it. And the world is a cold, unfeeling place to be in when you're up against it. Take this," I said, pressing something in his hand. "It'll come handy, maybe, before you get where you're going."

It was a ten-dollar bill. I had plenty of other uses for it, but I figured that if he should hang around Wakickewa another month he'd get its value anyhow, so I might as well fork it over.

He displayed some emotion for once, I'll say that. It got away with him. First, I thought he was going to refuse to take it, but he kind of grinned foolishly and choked up and said he'd pay it back and all the sort of stuff people say on the spur of the moment—and then he tucked it away in his ragged raiment, like anybody would, and philandered on his weary way.

Honk slouched in during the next hour and said he'd returned the good steed Dobbin to its legal owner, thereby ridding us of one needless expense. I thanked him kindly. Later, I mentioned that Willie had gone off in a huff at his thoughtless remarks after supper.

"I'm glad of it," Honk said cheerfully. "We couldn't have him around here forever. He'd eat us out of house and home! The monumental nerve of the guy, anyhow! Huh! You're too easy-going, Horace. You'd have let him stay here till Christmas if I hadn't taken the initiative. To-morrow I'm going to see about starting a shingle-mill here in Wakickewa."

Honk's buoyant spirits had returned. I



was glad of that, for I do like to be around a sorehead—not!

At four-thirty the following afternoon a startling thing happened.

For the first time in the history of Wackickewa, the flier stopped there—actually paused in her headlong dash for the South, and let us see what she looked like. She frequently whistled for our town, but fifty miles an hour was as near as she'd ever come to slowing down during my reign.

On this momentous occasion, she actually came to a dead standstill. Not only that, but a gold-braided brakeman swung off, opened the rusty switch, and without "by your leave" or anything, gave 'em two fingers, daintily, and they backed a palatial private car into our siding.

Leaving the same, they scooted out on the main line again. His grace relocked the switch and away they went, in a shower of cinders and a flutter of pink ribbons.

The car was the "Ourmaline"—parlor, library, boudoir, buffet, etc. Her shades were drawn, but we noticed the gentleman of color (in white) who had charge of the sub-cellars, peeking out of the diamond-shaped window in his department.

Another chromatic gentleman, the porter, showed himself on the brass piazza and undid the portcullis. And then—Honk and I were all a twitter with excitement, d'ye mind! A natty personage in a correct business suit dropped off, and, limping slightly, came over to where we watched and waited.

It was our late boarder, Willie.

Willie, but oh, my! All haberdashed and groomed up like the Fairy Prince. He was the Fairy Prince, in fact, for he'd come to propose to us a proposition. To square up his hospital and board bills, as it were.

"Honk and Horace," he said, shaking hands and slapping us on our backs. "My two good friends—listen to me! I owe you boys more than I'll ever be able to pay. You saved my life, you nursed me, boarded and lodged me and loaned me money, neither knowing nor caring who I was.

"But I was studying you fellows all the time. I found out a lot of things, besides having the time of my life. I found two men that I can tie to. I do not regret my accident nor how near it came to getting me nor anything else, since it was the means of my finding the two men I want. I'm not paying my debt very well—it's more like the other way around—but, well—I hap-

pen to be the president of a big trunk line—one of the biggest in the country."

He read my thoughts at that moment, for he looked at me, grinned, and said:

"Oh, I got word to my friends, all right, the second day after you boys cobbled me up. I used your wire, Horace, while you went to the store. I told them to keep away and let me alone; I was on a lark.

"But here's what I'm trying to say: There chances to be, on our line, a growing little city. It is lively and up-to-date and in the midst of a prosperous section. We have large interests there, and we need a couple of wide-awake young fellows like you two to handle the company's end of everything.

"The salaries for such work would be—" He named a sum for each of us that sounded like there was something to it, after all. It was more money than I could spend at a moment's notice.

I looked at Honk; Honk looked at me.

"Could we have a—er—box car fitted up to live in?" Honk ventured. "I've got so many traps, a boarding-house—"

"A box car!" cried Willie. "No! You can't have a box car! But, by the great jumping Jupiter! you can have the finest parlor car on our lines, remodeled to suit you, and yours to command!"

"Then, b' jinks!" Honk returned, with enthusiasm. "We'll take the place. We'll name the car 'Medicine House II'—eh, Horace?"

"And you, Horace," said Willie. "You loaned me ten dollars, once. I've got it safely put away. I'm going to keep it for luck. But, never fear, I'll pay it back with interest. What boon will you choose? Name it!"

"What I'd like best of all," I said, after due deliberation, "would be a concert-grand phonograph. One that plays 'gawnd oprah'—"

"Done!" cried our future boss. "Now, we'll go over and have supper in the car. There are some others over there I want you boys to meet. Some of the Transcontinental family, you know—"

"The Transcontinental?" said Honk. "The Transcontinental! Er—er—what's the name of this town we're going to?"

I was shock-immune and amazement-proof by that time, else I never would have survived Willie's answer to that question.

"You're going to Valhalla," he said. "Valhalla, in the Mystic Hills!"



## THE SWITCH-TENDER.

BY C. J. BYRNE.

Written for "The Railroad Man's Magazine."



LITTLE red shack built close to the track,

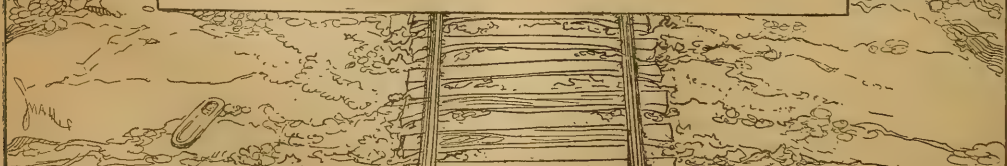
With a window in either end;  
A little red door and ten feet of floor,  
And plenty of switches to tend.

A little old man with only one hand,  
And a little old pipe made of clay,  
And a little old smile from old Erin's isle—  
He's a happy old fellow all day.

In that little shack built close to the track,  
There are memories of bygone years;  
When youth and its prime was all summer-time,  
Now gone amid sorrow and tears.  
When this little man with only one hand,  
In the days of the old link and pin,  
While coupling up cars was caught in the bars  
And the iron hand of fate "turned him in."

In that little shack turn life's pages back,  
When youth to success looked ahead;  
Since those balmy days the future's bright rays  
Have changed like the hair on his head.  
As he sits there to-night in the glare of the light  
That shines through the little stove-door,  
You can easily trace, by the lines on his face,  
The sadness and gladness of yore.

When you come along and the switches are wrong,  
And the lights all around you are red,  
Don't curse and abuse, and shout and misuse,  
Have respect for that weary gray head.  
For that little man with only one hand  
May soon pass away from your view;  
And the iron hand of fate may not hesitate  
To make a switch-tender of you.







# Keeping House for the Railroads.

BY TOM JACKSON.

**W**HAT do you suppose a housewife would do who finds the cares and responsibilities of a nine-room cottage a burden if she were asked to keep house for a railroad? Think of the thousands of trains constantly on the move, each a sort of a home in a way, requiring many of the duties of the ordinary housekeeper to maintain order and comfort. Keeping track of grocery bills and pantry shelves probably ceases to be a feminine occupation when the bills foot up into the millions, and when the greater part of the housekeeping is done by well-drilled clerks, clever buyers, and shrewd men who know how to drive bargains.

**Facts and Figures Which Show How a Railroad's Household Expenses Compare with Those of the Average Family and Which Reflect Credit on Man's Knowledge of Domestic Economy.**



**RAILROAD** has a great many other things to do besides seeing that each traveler gets a lower berth in a sleeping-car and testifying before the Inter-State Commerce Commission. One of these duties is the humble but highly important one of keeping house.

This is not to be taken in a Pickwickian sense, but accepted literally. Every detail of the round of duties which any good housekeeper performs daily for her household is carried out on a railroad system, only on an infinitely greater scale. The work is interesting, not merely because of its magnitude, but also because it is carried on, not by the sex especially endowed by nature in that direction, but by men.

So much has been said about woman's success in usurping man's occupations, it is no more than fair that attention should be called to the signal success which railroad men have achieved in housekeeping. That housework is extremely well done on any first-class railroad can be proved upon the testimony of any traveler thereon.

To begin with that branch of housekeeping of liveliest interest to the traveler, namely, cooking, we find that in one year the Rock Island Railway served meals to 419,439 persons in dining-cars and to 930,096 persons in hotels and restaurants operated by the company. That would be equivalent to cooking for a family of 1,232 persons who not only never missed a meal in the whole year, but which had friends in to dinner on four hundred and ninety-five occasions.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has a much larger family; for, in addition to its great mileage and more than usually large number of hotels, it operates fleets of steamships on the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Great Lakes, and steamboats on the lakes and rivers of the Far West. The hotels serve, on an average, fifteen thousand meals daily, while the steamship department serves sixty thousand and the dining-car department 3,500.

Including shop employees, who are supplied with excellent hot lunches at nominal prices, the company serves, on an average, 100,000 a day. In a year the grand total foots up 36,500,000 meals. To put it another way, this would be equivalent to cooking for a family of 33,333 persons. Such a family would require a city the size of Springfield, Illinois, Topeka, Kansas, or Sioux City, Iowa, to house it properly.

It is no sinecure to provide for the great family of travelers which looks to the railroad housekeeper for its sustenance. If all appetites continued at home on the same scale to which they develop when traveling, many a hard-working head of a family would be driven into bankruptcy or a premature grave. To supply the hungry hosts on one of the big Eastern lines one year required 50,000 barrels of flour, 2,500 beeves, 80,000 chickens, and 50 carloads of other provisions.

No growing child ever developed a greater propensity for a "bite" between meals than the average railroad passenger. The railroad housekeeper has just as much trouble providing "bites" for his charges as any harassed mother. Even the prodigious quantity of provisions mentioned did not satisfy the passengers on the road in question, for they also consumed a million sandwiches, a million pounds of fruit, and half a million pounds of candy between meals.

### A Hundred Thousand Meals a Day.

This, it must be remembered, refers only to what was sold in cars and at railroad eating-houses and lunch-counters. It does not include the prodigious quantities of provisions consumed at independent hotels and lunch-counters on the journeys.

Nor is even this all for the railroad. When the average passenger cannot possibly eat another mouthful, he chews gum just like the troublesome little boy at home.

In one year the Santa Fe gathered 1,150,000 pennies from its own slot machines for vending gum.

Two housekeepers out of three are wont to declare that they don't mind cooking, but that they do hate to wash dishes. Perhaps all such persons may be more reconciled to the task of washing their few dozen dishes daily if they will reflect that the serving of the Canadian Pacific's hundred thousand meals a day entails the washing, in the course of a year, of 985,500,000 pieces of china, glass, and silverware, to say nothing of the usual proportion of pots and pans, which are the particular "*bête noire*" of most housekeepers.

The housework on the Canadian Pacific is divided among 1,400 employees in hotels, the same number on steamships, and 600 in the dining-car department, which operates 65 dining-cars, making a total of 3,400 men. This, however, provides for only a part of the stupendous task. There still remain the sleeping-car porters, who make up beds and keep the cars in order on the road, and the army of car-cleaners, who perform every day what is analogous to the annual house-cleaning of the private home. Finally, there are the offices to be cared for.

### Driving Away the Dirt.

Some idea of the magnitude of this great task may be gathered from the fact that in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907, 102,000 cakes of ordinary soap were consumed in the effort to keep the New York Central clean. That same laudable endeavor also required 31,200 common corn brooms, 6,600 rattan-filled brooms, 1,800 hair-floor-brooms, 372 hair window-brushes, and 22,162 mops.

The Santa Fe housekeeper uses 26,000 common corn brooms, 25,000 scrubbing-brushes, and 20,000 cases of soap in a year.

In purchasing supplies for such extensive operations, the railroad housekeeper must exercise the most rigid economy. This means that life is one long bargain-day for the purchasing-agent whose sole duty it is to buy the articles required for keeping a railroad in order. For ordinary supplies, under normal condition, no bids are asked. The purchasing-agent is obliged to know to the fraction of a cent how much the current prices on standard articles can be shaved.

Sometimes the supply dealers get together



in secret conclave and sign an iron-clad agreement, with dire penalties for violations thereof, to keep prices up; but that does not worry the purchasing-agent, for he knows from long experience that before the ink is dry on the agreement each of the parties thereto will be making surreptitious calls by way of the back entrance to quote him inside prices several notches lower than those named by the combine.

### Work That Is Never Done.

As soon as the supplies are paid for the purchasing-agent's responsibilities end. The supplies are shipped to the general storekeeper, who distributes them among the division storekeepers, who, in their turn, dole them out to members of the army of help which does the housework. Not so much as a cake of soap can be issued without a requisition signed by the constituted authority, who may be almost any one connected with the road, according to the circumstances of the case.

When supplies run out at division stores the storekeeper himself makes out a requisition, which he then starts on its travels by easy stages up to headquarters. By the time it reaches the purchasing-agent it bears signatures enough to stock an autograph album, and has been checked and altered and had notations entered upon it until it looks like a war map at the end of a hard campaign. In the course of time, though, the storekeeper will get his supplies, and the housekeeper's work, which is never done, on a railroad any more than it is anywhere else, continues on its weary round.

### Regulation Car Cleaning.

As an example of the cost of railroad housework, it may be said that the Rock Island system, in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907, spent \$39,369.96 on passenger-cars alone. That the thoroughness of the work may be properly appreciated, it may be well to give some details. The housework is uniform all over the system. Car-cleaners are not permitted to exercise discretion, but are required to work up to a uniform and exacting standard. This applies to all first-class railroads.

When a Rock Island car comes from a run it is sent to the cleaning tracks, where all the windows, doors, and ventilators are opened and all matting, carpets, upholstered

seats, and back-rests are taken out for mechanical cleaning.

The car is then very thoroughly swept, or, if it be at any of the more important places, it is blown out with compressed air. Next, the floor is scrubbed with soap and water to which lye or some other cleaning agent has been added. After this the floor is mopped with a one per cent solution of formalin, which is the ordinary thirty-five per cent solution of formaldehyde, to destroy all lurking disease germs. The job is finished by wiping all arm-rests, window-ledge, the panels between windows and the walls of the car with a damp cloth.

Head-linings, which are the interior surfaces of the car roofs, and other inside finish are cleaned every three months, or oftener if necessary, with a sponge and a weak solution of soap and distilled water. They are then dried with chamois skin and rubbed down with renovating oil and white waste. Cuspidors and other sanitary conveniences are rigidly disinfected with formalin after a thorough scrubbing.

### With the Day-Coaches.

Water-coolers are washed out after every trip—a rule which might advantageously be copied in many an office. Platforms not covered with rubber and floors of coaches not carpeted by aisle-strips are painted with floor composition at least once in six months, and as much oftener as may be necessary. Steam-pipes are bronzed or painted as often as may be necessary, and iron hand-rails are painted black at least once every three months. All brasswork is cleaned with oxalic acid, whiting, and water, and polished with putz pomade as often as necessary to keep it in good order.

Besides the cars, there are on the Rock Island system upward of two thousand buildings, consisting of office, shop, and station buildings, hotels, and eating stations and interlocking plants to be kept clean and in order by a force of janitors employed for that purpose and entirely independent of the car-cleaners, to say nothing of about 350 section-houses in which section-men employed in track-work live, and which are kept in order by their families. Altogether, it takes \$4,000 worth of soap to keep the Rock Island clean for a year.

The good housekeeper, whether in a private home or on a great railroad system,

must keep refrigerators properly cleaned and filled with ice, and a supply of drinking-water always on hand. On the Rock Island this requires 50,000 tons of ice a year, which costs on an average \$2 a ton.

Then there is the coal bill, a serious matter anywhere. The Rock Island uses for heating purposes some 3,000 tons of anthracite a year at an approximate cost of \$21,000. This, however, by no means covers the entire consumption of fuel for heating cars and stations, as at some points bituminous coal is used, the account for which is not kept separate from the fuel bill for locomotives. At some stations heat is supplied by a steam plant which uses bituminous coal.

### Railroad Wash-Days a Week Long.

Wash-day is just as important and just as troublesome for the railroad housekeeper as any other housekeeper. Only on the railroad there is so much washing to do it can never be finished on Mondays, but must be continued through every day of the week and every week in the year; and the railroad housekeeper cannot mitigate the drudgery of wash-day by serving a boiled dinner. The hungry travelers who constitute his family will not tolerate boiled dinners. They insist on having just as good meals on wash-day as on any other day.

A railroad's washing includes a long list of articles to meet the requirements of sleeping, dining, and official cars, hotels, and offices. Household linen is used more freely than is necessary in the case of a small

family. For instance, a sleeping-car takes out, for a run of a single night, a suit of linen consisting of a hundred each of sheets, pillow-cases, and towels.

On most American railroads the laundry bills for the sleeping-cars are paid by the Pullman Company, which operates the cars; but, even with this important reduction, any one of the larger standard systems would be glad to get off with a laundry bill of \$25,000 a year. It costs the Canadian Pacific, which operates its own sleeping-cars and a fleet of fifty-four steamships and steamboats and a long list of hotels, five times that amount.

### A Valuable Junk-Pile.

Like his cottage prototype, the railroad housekeeper drives many a sharp bargain with the ragman. On the railroad, however, the ragman does not arrive with horse and wagon in the last stages of senility heralded by a string of discordant cowbells. No, indeed; he comes with a full train of flat cars, and even at that he has to make many trips to gather up all the old rails, old wire, old pipe, broken castings, worn-out locomotives and other machinery, and discarded ties.

When he took his last train load away from the New York Central lines last year he left that company richer by the tidy sum of \$1,728,840.87, which, it must be admitted, would furnish a generous allowance of pin money for a good many housekeepers. The Santa Fe's junk swells the receipts of the company \$1,250,000 a year.

## IMPORTING RAILROAD TIES.

**R**AILWAYS are face to face with the rather dismal fact that ties are beginning to be imported to this country. Forest-fires, the prodigal waste of forest timber, is in a large measure responsible, and the recent announcement from Washington is very significant that the first consignment of railroad ties from Australia to the United States is on its way to Rodondo, California, the ties being 66,000 in number.

Owing to the extension of railways in the Los Angeles section, and the constant rehabilitation of established lines, a large percentage of the ties used there are from the California redwood-trees.

At one time, quantities of oak-ties were received from Japan, one steamer alone bringing over 95,000. These were bought at a time when they were obtainable at an unusually low figure, but when prices are normal they cost much more

than the redwood ties, freight included, and are no better.

The redwood ties cost from fifty to eighty cents each, the prices being subject to wide fluctuation. The life of this tie is from ten to thirty years, according to the character of the soil in which it is placed. An untreated pine tie lasts from five to six years.

Last year there was an increase of ten per cent in the number of ties laid in this country, as compared with the preceding year, the total being 153,754,000, which cost \$60,321,000.

It is significant that in 1909, 16,437,000 ties were bought for new track, as against 7,431,000 in 1908, and 23,557,000 in 1907. During the first-named year, oak continued to lead by a wide margin all other kinds of wood used for cross-ties.

—*Railway and Locomotive Engineering.*





# DR. JOURDAN'S MYSTERY.

BY C. W. BEELS.

A Case in Which a First-Class Crook  
Seems To Be Very Much in Demand.

## CHAPTER I.

### We Meet "Level Larry."

**N**OW, the newly appointed police commissioner, wishing to give excuse for his official existence, caused a general and totally unnecessary shake-up in the department. One of its consequences was the transfer of Sergeant Lawrence Phelan—known to his acquaintances of the upper- and underworld, from the financial district at headquarters, as "Level Larry."

When the news was announced the "Street" lifted up its voice and dictated to its typewriters and sent multitudes of expostulating and protesting letters to Mulberry Street, where the Power behind the shake-up was then located. Sergeant Phelan had served well and truly for seven years below the "dead line." During that period he had done much to keep the district clean of crooks. He was the unceasing enemy of those who rented offices and those who didn't. There were not wanting occasions when his bank-account might have increased had his sense of duty diminished, but the ingrained integrity of the

man militated against even the slightest consideration of such opportunities. Level Larry came as honestly by his sobriquet as he did by his dollars.

A good many of those dollars—in fact, the bulk of them—were the result of the tips and advice that were given him by people on the inside, with whom he came in daily and professional contact. Indeed, when the shake-up arrived, Phelan was the owner of a competency, the size of which would have warranted him in obeying his first impulse—to tender his resignation after telling the commissioner that he was a brass-bound, assorted sort of fool, or something to that effect. After talking things over with Mrs. Phelan, however, he did not. He reflected that in five years' time he would retire on a pension, and that no cod-headed superior was worth the sacrifice of such a reward.

"Larry," said Colonel Amos Nugent several days before the shake-up went into effect, "what are you going to do with the money that you've made down here?"

The colonel was a big, red-faced man from Arizona. His specialty was mines, and his delight was trotting horses—the former genuine and the latter fast. He had a peculiar dislike for motor-cars.

Phelan had earned Colonel Nugent's gratitude several years before by running out of the Wall Street district a gang of crooks which operated with bogus properties that were allegedly located in the colonel's State. The little conversation here quoted took place in the colonel's Broad Street office.

"Upon my soul, sir," replied the detective, "I've given no thought to it. 'Tis safe in the bank at four per cent, and there 'twill lie till the need comes for using it."

"Good! But a word with you. As you've made the money by the Street, don't lose it by the Street. Keep away from us, Larry. There's much difference between playing a friendly tip and playing your own judgment. The tips that have come your way have been in return for your professional favors. When you're out of the Street, you'll be treated just like the every-day lamb if you come bleating back to these pastures. Sure, boy! So, if I were you, I'd make up my mind to never come below Fulton Street with more than the price of the cigars with me. I've given you one or two good pointers in the past—the *best* I'm giving you now."

Larry Phelan nodded understandingly.

"I believe you, sir; and, what's more, I'll abide by what you say."

"If ever the time comes that you want to make an investment," went on the colonel, "and I know what I am talking about, there's one thing you can put your whole outfit into—blanket, burro, and grub-bag—and feel rock certain that the ball will fall on your number."

In his youth the colonel had lived in an atmosphere in which faro and roulette, guns and sudden demises, prospects and fortunes unearthed by the blow of a pickax, were ordinary features.

"It sounds good, colonel. It must be United States bonds, or— or— something you have in the Southwest."

A gleam of humor twinkled in the detective's eye as he spoke.

"Nope, sir. Neither one nor the other. What I speak of is right here—New York real estate in localities where business demands the use of what now are private residences. Property of this kind yields a satisfactory return at the present, and will prove to be an Ophir-Mount in the future," and the colonel banged his fist on the table as if to drive home his assertion.

The Ophir-Mount was the name of the

colonel's favorite and best-paying mine. He put it on the same plane with the eternal verities.

Phelan's face expressed his entire accord with the colonel's views.

"That's the very thought that I've had these many years," he said. "In fact, the wife and myself have talked it over and over. But—well, we don't want to put our property—if we had any—into somebody else's hands and let agents' fees and repairs and fly-by-night tenants and all the rest of it eat up the profits and, perhaps, some of the principal. And we don't quite see how we are to run a house while we're waiting for somebody to come along and buy it for a store. And—"

"Look here, Larry," interrupted the colonel, "you have another talk with Mrs. P. Then, if you still think favorably of the idea from an investment view-point, come to me and I'll post you about details. It isn't generally known perhaps"—the colonel grinned expansively—"but I've a stake in New York properties as well as in these farther West, so I'm not shooting off blanks."

Sergeant Phelan acted on the financier's advice, and three months later he took title to a four-story-and-basement brownstone house in the upper forties of Manhattan. The house, which was a few doors east of Sixth Avenue, was patterned like unto every one of its neighbors on the block, the architecture dating back to the time when stages ran on Broadway, when crinolines were worn by one sex and Dundreary whiskers by the other.

The Phelans furnished the house comfortably. Retaining the basement and second floor for their own uses, they let the first floor to a dentist, and the rest of the rooms to men, almost all of whom were friends of the sergeant. Mrs. Phelan, who was a thorough housewife and capital manager, made the place pay and her patrons comfortable, in spite of the fact that the first floor seemed to have a hoodoo within its walls.

The dentist couldn't draw customers—or, rather, enough teeth to make a living. There followed him, in quick succession, a dressmaker, a milliner, a health culturist, a teacher of languages, a ladies' tailor, a dealer in stamps and coins, and a professor of elocution.

After the going of the elocutionist the floor remained vacant for several weeks.



One day Richard Robert Jourdan, M.D., became its tenant. The doctor was young, tall, gaunt, and homely, yet having withal a pleasant, resolute face. His chin and eyes were dominant—the former by reason of its breadth, the latter on the score of their eagerness. Somehow or other, when you met Dr. Jourdan you felt that he was a man of unattained purpose, but that attainment surely awaited him.

Dr. Jourdan sat down to build a practise. Tedious enough is this process, even when one starts with a nucleus of friends and relatives. Soul-trying, even heart-breaking, when attempted by a stranger in a strange land. Dr. Jourdan was that so far as New York was concerned.

However, men of his kind make acquaintances and retain friendships with equal facility. The Phelans took to him from the first. Mrs. Phelan's motherly heart went out to him when she found that there wasn't a soul in the metropolis whom he knew.

The sergeant liked the plucky cheerfulness of the young man, and Larry's profession had taught him to pretty accurately estimate those with whom he came in contact. Like a majority of big men, his good-will took a practical form. It wasn't long before he began to send stray patients to his tenant; most of whom were on the "force" and didn't care for the ministrations of the department's doctors. Luck or skill or maybe the atmosphere of wholesomeness that surrounded the young M.D. caused these initial patients to swear by him professionally and in other ways.

Being benefited, they told their story to other sick ones. The practise grew slowly and steadily. Mrs. Phelan finally expressed her belief to her husband that the hoodoo had been scared from the first floor once and for all.

"You speak the truth, Mary," said Larry.

Now, a goodly number of Dr. Jourdan's patients came to his office to be treated, so that his outside practise was correspondingly small. The medical profession agrees, I believe, that where the sick folk are mainly men, they prefer to go to the doctor whenever possible instead of having the doctor come to them. By reason of the detective's introductions, it was his own sex to which the doctor chiefly administered. That is why he was within during many hours of the day when his shingle

proclaimed him as being without. Dr. Jourdan usually spent these leisure hours poring over scientific medical journals, filled with all manner of literature that is but Greek to the layman.

"He is a learned man, is Dr. Jourdan," said the sergeant to his wife, "for the books he gets are in all kinds of languages, and he seems to read 'em just as easy as I do orders at headquarters." "It must be fine to be able to get away with Italian, and Dutch, and several other kinds of speech at that. One of these days, when we get better acquainted, I'll mind me to ask him about his travels abroad that I know he's took. But he's the quiet boy, so he is. He never opens his mouth about himself and his doings. Maybe that is the reason I like him. Most men you meet are four-flushers that try to fill with a capital I."

Larry got the habit of dropping into the office during off hours, when he and the doctor talked over the events of the day, the happenings of the past, or the promises of the present. During these talks, Larry learned that his tenant came from a Western family, that he had spent some time studying in Germany and Italy, and that he had ideas of his own regarding certain phases of his profession. Larry couldn't understand it all, but it impressed him as being mighty clever.

"Well, sergeant, what has taken place to-day?" asked the doctor one November afternoon.

It was Larry's "relief." Both men had taken seats in the little room at the rear of the office which, in the residential days of the house, had been its conservatory, but now served as a den and smoking-room.

"Nothing at all. 'Twas one of the off days in the business," replied the detective. "Barring a shooting scrap at the Point and an incendiary in Spring Street, 'twas as quiet as fan-tan when the tongs are at peace."

"So?" There was a pause.

"Yep. Nothing doing. Young Halliwell was pinched again by a greenhorn dry-goods man, but that doesn't count."

"And who is young Halliwell?" asked the doctor, as he refilled his pipe.

For a moment Phelan looked at the other man in amazement. Then his face gave token of understanding.

"I forgot that you were a newcomer in these parts," he replied. "If you'd been

a New Yorker you wouldn't have asked that question. The kid and his queeriness is as well known to people hereabouts as—as—Mulberry Street itself."

"Well, I'm hereabouts and I never heard of Halliwell before," declared the other with a laugh. "Tell me all about him."

The detective shot a quick glance at his companion as if to assure himself that he wasn't being jollied. Seeing nothing in the face of the doctor to suggest as much, he settled himself in his chair, took a long puff at his cigar, and began:

"If you'll read the society items of the newspapers, you'll get wise to the fact that the Halliwells are among the bigbugs of the swirl. Old man Halliwell, ever since the war, has had 'em coming his way—railroad properties, mines, real estate, investments—oh! a bunch of things that made money for him in heaps. Married one of the Marryats of Boston, and so busted into society. Then his son, George, hitched up to Miss Knollys of London—relatives of big nob on the other side.

"That made 'em more solid than ever with the swell crowd at Newport and Bar Harbor and the Avenue. George also followed in papa's footsteps on the Street, and the family fortunes swelled in consequence. He had a son and a daughter. The daughter is engaged, so folk say, to some titled gent in France. The son, Harold, now twenty years old, is the chap who was arrested to-day."

"Why?"

"He is a nice lad, good-looking, pleasant manners, college-bred, and all the rest of it, but he's dippy on one subject. He steals things whenever he can get his hooks upon them," said the detective with professional sang-froid.

Dr. Jourdan laid down his pipe, and drew his chair closer to the other, while his eyes gleamed with interest. "Yes," he said. "Go on. A cleptomaniac."

"That's the word, doc. I've heard lots of people of your business use it when the party who did the pinching happened to have a bank-account. Plain stealing in other cases." He laughed grimly.

"Go on, please." The young physician spoke commandingly rather than pleadingly.

"My! but this seems to have made a hit with you, doctor," Phelan answered banteringly. "Well, I need hardly say that the lad has been the cause of no end of

trouble to his people. His way of borrowing what nobody lent him didn't break out until about four years ago, when he had just entered college.

"The matter was hushed up, but the faculty hinted to his people that it would be well to take him away and get a private tutor for him. This was done, but the crook end of him stuck out all the same. Whenever he could get his hooks on anything portable, there was something doing.

"Finally, his father's lawyers got busy with the dry-goods and jewelry stores—for it was these places that Harold chiefly fancied—and it was arranged that if he were caught with the goods on, the family was to make good and mum was to be the word. The newspapers were also silenced, so, too, was our department. It's only when a green cop or a new dry-goods Sherlock nabs the boy that he is hauled up as he was to-day. Of course, he's set free as soon as a motor-car can reach the station house."

"But haven't they tried to treat him—to cure him?"

"Doc, if we had one-twentieth of what his people have spent on specialists, sanatoriums, trips abroad, and medical stunts of all sorts and sizes, we'd own mansions on Easy Street! They have plenty of reasons for wanting to cure the lad. He's the only son, and his mother's health is very poor. His granddad and his dad, so they say, had built their hope on Harold continuing the business and passing it on to his son in turn. He doesn't seem to care to marry. Naturally, he is shut out of society, for his people don't like the idea of his partner at a dance or reception being shy a bracelet or a necklace when the band stops."

Dr. Jourdan was absently drumming his fingers on the table. Phelan continued:

"I've learned lately that they have decided to put him away—not in an asylum, you understand!—but some place where he can't get into trouble. Sorry I am, too, for, as I've said, he's as lovable a lad as you'd ever meet with."

"Then you've met him, have you?"

"Many's the time that I've done that," said Larry, as he smiled. "When I was on the Street I knew his dad and old man Halliwell as well as I know you. The boy used to be around the offices a good bit. He had his father's love for business. To see him sit there and talk, you'd never



believe he'd bats in his belfry. But they had to keep their eye on him every moment or he'd be swiping hats and umbrellas or pens or even ink-wells. More than once, on the days that Old Nick was especially strong in him, I took him home at the request of his dad. Like all of his kind, he had his good and his bad days, you know."

Dr. Jourdan nodded.

"Yes; recurrent periods are characteristics of the malady."

Phelan nodded.

"Are you still in touch with the Halli-wells?" asked the doctor.

"Yes and no," was the answer. "Of course, they would remember me, but that's all. I've learned, doctor, that rich people ain't likely to bear you in mind unless they have use for you."

## CHAPTER II.

### Against the Lamp-Post.

THE voice of Mrs. Phelan was heard, summoning her husband to supper. The meal was served early because Larry had to report to his chief at six in the evening.

"Well, good day to you, doc," said the detective as he arose to go. "I'll have to bring you some of the coarse cut that the chief smokes, for your pipe has been going out all the afternoon. Sure, the fault must be with the tobacco."

As the door closed behind him, Dr. Jourdan thrust his hands in his pockets and strode up and down the den, his lips pursed as if he were about to whistle. This was his habit when his mind was focused on a subject of interest. Then he walked from the den to the office and into the front room.

Through the lace curtains he surveyed the crowd of people and vehicles that swept through the street. Matinée day and the fashionable theaters in the next street were responsible for the line of automobiles and carriages that lined the sidewalks in front of his office. Special policemen and the carriage-men of the theater kept the vehicles moving in a slow and steady fashion.

The performance was just over, and there was a flitting to and fro of pretty and charmingly garbed girls and their comfortable-looking chaperons. Flunkies, gorgeous in silk "smalls" and plush coats,

were moving hither and yon in dignified haste. The undercurrent of outsiders and nobodies surged amid the main tide of fashion.

Right opposite the office, leaning against a lamp-post, was a young man who eyed the butterfly throng with the casual interest of the city dweller. He didn't look exactly "broke," yet it was easy to see by his dress and his linen that he wasn't rampantly prosperous.

What attracted the doctor's attention was the expression on the young man's face. He looked tired out—not physically tired, but mentally, as if hope had failed him and he had thankfully accepted the numb rest that failure brought.

"You're a lucky beggar, and you don't know it," said Dr. Jourdan as he looked. "Got to that stage when you are willing to watch the procession go by, and yet not want to get into it. Lucky beggar, I say! Those of us who are eating our hearts out because we see the parade and can't join it, would love to change places with you. No, I'll be hanged if I would. This waiting, waiting is bad enough, but it has a promise in it for all that. I'll wait until I see a break in the ranks that'll give me my chance—if I have to wait until—"

At that moment some one tapped the weary one on the shoulder. He turned, and his broad grin made it evident that the newcomer was welcome. There was an interchange of something green, and the pair strolled away in the direction of a café.

"If the helping hand doesn't turn up in my case, I'll make my own hands help me," quoth Dr. Jourdan smilingly. Then his chin seemed to take on additional aggressiveness. He had hopes which he intended to make realities.

A big man drove past, wearing a tan-cloth driving coat, a broad-brimmed felt hat. His light road-wagon was spick and span and the young horse hitched to it was one of blood and spirit. The doctor, who knew a good animal when he saw one, was admiring the set of its head, the play of the muscles beneath its satiny coat and its fine ears and nostrils, when an auto on the opposite side of the street tooted suddenly and noisily.

At the sound, the horse turned sharply in toward the pavement, locked the front wheel on a lamp-post, wrenched around, and, in a flash, upset the wagon, throwing

the driver heavily on the asphalt of the street.

As the animal reared, the doctor, without waiting for further developments, made for the street, shouting loudly to Phelan as he sped through the hall. The detective answered the call in the manner of a man accustomed to meet emergencies. Both were by the side of the victim of the accident before any of the other spectators had their wits about them.

The man was lying on his face with his arms stretched out in front of him. A little trickle of blood was beginning to steal from under his forehead. Assisted by the detective, the doctor turned the injured one over.

"My God!" cried Phelan, as he looked. "'Tis Colonel Nugent!" Back, you hose-necks, and give air! Back, I say, or I'll—"

Thus he spoke to the curious crowd that had gathered.

"Some of you look after the horse and rig, and if any of you take as much as a hair from the blanket, I'll give you a free trip up the river!" Larry flashed his shield on the throng.

"He always hated autos, so he did, and now he's been killed by one of 'em," continued Larry to the doctor.

"Not quite that," said the doctor coolly, as he made a cursory examination of the wound, "but his condition is such that it would be well if he were removed to his home immediately. Where does he live?"

"Somewhere down on Long Island."

"That will never do. We must take him into the house, Phelan, until we know just how badly he is hurt."

At this moment, the officer on post put in an appearance. Phelan explained the situation. The colonel was carried into the house, placed in a spare room, and Dr. Jourdan made careful diagnosis of his hurt. He had a bad scalp wound, was suffering from shock, and there were possible internal injuries. Clearly he was in no condition to be removed until developments, one way or the other, manifested themselves.

So his friends were notified, and also his housekeeper—the colonel being a bachelor. Arrangements were made at the Phelan home for his stay there until such time as he could be safely taken elsewhere. Dr. Jourdan was installed as his attendant physician.

The Texas constitution of the patient vindicated itself. There were no complications and he recovered rapidly. He took a great fancy to the young doctor, and when convalescence began, the colonel declared that he found his surroundings so congenial that he really didn't want to be removed to Long Island unless his stay at the Phelans' was inconveniencing those good people.

One day when the colonel was able to sit up and read the Wall Street editions of the afternoon papers, Dr. Jourdan made his usual call. The conversation drifted into personal channels. The bluff frankness of the mining man invited confidence. Almost before he knew it, the physician was telling the story of his professional hopes and ambitions, the majority of which were centered around a theory of his which he had subjected to partial tests.

"You see, colonel," he said, "there are a good many mental states—perhaps I had better call them maladies—that can be referred to causes of a purely physical nature. For instance, your liver is sluggish—to use a lay term—or, in other words, it fails to secrete to a sufficient quantity the liquids that play an important part in the process of digestion. Therefore, your food is not properly assimilated, the system becomes charged with toxic matter, and you suffer from depression—the 'blues' in short.

"In extreme cases of this sort, there is a tendency to suicidal mania; in others, we have melancholia, gloomy forebodings, fear of the future, doubt of the present. The physical condition is reflected in mental and moral conditions. This is but one instance in point.

"The medical world is rapidly recognizing the principle in question. Advanced methods of treating the insane are, for the most part, to the end of inducing that normal bodily condition that is invariably associated with a normal mentality. Unhealthy body sheltering a healthy mind. I believe that nine-tenths of our criminals are the victims, not of kinks in their normal nature, but of some unrecognized maladies in their physical systems—that, if eradicated, would make them useful citizens."

"Sounds good," said the colonel, "but it seems to me that there is a big 'if' tangled up in the proposition."

"You're right, and that is what I'm com-



ing to. Now, I need not tell you that the germ theory of disease is accepted by medical schools the world over. It follows that if my theories just stated are correct, mental maladies—so called—may be cured by the methods that are now used in the case of physical maladies.”

“I don’t quite get that ‘so-called’ end of the game,” suggested the colonel.

“For the reason given you—that all diseases of brain or body can be referred to something wrong with the latter. So that there are no mental troubles, *per se*.”

The colonel nodded understandingly, and the doctor continued:

“Now, nature has so ordered it that practically every disease breeds its own remedy. Thus, from the blood of a patient suffering from diphtheria we can obtain a serum that, injected into the veins of another person infected with the same disease will palliate or cure the latter.

“Ordinary vaccination is a further illustration of the great principle alluded to. The total trend of medical science is in the direction of this prevention or cure by means of inoculation. And there is no reason why mental or moral disorders of all kinds should not be treated in the like manner.”

“This is certainly a new one,” remarked the colonel, as he eyed the enthusiastic face of the young man with attention not unmixed with humor; “and if you put it through, a good many bug-houses will sure go out of business.”

“Yes, and a whole lot of people now in business will also put the shutters up,” added the doctor.

“Meaning what?”

“My dear colonel,” said the medical man, “I know little about the Street in a practical way, but if public opinion regarding it is to be accepted, you have among you a colony—perhaps I had better say colonies—of those who are mentally afflicted. Their predatory instinct is abnormally developed—diseased, in fact. If they could be treated in the manner at which I have hinted, there would be a good many offices to let in the financial district, for a restoration to normality would include the promptings of common honesty. What stands good of the Street is equally true of the business world at large.”

“May be as you say,” admitted the other, “but I don’t see how in thunder you

are going to test your theories, or what good it would do to put them to the test.”

“As to the latter,” retorted the doctor, “I beg leave to differ with you. If it were possible to employ a remedy for dishonesty in exactly the same way as we do for any other disease, surely the world would be better for our so doing. The test of the theory will, in the first instance, have to be a matter of the consent on the part of an individual or of that individual’s friends.”

“I believe that you have such an individual in your mind’s eye,” declared the colonel, eying the doctor keenly. “You talk as if you had thought about the whole affair.”

“You’re right,” replied Dr. Jourdan. “I don’t see a ghost of a chance of making the test that I desire. The person and the person’s people aren’t likely to lend themselves to the experiment.”

“And why?”

The doctor related the story of the Halliwell family skeleton as told him by Phelan, adding that it was hardly likely that the individuals mostly concerned would give ear to an obscure physician when famous specialists had failed to do aught for the boy.

“That depends on the credentials with which the ‘obscure physician’ approached the family,” said the colonel somewhat bluffly. “But tell me how would you go about the business?”

Dr. Jourdan gave a rapid résumé of his ideas and plans. He would prepare a serum from the blood of some notorious thief—preferably one who had been repeatedly arrested for his “specialty.” This serum he would inject into the tissues of the patient, having in mind his moral and physical condition. It would, of course, be necessary to see that the crook who furnished the vital fluid was in good health.

“You talk as if you were mighty familiar with this business,” queried the colonel.

“I’ve been working on the theory since the day that I believed I knew something about medicine,” said the doctor simply. “In Germany I was privileged to study under one of the most famous bacteriologists. In Italy, likewise. I took a course in London to the same end. In certain hospitals in the West, I experimented with what I believe was approximate success.”

“Evidently you’re no theorist,” com-

mented the financier. "Tell me, is there no possibility of harm coming to the patient?"

"Provided that proper precautions are taken to insure the serum being prepared from the blood of an absolutely healthy person, there would not be the slightest chance that the patient would suffer from the experiment."

The colonel reflected. "I know George Halliwell quite well," he said at length. "We have been in two or three deals together, and things turned out exactly as I told him they would. He's got faith in my business advice, but I doubt if he'd accept my judgment when it came to an affair like this."

The doctor caught the note of half-promise in the speaker's voice. "Then, colonel," he said eagerly, "you believe in what I have told you, anyway."

"My boy," replied the mining man, "the party who has lived in the West and in Wall Street—and survived—can size up his fellow humans. I've sized you up and your lode runs true—that is as far as your beliefs are concerned. Whether you will pan out when it comes to washing, I can't say, not knowing enough of the medicine vein. But judging from what you've told me, I don't see why she shouldn't show color—and good color at that."

"Thank you, colonel." The doctor's tone was eloquent of his feelings.

"Now," went on the other, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a note of introduction to Halliwell that will, anyhow, insure your getting a friendly reception from him. That which will follow will rest with you personally. Of course, you chaps who work for professional glory don't care a slag for the dollars, but if you should happen to make out all right with Harold, you'll have to buck-cinch your bank-account lest she bust herself."

### CHAPTER III.

#### In the Halliwell Home.

**I**N the matter of the introductory letter the colonel was as good as his word. Having made a phone appointment with Mr. Halliwell, the doctor called on that gentleman one evening at his residence on Fifth Avenue.

The wealth of the Halliwells was made manifest by the appointments of the man-

sion, also by the gorgeously appareled butler who opened the door to the visitor.

The head of the house received the physician with the cordiality that the colonel had guaranteed, and plunged into the subject of the call without much parley. He was a small, lean man, with a keen, kindly eye, a white mustache, a thick crop of hair of the same hue, and a direct, incisive method of speech that went to the conversational core with a single thrust.

They talked for an hour or more; Mr. Halliwell shooting question after question at Dr. Jourdan, which showed that he pretty well understood the doctor's theories and the medical principles on which they were based. Nor was this to be wondered at, as the affliction of the son had been the chief concern of his life for several years.

"You are aware, of course, Dr. Jourdan," he said at length, "that I have consulted recognized authorities in regard to Harold and that these have failed to afford the desired relief."

"So I have been informed, Mr. Halliwell," replied the doctor.

"And yet you believe you will succeed where they have failed?"

There was a note of challenge in the query.

"I have faith in the teachings—the modern teachings—of medical science," replied the physician gently. "You must remember, sir, that I am not voicing my personal or unsupported beliefs. Progress in any science usually comes from quarters in which attainment is desirable, rather than from those where attainment has been achieved."

Mr. Halliwell looked at the other with renewed interest. "In other words," he said, "people with reputations are willing to draw dividends on those reputations instead of trying to increase their capital, doctor."

Dr. Jourdan signified his acquiescence by a gesture.

"Doctor, I am going to ask you a question to which I trust you will not take offense," said Mr. Halliwell, after a few moments of silence. "You can, I am sure, understand that where much is involved, as in this instance, a close scrutiny of men and motives is not only permissible but necessary." He paused for a reply.

"I understand perfectly. I shall be glad to answer any question,"

"Nugent's letter, as you know, was



couched in terms that insured you this interview. If it had not been for that letter, I could hardly have received you in view of the many attempts that are made to waste my time on the score of my unfortunate son. Nevertheless, I am informed that your acquaintance with him is of a recent nature. How I was so informed does not matter for the present."

"Yes?"

"So that, he really knows little of you. He is given to intuition, so he claims," this with a smile, "and usually, his intuitions are to be relied on. In this instance, they are decidedly in your favor, but for all that, his personal knowledge of you is small—very small. Because of this, I am going to ask you: is your alleged desire to serve my son—and me—the outcome of your natural wish to obtain professional advertisement from so doing, or for the sake of the fee that will follow on my consent, or are you actuated by honest and honorable motives?"

Dr. Jourdan turned livid at the implication of the first part of the question. Instantly, however, his good sense asserted itself. His sympathetic nature put him in touch with Mr. Halliwell as an afflicted father and a rich man, hounded and harassed by charlatans who preyed on his parental affection for the sake of plunder.

He answered with a dignity that did not escape the observant ken of the other.

"I can give you documentary proofs, Mr. Halliwell, that the phase of my profession that I have had the privilege of discussing with you to-night, has engaged my attention almost from the time that I began my studies. I have been obsessed with the belief that medicine properly understood, will not only cure the human body but man's morality also, if the latter happens to be diseased. In time, this, its nobler function, will be made emphatically manifest.

"It was this belief that prompted me to seek an introduction to you, for I felt that if I could demonstrate the truth of my theories through the medium of so prominent a man as yourself, the good to humanity would be vast. It is the privilege of great wealth to set examples that may be followed with benefit by those less fortunately placed. As to any fee that might accrue, I pledge you my word of honor, that I never gave it the slightest consideration. Are you answered?"

The financier held out his hand, which the other took in silence. "Fully and satisfactorily answered," he said, "but I've been so badgered by cranks and quacks and self-seeking members of your profession that I find it necessary to be brutally frank—even where the credentials are of the Nugent order. Now—"

## CHAPTER IV.

Enter Miss Mildred.

THERE was a tap at the library door, followed by its opening. There stood a girl, whose expression even more than her beauty made Dr. Jourdan stare in a way that was by no means in accord with good manners. She was tall, "imperially molded," as he told himself later, and held herself with a grace that was in entire accord with the keynote of her loveliness.

Her face was a perfect oval; her complexion that of old ivory; her eyes large, dark, and having a virginal directness that was delightfully embarrassing to any one she looked at; her mouth was small, the upper lip short and proudly tender, the nose straight and with finely curved nostrils.

But it was the soul behind the face that held one. There was the glory of high hope in the things that were to be; of the possibilities that life held for her and hers. No wonder that the doctor caught his breath and, unmindful of all else, looked and looked until his good breeding asserted itself and he very properly flushed for shame at his awkwardness.

"I beg pardon, father," said the girl, "but I thought you were alone. The carriage is outside."

Mr. Halliwell rose, as the doctor had already done. "This is Dr. Jourdan, Mildred," he said.

Miss Halliwell inclined her head slightly. Dr. Jourdan's bow in response had in it more of reverence than deference to social usage.

"Well, daughter," asked Mr. Halliwell, "and what can I do for you?"

"I did not know that you were engaged. Mother wishes me to remind you that it is nearly eight o'clock."

Her voice was low and velvety and it set the visitor to wishing that she would talk some more by reason of the delight that lay in listening to her.

The financier glanced at his watch. "Tell her that I'll be with her in a few moments, if you please," he said, rising.

The doctor rose also, and, being nearest the door, opened it for the young woman. She acknowledged the attention with another inclination of her head while her proud little mouth relaxed into the semblance of a smile.

The doctor did not resume his seat in spite of Mr. Halliwell's request that he do so. The girl had spoiled him for the evening. He felt that he was out of touch with his subject, that any further attempt to argue with the financier would prove futile, that he had temporarily lost his power of concentration on the questions involved in his professional beliefs.

While he felt angry with himself and Miss Halliwell that this was so, yet he was compelled to admit the fact that the experience bred within him an exhilaration to which he had been a stranger. Dr. Jourdan was not given to sentiment—neither his temperament nor his professional work being of a kind that made for its growth.

Yet in this instance, and in the space of a few minutes, it seemed to him that a flood of emotion had swept through the dam of reserve that he had tried to rear between him and the other sex. Even as he knew this to be so, he was conscious of the utter folly of permitting himself to even think of love in connection with a girl who was to exchange her wealth and beauty for a title.

"Since you insist, then," said Mr. Halliwell, "I will leave you. The truth is, we are going to the opera. I had forgotten the fact in the interest of our conversation. However, we will meet again very soon and have a further talk on the matter. Have you any engagements for Friday next?"

The doctor consulted his engagement book. "None that I cannot defer if you so desire," he replied.

Mr. Halliwell thought for a moment. "Suppose you dine with me at the Interstate Club, then, on Friday at 6.30 o'clock?"

The men parted.

Dr. Jourdan, as he journeyed down-town, was conscious of feelings that he did not attempt to analyze, but which he felt, nevertheless, were due, less to the professional

possibilities that lay before him than to his meeting with the girl. Being a young man of sound sense, he did not allow himself to indulge in profitless dreamings. Instead, he accepted the inspiration that she had brought him and was content.

Nevertheless, this content did not permit of his thinking of her bartering herself for a title without protest. The psychology of the situation was involved. On the one hand, he felt that the girl was as near perfection as woman might hope to be; on the other, the idea that she was to marry "beneath" her—as he put it—did not lower her one whit in the ideal estimation in which he held her.

On his office desk he found a note from the colonel in which he expressed hope that the interview with Mr. Halliwell had been satisfactory. After reading it, he went upstairs to the convalescent's room and found the colonel sitting near a window, while the floor around was littered with evening newspapers.

"Hallo, doctor!" said the colonel, extending a welcoming hand. "How goes it? Take a chair; have a cigar! There's tarantula extract and a siphon on the side-board."

Dr. Jourdan told in close detail of his meeting with the financier. The colonel, listening intently, slapped his knee enthusiastically at certain phases of the recital.

"You've got him, doc! You've got him sure!" he roared when the physician came to the end of his tale. "George Halliwell isn't the man to want to set eyes on you a second time unless he'd a mighty good reason for doing so! Stick to him and he's yours! Did you see Harold?"

"No."

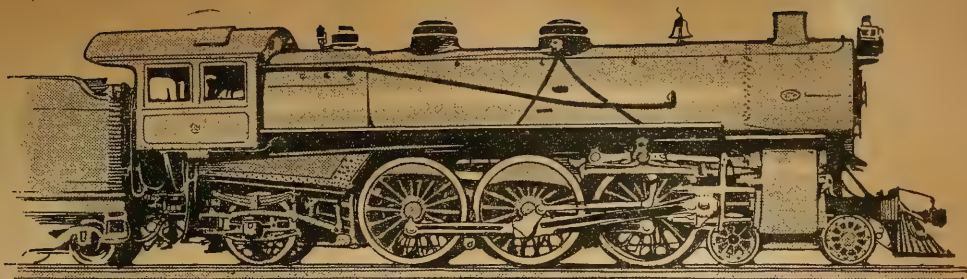
"Or any other members of the family?"

"Miss Halliwell was in the library for a few moments." Even as he spoke, a slow flush crept over the doctor's cheek, much to his annoyance. Luckily it escaped the notice of the colonel.

"Mildred is a pretty girl, and sensible in most things," said the colonel musingly, flicking the ashes from his cigar with the tip of his little finger. "More's the pity that she or her people are set on the fool idea of swapping their money and her good looks for a garlic-scented title. I guess that her mother, elegant woman though she is, is the one who's at the bottom of this brainless business."

(To be continued.)





*Courtesy of the American Locomotive Company.*

NEW PASSENGER ENGINE RECENTLY CONSTRUCTED FOR THE VANDALIA RAILROAD.

# New Locomotives of Speed and Power.

BY JOHN WALTERS.

**T**HE recent development in locomotive practise, recorded from time to time in the pages of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, show a steady improvement in the building of the "iron horse" which must be evident to all railroad men who place this marvelous creation above all other inventions. It must also disparage those who constantly prate that the locomotive is doomed—that electricity has come to take its place. But this article deals with high speed in our locomotives, and, incidentally, with the new Mallet engines that are being turned out by the American Locomotive Company.

## The Difference Between Locomotives that are Specially Constructed for Speed and Those Constructed to Pull Heavy Loads Up Heavy Grades.

**K**EEPING on the dot on a running schedule of 55.85 miles an hour, the fastest speed average now maintained in America, may sound easy to the ordinary individual who reads only of startling record runs made over particularly smooth and even stretches of track, but to men in the cab those figures tell a different story.

An engineer knows that to keep up an average of 55.85 miles an hour, including stops and slow downs, necessitated by stations, curves, and grades, means making

occasionally a good deal better time than a mile a minute. It requires a locomotive that is as much ahead of the average hog as a Mallet outranks a switcher.

The standard 4-4-2 Atlantic and 4-6-2 Pacific types are recognized by American locomotive builders of to-day as combining the greatest essentials of speed, power, and reliability. For the fastest trains, the Atlantic type is a little more favored than the Pacific, though there are plenty of examples of the somewhat heavier 4-6-2 type in high-speed service.

Taking as representative of these two

designs, the Pacific type locomotive that makes our fastest speed average of 55.85 miles an hour and the Atlantic that comes second, on a run averaging 55.26 miles an hour, we find that the former has a somewhat greater total tractive effort and is used on slightly heavier grades than its rival.

#### Details of Construction.

Both designs require a boiler-pressure varying from 180 to 225 pounds per square inch, the boilers being exclusively of the fire-tube type and generally with a round top.

For steam distribution on high-speed locomotives, the Stephenson link-motion is largely used, but of late years there has been quite a tendency toward the Walschaert valve-gear. Recent reports from six large railroad systems of the United States show that the latter is more commonly found on the 4-6-2 type, while the former is extensively used on the Atlantic locomotives.

In the opinion of some superintendents of motive power, the Walschaert gear can be commended solely from the standpoint of easy inspection and maintenance, but not for superiority in steam distribution.

The argument is often advanced that as fast locomotives must be run at varying piston speeds, constant-lead valve-gears are not adapted to such service.

The shifting-link gear, though having its faults, readily adapts itself to changing piston-speeds, and from the point of view of steam distribution is far more of a success. As recent statistics show that seventy-five per cent of the American high-speed engines are fitted with the Stephenson gear, it would seem that in this class of work it is not soon to be displaced.

Super-heated steam has not yet become common on our present-day speed-burners, while compounding is fast disappearing, there being a marked tendency toward the simple-expansion engines in districts where fuel is cheap or when the added maintenance cost offsets the gain in compounding.

Fast trains in this country are ordinarily composed of from six to eight cars, and taking the average at seven, each with a loaded weight of 59.5 tons, the average weight behind the locomotive is 416.5 tons.

All of the 4-4-2 type have cylinders varying from 20 to 21 inches in diameter, while those of the 4-6-2 approximate 22

inches. For the 4-4-2, the piston stroke is 26 inches, and 28 inches for the 4-6-2.

The driving-wheels of the two designs vary from 78 to 80 inches in diameter, over the tire, and the weights (locomotive only) are from 180,000 to 190,000 pounds for the 4-4-2, and 262,000 to 266,000 pounds for the 4-6-2 type. The weight on the driving-wheels is from 81,200 pounds to 118,340 for the 4-4-2, and averages 190,000 pounds for the 4-6-2 type.

The Pacific type locomotive has a tender capacity of 1,300 gallons more than the Atlantic, and can handle a train over a third heavier than its rival.

A study of prevailing conditions makes it appear that further developments in high-speed locomotives are not to be looked for. By compounding, more power could be gained and better time, perhaps, made, but as compounding has not seen the same success in this country that it has in Europe, owing to our dislike for over-complicated mechanisms, it is not apt to be tried again. Moreover, railroad officials in this country have found that the ordinary express trains earn more money in proportion to their running expenses than the record-breaking limiteds, a feature that mitigates considerably against faster schedules.

#### Types of European Speed-Burners.

The high-speed locomotives of Europe are about equally divided between the compound and simple-expansion types. Of the compounds, the splendid work of the complicated De Glehn engines of France operated on runs requiring an average speed of sixty miles an hour, easily places it in the front rank of foreign locomotives.

England claims the longest no-stop run in the world. Engines on the Great Western Railroad from Paddington to Plymouth travel 226.5 miles without a single let-up. The Midland Railway follows with a non-stop run of 207 miles. On these British railroads as well as on the French lines, speeds as high as 80 miles are often made on regular runs. The usual arrangement of the locomotive attaining high speeds are the 4-4-0, 4-4-2, 4-6-0, and 4-6-2 types.

The two-cylinder type predominates in England, but few of these locomotives are used in Belgium, Germany, and France. The four-cylinder engines are not all com-



pounds, many of them being simple-expansion, with two of the cylinders placed inside and two outside of the frames.

There are no instances of the cylinders being placed one over the other, or one behind the other, and acting on the same cross-head, as in the Vaucrain or tandem types.

The average diameter of the driving-wheels of these foreign locomotives is found to be about 79 inches; practically the same as that of the driving-wheels used in America.

High boiler pressure is generally maintained, and the use of super-heaters in Europe is becoming popular, though the majority of roads still use wet steam.

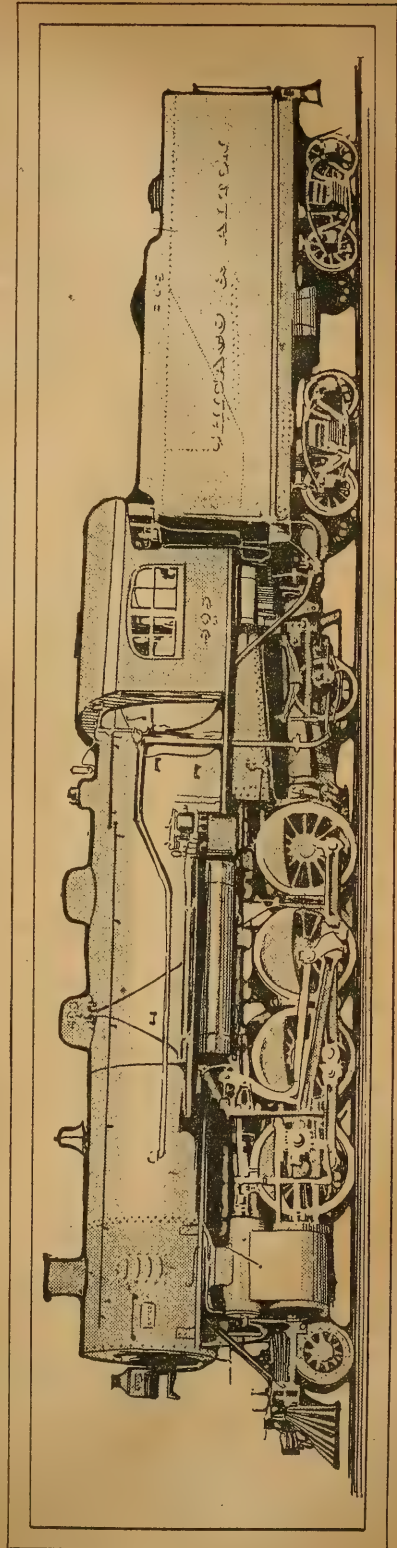
### American Articulated Compound.

Turning for a moment to the new articulated compound, the following description from the bulletin (No. 1,006) published by the American Locomotive Company will show the difference between that company's locomotive—the American articulated compound—and the Mallet. The new American locomotive is an adaptation of the principle of the Mallet engine to American railroad conditions. The basic principle is the same in both, but the construction of the Mallet locomotive has been so modified in the American articulated compound engine to meet the requirements as to make it practically an original design.

The Mallet locomotive, I understand, was first built in small designs. Its introduction was due to the demand for a maximum power within the limit of light rails and narrow-gage track. The introduction of the articulated compound, on the other hand, was due to the necessity of providing locomotives of greater weight and power than could be obtained in existing types without exceeding the loading limits of the rail, and most of the examples of this type in America are locomotives of enormous weight and tractive power.

The only point in common which the American has with the Mallet is that it employs the articulated principle and compounds the steam. In the system of compounding used in the American—the distinctive feature of which is the intercepting valve—is altogether different from that employed on the Mallet. The system of weight equalization differs in the two types of engines, as likewise the construction of the flexible steam-pipe joints.

"An articulated compound locomotive is one having two sets of cylinders, compounded together and driving independent groups of wheels," says the American Locomotive Com-



*Courtesy of the American Locomotive Company.*  
NEW 2-8-2 LOCOMOTIVE BUILT FOR THE CHICAGO AND ALTON FOR HEAVY FREIGHT SERVICE.

pany's bulletin. "The two sets of cylinders are supplied with steam from a single boiler; it is practically two locomotives combined in one, and having one boiler. The rear group of wheels is carried in frames rigidly attached to the boiler in the usual manner; while the frames which carry the front group of wheels are not secured to the boiler, but support it by means of sliding bearings.

"There is a hinged connection between the frames of the front engine and those of the rear engine, about which the former is permitted a limited swing in relation to the latter. It will be seen that the front group is a truck which swivels radially about its articulated connection with the rear group, when the locomotive passes through a curve. It is from this feature that the articulated type of locomotive derives its name.

"Because of the fact that only the rear group of wheels is carried in rigid frames, the articulated type of locomotive provides a short rigid wheel-base capable of passing through curves of short radius. At the same time, the total number of wheels is greater than in the ordinary types of locomotives; and in weight is distributed over a greater number of axles.

"Consequently tractive power may be provided in this type without an excessive weight per wheel on the rail. In an articulated compound locomotive having twice as many driving-wheels as a given locomotive of the rigid-frame type, double the tractive power of the latter is available, with the same weight per driving-wheel on the rail and with no increase in the length of the rigid wheel-base. Or *vice versa*, with the same tractive power in each case, the weight per driving-wheel on the rail of the articulated compound locomotive may, by the use of the proper wheel arrangement, be released to one-half of that of a given locomotive of any of the types in ordinary use.

"The work being divided between two sets of pistons, crank-pins, rods, and driving-axles, an enormous tractive power is obtained in the articulated compound locomotive with practically no increase in the weights of the moving parts over those of a locomotive of the rigid-frame type having half the tractive power; or, with the same tractive power in each case, the moving parts of the articulated locomotive may be made much lighter than those of locomotives of other types.

"In addition to the advantages due to its wheel arrangement, the articulated compound locomotive possesses all those resulting from compounding the steam. This type of compound locomotive is what is known as a two-stage compound; that is, the steam is used successively in two sets of cylinders. Steam from the boiler is admitted to the first set or high-pressure cylinders, which ordinarily drive the rear group of wheels; and, having done work in those cylinders, is then used over again in the second set or low-pressure cylinders, which are connected to the front group of wheels. From the low-pressure cylinders, the steam is exhausted to the atmosphere.

"Between the high and low pressure cylinders and connecting the two is a large pipe called the receiver, into which the steam from the high-pressure cylinders exhausts when the locomotive is working compound. The receiver is simply a reservoir in which the exhaust steam from the high-pressure cylinders is stored until it is required by the low-pressure cylinders. From the receiver, the steam is admitted into the low-pressure cylinders by their valves in the usual manner.

"The low-pressure cylinders have a larger piston area than the high-pressure cylinders, the ratios between the two being such that, at the ordinary working cut-off, the steam at the lower pressure per square inch acting against the larger piston area exerts the same force as the higher pressure steam acting on the smaller area. Consequently, the high and low pressure cylinders, having the same stroke, each set of cylinders ordinarily does practically the same amount of work.

### Six or Seven Expansions.

"By using the steam successively in two sets of cylinders, a greater range of expansion is obtained than in a simple or single expansion locomotive. In other words, the difference between the pressure of the steam entering the high-pressure cylinders and the pressure it has when the exhaust from the low-pressure cylinders opens, is greater than in the case of a simple locomotive.

"In a simple locomotive, the steam is ordinarily expanded only four times, while in a two-stage compound six or seven expansions are obtained. As a result, more work is performed by the same amount of

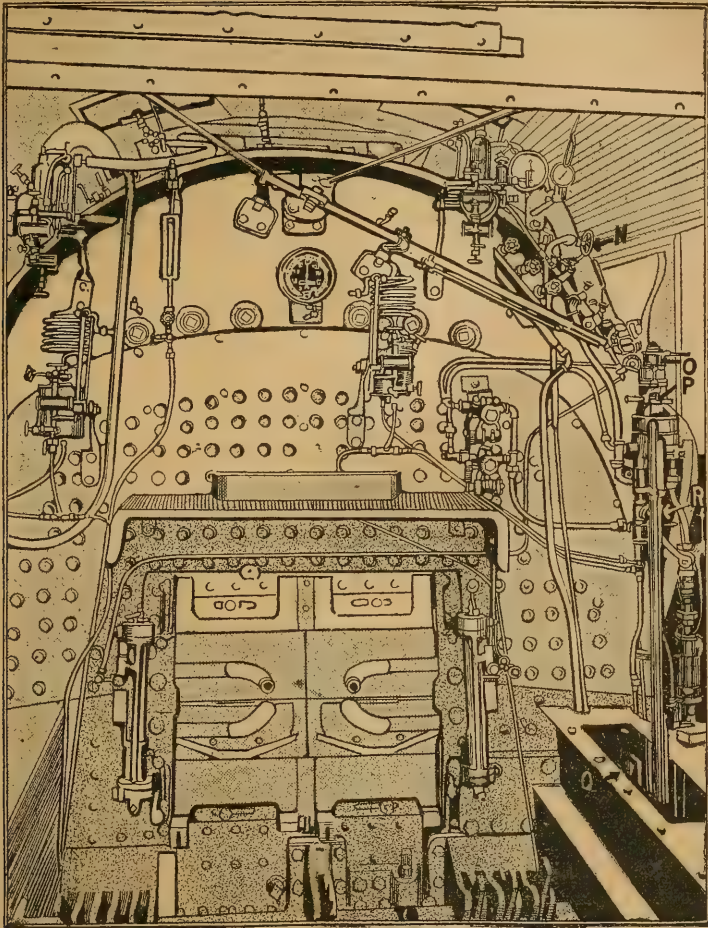


steam in a compound than in a simple locomotive; and a considerable saving in coal and water consumption is thereby effected.

"Moreover, compounding divides the range of temperature between the two sets of cylinders; so that the condensation in the cylinders is reduced, which effects a

made by which, in cases of emergency when additional hauling capacity is required, the locomotive may be changed from working compound into simple with an increase in power.

"In the American articulated compound locomotive, these functions are performed



*Courtesy of the American Locomotive Company.*

INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CAB OF THE AMERICAN ARTICULATED  
COMPOUND LOCOMOTIVE.

- |   |                                      |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| N. Emergency Operating Valve.           | P. Engineer's Automatic Brake Valve. |
| O. Engineer's Straight Air Brake Valve. | Q. Main Reverse Lever.               |
| R. Auxiliary Reverse Lever.             |                                      |

further saving in fuel and water consumption.

"In every compound locomotive, some provision must be made for admitting steam direct from the boiler to the low-pressure cylinders in starting and until the exhaust from the high-pressure cylinders supplies the low-pressure cylinders with steam. Also, provision is usually

by a special mechanism called the intercepting valve, which is located between the receiver and the exhaust passages from the high-pressure cylinders.

"Another device used by other locomotive builders in place of the intercepting valve employed by the American Locomotive Company is an arrangement by which, on opening a valve operated from the cab,

communication is established between the two ends of the high-pressure cylinder through a by-pass pipe, and live steam reduced in pressure by passing through this pipe is admitted to the receiver and so to the low-pressure cylinders.

"With the by-pass arrangement, when the locomotive is working simple live steam is necessarily admitted to both sides of the high-pressure pistons. Consequently, these pistons are very nearly balanced. At the same time, the live steam which is admitted to the low-pressure cylinders is reduced in pressure. The result is that, under these conditions when the locomotive is starting or working simple, all of the work is done by the low-pressure cylinders, and little increase in power is secured.

"In the American Locomotive Company's system of compounding, the intercepting valve is so designed that when the engine is working simple the exhaust from

the high-pressure cylinder passes directly to the atmosphere and the valve cuts off communication between the receiver and the exhaust side of the high-pressure pistons, thus relieving them of back pressure, except that of the steam exhausting.

"Moreover, the live steam from the boiler, reduced to a pressure of somewhat above the ordinary pressure in the receiver, is admitted to the low-pressure cylinder. Hence, the low-pressure pistons are exerting more power than when working compound. This additional power added to that secured in the high-pressure cylinders gives a total increase in power when working simple of about 20 per cent.

"The intercepting valve also automatically regulates the pressure of the live steam entering the receiver when starting and when working simple, keeping it at such a pressure that each of the four cylinders does practically the same amount of work."

## RAILROADS TO FIGHT BOLL-WEEVIL.

**P**RACTICAL steps are being taken by the Southern, the Alabama Great Southern, and the Mobile and Ohio roads to cooperate with the officials of the United States Agricultural Department and the State commissioners of agriculture in advising farmers, in the territory along the lines of these railways, which may eventually be reached by the Mexican cotton boll-weevil, as to the best methods of growing cotton in spite of the presence of that insect.

The experience of the farmers in Texas demonstrates that, by the adoption of proper methods, practically as large yields of cotton can be obtained as before the appearance of the weevil. In most localities in Texas the invasion of the weevil has generally been followed by short crops for two or three years, until the farmers have learned how to deal with the insect.

For the purpose of making the cooperative work of the companies as effective as possible, an

organization has been perfected to be known as the Cotton Culture department of the railroads mentioned, with a view to encouraging the adoption of the most improved methods in advance of the appearance of the weevil. This, it is believed, will have the effect of maintaining the normal production of cotton.

Practical farmers who have had experience in dealing with the boll-weevil will be employed, and will devote their entire time to visiting the farmers along the lines of these railways in localities which may eventually be reached by the weevil, and giving them practical advice as to the best methods of growing cotton under boll-weevil conditions.

Planters and others in these localities who are desirous of availing themselves of the practical advice and assistance of the agents of the department in this matter, are invited to correspond with T. O. Plunkett, general agent, at Chattanooga, Tennessee.—*Railway and Engineering Review.*

## TESTS FOR LOOSE WHEELS.

**A**N accident due to a loose wheel on the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway was recently investigated by the railway department of the Board of Trade, Colonel von Donop, presiding.

It appears that the only records of similar accidents were on the Great Western, and in the report of the L., B. and S. C. accident, the precautions now taken by the Great Western Railway are referred to by way of giving an example of what very high-grade shop practise really is.

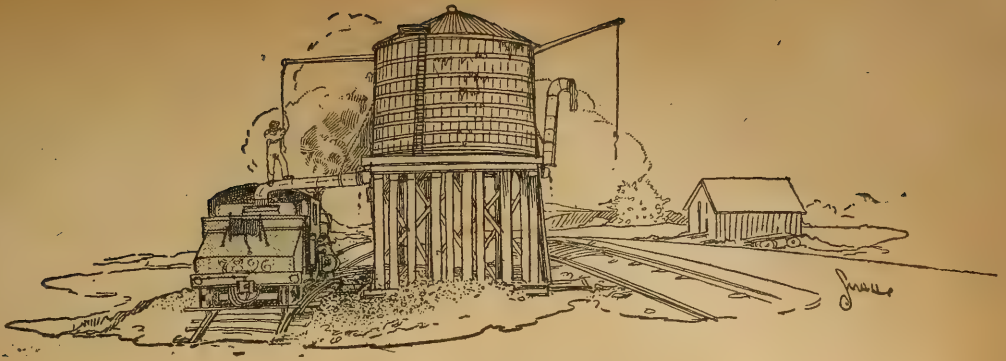
The Great Western people, after pressing a

wheel on the axle, make a practise of applying a back test pressure of fifty tons on all wheels fitted up in the shops.

They also have a tape record of the pressure during the process, which makes an automatic record, and thus any variation or fluctuation in the constant pressure applied is discernible.

The fifty-ton back pressure is applied to see if the wheel can be started after finally home on its seat. The London, Brighton and South Coast Railway have adopted the back pressure test for wheels since the accident.—*Exchange.*





# NOT ON THE BOOKS.

BY HARRY PENCE.

## The Mystery of a Money-Order for \$28.75 Is Solved After Many Years.



HE garrulous man in the corner of the smoking compartment kept up his incessant, uninteresting chatter. The porter was making up the berths. Whenever his swarthy head appeared at the entrance and nodded to one of the unwilling listeners that man promptly retired. Thus the audience dwindled to but one man, who remained so stubbornly silent and heedless of all remarks directed at him that conversation soon waned.

The conductor entered. Taking a seat he began to arrange his tickets. It was a heavy run, and this was his only opportunity to get a line on his cargo.

The talking-machine watched him a moment, evidently somewhat impressed with the dexterity with which he handled the pasteboards, and then blurted out:

"Been with the road long?"

"Twenty-two years," replied the conductor.

"Ever been in a wreck?"

The conductor, pausing in his count, made a pencil notation on a slip of paper.

"Yes, several," he responded pleasantly, for he was a patient man. Then he resumed his task.

"Ever been hurt?"

Intent upon his work, the conductor pretended not to hear, but the relief was only temporary.

"Keeping tab on the company's business, eh?" persisted the torment after a moment of silence.

"Yes, to some extent."

"Got things pretty well systematized, I see. They don't give you a chance to get away with anything."

As this did not seem to demand an answer, none was given.

"It was different in the old days, wasn't it?"

"Yes, very much."

"Yes, I know (a man who was a conductor about twenty years ago. He has not done any work for ten years, and seems to be very well fixed. He says that in his day it was easy to make double salary, and that the company didn't kick if the men didn't dig any deeper than that. Is that a fact?"

The conductor had finished, but had no inclination to continue the discussion.

"I don't know, sir," he said, as he rose.

"In all my experience I never turned in but one false report. That one was enough for me."

He left immediately and did not return until he had made the round of the train. The voluble passenger was then peacefully snoring in his berth, but the silent man remained, quietly smoking.

"Have you a few minutes leisure?" he asked, as the conductor entered.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, take a seat and a cigar, and bear with me as patiently as you can."

The conductor accepted and made himself comfortable.

"I couldn't help hearing what that idiot had to say to you, which didn't amount to much, except that it was tiresome, but your remark when you left interested me very much. Would you mind telling me about it?"

"What do you mean? The short report?"

"Yes."

"Oh, that was a long time ago. I'd rather forget it."

"That's all right. Pardon me. You know, I don't mean to be impudent."

The conductor gazed thoughtfully out into the darkness.

"You know," he said at length, "it was an odd impulse that prompted the remark in the first place. I wondered at it and was thinking about it when you asked me. I don't object to telling you, though I don't know if it will interest you very much. It was on the old C. and G."

"You don't say so? In Tom Byrne's time?"

"Yes, he was the big chief then. Did you know him?"

"Not so well as I did later, though I was with him a great deal during the old C. and G. days."

"Well, in that case, you know one of the biggest and best men who ever lived and—"

"Yes, I come to feel that more and more, now that he's gone."

"That was what I was trying to say. I don't believe there was a detail of the road's affairs that he did not look into personally and get to the very core. I remember once, after switching in the yards a few months, I got a freight run. Twisting brakes was no snap in the days before they put on air.

"I was a mere kid in the service. Byrne had some business up the road, and as there was no passenger out at night, he took our train. He was in the caboose when

I came in, and as soon as I got within range of the one dingy hanging-lamp in the car he said, 'Hallo, Sparks, how do you like your new run?'

"I thought, of course, that the conductor had told him he had a green hand aboard, but later he said he hadn't. It was just Byrne's way."

"Your name is Sparks?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. I remember some of the old C. and G. men, and a mention of Byrne calls up so many memories it takes some time to straighten them all out."

"Yes, thinking about him makes me lose track of my story. Before long I was transferred to No. 17. That was a combination passenger and freight that ran to Mellworth every morning and back at night. It carried five or six cars, a combination baggage and smoker, and one dingy coach, but it did a good business, for it stopped everywhere. I have seen it fill and empty itself three times on the trip.

"It was a most accommodating accommodation. I remember one family that lived half-way between stations. Some member of it was going to town or coming out nearly every day, and we stopped every time we saw a handkerchief or white rag hanging on the gate-post.

"By and by we saved them a great deal of trouble by letting them change the signal, so that they hung it out only as a warning for us not to stop. Maybe you think I'm joking, but it's a fact. On such a run, of course, a good part of the fares and freight charges were paid in cash.

"No. 18 was the same kind of a train, only it arrived in the morning and went out in the afternoon. We passed it at Rutler on both trips. Gresham was conductor of No. 17, and Thompson had charge of No. 18, while Joe Brown sometimes substituted for both of them.

"Joe's brother, Fred, 'braked' for Thompson, and I was with Gresham, but as all of the men lived in town, we switched about a good deal to give the 18's crew a chance to spend more time at home.

"Gresham and Thompson were both old-timers, and stood so well with the main office that I used to wonder why younger fellows were passed right along to some of the best runs on the road, but none of our crew ever complained.

"Well, one day Gresham was sick, and they sent for Joe Brown. Fred appeared



in his stead, and explained that he had induced Joe to work for him for a couple of days. He seemed to take it for granted that he would be just the man to fill the place, and, with an air of importance, went to the telephone.

"I heard him call the main office and could tell that Byrne was at the other end. He explained the situation glibly, when it was evident that he was interrupted by the sudden manner in which he called me to the phone. Byrne was brief and to the point.

"'Sparks,' he said, 'you take out that train and bring it back, and if you put it through all right I'll try to give you a regular one before long.'

"I felt sorry for Fred. His countenance dropped when I told him, but there was no help for it. At the depot, a messenger brought me the old leather pocketbook, full of slips, which Gresham took out every morning and turned in every night. Fred eyed me enviously as I tucked it away.

"At the first stop we took on an old friend of Gresham, who had made the trip a hundred times. I had noticed that on former occasions he always handed Gresham a coin and got back change. He was reading a paper when I came through, and, without looking up, he handed me a half-dollar.

"'It's fifty-five cents to Ware's Station,' I said, holding out my hand for another nickel.

"He looked up in a kind of daze, but seeing a strange face under the cap, muttered something and hurriedly produced the money. Later, I saw Fred stop and talk to him. He looked at me and nodded his head wisely.

"Fred seemed eager to help—more so than I had ever seen him. He was the first man off at every station, and willingly helped in handling and checking up the lighter freight. As I was new to the work and got confused at times, I was thankful for his help, and thought I had made a mistake when I counted eleven barrels rolled off at Rislings when his report and return in cash was for eight.

"He greeted every passenger, especially the regulars, and once, as one of them was climbing up the platform steps, he leaned over and whispered something. The man hesitated, and then turned around and dropped off just as the train started.

"These things impressed me as slightly

queer, but the real surprise awaited me at Rutler. Thompson's jaw dropped when he saw me in charge. He called Joe Brown, and after a hurried consultation they walked over to me with the evident intention of being very friendly. Thompson announced that he would take Fred back with him, and that Joe would go along and help me out.

"Now this somewhat reversed things, for I had often made the trip with Joe in charge, but he was graciousness itself and did not seem to resent being for the time subordinate to a youngster. He soon tipped his hand, however, when, slapping me on the back, he said, 'Well, old man, you'd better let me take the book. I'll look out for it and you can sign the report.'

"'No,' I said. 'Byrne told me to take it out and bring it back, and I'm here to obey orders.'

"'Oh, all right,' he replied snappishly, 'I only wanted to help.'

"I felt mean about this, but did not see how I could do anything else. We didn't refer to the matter again till we unloaded and pulled onto the siding at Mellworth.

"Then he insisted that I go over to Hogarty's for a glass of beer. I laid the book on the table as we sat down. He took it up and looked it all over carefully. Then he sized me up for a full minute.

"'Now, see here, George,' he said. 'There's no use beating about the bush. You simply can't let this go in this way. It would be a dead give-away for all of us. You ought to know that Gresham and Thompson have been making a good thing out of this run for a long time. When I first subbed for them, I got wise and dropped into line.'

"'You don't want to hurt them, but if you turn in this report, it's discharge for them and for me, too. They're pretty popular fellows, and have friends that'll make it hot for you if anything happens.'

"I told him I didn't see how I could help, but he kept on arguing and threatening until I left him to get my dinner. About half past twelve I saw him enter the local telegraph office, and knew, of course, that it was to get word to Thompson, who would soon pass it on to his friend Gresham.

"That trip back was a torture. I kept the strictest tab on everything, while Brown sulked and pouted. On the platform at Rutler, he and Thompson came to me.

They kept me busy during the whole stop, arguing over the matter; Brown angry and vehement, Thompson calm, persuasive, but no less earnest.

"Well, what about it?" they demanded, after eight minutes wrangling.

"I shook my head.

"Boys," I said, "I am sorry, but I didn't start this game and I won't have anything to do with it. I'm sorry, but I can't help you."

"With that I left them. Muttering bitterly under his breath, Brown followed me to the train. I got a peep at Thompson as we pulled out, but from the expression of his face you could not have guessed that anything unusual was in the air. After his first surprise in the morning, he seemed prepared for anything, and never lost his temper.

"As soon as we got under way, desiring to be alone, I went into the baggage-car. Then it was my turn to be surprised. Propped up in a chair, pale and agitated, was Gresham. Sick as he was, Thompson had got him out and brought him up on 18. He was a pitiable object.

"He recognized me and tried to smile. It made my heart ache to see him.

"George," he said, and his voice was weak and husky, "haven't I always treated you right?"

"I certainly had to admit that he had, for he was a considerate man to work under, and I always liked him.

"Well, George," he went on as soon as he had strength, "you have it in your power to ruin me. I am sick—really sick—and though I can't deny that I have made pretty free with the company's money, it has done me very little good.

"There is very little of it left, and more than once I have regretted that I ever fell into the habit. Now, if you'll stand by us this time, I'll see that Thompson and I let up. You'll be doing a favor to the company as well as us."

"Well, I hate to go over it all. I wouldn't give in so long as they had threatened and blustered, but when this sick man,

whom I had known and liked for years, sat there begging me not to ruin him—well, I couldn't stand the combination. I weakened and called Brown.

"We made out a new trip-sheet representing about one-half of the actual cash business. I signed this and turned it in. Then I went up to Byrne's office and asked him to put Brown on the run.

"Why, don't you like the work?" he asked.

"I told him I did, but that the responsibility was heavy, and I was afraid of losing my head and getting things badly mixed.

"He smiled rather strangely and said he would humor me. I never understood why, a month later, he gave me one of the best runs on the road."

"Maybe I can tell you," replied the passenger, whose interest had increased as the narrative progressed. "What did you do with the rake-off?"

"Oh, why—that doesn't matter."

"How much was it?"

"Twenty-eight dollars and seventy-five cents."

"Well, maybe I can tell you what became of it."

It was the conductor's turn to be curious.

"Yes. I was Byrne's secretary at the time. He knew Gresham and Thompson were holding out, but said that their successors would do the same. As they were good trainmen, he let them stay. He said it was the fault of the system, so, gradually, he changed the system.

"I don't remember your report, but I do remember a money-order for twenty-eight dollars and seventy-five cents purporting to have been sent by one Wesley James, for freight charges of which we could find no record.

"The old man puzzled over it for several hours. A few days later he said to me: 'Well, I've found out about it. Sparks is a good fellow and didn't want to give his friends away, so he made his report in instalments. Put him on the preferred list for promotion.'"

**You may think you earn more than the boss, but it's the boss you'll have to convince of it—then he'll fire you. Work—and quit fooling yourself.—The Bridge Builders' Bulletins.**



# The Sunny Side of the Track.

If You Think the Railroad Is Shrouded in the Seriousness of Hard Work,  
Look at These Rifts Where the Sun of Humor  
Shines Through.

## THAT WAS BEFORE.

"WHEN we were first married he kissed me every time the train went through a tunnel."

"Doesn't he do it now?"

"No, he takes a drink."—*The Arkansas Traveler.*

## HIS REASON.

"I WANT a pass."

"Pass? You're not entitled to a pass. You are not an employee. Sorry."

"No, but here the anti-pass law says free transportation can be granted to 'necessary caretakers of live stock, poultry, and fruit.' Well, I'm going on this trip with an aunt that's a hen—there's your poultry; a girl that's a peach—there's your fruit; and a nephew that's a mule—there's your live stock. Gimme a pass."—*Erie Employee's Magazine.*

## HIS BURST OF GENEROSITY.

IN one of the through trunk lines, a Pullman sleeper on a west-bound train was very crowded, and preparations for the night were in progress. Puffing and blowing, the fat passenger began to climb to the upper berth in the sleeping-car.

"Pretty hard work, isn't it?" said the man in the lower berth.

"It is," answered the fat passenger, "for a man of my weight."

"How much do you weigh, may I ask?"

"Three hundred and eighty-seven pounds."

"Hold on. Take this berth," exclaimed the other, his hair beginning to stand on end. "Do you know I'd rather sleep in the upper berth, anyway. I believe the ventilation is better."—*Exchange.*

## HE HADN'T TIME.

A PARTY of surveyors were surveying along the road that ran past Farmer Brown's farm. Brown came out and watched them attentively for some time without speaking. At

length his curiosity got the best of him and he asked: "What might you be surveying for?"

"A railroad," answered the engineer.

"That so; and which direction is it goin' to run?"

The engineer, thinking to have a little fun with the old fellow by getting him into an argument, pointed at his barn and answered:

"Right through the middle of that barn."

The old fellow jumped up excitedly and exclaimed:

"Well, I be gol darned if I'm goin' to stand here and open that barn-door every time the train goes through."—*Exchange.*

## A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK.

SHE: "Did you know Jimpson's daughter—Jimpson, who used to be an engineer on the Santa Fe? Yes? Well, she was presented at court last month over in England, and they say she acquitted herself nobly, handled her train well, and all that."

He: "Well, why not? It's inherited. Why shouldn't she handle her train well? Her dad was one of the best engineers on the road."—*Exchange.*

## BADLY MIXED.

SOME passengers were waiting at a way-station in Vermont for the train to Burlington.

"What kind of a train is this?" asked one of them of the busy station-master.

"Oh, freight and passenger together."

"Mixed, eh?"

"Worse than that," said the station-master. "It's what you might call scrambled."—*North-western Bulletin.*

## WESTERN COURTESY.

THE two men who had been sitting near the door of the car became engaged in an animated controversy, and their loud voices attracted the attention of all the other passengers. Suddenly one of them rose up and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you to

decide a disputed point. My friend here insists that not more than three persons out of five believe they have souls. I take a more cheerful view of humanity than that. Will all of you who believe you have souls, raise your right hands?"

Every right hand in the car went up.

"Thank you," he said, with a smile. "Keep them up just a moment. Now, all of you who believe in a hereafter please raise your left hand also?"

Every left hand in the car went up.

"Thank you again," he said. "Now, while all of you have your hands raised," he continued, drawing a pair of revolvers and leveling them, "my friend here will go down the aisle and relieve you of whatever valuables you may happen to have."—*Express Gazette*.

### HE HAD HIS DAMAGES.

IN a trolley accident in New England, an Irishman was badly hurt. The next day a lawyer called on him and asked him if he intended to sue the company for damages.

"Damages?" said Pat, looking feebly over his bandages.

"Sure, I have thim already. I'd loike to sue the railway for repairs, sor, av ye'll take the case."—*Santa Fe Employees' Magazine*.

### IT AFFECTED HIS NERVES.

A RATHER seedy-looking man hurried excitedly from the rear coach into the smoking compartment of the Pullman.

"Has any one got any whisky?" he shrilly inquired. "A lady back there has fainted."

Half a dozen flasks were offered instantly. Seizing one, he looked at it critically, uncorked it, put it to his lips and took a long, lingering pull.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, with gusto, "I feel better now. Seeing a woman faint always did upset me."—*Exchange*.

### TIT FOR TAT.

RAILWAY official: "Smoking's not allowed in this room, sir. You'll have to go."

Mr. McFinigan: "I'm not shmokin', sir."

Railway official: "But you have your pipe in your mouth, sir."

Mr. McFinigan: "Yis; an' I have me fut in me boot, but I'm not walkin'."—*Exchange*.

### WHY HE ASKED.

THEY were on their wedding-tour, and imagined that every civility given them related to their new condition of servitude.

Having stopped off at a way-station, the bridegroom was approached by the station-agent, who asked:

"Are you going to take the next train?"

"It's none of your business," retorted the bride-

groom, indignantly, as he guided the bride up the platform where they condoled with each other over the impertinence of some of the natives.

Onward came the train, its vapor curling from afar. It was the last to their destination that day—an express. Nearer and nearer it came at full speed, then in a moment it whizzed past and was gone.

"Why in thunder didn't that train stop?" yelled the bridegroom.

"Cos you said 'twarn't none of my bizness. I has to signal if that train's to stop."—*Exchange*.

### ONCE WAS ENOUGH.

HOW often does your road kill a man?" asked a facetious traveling salesman of a Central Branch conductor the other day.

"Just once," replied the conductor sourly.—*Kansas City Journal*.

### TWO WOMEN.

JUST as the fast train was leaving Minneapolis for the East, two women, one of them bearing a small parcel, dashed madly toward the gates.

"Is that the Chicago train?" they cried.

"It is."

"Stop it! Oh, stop it!" begged the women. "Oh, it must be stopp'd!"

A crowd of university boys was at the station waiting for the football team to arrive. Gallantly they took up the cry and it turned into a yell, "Stop the train! Stop the train! Stop the train!"

The conductor came out on the observation-platform; the station was in an uproar, and the two women were running toward the train.

The conductor seized the bell-rope and yanked it. The train stopped and began to back in, slowly, while a woman appeared on the observation-platform.

The two women rushed to the car. One of them handed up a box of candy to the passenger. She leaned down and kissed both the other women good-by.

"Now," said the late-comers, "the train can go. Good-by, dearie."—*Chicago American*.

### SEVERELY PROPER.

A BOSTON girl the other day said to a Southern friend who was visiting her, as two men rose in a car to give them seats, "Oh, I wish they would not do it!"

"Why not? I think it is very nice of them," said her friend, settling herself comfortably.

"Yes, but one cannot thank them, you know, and it is so awkward."

"Can't thank them! Why not?"

"Why, you would not speak to a strange man, would you?" said the Boston maiden, to the astonishment of her Southern friend.—*Exchange*.



# Famous Freak Railroads.

BY JACK SILVERTON.

**T**HAT peculiar trait of humanity which prompts one to do something out of the ordinary lies at the bottom of most of the improvements that have been made in the material things of life. At the same time, it is responsible for many queer and freakish inventions—some of which have been so ludicrous as to make one marvel that a dollar could be raised to exploit them. As a rule, the more important an invention or device, the more it is made a target for cranks. The railroad furnishes a number of illustrations of this statement. No other creation, perhaps, has been beset with so many queer and unworkable ideas.

## Queer Railroad Conceptions that Baffled Common Sense and Dissipated Fortunes, and Others that Worked Smoothly and Made Money for Their Owners.



**T**HE German government, in 1907, purchased of a New York professor, Albert C. Albertson, the world patents of a "magneto-railway." Professor Albertson was also required to give bonds that he would not invent, or attempt to invent, anything that infringed on the main principle of the railway. This principle was a curious one. The track is somewhat elevated. From the coaches and motor, arms of wood and metal descend and curve under the rails. The lower parts of these arms are faced with electromagnets that turn upward toward the under sides of the rails.

These magnets can be charged either from a small dynamo carried on the train, or from the driving current itself, if an electro-motor is used. Now, when the magnets are in action, they naturally pull upward to the rails, at the same time lifting the cars with them. By regulating the pull of the magnets in accordance with the load carried, the weight of the cars can be reduced to a minimum.

This means that there is a nominal wear and tear on the right-of-way; that the

horse-power of the locomotive or motor can be greatly reduced; that the speed can be increased. It is said that the Germans intend using the device for conveying ammunition and supplies to the front in case of war.

Some years ago a genius in South Dakota gave to a wondering world what he called the gravity-flume railroad. Here, again, it was a case of a prophet, or, rather, an inventor, not having honor in his own country. The inventor, after trying to interest his countrymen, went to England, where he managed to get a working model built. After that, there is silence.

The gravity-flume line was built on a series of pillars that were moved up and down by steam power. As they so moved, they elevated or depressed the track, in accordance with the position of the train.

The main idea of the device was to always have the track behind the cars rising upward by means of the pillars, so that the former were sent forward by gravity, inasmuch as they were perpetually running down-hill.

After the cars had passed a given point the track, by an operation of the pillars,

became motionless again until the coming of the next train. The pillar mostly concerned for the moment was set in motion by a device actuated by the train itself.

But this was by no means all. The track was flume-shaped, and made of sheet-iron so riveted that it was flexible to a certain degree.

The cars were without wheels, and had flat bottoms that fitted into the flume. A shallow current of water ran through the flume at irregular intervals, on which the cars "floated." Given the water and the moving pillars, the cars shot ahead smoothly and swiftly—in theory, at least. But, alas! after the building of the model, nothing more seems to have been heard of the invention.

A freak railroad of a totally different type is owned by Percival Heywood, a wealthy Englishman. The line runs through his estate at Duffield Hall, South Derbyshire. It is about a mile long, and includes every kind of difficulty or problem that a railroad engineer is called upon to face. Such difficulties are, of course, made to order, and they are in miniature also; but they are none the less faithful to the facts for all that.

There are curves in plenty, embankments, cuttings, bridges, a viaduct twenty-five feet in height, a tunnel hewn out of the solid rock, points, crossings, clear stretches, and many tiny stations. The gage of the road is fifteen inches. Mr. Heywood runs the road for fun.

### Lilliputian Roads.

There is a real carrying line in East Frisia, Germany, which is five miles long, two and a half feet in breadth, and has a weekly pay-roll of about \$22.50. The rolling-stock consists of two engines, three coaches, four trucks, and two vans. The staff, all told, is made up of one driver, one fireman, one guard, and one plate-layer. The engines weigh seven tons each. Seven cents is the fare for a ride from one end of the road to the other. There is passenger and produce traffic, and the financial condition of the line is said to be satisfactory.

Still another Lilliputian railroad is the terraced line that runs between Bala and Festiniog, Wales. It has a gage of one foot eleven and one-half inches, covers about two miles, and does a paying passenger business.

The railroad that exists within the boundaries of Woolwich Arsenal, England, furnishes a curious example of the conservative nature of the British. It is nineteen miles long, and fills an important place in the economy of the great establishment. But the driver and the fireman of every engine still have to alight to set the points, and sometimes to apply the breaks. It was so in the old times, and none of the officials seem to have thought it advisable to bring about a change of methods.

### Coney Island's Bicycle Road.

Probably one of the freak roads best known to the public is the bicycle railroad, by reason of its having been seen in action in two or three places in this country. It was not so long ago that the last remnants of the Boynton bicycle railroad were removed from the stretch of land that lies between the western part of Gravesend and Coney Island. The invention was precisely what its name implied; a locomotive and cars fitted with wheels *à la* bicycle.

The length of the Coney Island road was over a mile, and on one occasion the writer, with some friends, covered the distance in what was alleged to be half a minute. But the idea didn't seem to strike the traveling public or the "angels," and so it flickered out. The gyroscope-train, it is true, runs on a monorail, but its underlying principle is vastly different to that of the Boynton invention.

People in search of thrills can be accommodated by several roads now running. Take the Pike's Peak line, for example. The engine and car, with the assistance of a cog-wheel arrangement, crawl up the side of the mountain that assumes a shivery angle in a good many places. There is absolutely no danger, however, and the ride is wonderful.

On the other side of the Atlantic these thrillers are pretty numerous. The line over Mont Cenis includes a good many startling inclines. The Lickey incline, on the Birmingham and Gloucester branch of the Midland Railway, is the steepest in England with one exception. The guide-books describe it as "safe but nerve-trying."

Mont Pilatus, near Lucerne, Switzerland, is ascended by a road that is about as steep as can be well imagined. Here, again, the cog-wheel principle has made good, much to the comfort of thousands of tour-



ists that prefer to do their mountaineering in a comfortable car.

But, for real sensation, the line up the side of Vesuvius is unapproachable. It is decidedly steep, in the first place, and the region through which it passes suggests that you are running over the top of an uneasy and boiling caldron. There is steam and sulfurous odors, and, very likely, sounds of a disturbing sort. In certain parts of the line a thick wall has been built "to protect the tourists from sudden advents of lava," as the guide-books have it.

Last of all, where the road ends abruptly, there are pillars of smoke, perhaps tongues of flame and subterranean mutterings and grumblings. What more could the sensation-loving visitor desire?

### This Is the Shortest Road.

The late Sir George Nêwnes, the publisher, was the proprietor of the steepest and shortest road in the world. It connects Lynton and Lynmouth, Devonshire, England, and cuts through a cliff for the greater part of length, which is only nine hundred feet. The rails, which are bolted into the solid rock, have an incline of one foot in one three-quarter feet! The cog-wheel system is used in connection with its operation.

In West Somerset, England, about twelve miles back from the sea, is a range of high land known as the Brendon Hills. Just fifty years ago rich iron ore was discovered on the tops of these hills, and a line was constructed from their base to the little port of Watchet, for the purpose of conveying the ore to small schooners, and thence to Cardiff, Wales, there to be smelted.

From the foot to the top of the hills an incline about a mile in length was constructed that, in point of length and steepness, was a rival to the Lickey incline. Flat cars were drawn up the slope by a steel rope, and it was considered a fairly plucky feat to squat in the bottom of one of these cars and be speeded to the top.

One day it was discovered that the same kind of ore could be bought much cheaper in Spain, so the mines and the line were abandoned. So, too, was the village of Brendon, near the mines, and one or two hamlets at the foot of the hills. To-day the right-of-way is rusting, and the rolling-stock has either been removed or is lying around, the sport of the elements.

Fifty years ago the Great Southern and Western Railroad of Ireland undertook to operate a road from Birr to Parsonstown. Part of the needed funds were supplied by the parent road, part by local subscribers, and still another portion by the Parsonstown board of works. The new line was a failure, and when the lease of the G. S. and W. expired in 1873, it was not renewed.

The board of works then stepped in with claims against the property. So did the local tax-gatherers. So did some of the private subscribers. A legal tangle ensued, and nobody seemed to quite know to whom the remnants of the road belonged. The population roundabout realized the situation, and began to make the best of it.

A system of plunder was begun, and so thoroughly carried out that by the year 1885 practically nothing of the road remained except its memory.

Everybody who lived in the neighborhood appears to have taken a hand in assisting the road to disappear. Points, signals, rails, signal-cabins, turn-tables, gates, bridges, station buildings, sleepers, in fact everything, vanished.

### The After-Dinner "Limited."

There is a road that is given to conviviality. It is known as "The Wine and Cigars Transportation Service," and was built for its present owner by the firm of W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co.

The line is sixty-six inches in length, or, rather, oval. It has an engine, tender, and four coaches. The first of these is a correct model of the locomotives used by the Great Western Railroad of England. It is made of silver-plated sheet brass.

The coaches are of wood, with brass mounting, and the wheels and axles of brass. The track has silver-plated rails resting on mahogany sleepers. The rails fish-plates, etc., are accurate models of the real things. The gage is three and one-half inches. The right-of-way can be laid in fifteen minutes. The train can cover the full distance in a few seconds.

This interesting little road is used on the dining table of the owner when the time comes for coffee and cigars. The last coach, which is open at the top, is loaded with fifty cigars. The other three carry each a cut-glass decanter. The train is operated by an electric current that is controlled by a switch handled by the host.

# BLANCHARD THE BOOMER.

BY H. M. LOME.

## The Camera May Not Have Unlocked the Trouble, but It Got All the Blame.

**M**R. BEN BLANCHARD was a small, chubby man, with baby-stare eyes and an infantile smile. He called himself a community-promoter. This, as must be admitted, was a more taking-title than that of land-boomer, especially when much of the land so boomed was productive of little else than sand-burrs, sage-brush, cacti, jack-rabbits, and a fair sprinkling of rattlesnakes.

That is by the way, however. If you make inquiries among his Eastern friends—especially in Montague Street, Brooklyn—you will gather some picturesque estimates of Mr. Blanchard's business abilities. Financial persons of Brooklyn pride themselves on being possessed of a certain Yankee shrewdness which steers them clear of the wiles of the average schemer.

Apart from that, no man is considered reliable until he has been properly introduced by an old Brooklynite. This once done, he is established in their confidence.

Now, Ben Blanchard managed to make his entry into Montague Street under the auspices of a certain Brooklynite of ancient and honorable lineage. Through the introduction thus afforded him, the community-promoter made a number of acquaintances of a highly beneficial sort.

Among the communities which Blanchard had brought into being were a couple in western Kansas. At various points farther west he was in touch with other promoters to whom he introduced "good things" from the East, receiving in return a percentage of the ensuing plunder.

Once a year he was accustomed to issue invitations for a Western trip to a dozen or twenty of the rich and "easy" people

whom he met in the East. The junket was done in fine style. A special car with attendants was provided, the food was excellent, at Topeka and the stopping-places beyond the local boards of trade did honor to the distinguished visitors, and so did the local newspapers to the extent of many columns.

During the very last trip engineered by Blanchard I acted as "historian"—to use the Blanchardian term. In reality, I was his press-agent. Thus it was that he happened to have a certain experience with railroad superstition.

The party, after visiting Denver and Manitou, was on its way east. At Pueblo, one afternoon, there was a change of engines, and, as it subsequently turned out, the engineer had orders to "let her lick" across the prairie so as to show the Eastern gentry that there was nothing slow about that particular section.

An old-time 'dobe house, not far from the depot, had excited the interest of some of the party, and while awaiting their return the writer walked up the platform, carrying a kodak of goodly proportions. Jim Dell, the engineer—tall, lank, and sunburnt to the hue of an Indian, with oil-can in hand—was just getting into the cab. His fireman followed, wiping his fingers in a clout of greasy waste. The camera was made ready for action.

Dell wheeled sharply as the bellows-catch of the camera clicked. Then he frowned at the instrument and its owner.

"You're sure thinkin' of gettin' a picture of this here machine?"

I said that was my plan.

"And of me and my pardner?"

I nodded.

"Well, I'm saying this, I am. The ma-



chine can't get away from you, I s'pose. But I'll be durned if you get my face or Bill's inside that contraption. Why? For reasons—good reasons! I've never had my picture took yet by one of them black boxes that was owned by a passenger but what trouble of several sorts followed. Ain't that the truth, Bill?"

Bill grunted assent.

Then the pair clambered hastily into the cab, and even as they did so the bulb was pressed, and a good negative of two greasy rear-façades was secured.

Dell followed instructions in the matter of speed, as a roaring, swirling wake of dust and dried cactus attested. But the going was too good to last.

Whether the hoodoo in the "black box" bestirred itself, or whether Bill got too busy with the fire-shovel, the narrator knoweth not. The fact remains, however, that less than fifty miles from the starting-point the engine and the car came to a jagged halt.

As the camera registered a record of the wreck, Jim and his helper cursed Eastern

dudes whose hoodoos worked mischief with Western locomotives.

It was three hours before Pueblo furnished another engine that, even to the lay eye, looked grouchy and superannuated.

"It's that confounded old highbinder, No. 5," Jim was heard to mutter as the fresh engine wheezed into sight over a roll of the prairie. "Hear the durned bron-i-cal lungs of her."

Anyhow, No. 5 was coupled up, and Jim and his helper proceeded to throw it into her for all that they were worth, and a trifle more than she was. Thirty miles had not been covered, when the car seemed to turn itself into an aeroplane for a sickening second or so, came back down on the rails with a spine-jarring thud, and then stopped with a suddenness that threw people and things in unstudied heaps throughout its length. Luckily the camera was unhurt.

Naturally everybody made for the doors. A few left by the windows. The cause of the unscheduled stop was plain. No. 5 had snapped her driving-rod near the middle,



"I'LL BE DURNED IF YOU GET MY FACE OR BILL'S INSIDE THAT CONTRAPTION."

and it had smashed the cab to fragments. Bill and Jim had apparently vanished into thin air. The wreck was striking, and even picturesque, so the camera was made ready.

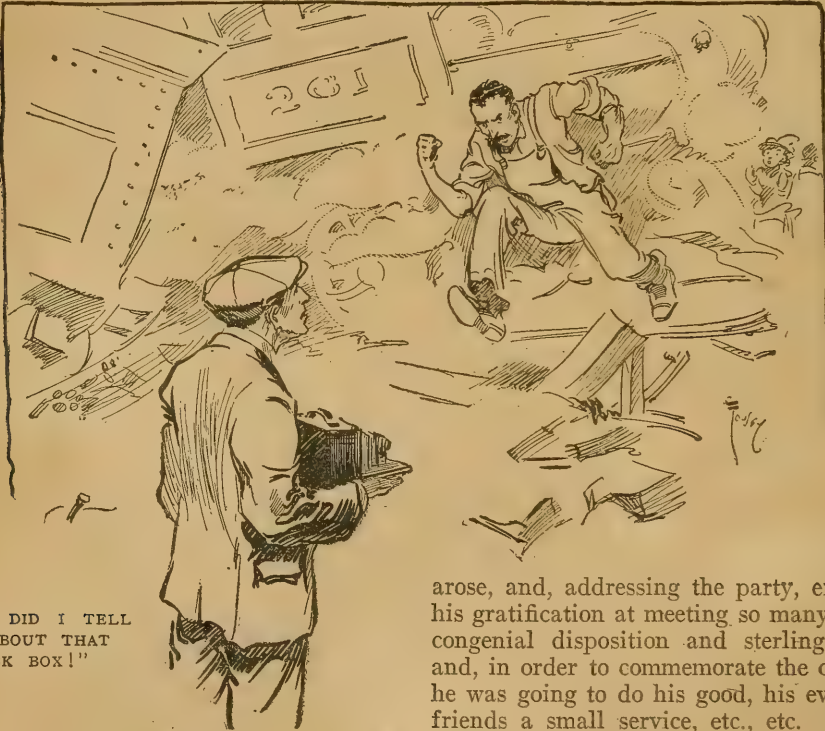
Then we were all made conscious of a gaunt, black, and blood-covered apparition arising from a near-by clump of sage-brush, swearing horribly, and picking burrs from out its cheeks and hands. It was Jim disguised in his gore and the grime of the accident. He lifted up his voice and yelled.

"What did I tell you about that black box? I tell ye all," went on Jim, addressing the tourists collectively in a roar, "if

jolery, and entreaty before Jim gave consent for the camera to travel behind him, and when he left us at South Hutchinson, Kansas, he wore an evident look of relief.

But that was not the whole or the end of the hoodoo. On the way to Kansas City one of the party let a valuable gold watch slide out of an open window. At St. Louis it was discovered that a flange of the car-wheel had suddenly worn as thin as cardboard, and that a bad accident had been narrowly averted.

Before this, when on the home-stretch between Buffalo and New York, Blanchard



"WHAT DID I TELL  
YOU ABOUT THAT  
BLACK BOX!"

that there box has a berth on the car ag'in I don't drive no engine in front of it!"

"You hear him," snortingly supplemented Bill, who now appeared from the other side of the engine. He had evidently fallen face downward into a clump of cacti, and the spines in his nose and lips made him speak snuffingly.

"And," added Bill, shooting a malevolent glance at the camera-owner, "if I had my way there'd be a certain fool party left behind on the prairie in company with his fool machine."

It took much persuasion, argument, ca-

arose, and, addressing the party, expressed his gratification at meeting so many men of congenial disposition and sterling worth; and, in order to commemorate the occasion, he was going to do his good, his ever dear, friends a small service, etc., etc. He was going to let them in on a little deal which he had intended to keep all to himself, but which, on second thoughts, he had determined to share with those whose friendship he had learned to, etc., etc. Every man bit.

Six months later I met a member of the party on Broadway.

"Say," said he, "have you still got that camera of yours?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. But I begin to believe in Jim and his superstitions. Maybe if the camera hadn't brought bad luck on board, myself and the other idiots wouldn't have lost large sums to Blanchard."



# Bill's Yellow-Fever Run.

BY SAM HENRY.

**THE TRUE STORY SERIES.** A mail train has to make a run across the State border to a town seventy-two miles distant and return before midnight, at which time, owing to a yellow-fever quarantine, the draw over a certain river would be turned and no traffic allowed to enter the county. The train left on its trip at 9.15 P.M., having before it the stupendous task of crossing two trestles, blocking six grades, unloading mail, taking on oil and water, and returning over the same ground, all by twelve o'clock. It arrived at its destination at 10.40 and started upon the return trip at 10.48, traveling part of the time at the rate of more than a mile a minute.

## TRUE STORY, NUMBER FIFTY-FIVE.

**The Boys Back in the Mail Car Were Wondering Most of the Time if No. 9 Would Make the Trip Without Leaving the Rails.**

**I**F you talk to the boys of the Southern Pacific you will be told of some remarkably fast runs which were made on that line. And he who tells the story will start his narrative by saying: "It equaled Bill's yellow-fever run."

If there is anything that gives railroad men a nightmare it is trying to operate trains during yellow-fever epidemics. One county quarantines against another; one village against another; others will have no quarantine restrictions at all; the company will receive instructions from a county that no trains will be allowed to stop there; then, in a day or so, the restrictions will be removed.

There is no limit to the authority of the county and village health boards, and at the rate they tie and untie traffic, they seem to be panic-stricken.

It was six years ago when I was up against the real thing. It was almost impossible to move a train because the company could not get men who had been in a given place long enough to be allowed to enter or pass through another county.

Between New Orleans and the Texas State line, the Southern Pacific had cut the service from four daily trains to one, each way, and it was not an easy matter to maintain even this service, operated merely to deliver mail and to give quick relief in expressing food.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** All the stories published in this TRUE STORY SERIES have been carefully verified by application to officers or employees of the roads or companies concerned who are in a position to be acquainted with the facts. Contributors should give us the names of responsible persons to whom we may apply for such verification, in order that fruitless inquiries may be avoided. This condition does not imply any lack of confidence in the veracity of our contributors, but is imposed merely to give greater weight and authenticity to the stories.

Series began in the October, 1906, Railroad Man's Magazine. Single copies, 10 cents.

There were few passengers because it was difficult to tell when quarantine officers would board the train with restrictions against the locality from which the travelers might come.

All the passenger crews between Lafayette and Houston had been caught on the Texas side except one, and this crew doubled the road daily from Lafayette to the Texas State line.

Bill, the engineer, was what we call a "goer." Whenever he was late or received his train late, he did not use the whole division to make up the lost time, but pounded his engine until the time was gained. He didn't believe in wasting steam making long whistles for blind sidings, but gave a little startling puff and kept going.

To Bill, all track was first-class unless there were special orders, or signals out. On the date that this particular run of which I am writing was made, we arrived at Mermentau, the county line of Calcasieu County, which flew quarantine signals. No one was allowed to get off in this county, and any one coming east of Lafayette could not so much as pass through.

### The Draw Would Be Turned.

We arrived at Mermentau at 8.30 P.M. The health board had just passed new restrictions that the draw over Mermentau River would be turned and no traffic allowed in the county after twelve o'clock, but the railroad company was trying to get an extension of time so as to allow our train and crew to return the next morning.

We had about thirty thousand pounds of mail aboard which we were scheduled to deliver at the Texas State line. There was time in which to make the required trip, but in order to maintain the service between Lafayette and Mermentau our crew would have to be at the latter place.

Bill suggested that our train be cut down to a coach for the crew and the mail-car, and he assured his listeners that he would have us there and back before twelve o'clock, the time set for the enforcement of the new restrictions.

No one thought it could be done, as it was then about nine o'clock and we would have to cover a distance of a fraction over one hundred and forty miles, flag six railroad crossings, take oil and water, cross four trestles of two miles each, with slow

signals over them, allow time to unload our mail, go round the Wye at the State line and return.

However, we made ready for the trip as quickly as possible. Just before starting, I heard Bill tell one of the express messengers, who was left behind, to have a bottle of "nervine" ready for the four mail-clerks upon their return. "We will be back by 11.57, not later than 11.58," he said.

### Maintaining High Speed.

By a quick mental calculation we knew that to make this run we would have to maintain a speed of seventy miles an hour. Our engine was a very large one with 74-inch drivers. We got our signal at 9.15 P.M. On the start we could scarcely keep our feet. It seemed as if the car was pulling right from under us.

We stopped at Jennings, threw off eight hundred pounds of mail; slowed down at Welsh, Louisiana; flagged Watkins Crossing; stopped five minutes at Lake Charles water-tank for oil and water; three minutes at Lake Charles, threw off two thousand pounds mail; flagged K.C.S. crossing; were three minutes crossing Calcasieu trestle and flagged Lock-Moore crossing.

At Edgerly, where there is a slight curve—so slight that a speed of forty or fifty miles an hour is not noticeable—one of the boys was getting a drink, holding to the cooler, which was tightly fastened. The swing was so sudden that he jerked the cooler loose and with it struck the opposite side of the car, breaking out a window light.

We passed Sulphur so fast that the operator there had called up his old friend at Vinton, the station beyond Edgerly, and told him to look out for No. 9, saying, "She's going like a meteor."

Vinton replied, "I see her headlight now coming round the curve at Edgerly, five miles away. There's an awful cloud of dust and a sudden roar outside like a storm coming up. No, I don't see No. 9's headlight any more."

### The Operator Convinced.

About that time he heard the operator at the State line reporting No. 9 in sight. He went outside and found the night clear and still, the mail-sacks we had dropped,



and a yearling thrown up on a five-foot platform and mashed flat against the depot. All this convinced him that No. 9 had passed.

He jestingly called up the operator at the State line and asked to be told when we started back that he might go out in the prairie and view us from a distance, then, perhaps, he would be able to report us when we passed.

We arrived at the State line at 10.40 P.M. While we were unloading, Bill went round the Wye and coupled on. We were ready to start back at 10.48 P.M., with seventy-two minutes left in which to make the seventy miles. There were two long trestles to cross. Going over them, we could not make over eighteen miles an hour. There were also three railroad crossings to flag.

Before we started on the return trip, I heard the conductor tell Bill that the post-office people at Lake Charles wanted us to stop there one minute so they could clean out that office, as there was no telling how long the tie-up would last.

The conductor said, "I have told them we cannot do it, and they are trying now to get a five-minutes respite on the turn of that draw so that we can stop."

Bill replied: "Tell 'em to have their mail at the depot in about twenty-five minutes. We'll stop. We don't need 'the respite.'"

### 32 Minutes for 37 Miles.

We left the State line at 10.48 P.M., and stopped at Lake Charles at 11.28 P.M., having flagged the two railroad crossings and gone slowly across the two trestles. Leaving Lake Charles, we had thirty-two minutes in which to make thirty-seven miles and to flag one railroad crossing.

In the mail-car, we did not believe this could be done, so, after leaving, one of the boys went ahead, to the coach where the

train crew was, to see if they were going to allow us the extra five minutes. He was told that it was impossible, and that we had just as well prepare for a long camp on this side.

By this time everything outside seemed to be a solid mass—we were going so fast. Our car was fairly dancing, and some of us were walking the floor looking rather wild.

We covered Lake Charles to Watkins Crossing, twelve miles in ten minutes; Welsh, ten miles, seven minutes; Roanoke, four miles and one half, three minutes and a half; Jennings, five miles and a half, four minutes.

### Like the Whip-Crack Game.

Before reaching a very sharp curve at Jennings, we were certain Bill would hold them a little, but, so far as we could tell, he did not make a check. I have heard of trains going around curves with only the outside wheel on the rail, and I am ready to believe that that was the case with us. At any rate, I was reminded of the old "whip-crack" game I used to play at school, when I was on the tail end.

We covered the distance from Jennings to Mermantau, five miles, in a few seconds less than four minutes, and thundered across the draw at 11.57½ o'clock.

Every man in the mail-car was ready to thank Heaven it was over.

We found Bill as cool as could be, smoking his old pipe and looking over his engine. When I congratulated him, he said:

"The old girl did rock a little on those curves. While I knew we had plenty of time to get across, she was doing such pretty work I did not have the heart to shut her off.

"That's good track along there, and, if it had been necessary, she could have done it one minute and a half sooner."



# JONAS AND HIS CONVICTIONS.

BY MAC DUFFIE MARTIN.

**He Was Brought Face to Face with Outlaws  
Before He Learned the Value of Relenting.**



JONAS OKEMAN had been a creature of convictions from childhood up to gray hairs. Usually such as he are not content with pampering pet ideas or cherishing chosen practises. Instead, they want the universal adoption of their whim-whams to everything in life.

Jonas was otherwise. All he asked was that he be allowed to gnaw his bone of undictated beliefs undisturbed by the yelps of the orthodox or the cold noses of the disapproving and the meddlesome. Such immunity was not always his, however, for the conventional insistently consider a departure from conventionality as a rebuke and a challenge. But Jonas refused to purchase peace at the sacrifice of free speech or action. He had about him a touch of the porcupine.

He never looked for trouble, yet he declined to get out of the way of it when he saw it bearing down upon him.

Jonas's name was placed on the scholars' roll of the little school in the tiny New Hampshire village where he first opened a pair of blinky eyes. In this old school he discovered that the governmental rules among his fellows were as simple as they were effective—up to the time they clashed with his convictions.

For instance. If Ike Smith could whip Billy Jones and Billy Jones could whip Joe Robinson and Joe Robinson could thrash you, you were supposed to uncomplainingly accept the dictum that Smith and Jones could not only "do" you—but "do" you good whenever the fancy seized them. The arrangement was satisfactory to the big boys and fraught with much unhappiness to the smaller ones.

But to Jonas came a conviction of a revo-

lutionary sort. He couldn't see why he should be walloped by the twenty just because he had failed to wallop the one, and he said as much. Then "Red" Flanagan, who could thump "Tode" Allen, who bested Jonas on his first day at school, twisted the latter's nose until its tip assumed the hue of a frosted beet. Jonas, urged by pain and a sense of the righteousness of his beliefs, flew at Red like a small catamount.

He bit, scratched, kicked, hit, and yelled at one and the same time, and ever and anon butted his antagonist in the stomach.

Red, the astonished, tripped and fell; whereupon, I regret to say, Jonas jumped on him, and tried to fill his eyes and mouth with New Hampshire soil. Then the school-bell rang, but Red, being unrepresentable, played "hookey."

After school, "Pindy" Milliken, the next warrior in succession, undertook to lift Jonas off the ground by his ears. Jonas, in whose veins the joy of battle was still tingling, repeated his whirlwind tactics. Although Pindy came out the victor, he did so at the expense of a tooth and a galaxy of bruises.

"Been fighting, boy?" asked Jonas's father, the village harness-maker.

"Yes, dad," replied the youngster, whose conviction was that his appearance rendered the confession necessary.

"What for?"

Jonas recited the facts of the case—and he always told the truth.

Mr. Okeman reflected. Then he gave Jonas five cents.

"It's wrong to fight," he said; "but it's wrong to run away when you know you be in the right."

So Jonas, with the parental approval backing his convictions, lived for a week



amid combat. Then his father, meeting some of the larger boys, remarked casually that if any one of them laid further hands on his son he'd take a hand in the matter himself. The larger boys, secretly glad to secure peace with Jonas, humbly yielded to a show of superior force.

So the old order of things departed, and from thence on each boy stood on his individual pugilistic ground.

Another time, the teacher, a bumptious young man, forbade the boys going fishing or swimming during recess in the willow-shaded stream that ran through a field not far from the schoolhouse.

Reasons for the ukase were not given. Jonas had a conviction that the teacher's jurisdiction over him began and ended with the school-hours.

So at noon that day he caught "shiners" and swam across "Crosby's Hole." The teacher saw him, and the teacher thrashed him. Jonas hurled a ruler and several books at the teacher. Then he made a dash for the door and sped to his father's shop. He told the story to his father, who cuffed him thrice for throwing things at the teacher, and then patted him on the head for being a brave lad.

Slipping a short but stout dog-whip into his pocket, the elder Okeman rose and bade his son follow.

The interview with the teacher that followed was brief.

"You've punished this here boy of mine for something he done when he wasn't in school. Who gave you the right to do that?" asked the elder Okeman.

"He disobeyed orders."

"Orders that you'd no right to give! Now, see here, young man, you've either got to say you're sorry, and mighty sorry for this, or you can take a licking from me, or I'll have you arrested for 'sault and battery! Which is it to be? Come!"

The teacher apologized, and Jonas, his convictions vindicated, neither fished nor swam again during recess.

Jonas's mother died a few days after his birth. A maiden aunt kept house for the widower and his son. The latter learned his father's trade, and had just attained his majority when his father died and he came into possession of the business.

Jonas grew to man's estate, and became the real thing in the old-line country merchant.

His financial standing was pretty fair.

The stock of the business was worth about one hundred and fifty dollars; the weekly income averaged ten dollars, and there was about three thousand dollars lying to his credit in the Guernsey Bank, Sandston, twenty miles away.

Besides, he owned the cottage that he and the aunt lived in, and had an equity in a small, stony farm. Altogether, he was looked upon as one of the solid young men of the community; for in those days people had not that contempt for hundreds that even hearsay contact with millions inspires now.

Jonas had his full share of the thriftiness that is begotten of life amid grudging ground and bleak breezes, and many were the talks that he had with his one-time boyish foe, but now closest friend, Tode, otherwise Theodore Allen, in regard to ways and means of expanding the currency.

Allen was the son of a well-to-do farmer. Cows and plows and chilblains, however, were not to his liking; so, after much parental opposition, he secured a place in the Guernsey Bank, first as office-boy and later as clerk. As a side issue, he took the local agency of a Boston life insurance company.

On several occasions Theodore attempted to persuade Jonas to take out a modest policy on his life. But one of Jonas's rock-ribbed convictions was that such companies existed for the purpose of making rich their officers and making poor their policyholders. All the talk in the world would not move him.

"I have my convictions," said Jonas.

The days came and went with Jonas in peaceful, prosperous fashion. The maiden aunt died, and in her place he installed a wife, she being the daughter of the village carpenter. Goodly was she to look upon and good tempered withal, for Jonas had a profound conviction that nearly all married unhappiness arose from acid dispositions on the part of one or both of the contracting parties.

The stony farm had been sold at a good round profit to a company who wanted a portion of it for factory purposes. Jonas, acting on a hint given him by a Boston friend, made several other investments which turned out well. He was being looked upon by his neighbors as an unusually fortunate man.

One day the good, childless wife died. Jonas remained, but not many of the things or people of his schoolboy days were left.

Factories were springing up in and about the village, and strange faces were many.

His trade had dwindled to a mere nothing—a fact that gave him but little concern financially. The Guernsey Bank had passed into the hands of strangers—a happening that worried him greatly. Many of his friends had gone elsewhere—for a railroad is destructive to the instinct of locality.

Tode Allen had long ago emigrated to the West. Jonas felt a stranger in his own land. He was fifty-nine years old, in good health, comfortable circumstances, and yet poor in the things that make life worth living.

Fate had given to him and taken from him unsparingly, and now he was harboring a growing conviction that congenial human companionship would be infinitely preferable to his present state of loneliness.

So he wrote to Allen, with whom he had kept up a desultory correspondence for years. Allen had had his fill of fun and danger in the West, and, at length, had located in a permanently prosperous mining region in Colorado—a region of frame houses, a brick church, and holes in the mountainsides that cost millions to make and maintain.

He had struck the place at the inception of its prosperity, opened a general store, gave credit liberally, and won confidence and respect by his fair dealing and fearlessness. In the course of his upward progress he started a bank. He was its manager, cashier, teller, and janitor.

The bank flourished amazingly. Besides the local business, which was not inconsiderable, it had a savings department that grew with the months, and the amount of money that it sent each week to Europe and the Eastern States, to relatives of the miners, ran into thousands.

Tode Allen, partly through his experiences with Western conditions and partly through his early absorption of New England conservatism, made investments that would have met with the approval of even Jonas.

Incidentally, Allen had married. His son, who was now bordering on early manhood, was one of the bank-tellers.

Allen had never forgotten that his current good fortune was more or less directly due to Jonas. The financial end of the obligation had been discharged years before, but Tode wanted to do more for his

old friend. Among other things, he had on several occasions written him, begging him to visit the Dunstan's Level region, as the mining center was called.

Finally Jonas made up his mind to go.

On the day that he arrived Tode and his son were at the depot to greet him.

"I've come out here to stay," said Jonas that night after a jolly dinner.

"Bully! Uncle Jonas!" chimed in young Allen, between whom and the visitor a great friendship had arisen.

Mrs. Allen smiled approvingly, and asked: "Now, Mr. Okeman, you are going to make your home with us. We can make you quite comfortable."

"Thanks, ma'am; but I'd rather not. I'd better live elsewhere," answered Jonas.

The Allens looked puzzled. "Fact is, y' see," went on Jonas, "I'm getting old and a bit fidgety, and have my fads and fancies on me sometimes, and I'm not going to upset this household with any such foolishness. So, with your help, Mrs. Allen, I'm going to find a place of my own near by, where I can growl and go to sleep with my boots on and behave scandalous with the dinner, and nobody to say peppermint to me."

Persuasion was useless, and the end of the week saw him comfortably installed in a four-room cottage, about a hundred yards from the Allen house. The ancient but active widow of a miner acted as housekeeper for him. He saw as much of the Allens as ever. Theodore Jr. and Jonas became the greater friends with the passing of the weeks.

One day Jonas dropped in at the bank.

"Tode," said he, "I want to have a chat with you." The manager led the way to the private office. The interview was brief. Jonas had a conviction that it would be a good thing for him to realize on his Eastern investments and open a deposit account with the proceeds in the First Bank of Dunstan's Level. This conviction was followed by the action, and, two months later, Jonas Okeman was credited on the books of the bank with \$18,725.

"And mind you, Tode," said he, as he received his bank-book, "much as I like you, I wouldn't have put a penny with you if you hadn't assured me that you hadn't any dealings whatsoever with any darned insurance company, in the way of taking their stock or paper for collateral. If you ever should be tempted to fall from grace



in the way of loaning any of those chaps money, you'll please notify me before you do so, so that I can get out right away."

"It's an agreement; I promise," replied the other. "But, Jonas, you are prejudiced beyond reason. Some of the financially strongest corporations in this country are insurance companies."

"Mebbe, mebbe; but I hold to my convictions."

"As you always did," chuckled Allen.

"As I always did; and this"—waving his bank-book—"is what I made by 'em."

The Miners' Provident and Insurance Association of Dunstan's Level was that which its name implied. The Level was only "unionized" to a small degree. The association, in a fashion, took the place of the unions among the unorganized men by guaranteeing weekly sums in case of death, sickness, and in some instances destitution, each payment being in kind and proportion to the amount of the member's fee.

It was a small but sound institution that was well patronized by the miners. Eastern men were behind it, and it had the approval of the majority of mine-owners. Its funds were almost entirely invested in safe properties owned by its backers.

Erasmus Whopple, the manager of the association, prior to becoming connected with it, had been successful in insurance circles, which means that he ate, drank, slept, and talked insurance affairs and things appertaining thereto from morn till night. Such is the essential and the penalty of achievement in that profession which looks upon mankind only from the viewpoint of a "risk."

For the rest, Mr. Whopple was large, heavy-voiced, and somewhat self-important. He wore a massive gold watch-chain, and his white vest was in evidence at all seasons of the year. He had a profound belief in the infallibility of his judgment.

Mr. Whopple was the one fly in the otherwise unpolled ointment of Jonas's content. Being a friend of the Allens, the association's manager was not infrequently at their home, where, to Jonas's intense disgust, he would pour forth a flood of insurance talk from the time of his entrance to the hour of his exit.

Occasionally, Jonas would cause a moment's check of the turgid torrent by sarcastic comment or dry retort, after which Erasmus would boom and thunder along with added volume.

Queries on the part of Jonas as to whether Mr. Whopple had ever insured a man against being talked to death by an agent, or whether any policy issued by him contained a restrictive clause against killing a "jibbering jackass," will sufficiently indicate his feeling regarding the manager. In course of time Jonas passed from passive distaste to active dislike of Mr. Whopple, and Mr. Whopple regarded Jonas with emotions much the reverse to friendly.

In the following spring ripples of trouble began to fleck the usually placid surface of life at Dunstan's Level. There was a strike among the miners—a bitter, penetrating, hot-blooded strike.

The inevitable followed. There was a rush of outside men who were only too glad to get a foothold. These men were met and threatened by the strikers, and the elements of trouble were in evidence on every hand.

By May, Dunstan's Level was in perpetual turmoil. Many of the mines were closed because of the inability of the local authorities to protect their employees. There had been bloodshed, and trade was at a standstill.

Theodore Allen was diplomatic, and refused to be drawn into any active partizan-ship or even discussion. All he would say was that he hoped, for everybody's sake, that the trouble would be settled to everybody's satisfaction very quickly.

Mr. Whopple, however, used his fatal gift of words in unstinted denunciation of strikes and strikers. He had not lived in the West long enough to know the value of silence in times of trouble.

Jonas Okeman had an outspoken conviction that things were going to be a sight worse before they got better.

Theodore Jr. rather enjoyed the situation, having the love of a "scrap" common to red-blooded youth.

Then came a series of sympathetic strikes. Thugs and thieves, smelling prospective plunder, began to rendezvous at the place. Violence increased, and pretty nearly every citizen went armed by day and slept with his gun within reach by night.

In the interval, there had been a steady withdrawal of funds from the bank, and a coincident demand on the resources of the association.

One afternoon Jonas Okeman was visited by Theodore Jr., who seemed to be out of breath.

"Dad wants to see you right away, uncle," he said.

"Why?"

"Don't know, but dad isn't given to hurry things unless he's got a reason for it. He wants to know when you can come to the bank?"

"Tell him I'll be there in five minutes."

Theodore Jr. departed.

"Jonas," said Allen, in the sanctum of the bank, "Whopple has got himself into trouble by shooting off his mouth."

"Naturally," chuckled Jonas.

"But that's not all. He's likely to get me—or the bank—into serious trouble also."

Jonas said something under his breath.

"You see," went on Allen, "in the East a man may fail for a million or so half a dozen times during his business career and bob up serenely after cash arrangements with his creditors. Here in the West—at least in the mining districts, and so far as regards a business like mine—it's totally different.

"If I should happen to once go down, I'd never get up again. A man who has the reputation of being off the square among these men may as well get out and never come back."

"Well, well," said Jonas, "what of it—what of it?"

"This much," replied his friend. "Whopple, by his fool talk, has got a black mark against him in the miners' books. Yesterday the finance committee of the association waited on him and asked him for a subscription. The committee knew well enough that he'd refuse."

"Naturally," chuckled Jonas again.

"Well, the committee left, and a little later I received a tip from one of my friends that to-morrow afternoon a run will begin on the association that will close its doors."

Jonas grinned broadly.

"That's all very well," cried Allen, as he eyed Jonas sharply, "but such a run may mean shutting up the bank also."

Jonas sobered instantly. "How?" he asked.

"Just this way. These fellows here are like sheep. If one takes alarm, so do the others. You can't reason with them. The association and our bank both have their money. If suspicion attacks one institution, the other is bound to be more or less affected, and in the same disastrous way. Both of our doors will be besieged."

"Well," said Jonas impatiently.

"Well," replied Allen, "I've told Whopple what I've heard. He, in his self-satisfied manner, refuses to believe it. Two days hence he'll learn the truth of it, to his cost and sorrow."

"Well?" asked Jonas again.

"We must save him," retorted Allen, "from the consequences of his folly, for our own sakes—if you consent."

"What'n thunder d'ye mean?" cried Jonas.

"Simply this. If there's a run on the association, Whopple, so I've ascertained, will need about thirty thousand to meet it and restore confidence. I know absolutely that the association is sound, and that he can get all the money he wants from the East twenty-four hours after his eyes have been opened. But his eyes have got to be opened.

"Now, if he does make good during the first hours of the run, the bank will not be jeopardized, because the panic will be checked and the confidence of the miners restored. If he isn't helped out, you know what the consequences will be.

"We are perfectly solvent, but, owing to the current condition of affairs, it would be several days before we could borrow money or realize on our securities. The question isn't one of days, but of hours."

"Well?" asked Jonas once more.

"It amounts to this: we must, if we can, help Whopple by letting him have all the cash he wants on the security of the association—notes or stock—or take chances of going down in the crash that will follow the association's temporary suspension."

"Then you want—" began Jonas.

"I don't want you to run counter to your convictions," said Allen, with a ghost of a smile, "but I've put the situation before you. I am keeping my promise to you in regard to a prospective fall from grace, as you once put it. I'm contemplating a temporary alliance with an insurance concern, not from choice but from necessity.

"Now, Jonas, I'm not going to disguise the fact that if you withdraw your deposit at this juncture, it will add immensely to my difficulties. In fact, it may prevent my helping Whopple altogether, and so bring about that which I'm trying to avert. But I'll stand by my agreement, nevertheless, and give you your cash right on the spot. We've got nearly twenty-six thousand in the safe in currency."



"Why do they start the trouble to-morrow afternoon, instead of the morning?"

"To prevent Whopple from wiring to his Eastern people for help in time to stall off the continuance of the run. The result will be that the morning after next the association will be surrounded by a howling mob. They'll want blood or money. Nothing short of one or the other will save Whopple, and if he goes down, so do I."

"Whopple is a consarned polecat," said Jonas slowly. "If it hadn't been for him you wouldn't be in this peck of worry. See here, Tode, you know I'm not a young man, and if I lose my pile I can't hope to make it again. And I don't exactly like Whopple."

"I want you to give me till to-morrow morning to think this thing over. It's kind o' sudden, you know. My convictions are that you're somehow or other doin' a foolish thing—but I'm a bit fogged on this point. Anyhow, I'll let you know early to-morrow."

That night, as Jonas sat in his cottage struggling with his convictions and his inclinations—the first prompting him to withdraw his money from the bank, and the last to allow it to remain—there came a knock at the door.

Jonas answered it. Outside stood a tall, bearded man. He declined to enter.

"Young Allen's got into a fight up at Wide Slide," said the visitor, "and got pretty badly done up. He wants you to come to him, 'cause he wants you to tell his people."

Jonas felt his knees tremble. Wide Slide was the aristocratic suburb of the Level.

"Is he badly hurt?" Jonas queried.

"Top of the head and arm busted," said the miner. "Nothing terrible. But he wants to see you bad."

Jonas did not hesitate. In a few minutes he was trudging by the side of his guide. Wide Slide was a natural sort of terrace on the side of the mountain that overlooked the Level—a street of spacious distances and pleasant homes. Three streets ran to the Slide from the business portion of the Level, up one of which the two men climbed.

"Where is he?" gasped Jonas, as they reached the terrace, which was dimly lit and shaded by trees.

"Down here a bit," answered the other, turning to the south.

Jonas followed. Then he felt something like a sack thrown over his head. His feet

were kicked from under him. Ropes were deftly fastened round his arms and legs.

He was raised on the shoulders of his captors, hurried first over smooth and then rough ground, and at length, half suffocated, shaken by his fall and suffering from the shock of his abduction, he lost consciousness.

When Jonas recovered his senses he found himself lying on a heap of sacks in what was evidently the deserted working of a mine. From certain indications, and in spite of his half-dazed condition, he came to the conclusion that the mine itself was abandoned.

A few yards away a fire blazed merrily, fed by chunky pieces of what once had been roof supporters. On the other side of the fire, and on more sacks, lounged more men, one of them being the black-bearded man.

Jonas blinked hazily at the blaze for a few moments, and then asked weakly: "Where be I?"

"At the National Hotel, Denver," laughed Black Beard. "Excuse the looks of things, but we're having our fall round-up of the furniture and the pictures for cleaning purposes, an' they'll be back to-morrow."

"Quit it, Jake," said a slim, light-haired man surlily. "We've no time to waste in foolin' here. You," he added to Jonas, "take a swallow. You'll need it 'fore we get through with you."

Jonas refused.

"I've got a conviction," he said, "that I ain't exactly in the hands of my friends."

"That depends," said the slim man.

"You do as you're told, and you'll find us friendly enough. If you don't, well—" Here he gave a picturesque and sufficiently blood-curdling description of what would befall the captive.

"All of which highly improving language leads up to what?" asked Jonas.

"We're appointed a committee to collect money to help along the cause from them as won't give up willing. Jedging by the way you've been shooting off yer mouth since the strike begun, you ain't too much prejudiced for the likes of us."

"Consequent, it was felt that it was no good, as gentlemen, to ask you to give up like a gentleman. Consequent, this here committee, with powers fully p'inted, has brought you here to-night to make you do the square thing."

"Go on," said Jonas.

"So this here committee asks you to hand over that four-story pile of yours which is rusting for want of using in Allen's bank."

"How much of it did you say you was convinced you wanted?" said Jonas politely.

"All of it—every greasy dollar."

"Not having my books handy, I can't say what's my balance," said Jonas.

"Don't let that loco you," interrupted another of the men. "We'll just assess you fifteen thousand dollars, and let you off easy."

"But how can I put up when I'm shut up here and ain't got my check-book?" complained Jonas.

"You just write an order for the cash to bearer, sign another order, and we'll do the rest," declared the slim man.

"And if I refuse?" drawled Jonas.

Black Beard smiled grimly. "I wouldn't shoot down a poor, stubborn mule of a critter in cold blood, not for nothing," he said; "I'd only wall him up out of the way where people couldn't find him, and let him have a few rattlers for company."

"But," interrupted one of the others, "not afore we'd toasted his feet a bit—these here holes being sure chilly at nights."

"That's right," assented Black Beard; "and my horse don't object—"

A growl and a warning glance at the speaker from the slim man cut the sentence short. But the incident was not lost on Jonas.

Miners, as a rule, do not own horses. He had already noted the fact that, when a bit of rock fell from the rocking, every man's right hand flashed to where his holster should have been.

Jonas had a conviction that he was in the hands, not of striking miners, but of one of the bands of desperadoes that had been attracted to the Level by the prevailing lawlessness. It was also evident that his capture had been carefully planned—the ruse by which he had been lured from his home proved that.

"Where is young Allen?" he asked the slim man, after a brief silence.

"Don't know, and don't give a hang," was the reply.

Black Beard gave a howl of laughter. "You for certain was roped easy by that there tale of mine. I thought it would fetch you, seeing how frightful fond you is of the kid."

Jonas muttered an inward prayer of

thankfulness. The expression on his face caught the eye of the slim man, who smiled cruelly.

"Why, you infernal brood of horse-thieves and rustlers," howled Jonas, "do you think anybody would take you for honest miners? Look at each other's faces, you gallows dogs!"

One of the men struck him, knocking him down.

"I won't say as you haven't guessed near right, pard," he said; "but anyhow, since you give us the name, we'll have the game. So, being as we be horse-thieves, we give you notice that your time for rounding-up your ideas about that cash is cut out at five o'clock in the morning.

"Then if that cash ain't to be ours, it won't be yours no more. In the same way, pard, if we couldn't make use of your carcass while you was alive, we call it certain unfair to let you use it alive either, after all the trouble we have took about you."

Jonas lay and watched the fire in a numbed fashion. His mouth and eyes were burning, his legs faint from fatigue and sore from bruises. A request for a drink of water had been refused. His mind wouldn't respond to his attempts to arrange his thoughts in coherent order. He doubted the happenings of the night, and lay for a time patiently expecting himself to wake in his bed in his cottage.

Gradually, however, his nerves grew steady. At length he was able to sanely ponder on his situation. It was clear, then, that if he acceded to the demands of the gang, he would ruin his friend Allen; and Allen was a year older than himself, with a wife and family dependent on him.

Allen had said that if the bank once closed, his financial career would be ended, and he was too far advanced in years to begin a new career. Then again, young Allen's prospects would be badly blighted—and he loved the lad.

If he refused to comply with the demands, Allen and the boy and, unluckily, Whopple would prosper, be happy, and wonder at the mysterious disappearance of the old man whom the Allens had loved, and who had loved them so much in turn. Jonas almost wished that he had insured his life, as Allen had suggested, for then he wouldn't be in such a fix.

However, he extracted a grain of comfort from the fact that if he still refused



to do the gang's bidding, and they carried out their threats, the boy would be none the worse for that. For he had, within the month, made a will in favor of Theodore Allen, Jr., naming him as sole beneficiary.

By the time that the fatal hour had almost arrived Jonas had lost all sense of fear. Spurred by the conviction that he was about to be deprived, not only of all that makes life worth living, but of life itself, by a band of outlaws, the blind rage of the thwarted fell upon him.

The men were sleeping about him, one having been ordered to stay awake and watch the prisoner.

Ere the sentry could arm himself, Jonas grabbed a chunk of smoldering wood from the fire and felled him.

There was an outcry. In an instant all was uproar and the flashing of hitherto concealed knives and pistols.

Black Beard dexterously smote Jonas's wrist with the butt of a revolver, and his fiery weapon fell to the ground. Jonas fell, too, under the pressure of the revolver-butt.

Jonas eyed the battered sentry with ferocious satisfaction. There was plenty of fight in the old man, and he struggled to his feet and struck a blow at the closest of his captors. He paid for his trouble by being bound with ropes, while the slim man sat astride his chest.

"Now," said the leader, drawing his knife, "I'm going to ask you twice if you going to do as we wants about the coin. If you say 'No,' then there'll be a burying in this here working afore breakfast. Once. Will you, pard?"

Jonas, while feeling that either his life or his fortune would be disposed of within the next few seconds, could not help noticing that the garments of the gang were shabby and dilapidated, and that each man looked hollow-eyed and hungry.

"Twice. Will you, pard?"

A magnificent conviction seized Jonas. The eyes of the slim man glittered.

"Let me up, you consarned lunatic!" shouted Jonas suddenly. "I want to talk business to you."

"What for did you say, pard?" queried the slim man, still astride Jonas's chest.

"He said what for," retorted one of the others irritably. "Let him up."

"Look here, you chaps," blurted Jonas, "I guess you're doing this because you had to, or thought you had to, times being hard and stomachs empty.

"Well, here's my first, last, and final proposition to you, you poor, miserable, unwashed, starving no-accounts as couldn't get into a measly ten-cent limit game. I'll give you twenty-five hundred dollars in cash to divvy—cash, mind you, without your taking the risk of going to the bank—and I'll put it so as the law can't touch you; make it a sort of business deal, you understand.

"So, there you are. Six hundred dollars each, and a hundred thrown in to buy sticking-plaster for this poor gentleman's face."

Black Beard, with a rock-rifting oath, swore that the proposition was good enough for him. So did the others. The slim man hesitated.

"Where's this here cash you talk about?" he asked.

"It's in a desk in my bedroom. I've got the key in my pocket. I can send the key and a note to my housekeeper asking her to give the money to the bearer. I'll invent some excuse to explain my being away all night. You can also have an agreement signed by me that I paid you the money for putting me onto a valuable piece of mining property," and Jonas took a rueful glance at his surroundings.

"Hang me!" declared the black-bearded man, "if I ain't half sorry that I had a hand in this—you're such a real old hoss."

After some objections on the part of the slim one, it was so arranged.

Two of the men took the letter and the key and started for Dunstan's Level, while Black Beard remained guard over Jonas. A fourth man was sent down the trail to watch developments.

Jonas's housekeeper had overheard the conversation between him and Black Beard at the cottage door. At midnight she went to the Allen home to ascertain the condition of young Allen, and to find out if her employer intended to remain away from home all night.

The story resulted in the authorities being notified, and a posse of citizens formed within the hour. At five o'clock in the morning the warden of the State's prison arrived with a leash of bloodhounds.

The scent was quickly found by the dogs, and was being easily carried, when round a sharp turn of the trail came the two members of the gang who were on their way to Jonas's house.

They turned and ran. Revolvers and rifles began to spit and crack. The slim

man went down with a shattered elbow. The other threw up his hands.

The dogs took up the scent with renewed enthusiasm. The third of the gang, having had a previous experience with man-hunting dogs, simply chucked away his gun, climbed a handy boulder, and awaited the approach of the party.

Then the chase led on to the deserted mine. Black Beard heard the dogs approaching, bestowed a hasty kick on the nearest shin of Jonas, and departed into the devious ways of the workings and escaped.

"Tode," said Jonas feebly, as he was half carried, half led down the trail, "you can use that money of mine as you see fit. I've a conviction that things will turn out all right for all of us."

"Mr. Okeman, sir," boomed Whopple, who had been much in evidence with a large belt and a small revolver, "I desire to tender you my profound congratulations on your escape from dangers and difficulties such as we often peruse in the pages of fiction, but seldom meet in the volumes of real life. I do assure you, sir, that when I heard of your predicament I did not hesitate to forthwith arm myself and join the gallant body of my fellow citizens who set forth to rescue or revenge you."

"Thank you, Whopple," whispered Jonas. "I've a conviction that you're not a bad sort—for an insurance man."

Then he turned to his favorite, speaking with considerable softness.

"Theodore, boy, I've a growing belief that you'll be president if you escape being a general or one of them Napoleons down Wall Street way."

That night Jonas Okeman deliberately called on Erasmus Whopple after a long and convincing conversation with his landlady. Whopple was nearly dumfounded. He actually trembled as he led the old man into his little sitting-room.

"Whopple," said Okeman, without any preliminary sparring, "I've a conviction that I'd better have my life insured after all. Seems to me as if it's a pretty good way to hold your money. Them highway-men wouldn't have much use for a policy, would they? I'm a pretty old man, but I guess you can fix me up something in the association for about ten thousand. Make it out to Tode Allen's kid. He's all I care for."

"Fix you out?" thundered the voluble Whopple. "Why, sir, I can fix you out easy with our special bond policy. Greatest thing in the land. Greatest and most effective method ever devised under the stars and stripes to aid humanity and build up—"

And on rolled the wordy Whopple, painting picture after picture of glories greater than dreams, while Jonas sat listening, forgetting that he had any convictions.

## THE PASSENGER'S REPLY.

STOGGS is a very sociable man. He likes to talk with any person with whom he happens to be traveling. He made a trip up the Little Miami Railroad the other day, and found a seat alongside of a solemn-looking man who kept his gaze out of the window. Stoggs tried to catch his eye so as to open a conversation with him, but he didn't succeed.

Stoggs offered the man his paper. The man shook his head without looking around. The conductor came along, and Stoggs said to himself, "Surely he must look around now," but he didn't.

A man in front handed out two tickets and pointed silently to Stoggs's companion. Stoggs began to grow uneasy. It was the longest time he had ever been in a stranger's company without finding out something about him—where he was pointing for, at least.

At length, the brakeman came with some water, and the man turned around to get some. Stoggs availed himself of the opportunity to say:

"Going far east as New York?"

"No," growled the man.

Stoggs waited until the stranger had quaffed a pretty liberal quaff, when he remarked:

"New York is a dull place at this time of year, anyhow. Mebbe you're striking for Philadelphia to see whether the old town's changed any since the exposition."

The surly man gave an impatient shake of his head.

"Perhaps Cleveland's your destination?" put in Stoggs, not at all disconcerted.

"No," the man growled.

"Can't be you're going this roundabout way to Chicago?"

To this the stranger didn't offer a reply of any kind. Then Stoggs rose up and twisted around a little, fronting the stranger, and said:

"I s'pose you've no objection to telling where you are going?"

"Hang it!" cried the man, "I'm going up for seven years!"

Then the deputy sheriff in front told Stoggs that he'd rather not have folks talking to his prisoners, and Stoggs hadn't anything further to say.





# Ten Thousand Miles by Rail.

BY GILSON WILLETS,  
Special Traveling Correspondent of "The Railroad Man's Magazine."

## No. 11.—IN THE SUNFLOWER STATE.

How a Kansas Bad Man Was Put Out of Commission—What the Law Demands—The Breckenridge Family—The Bronco Buster—  
A Mad Race with a Cyclone.

**Y**ES, son, the first time I put my lamps on 'Double-L Eck' Turner was about third-drink time, P.M., while he was pasturin' on the bo'd-walk in front of a nose-paint wickeyup in Dodge City." The speaker was an old ranchman from Texas, whom I had met at the station in Kansas City while waiting for the Rock Island's Golden State Limited to pull out for the southwestern country.

The aged "rough-neck," as he called himself, had delivered a train-load of cattle in Kansas City, and was now waiting for a Santa Fe train to take him to Dodge City. Having spoken of Dodge City, he began telling of the deeds of bad men in that town in the old days, finally mentioning "Double-L Eck" Turner.

"I knew that Eck got the sign and signal smoke of his name," he continued, "from the 'Double-L' which was the brand of the Leonard and Loughrain Ranch, for which

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Eck Turner was a rider. And I had listened when it was said that Eck was one of the worst men in Kansas.

"But that's whatever.

"When I first put my lamps on Eck on said bo'd-walk on the Main Street of Dodge he was some dangerous to look at—special-ly when looked at by them tourists that were then infestin' Dodge, owin' to the persistence of Santa Fe trains in bringin' 'em into Dodge's midst.

"Eck's dislike for tourists was mortal in general. And when he saw one ridin' a hoss he just nacherally yearned for blood-spillin'.

"Well, son, in a minute, or prior there-to, Eck spies a party on a hoss comin' down Main Street. It was a party that Eck mistook for another of them tourists. The hoss-man I'm aloodin' to weren't no tourist at all, though he was branded like one. His

clothes looked like the effete East, and he wore a cap in lieu of the proper sombrero of the West.

"And, 'over and above all, he rode his hoss at a trot.

"Yes, son, he trotted. And—whenever Eck Turner saw a man trot in *that* country, where the pervadin' fashion was nothin' but the *lope*, he choked with wrath.

"So, now, when that hossman that had the look of a tourist trotted into Eck's sight, risin' in his stirrups with the motion of said hoss, Eck cries to the parties standin' nigh on the bo'd-walk, incloodin' me and my pardner, Alec Michlin:

"D'ye see the daylight between that feller and his saddle? Seein' daylight that-away always does make me wish the rider was Injin or hostile—so that I might use him as a target."

"That there ain't no tourist' one of the parties on the bo'd-walk allowed. 'He's the Santa Fe's new engineer of construction, who has recent pitched camp in our midst while executin' orders as to buildin' these yere new bridges both sides of Dodge.'

"All the same, sons,' Eck says, after the



"IT'S A GREAT PITY WE'RE OBLEEGED TO  
TOLERATE A BRAND LIKE YOURS  
ON THIS YERE RANGE."



hossman had rode past us, 'if ever I see him trottin' through this yere Main Street again I allow I'll send a bullet between him and his saddle, just for to pass the time.'

"Well, son, I might as well let you savvy right now that it was that said Santa Fe construction engineer that was destined to put Eck Turner out of commission, though deeds miscellaneous was to be performed by said Eck prior thereto, which the same I'll recite so's you'll learn that Eck's punishment was deserved good and plenty.

"Early that evenin' me and my pardner, Alec Michlin, entered the nose-paint wick-eyp, havin' its front on the bo'd-walk; and there we again met this yere Double-L Eck Turner. He was now in the act of chewing his mane and tryin' evident to stampede the barkeep, which the same jaw-fest was all of and concernin' pay for the drinks.

"Says I then to my pardner, Alec Michlin, whisperin':

"There's going to be a slam-up spread-eagle of a time round in yere in a minute or prior thereto. Ease up both your guns.'

"Eck was sure enough blood-hungry, which he showed by the way he was pesterin' that barkeep and pervadin' round general on the premises.

"It looked like the big ready was due, when sudden my pardner, Alec Michlin, steps up to Eck and says:

"Pardner, I'm just in from the round-up myself and with the dough. Whereas therefore I beg permission for to ask all the men here present to make it unanimous in our midst that I be allowed to make this occasion well and frisky by settlin' the barkeep's claim against you.'

"Whatever did Eck answer? Well, son, Eck was old enough to know better—seein' that there was some thirty wrinkles on his horns—yet he reneges, sayin':

"Eck Turner, stranger, ain't feedin' and beddin' down in your pasture a whole lot, and he'd like to know therefore why-all he should let you scratch his nose-paint account off the slate?'

"Here's why-all,' says Michlin, plenty prompt, shoving one of his guns under Eck's nose with one hand and passing the barkeep the yellow coin with the other.

"Well, son, Eck was for continuing his renege, even so. He began to rap his horns around a whole lot and was for makin' the big noise when Michlin says furthermore:

"If you feel that you've pitched camp

in my society by mistake, and don't love the outfit, you better just vamose; 'cause this reservation is likely to get some malarious for you if you're hankerin' for anything that ain't peaceful a whole lot. Otherwise, howsomever, you've got the invite from me to front up at this yere bar and observe fourth drink-time proper.'

"Now, son, Eck, bein' a bad man, was some coward. The sudden bushwhackin' on the nigh side of him by my pardner, Michlin, made Eck clear his valves and upspeak without further frills, sayin':

"The drop's on me, stranger, that's some gauzy. I allow I ain't got no objection to frontin' up at this yere bar with you a whole lot instantner.'

"The bridle's clean plum off to you, pardner,' now says Michlin to Eck, puttin' his gun back in the front of his chaps. 'Riot right along up yere to the bar,' he continued. 'Barkeep, shove over the nose-paint to the Double-L outfit, and let him wet his valves till he's roped by the treemers—all on me.'

"Eck plenty prompt got free with the nose-paint, finished the bottle, and then allowed he'd go get his chaps under a table in the restaurant across the street. The said restaurant was kept by an opium slave named China Jim. Eck allowed he'd go over and order a suey with chopsticks; and forthwith he evacuates our society.

"He hadn't cut us out more'n a few minutes, when sudden we heard shots out in Main Street. Naturally, we stampeded out onto the bo'd-walk to see what-all the pistol practise was for.

"And what we saw was Double-L Eck goin' down Main Street shootin' out all the electric lights.

"What-all is he mussin' round that-a-way for?'

"My pardner, Michlin, asks that of the parties from the saloon that had been enjoyin' his entertainment a whole lot.

"Reckon,' the parties answered, 'that it's another of Eck's demonstrates of his dislike for things. I bet the drinks that he's took a dislike to the sputterin' noise made by those lights. Bet that's why he's now shootin' the carbons like you see him.'

"Alec Michlin and the parties from the saloon then stepped over to China Jim's to ask questions. The opium slave told 'em that Eck had come in and ordered suey, and while waiting cried, sudden:

"Whatever do you allow them lights is

makin' them war-cries about? Reckon there ain't no safety in their midst. I'll just go out and put a stop to those war-cries, China boy, while you put the big ready onto the table.'

"Yes, son, that's how three whole pasture-lots in Dodge got put into darkness that night by pistol practise performed by Double-L Eck.

"Next mornin' Eck, with the bridle still plum off, was again riotin' round on Main Street. He was cavortin' along the bo'd-walk with Michlin and the parties from the drink-house, when sudden a minister rises up out of the earth, wearin' a plug hat. Eck puts his lamps on that fellow, plenty prompt and then announces his dislike of the minister's head-piece.

"Says he, mussin' with his gun:

"That man is wearin' a plug that's a inch higher than the pervadin' fashion accordin' to Fifth Avenoo. I reckon I'll take that inch off that plug just to put the sky-pilot into fashion.'

"Forthwith, Eck fired. The plug fell from the divine's head onto the bo'd-walk of Main Street, Dodge.

"Say, whatever do you think the divine did? Think he turned the other cheek? No, son, he walked right up to Eck, and says to him in words to this effect:

"It's a great pity that we are obleeged to tolerate a brand like yours on this yere range. It's gauzy that you framed it up sure to get a hoss on me. If you don't take your brand off this range instanter, you'll remain illegal, and the city marshal will be ropin' at you till you're herded in the corral with hobbles onto all four of your legs.'

"And after upspeakin' thus, the divine—son, he was a brave, or I'm a Mexican!—kicks his shot-up plug to the very feet of the 'stonished Eck Turner; then he turns his back fearless and proceeds down street like he was paradin' to music of the dead march.

"And that, son, is the way bad man Eck Turner got cowed twice in twenty-four hours. He knowed very well that for him to make a move of his hand toward his gun in the presence of us-all, as that warlike divine marched down street, would have meant sure the shinin' gates of pearl and gold for Eck Turner.

"And now lemme tell you what happened to Eck on that memorial day when he chanced to cast his lamps on a party on a hoss.

"It was that same party that had passed on the afternoon previous—the Santa Fe engineer. He was again passin' on the trot, which made the whites of Eck's eyes go bloodshot. Eck pulls one of his guns and cries to the parties standin' nigh:

"I said I'd do it just for to pass the time. Well, sons, I allow I can put a bullet through that streak of daylight between the man and the saddle, at about his third rise in the saddle from now.'

"As he spoke, Eck took aim careful—and fired. The bullet, miraculous, sped true through the streak of daylight and smithereneed the sign readin' 'China Jim,' over the opium slave's place down street diagonal.

"Eck was now lookin' for to be rubbed down with admiration, but he changed his mind somewhat sudden. He saw the hossman turn leisurely and come ridin' at a walk toward where he and the witnesses were standin'.

"The hossman got so near that Eck and his parties could see the whites of his eyes. Then, sudden, the hossman, in a move like one streak of greased lightning, drew and fired at Eck, putting a bullet through the shoulder of his gun-arm.

"The hossman's next shot bored a tunnel through Eck's other shoulder. Then he put away his gun, and addressed the crowd, most of whom was bending over Eck where he had fallen.

"Gents,' says the hossman, 'if I'm wanted for this, the city marshal will find me in a tent beside the Santa Fe tracks just outside the city.'

"With that he wheeled his hoss and started away—at a trot. And he trotted out of sight, too, before one of them witnesses upspoke to say:

"If that man's a tenderfoot, I'm one myself.'

"Who-all is he?' asked another of the witnesses.

"And say, son, after they had carried Eck into the saloon, one of the witnesses went to fetch the doctor, while the rest of the witnesses went skirmishin' and bush-whackin' round Dodge, garnerin' knowledge of and concernin' the trotter. Finally they were again herded in the saloon, whisperin' among themselves, which the same whisperin's were inclusive of this, to wit:

"And he's some recent out of Harvard; and he's a relationship of General Dodge; and he has fronted up against Injins and



hostiles, by whom he's called "Wind-in-the-Face," cause he never turned his back on nothin', not even a cyclone; and his father's some honorable in the big teepee in Washington; and he's a civil engineer in charge of the work of puttin' up all the Santa Fe's new bridges in Kansas; and his name's Samyule Dodge."

"Eck, soon's he could move off the saloon reservation without utterin' 'Ouch!' every second, moved out of Kansas all the way to Frisco, where he opened a sailors' bo'din'-house, and was garnered into the life everlastin' while in the act of makin' his usual monotonous win at poker."

### Taking a Legal Rest.

The Rock Island's Golden State Limited was running into Topeka, Kansas, when a gray-haired knight of the grip said:

"Ever travel local in Kansas?"

"Yes, on the limited."

"Oh, that's too easy. Travel on these fine through trains is all right, because they attend strictly to the business of going through Kansas to another State. But to meander round Kansas on a local—say, that's going some."

"Let me tell you of an experience of mine:

"The witching hour was approaching as my train crawled up through eastern Kansas toward the Nebraska line; and Marysville was still thirteen miles away. I prayed—yes, I really offered up fervid prayer—that the train would reach Marysville before the hands of my watch met at twelve. Should midnight find the train still on the prairie outside of Marysville, I would find myself in a predicament in which I had often been before, and which I dreaded.

"Can we make it?' I asked Conductor Bainton, my voice full of deep anxiety.

"Looks pretty blue,' he answered. 'It's eleven thirty-five now, and between here and Marysville we've got a lot of way freight to unload.'

"The train was a mixed passenger and freight on the Lincoln branch of the Union Pacific—with one day coach for the passengers, of which there were six, including myself and a rosy-cheeked girl who told us she was tired of working as 'hired girl' on a farm, and was on her way to town to go take a job in a store. The common destination of all six of us was Marysville. As the minutes passed, each of us prayed in his own way that some miracle would hap-

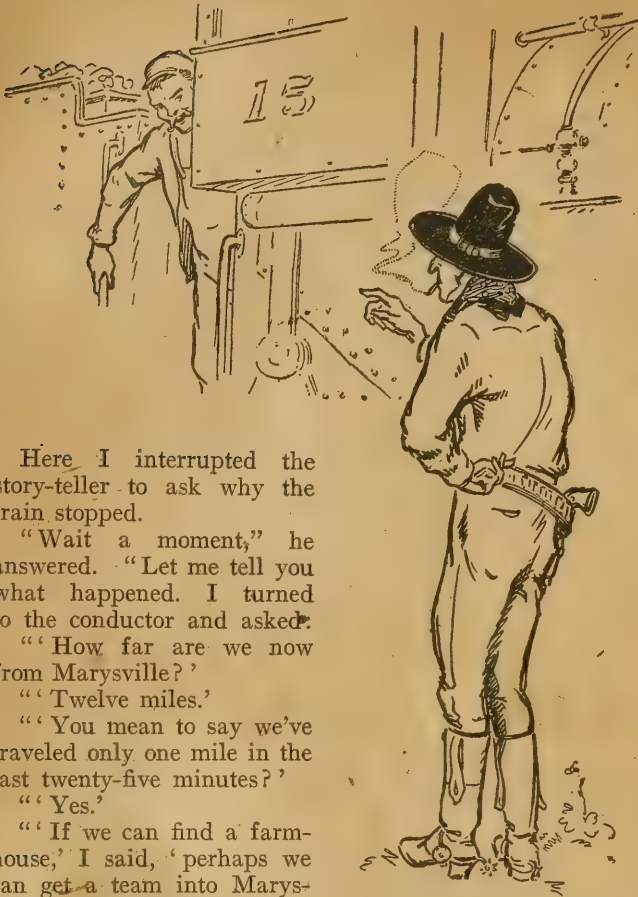


"ONLY TO FIND THE TAIL-LIGHTS OF THE WEST-BOUND FREIGHT DISAPPEARING ROUND A CURVE."

pen to enable the train to reach town before midnight.

"We stopped, put off some freight, then crawled on again till Conductor Bainton came into our car with his watch in his hand and looking mighty serious.

"'Twelve o'clock,' he said. 'It's all over. Make yourselves as comfortable as you can the rest of the night. If a train happens to come along any time before eight to-morrow morning, it will pick us up and carry us into Marysville. If not, we will lay on the siding onto which we are now pulling for the rest of the night.'"



Here I interrupted the story-teller to ask why the train stopped.

"Wait a moment," he answered. "Let me tell you what happened. I turned to the conductor and asked:

"How far are we now from Marysville?"

"Twelve miles."

"You mean to say we've traveled only one mile in the last twenty-five minutes?"

"Yes."

"If we can find a farmhouse," I said, "perhaps we can get a team into Marysville."

"Come outside," said the conductor.

"We all piled out on the prairie, and then the conductor said:

"Do you see anything that looks like a human habitation?"

"We looked in every direction in search of a light advertising the presence of a farmhouse—all in vain."

Again I interrupted the old traveler to ask why the train did not go on.

"Just a moment, my boy," he replied. "Let me tell you what we did then. We six passengers returned to the day coach and made a bluff at sleeping, each of us stretching out on two seats. The Sir Walter Raleigh aboard threw his overcoat over the shivering form of the rosy-cheeked girl of the Sunflower State.

"Meantime, the train-crew—every man, from engineer to rear brakeman—went regularly and comfortably to bed in the caboose, and, doubtless, all slept like babes

until eight o'clock the next morning."

For the third time I interrupted with the query as to why the train stood still.

"Wait a minute," the old traveler answered. "Let me tell you the story. At daylight—about five o'clock—I awoke the passengers, saying:

"Friends, I see a big smoke over yonder. That means a human habitation, and perhaps a horse and wagon. We all want to do a long day's work in Marysville. If you wish to get there before noon, come with me."

"Out of the train we filed, and trudged across the prairie toward the big smoke, and found a farmhouse. We chipped in then—all save the girl—and raised sufficient money to pay the farmer for driving us into Marysville. We arrived there before eight o'clock; or, in other words, while our train was still standing on the siding, twelve miles away. And, to tell you the sequel, the train did not pull into Marysville till noon.

"Well, that's 'local rail-roading in Kansas. What do you think of it?"

"I'm still waiting," I answered, "for you to tell me why the train did not proceed to Marysville."

"The law, my boy. Trainmen in this State are protected by law against having to work more than sixteen hours at a stretch. Now, that train-crew had been on duty since eight o'clock in the morning. When midnight came, they had been working sixteen hours. And the law says that a train-crew, after working sixteen hours, must rest at least eight hours. That's why the train dared not move off that siding till eight in the morning."

### Presence of Mind.

The Breckenridge family, consisting of the "grand old man" and two clever daughters, held the distinction of being the only family in Kansas having all of its members

"IS THIS ENGINE AS EASY TO MASTER AS A WILD CAYUSE?"



employed simultaneously by one railroad as telegraphers.

This is how the two girls were shifted from night duty to day duty:

When Nora Breckenridge, night operator, came on duty one evening at the Rock Island Station at Arlington, Kansas, a howling north wind shook the frail building. The first thing Nora did was to call up her father, who was day operator at Langdon, the next station west.

"You better go home at once, father," were the words Nora sent over the wire. "There's going to be a gale to-night."

Just then one of the Rock Island's night operators at Kansas City cut in to ask:

"How's father?"

It was Nora's sister, Kate.

"Father hasn't slept well for several nights," Nora, answered. "He worries about our being on night-work. Imagines it impairs our health, and says the railroad must give us day jobs."

"Tell him to go to bed and forget it," was the advice of the elder daughter, flashed over the wire from Kansas City.

Nora immediately called up her father and told him what her sister had said—"Forget it."

"I will go to bed now," answered Mr. Breckenridge; "but, all the same, I mean to make the Rock Island give my two girls day turns."

On the night in question, three hours after her chat with her sister in Kansas City and with her father at Langdon, the wind sweeping past Nora's station at Arlington had increased to a gale. It was now eleven o'clock. Shrieking and whistling and traveling at almost cyclonic pace, gusts from the north threatened to tear the station building from its foundation. Nora, quite unafraid, peered through her rattling window and watched a west-bound freight roll by.

Just then, too, her sounder began clicking, and, to her consternation, Nora heard the despatcher order her to flag the west-bound freight and hold it at her station until the east-bound freight, which had just cleared from Turon, two stations away, had passed.

Nora leaped to the door and out into the gale of wind—only to find the tail-lights of the west-bound freight disappearing round a curve.

Then back to her key she bounded, and called up Langdon, between her own depot

and Turon. Langdon was not a night office, but Nora called frantically, in the hope that, after all, her father had not gone home to "forget it."

No answer came. Nora abandoned hope of having the freight flagged and sent back from there.

The excited girl then turned to the telephone and called up her father's house in Langdon. Persistent ringing, however, failed to arouse Mr. Breckenridge. It was only too plain that he had gone to bed and "forgotten it."

Nora hung up, and began pacing the floor in anguish. Bringing her fist down into the palm of her hand, she murmured:

"Those trains must not meet. Yet, how can I avert it?"

After a moment's thought, the resourceful operator hit upon a plan. Out into the gale and up the road she rushed toward the central telephone office. As she had not stopped for hat or wrap, the wind tore the hairpins from her hair, and, as she said afterward, "the wind nearly blew my hair off, too."

Rounding into the presence of the night "hello girl," Nora hurriedly explained the situation; then asked:

"Who can we call up between here and Langdon? It must be some one living close to the railroad track."

The "hello girl" ran her finger down the list of subscribers.

"Mr. Spence!" she cried. "There's the man! He's a farmer living four miles down, close to the track."

She began calling Farmer Spence, persisting till some one answered.

Nora herself then cried into the hello girl's mouthpiece:

"Hallo, Mr. Spence! Get a lantern, wrap a red cloth around it, go out to the railroad track, and wait there till a west-bound freight pulls into sight! Then wave your lantern. When the train stops, tell the engineer to back to Arlington at full speed. Don't waste a second, Mr. Spence."

Fifteen minutes later, Nora, standing on her station platform braving the gale, gave a shout of joy as she beheld the tail-lights of the west-bound freight as the train backed round the curve. When the caboose reached the station, Nora shouted to Conductor Booth, who stood on the rear platform:

"Onto the siding, quick! The east-bound freight is due here now."

A few minutes later, the east-bound

freight rumbled past Arlington station. Conductor Booth, of the west-bound, entered that station and said to Nora:

"So you let us get by without flagging us, did you?"

"I'm not saying who let you get by, but it was not I," Nora answered.

"Ah! I see. Somebody in the dispatcher's office at Hutchinson sent you the order too late. Was that it?"

"Yes."

"Well, Miss Breckenridge, some one will get demoted and some one promoted for this. And the one to be demoted won't be you."

One evening in the following week, when Nora came on duty, her sister in Kansas City called her up, saying:

"I hear you are to be given a day turn. I suppose it is your reward for saving the freights from meeting on the night of the gale. Tell father."

Nora called up Langdon station and told her father what she had just heard from her sister.

"Reward!" clicked Mr. Breckenridge. "Reward has nothing to do with it! You've been given a day job because I informed the Rock Island that the whole Breckenridge family would walk out unless you girls were given daylight work. They've fixed you up first, Nora. Kate will get a day turn, too, this week. The railroad can't do without the Breckenridge family, and so they're making peace with us at any price."

Tried to "Bust" a Locomotive.

When Engineer Cy Crosman brought his freight-train to a standstill in the Santa Fe yard at Wichita, Kansas, he saw a tall young man looking up into the cab wistfully.

The tall man wore cow-puncher's boots and spurs, also a cow-puncher's sombrero.

"I say, friend," the wistful-eyed said, addressing the engineer, "is this here engine as easy to master as a wild cayuse?"

"Surest thing you know," replied Crosman, who, having received a brakeman's signal, now opened the throttle and pulled the engine away from the train and over to another track. When he again stopped, there stood the tall one, peering wistfully into the cab, as before. For the tall one had run along beside the engine, after the uncoupling from the train.

"What you going to do now?" the tall one asked.

"Load chuck at the hashery," answered the engineer.

"My name's Herb West," said the wistful-eyed man. "I'm from Texas. Occupation, bronco-buster."

"Come over to the hash-joint and tell me all about it," said Crosman.

"I've already loaded, thanks. I'll stay here. You say a big engine like this is as easy to bust as a cayuse, do you? Well, I'd like to try it just once."

"Join the brotherhood, get a card, and then try it all you like," said Crosman.

The engineer and his fireman hurried over to the hashery, where they found the other members of the crew, two brakemen and a conductor.

While all five were consuming the pie that concluded the supper, one of the brakemen suddenly jumped up and sprang to the door, crying:

"Some one's moving your engine, Cy! Why," he added, "It's that chap wearing the boots and spurs."

"Surest thing you know," responded Cy Crosman, who had also left the table, and was now looking out of the window. "He's running away with my engine. The nerve of him! Come on, you fellows! Let's take old Doc Sherman's engine and chase this locomotive stealer."

Men were running excitedly through the freight-yard now, shouting the news that some one was running off with Cy Crosman's engine. Like wildfire the news spread, till the operators at the passenger-station heard it and at once wired all stations within ten miles northward—the direction in which the cow-puncher was running the stolen engine.

Five miles to the north, the Wichita operator found a passenger-train. He ordered it side-tracked. Ten miles north, at Center Valley, he found a freight-train. He ordered it side-tracked.

Meantime, Cy Crosman and his fireman, with the two brakemen and the conductor, boarded Doc Sherman's engine and started in pursuit. As he flew through the yard, Crosman leaned out of his cab window and yelled to a yardman:

"Go tell the operator at the station to wire up to Center Valley for the operator there to open the derail-switch. There!" he added, turning to the four men in the cab, "if we don't catch him this side of Center Valley, he'll be ditched when he hits that derail."



Out of the yard the pursuing engine sped, and soon came within sight of the stolen engine, a mile ahead.

"He said he'd like to try to bust an engine just once," Crosman shouted. "But, hang it! I don't want him to bust my engine. And he will bust it all right if he hits that derail-switch. We've simply got to

Leaping like cats onto the tender of the fugitive engine, the two brakemen then clambered over the coal and out of Crosman's sight. Next second, the whistle of the forward engine signaled to come to a stop.

An hour later, both engines backed into the freight-yard at Wichita—with Herb



"AND A FEW OTHER THINGS BESIDES, I GUESS."

overtake him before he gets to Center Valley."

"But how you going to stop him?" shouted the conductor, as the locomotive tore on.

"Watch me," answered Crosman. "I'll stop him! Surest thing you know!"

Mile after mile the chase continued, the pursuing engine gradually drawing nearer and nearer the fugitive. When nine miles had been run, Crosman's engine was within a hundred feet of the runaway.

"Now," he yelled, "you fellows get ready to climb over the tender of that engine the moment I overtake him."

Two minutes later, the two engines came together, Crosman's machine now literally pushing the fugitive ahead just as they tore into Center Valley.

"Now!" shouted the engineer. "You two brakemen climb over that tender like you were hold-up men and jump down into the cab and overpower that cow-puncher! Hurry! The derail-switch is just ahead."

12 RR

West, bronco-buster, of Texas, a prisoner.

"What ailed you, anyhow?" asked Crosman, as he handed the prisoner to a constable. "Drunk?"

"Sober as a judge," replied the Texan.

"All the worse for you," retorted Crosman. "You'll spend a few months in jail for stealing my engine."

"It's worth it," said the tall one. "I wanted to bust a locomotive—just for the fun of telling the boys at home all about it. Simply couldn't resist the chance. Gee! but I sure have got a hoss on the boys down on the ranch."

### Train vs. Cyclone.

A Burlington passenger-train, with Nat Joyce at the throttle, was rolling westward on the run between Lincoln and Plattsmouth, Nebraska. At the particular moment when Engineer Joyce happened to look backward at the sky, his train was

sauntering at the rate of about fifteen miles an hour.

"We must hump ourselves!" he cried.

He spoke somewhat excitedly, and pushed over the throttle so that the train gave a sudden leap forward.

"What's ailin' you?" asked the fireman.

"How fast do you suppose that cyclone is traveling?" the engineer asked, nodding his head backward and indicating that the fireman was to take a look.

"It sure enough is a cyclone," said the fireman, after a hasty glance at the black sky.

The train leaped on, gradually attaining a speed of thirty miles, then forty, then fifty.

"Tain't enough!" shouted the engineer, looking backward. "It's gaining on us! Give her more fuel!"

The fireman thrust coal into the fire-box at the rate of almost sixty shovelfuls a minute. The train rocked and careened like a ship on a stormy sea. Five miles were covered across the Nebraska prairie—five miles from the point at which the race with the cyclone had begun.

"And we've five miles more to go before we reach that sharp curve to the southward, just this side of Plattsmouth!" cried Joyce. "Unless we make that curve in time, we're goners."

Faster and faster the fireman heaved coal; greater and greater grew the speed of the train; till now, in the sixth mile of the race, they were speeding at the rate of nearly sixty an hour.

"Tain't enough," still insisted Joyce. "Remember that the curve is the only thing that can save us. Look! The tornado is gaining on us."

By the time the seventh mile had been covered the train was going at a pace a little in excess of sixty miles; and the cyclone had drawn so close that one of the advance heralds of wind snatched Joyce's cap and carried it away. The day had become almost as dark as night.

"We've got to make that curve within two minutes!" yelled Joyce. "Fire up some more!"

The fireman, working like a Trojan and

sweating like a Turkish-bath rubber, yelled in answer:

"If you want her to have more coal, come feed her yourself, 'cause I'm doing my limit!"

In the eighth mile of the race the cyclone seemed to be less than two miles behind the train. In the ninth mile, Engineer Joyce looked back and saw a farmhouse collapse like a thing of cards.

In the tenth mile the train was flying at the rate of seventy miles an hour. Then came the curve. Joyce wondered whether he dared sweep around that curve at such speed.

"It's the curve at this pace, or get blown from the track," he told himself.

For now, the pursuing cyclone was all but upon them.

Round the curve the train swung, as Joyce said afterward, "on its side," then on down the track southward, all this in the nick of time.

Joyce and the fireman, glancing back, saw something sail through the air over the curve. It was the roof of the near-by section-house.

A number of the terror-stricken passengers in the coaches behind had been kneeling in prayer, led by a minister from Lincoln. All during the last half of the ten-mile race they knelt thus, some of them believing that death was upon them.

Then the train stopped.

Joyce, seeing that the danger was over, pulled up to discover just what tendons and muscles had been strained in the mad race.

While Nat Joyce thus critically examined the iron horse of which he was now so proud, the minister from Lincoln came to the engineer's side and, with beaming face, said: "It was a most wondrous example of the efficacy of prayer."

"Efficacy!" answered Nat Joyce, with a very respectful grunt, "and a few other things besides, I guess."

"Bill," he suddenly added, turning to the panting fireman who had thrown himself on a bed of dandelions beside the track, "I thought you was a human derrick. But you're not. Our friend, the parson, says you're an efficacy."

As the spike said to the tie, things that go against the grain often turn loose ones into stickers.—Philosophy of the Section Foreman.




# VANISHING RAILROADERS.

BY JOHN W. SAUNDERS.

The Thousand-and-One Nights' Tales of the Early Days  
of Railroading When Many Queer Things Happened.

## CHAPTER XI.

### The Stranger in the Cab.

T is ten years ago since that little affair happened near Knowing's Bridge. I was running No. 20. The road was in splendid condition; my engine had just come out of the shop, thoroughly repaired, and, altogether, everything looked pleasant.

"It was on a Sunday morning. I had backed down from the roundhouse to the station at Valley Junction, coupled on to my train, and was waiting for the passengers to finish their breakfast.

"My wife had brought the children down to the depot, as was her custom every Sunday morning, and I was playing with them on the platform while the passengers came hurrying out, one by one. I was just giving one of my youngsters a parting hug when, all of a sudden, I saw a strange man jump stealthily but quickly on the engine and pull the throttle!

"My fireman was not on the engine at the time.

"The wheels creaked, the train moved, and the loiterers on the platform jumped hurriedly on board. Quick as a flash, I placed the child in its mother's arms. In another instant I was face to face with the intruder.

"A single look told me that he meant mischief. He was a man of herculean stature, bareheaded, and scantily attired, with glaring eyes and long hair. His sleeves were rolled up above his elbows, displaying brawny, muscular arms.

"With a wild, excited laugh, he pulled

the bell-rope violently, apparently taking but little notice of my presence.

"What are you doing? Are you crazy?' I cried, as I grappled with him.

"He looked at me with that same leer. Pushing me back as if I were a feather, he said abstractedly:

"Don't annoy me now, I beg of you; I'm busy.'

"I summoned all my strength and rushed at him again. By this time the train was well in motion. Its speed was momentarily increasing.

"He let go of the bell-rope. As I seized him by the arms, he grasped mine in turn. Holding me in a viselike grip, he looked me full in the face.

"Didn't I tell you that I didn't wish to be annoyed?'

"I glanced keenly into his face as he spoke. For the first time, the horrible truth broke in upon me—the man was crazy.

"A shudder ran through my veins. I realized the dreadful danger before me. I thought of my little children, whose kisses were yet warm upon my face, and of that long train behind us, full of passengers so little suspecting their peril.

"Quietly seating me on the fireman's seat, he loosened his hold and returned to his post, saying:

"There, now! I don't want to be bothered!'

"By this time we were dashing along at a pretty rapid rate, and I could see that he knew how to handle an engine.

"I jumped to my feet. A third time he leaned forward to reach the throttle-lever.

"Stop her!' I exclaimed. 'Who are you?'

"Me?' he answered, with a quiet

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laugh. "I'm a practical engineer, working in the interests of science. I've studied for years, and now I want to make an experiment! Don't interrupt me!"

"He gave me another look full of wild determination, and then burst into hilarious laughter.

"'Good!' he cried. 'But she'll do better by and by! Now—she flies!'

"He gave the throttle-lever another jerk; the engine shot ahead.

"For a moment I sank in utter despair. To measure strength with such a man was suicidal. A struggle would only result in my destruction, and the probable destruction of the train and all on board.

"One possible chance of regaining control of the engine presented itself. I must draw him into conversation, and watch for my opportunity to gain advantage either of his credulity or his vanity sufficiently to induce him to give me his place.

"I scanned him closer than ever. He seemed to have entirely forgotten my presence; now jumping up, laughing, and clapping his hands; now letting more steam on; now looking eagerly out ahead, and murmuring: 'Better, better, better still!'

"My heart was thumping against my chest as I said:

"'You seem to understand your business pretty well. Been long at it?'

"He looked at me, looked away again, but did not answer.

"'I see you are a good, practical engineer, as you say,' I continued. 'How long have you been at the business?'

"'Years, I tell you' he answered. 'It was I who fitted out Pegasus, the winged steed!'

"'I wish I had your experience,' I said. 'What a team we'd make in the cause of science, eh?'

"An expression of unspeakable delight illumined his face. He turned toward me and said:

"'Are you for science, too?'

"'Science, every inch of me!' I replied.

"'Give me your hand!' He shook mine with a fervor which sent a tingle to my very collar-bone. 'Hurrah for science! You're the man I've been searching for with a lantern these thousand years. You can help me; but,' and he leaned over and whispered in my ear so distinctly that I could hear every word above the racket, 'can you keep a secret?'

"'Certainly,' I replied.

"A creeping horror stole over me. I felt his hot breath upon my face.

"'You swear you can?' he continued, looking inquiringly at me.

"'I swear!' I said desperately.

"'Because,' he hissed, 'if I thought you meant to betray me, I'd tear your tongue out!'

"'Never fear one man of science betraying another,' I answered with a sickly attempt at bravery. 'I'm your man!'

"'Well, then, mind what I say,' he continued, apparently reassured.

"He took from his pocket a bunch of soiled papers scrawled all over with lead-pencil marks.

"'Here's my secret, the result of five hundred years' hard study. To you, as a friend of science, I will tell it. But remember your promise!'

"'Now, you see,' he went on to say, 'a tangent from a parabolic curve goes on to infinity,' and he held up one of the soiled scrawls before me, pointing out the marks upon it with his long, crawlike forefinger; 'and infinity is what? Do you know? No; but you shall. Do I know? Yes; and in the cause of science I am going to show you. Speed, in locomotion, tends toward infinity. Infinity is unknown. The higher the speed, consequently, the greater proximity to the unknown.

"'Down where I've been studying they wouldn't let me build my engine to make this experiment; so,' and here his voice fell to a horrid whisper again, 'I came away secretly the other night, and now—ha, ha, ha!—I've an engine of my own! Speed, speed, speed is what we want! By and by we'll be ready for the tangent; then infinity, and then our fortune is made forever!'

"I saw that hope was fast disappearing. His intention plainly was to put the engine to her highest speed and send us whizzing over an embankment at the first short curve. We had gone nine miles already, although only thirteen minutes had elapsed since we left Valley Junction. I nerved myself for a final effort.

"'Come,' said I, 'your secret is wonderful. Now that I know it, I will give you all my help to carry out your plan. But you have overlooked one important point. The tangent which will quickest bring us to what we are after must be directed from a point as near as possible to the base of the cone. That point we cannot discern, unless you, with your superior insight into



the principle, will take a position on the outside of the engine and give me the signal when to send her off!

"The idea seemed to strike him.

"Good!" he exclaimed, shaking my hand. "Don't take your eyes off me!"

"That I sha'n't," I said fervently as he opened the window, and made a movement as if to step on the running-board.

"My heart beat with anticipation. Once outside, he would be at my mercy long enough for me to whistle down brakes, shut off steam, and reverse the engine.

"Suddenly he turned, slamming the window. Glaring at me like a demon, he hissed:

"You've betrayed me! What did I tell you?"

"Come, come," I said, "I haven't. Go ahead! See, there's the curve just ahead! Hurry, be quick, or the chance is gone!"

"I say you've betrayed me, and I'm going to kill you. I heard you whisper my secret a moment ago!"

"He came toward me with frenzy and savage cruelty.

"Now," I thought, "one last struggle for life or death!"

"Mustering all my force, I struck him with my clenched fist.

"He came at me viciously. I felt his long, bony hands in my hair. I staggered and fell backward. My head struck against something hard; my eyes grew dim, and I lay insensible.

"It was possibly half an hour before I regained consciousness. The first object that met my view in the distant landscape was the white steeple of a church. I was lying on my side, between the engine and tender, with my head half over the edge.

"Weak and exhausted from loss of blood, my eyes wandered to where the madman was still standing. I saw him with heightened wildness on his countenance, his long hair floating in the wind, glancing eagerly out ahead, his lips muttering incoherent and meaningless words. Now and then he would clap his hands in fiendish joy, then settle quietly down again to his sullen mutterings.

"The rate of speed at which we were moving did not seem to have abated. It was evident that he had replenished the fire while I was lying unconscious. I feared every instant the crash that would send me, madman, engine, everything, whirling to perdition.

"As my faculties grew stronger, I began

to realize the horror of my situation. What if he should discover my signs of returning life? He would throw me from the train or dash my brains out.

"Where was the conductor? Perhaps he had been left behind. The brakeman—could not some of them come to rescue me? Had not our wild speed, our neglect of the usual stoppages, told those on the train that something was certainly wrong?

"Suddenly I remembered that we were rapidly approaching Knowling's Bridge, which spanned the awful chasm through which the Arrow River leaps and plunges.

"In my pocket was a telegraphic order from the division superintendent, stating that the west-bound track on the bridge would that morning be taken up for repairs, and directing all trains to stop for the switch on approaching and cross on the east-bound track.

"The horror of the impending disaster welled before me. Should this maniac persist in his mad purpose only ten minutes longer—it would be the end.

"I heard a cry of wild joy from my companion. Gliding like lightning around a curve, the valley and the massive bridge were first disclosed to his view.

"Now, now!" he shouted. "Here we are! At last! Science and infinity and all the unknown are mine forever!"

"I tried to move. A pang of agony shot through every nerve and muscle in my body. I sunk again in utter despair, closed my eyes, and waited for death.

"Crack! Crack! A scream! A shout!

"I opened my eyes once more. The madman had fallen upon his knees. With the expression of a demon, his bared arms stretched above his head, his powerful form writhing, his eyes protruding from their sockets, and foam on his lips, he began to mutter something I could not understand. Then I noticed blood trickling down his breast.

"I saw the monster, weak and wounded as he was, turn and crawl upon his knees toward me.

"Come! Come!" I screamed. By that time his clutches were upon my throat. I looked upward to the clear blue morning sky above us to feel my breath coming slower and slower.

"The coarse, talonlike grip relaxed of a sudden, the din grew less and less, and the welcome shriek of the whistle for down brakes sounded in my ears.

"I felt myself lifted like a child in two pairs of friendly arms. I heard sobs and shouts of joy and the movement of many feet around me.

"A voice whispered lovingly in my ear: 'Saved!'"

## CHAPTER XII.

### The Man in the Front Seat.

THE woman who sat by me was elderly, with a sharp but somewhat handsome face, worn and marked with time and trouble.

A man followed her into the car. He found a seat before us. In a short while he turned to my seat-mate.

"He is really your husband, you know, Mrs. Evans," he said in a low voice.

"He is not!" she replied with emphasis.

"I beg you not to be hasty," continued the man persuasively. "I do not pretend he did right in leaving you and his child for so many years without a word. His second marriage is more inexcusable yet; but this second Mrs. Evans has been worse treated than you have. If she will overlook her wrongs and permit him to leave her for you without making any trouble, it seems to me you may find it possible to forgive him for the sake of your boy."

"For the sake of my boy!" Mrs. Evans said passionately. "A great gift such a father would be! I tell you, Mr. Mayne, every drop of blood in my body flies into motion thinking of such cowardly meanness and terrible wrong. You may be perfectly sure that I will never even see him. This is my final answer."

The woman seemed to be doubly determined. I wondered at the man's hardihood in persisting further. Finally he turned still more in his seat, as if he had not decided to accept her words as final.

All this time the man who occupied the seat before me with Mr. Mayne was sitting close to the window with his hat over his eyes, apparently asleep. However, I clearly detected that he was listening.

Mr. Mayne and Mrs. Evans were both too absorbed to notice him.

"But, Mrs. Evans," began Mr. Mayne again, "your husband is very penitent, ready to make any promises you may require, and willing to submit to any conditions if you will only acknowledge him as your husband.

"Although he has showed lamentable weakness in neglecting to send for you, I believe he was never really base at heart or intentionally a scoundrel. He kept hoping his business affairs would brighten, and he was ashamed and discouraged about letting you know of his failures."

"Mr. Mayne, I have no husband. He was lost to me twenty-one years ago. I have no intention of seeing or hearing anything more about the creature who bears his name," said Mrs. Evans coldly.

We halted a moment as we neared the next station, and she passed into the next car. I never saw her again.

She was scarcely gone, when a voice came from the silent man.

"Mayne, are you going to let her go?" it said in woe and despair.

"I can do nothing with her, Evans. I told you so before. You have heard her talk for herself. Aren't you satisfied?"

"You won't desert me now, Mayne? I don't care so much for her, but I want my boy," said the voice pathetically.

"I can do nothing more for you. You hear what she says," he added.

"Then why did you tell me at the start she had left New York with my boy, and say you would intercede for me? I paid you because you declared that you knew my wife would return to me, and that, anyhow, I could get my boy!"

"Business is business," returned Mr. Mayne. "I must live as well as the next man, and you cannot say but the bargain was fairly made and the money fairly earned."

"I bought off my second wife to return to my first—as you suggested. You said it could easily be accomplished!"

"It is a pity about you, but I can do nothing more. I have fulfilled my promise."

The man seemed already too wretched to mind this cold-blooded thrust. He only crushed his hat lower on his forehead, and settled back in his seat the image of forsaken and hopeless desolation. So we whirled along past sleeping villages and over long reaches of open country.

Suddenly he jumped to his feet and grappled Mr. Mayne by the neck. Before that person was aware of what was happening, two powerful thumbs were being forced into his throat.

Before the other passengers were able to tear his antagonist from him, Mr. Mayne's life had ebbed away.



The train was stopped at the next station and the murderer was turned over to the police. All of the passengers were lined up in the station and asked if there were any in the number who could identify him.

A woman paled and pressed her hand to her heart. Before she fell in a faint she managed to shout:

"My husband!"

The woman was Mrs. Evans.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### The Mystery of the Key.

"DON'T fret, Mag, for the short time I shall be away," I said to my wife as I put on my gloves and coat.

"Couldn't you stay at home just this one night, Jim? Do you know I felt so lonely and strange last night when you were away, and to-night I can scarcely bear the thought of your being absent so long!"

She looked up to my face with an anxious gaze. Tears glistened in the corners of her sweet blue eyes.

"Why, you little goose," said I, kissing away the bright tokens of her earnestness, "why should you feel alarmed? I must go every night to see that everything is O.K. on the line. I shall be at home by seven at the latest. If you are really afraid to stay in the house alone, I will send my brother Tom to keep you company."

"No, don't do that; it would look foolish, and Tom would only laugh at me when he came. He does not understand me. I think no one understands me—except you, dear."

"Thank you, Mag. I think I understand you. There is nothing to fear. The whole village is ready to come at your call. Good-by—and don't fret."

I was off, but my wife lingered by the porch. So long as the house was in sight, I could look back and see her white dress shimmering ghostlike in the light which streamed through the open door.

I was telegraph superintendent of the X., Y. and Z. The trains were run entirely by telegraph. Our despatcher having been taken suddenly ill, we had put a skilful operator in his place, who sometimes yielded to a desire for drink.

I thought it best, therefore, to be near at hand in case anything should go wrong. I had been married but a few months, and was by no means reconciled to the neces-

sity of leaving my wife home to pass the night in that "nasty old box," as Mag sometimes called my office.

A short ride brought me to my post. There was nothing extraordinary in the duty to which I had been called away, nor was it a new experience to me; but on that night my mind was filled with vague fears, for which I tried in vain to account.

The night was clear. There was a strange light in the northern sky. On entering the office, the night operator whom I had come to relieve was ready to depart.

"No use for two of us to-night," he said. "A foreign current has possession of the instruments, and not an office has 'called' for the last hour. Good night!"

When I was left alone, I found it was as he had said. The electric currents which are developed in the atmosphere during most meteorological changes had rendered the wires quite useless for the time. Seeing that my office was likely to be a sinecure, I drew my chair to the stove and, picking up a magazine, tried to interest myself in the story. Suddenly I was startled by the sharp, quick click of one of my sounders, as if some one was attempting to call me. With a shiver of alarm, I turned quickly to the adjustment, but soon perceived that the dot and dash had been sounded by a current of atmospheric electricity.

Smiling at the nervousness which caused me to start at so ordinary an occurrence, I turned from my desk, and again sat down by the stove. But smile as I would, and reason as I might, I felt that I was fast succumbing to vague fears. Thinking that the atmosphere of the room, which seemed close and hot, might have something to do with my peculiar condition of mind, I flung open the door and stepped outside into the cool air.

As I crossed the threshold, the midnight express dashed by with a speed that shook every timber of the building, and disappeared into the tunnel at the summit.

I could hear it rumbling on. Then all was quiet again save for the peculiar sighing of the air through the telegraph wires.

I stood and listened to the strange, melancholy sound, now so faint as to be almost inaudible, then swelling like a wail.

As a general rule, I had a most profound disbelief in superstition, but, notwithstanding, I felt that I would have given a good deal to be transported just for one moment to my home to see if all was well there.

The express had passed, and it was not probable that any orders would be sent or received. I might telephone to Connors, my assistant, who lodged near by; but as I could give no good reason for going away, I resolved to stay there and get through the night as best I could.

I went inside again, and poked up the coals with rather more noise and vigor than was necessary. I lit my pipe. As the wreaths curled upward, I saw my wife's face, looking at me as tearfully as when I had left her.

Again one of the instruments clicked sharply, but, as before, with no intelligible sound. I leaned my elbows on the desk and, with head between my hands, watched the armature as a cat watches a mouse.

Again I was startled by the instrument's nervous clicking. This time it was louder and more urgent. In short, it seemed to be calling me home. I am utterly unable to tell in what manner the impression was produced, but it seemed as if there mingled with the metallic click the voice of one I knew.

The armature began to move more regularly now, and to make sounds that my practised ear understood.

Slowly came two dots, a space, and a dot, as if some novice were working the instrument, and then the word "C-o-m-e" was signaled.

No sooner had I read off the final "e" than, to my amazement and terror, I saw the key move as if touched by some invisible hand, and the signal "O.K." was made.

A cold thrill ran through me. Could I have been the subject of an optical delusion? I know that such was not the case, for I had plainly heard the sounder, and saw the armature move in obedience to the current that made the sound.

I could perceive now that another word was being slowly spelled.

I was so bewildered and terrified, that I failed to catch the sounds. I watched the lever intently. This time I read: "H-o-m-e."

I stood petrified with fear and amazement, half believing that I was in a dream. Could that be a message for me? If so, what hand had sent it?

The instrument sounded again. After a few uncertain movements, "Come home, come home," reached my practised ear with unerring distinctness.

I could remain at my post no longer.

Come what might, I felt that I had no alternative but to obey.

I ran to the house where my assistant lived, roused the inmates, and told him that he must take my place immediately, as I had been called away suddenly.

Connors seemed somewhat surprised at my excited and startled manner. What he said or did I cannot recollect.

I rushed to the barn where a horse was stalled, and, noticing a saddle hanging on the wall, threw it on his back.

In another moment, I was dashing along the road in the direction of home. Although I urged my horse lustily, his pace was far too slow for my excited mind.

At length, breathless and panting, we clattered up the main street of the village in which I lived.

Suddenly a horse and rider appeared at the other end of the street. A hoarse voice uttered a loud cry of "Fire!"

At the same instant the church bell was rung violently. As if by magic, the village started into life, lights appeared in the houses, and a hundred windows were opened. I heard nervous voices cry from the windows, "Where?"

Checking my horse with a jerk, I listened for the reply.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### In a Dream.

**M**Y worst fears were realized. It was my own home!

I choked down my agony, and pressing onward with redoubled speed, soon arrived at the scene of the fire.

When I reached home, smoke was issuing in thick, murky volumes from the windows, while fierce tongues of flame were leaping along the roof.

A crowd of men were hurrying confusedly hither and yon, trying to extinguish the flames.

"My wife!" I exclaimed as I rushed forward. "Where is she?"

"Heaven knows, sir!" said one of the men. "We have tried twice to reach her room! Each time we were driven back by the smoke and fire!"

I dashed into the house, and ran along the hall. The stairs, fortunately, were built of stone, but the woodwork on each side was blazing.

Before I had taken three steps, I fell



back, blinded, fainting, and half suffocated with smoke. Two men who had followed me caught me and tried to restrain me from endeavoring to ascend again.

"Don't attempt it," they said. "You will only lose your own life!"

"Let go, you cowards!" I cried.

With the strength of madness I dashed them aside. I rushed up-stairs, and succeeding in reaching the first landing in safety. The bedroom was at the rear on this floor. Groping my way through the smoke, I found the door.

To my horror, it was locked.

I dashed myself against it again and again, but it resisted all my efforts.

To return as I had come was impossible. The only hope of saving even my own life was to go forward. I kicked the door desperately until one of the panels gave in. I crept through the opening, but the smoke was so thick that I could distinguish nothing.

"Maggie, Maggie!" I shrieked.

She did not answer.

I groped around in the darkness until my foot struck something. Stretched on the floor, I found the apparently lifeless form of my wife.

I bent over her. She was still breathing. I carried her to the window, which I broke open. Men raised a ladder, and stronger arms than mine bore my wife to safety.

On the evening of the next day, I was thinking over these strange events. Maggie drew a little stool close beside me. I had not mentioned a word to anybody about the warning which I had so mysteriously received. When asked what caused me to return so opportunely, I made an evasive answer.

"Who would believe such a story?" thought I.

"Jim," said the soft, low voice of my wife, "if you had not come home—"

"Hush. Don't talk like that. I can't bear even to think of it," I replied.

She paused for a moment, then said:

"Jim, I had such a strange dream last

night. You remember the evening you took me into the telegraph office and told me all about the batteries, and magnets, and electricity?"

"Perfectly."

"And do you remember how I wanted to send a message with my own hands, and you threw the instruments into what you called 'short circuit'?"

"Yes."

"You made me take hold of the key, and then you guided it while I sent a message to your brother, who was in the office at Stoughton, and the end of it was, 'Come home, come home!' which I repeated over and over until I could do it without your help?"

I turned quickly around. She was gazing intently at the fire, and did not perceive the startled look I gave her.

"Well," she continued, "last night I could not sleep when I first went to bed. When I did sleep, I dreamed I was in your office again. I had hurried there because I was afraid of something like a demon that was chasing me. I thought nobody could save me but you, and you were not there. I seized the key and wrote the words, 'Come home, come home!' as you had taught me.

"When you did not come, I felt the demon's hot breath on my cheek, as if it were just going to clutch me in its dreadful arms, and I screamed so loud that I awoke.

"The room was dark and filled with smoke. When I jumped up, I fainted."

Just what made me rush to her that night, I cannot tell. Just what made the instrument click, "Come home," will always be a mystery.

As I have said, boys, I do not believe in superstition or spooks or anything supernatural. Railroad men are too practical, I am sure, to believe in such things. I believe that the instrument was clicking because it was affected by an electrical storm, and I only imagined it was sounding "Come home." At least, I will always say so, and claim nothing more. Imagination does some wonderful things at times.

(To be continued.)

**Maybe your train's got right of track, but that doesn't mean that you can run the other fellow down. Hustle, but be considerate.**

—Sayings of the Super,



## The Railroad Man's Brain Teasers.

**S.** D. ADKINS, Sierra Madre, California, wants the boys to try to solve this one:

(23) Conductor Z. has orders to take out a full train of empties and distribute them at B, C, D, E, and F, and at each station to fill out with loads in exchange for the empties, each load to equal two empties. At B he set out one-half plus one-half car of his train and picked up half as many loads as he had empties in his train plus one-half car. At C he set out one-half plus one-half car of his empties and picked up one-half as many loads plus one-half car as he had empties in train. At D he set out one-half plus one-half car of his empties and picked up one-half plus one-half car of as many loads as he had empties. At E he set out one-half plus one-half car of his empties and picked up one-half plus one-half car of loads as he had empties in his train, and at F he set out one-half plus one-half car of his remaining empties and picked up one-half plus one-half car of empties still in his train. He then found he had but one empty left. How many empties did he start with? How many loads did he pick up?

Fritz Gannon, Helena, Montana, who has kindly contributed so many good ones, send this:

(24) A, B, and C, are stations on a trunk line, A being the east end of the division, C the west end, and B lies between. Three-eighths of the distance from A to B equals two-fifths of the distance from B to C. Train No. 1, traveling west leaves A at twelve o'clock noon. Train No. 2, traveling east, leaves C also at noon. Until the hour-hand and minute-hand are exactly opposite between twelve and one o'clock, No. 1 travels at the speed of 40 miles an hour. No. 1's speed is then increased, so that by the time the hour and minute-hands are together between one and two o'clock, No. 1 has traveled one-twentieth as far again as if her speed had been kept at 40 miles an hour. When the hour and minute-hands are next together between 2 and 3 P.M. No. 2, which has been traveling at a speed of 40 miles an hour, is exactly the same distance west of B that Train No. 1 would have traveled between noon and the time the hour-hand and minute-hand were first exactly opposite, if it had been going at the rate of 60 miles an hour. How far apart were the two trains at the time between two and three when both hands of the clock were together?

### ANSWERS TO MARCH TEASERS.

(20) Car 1, 142857. Car 2, 285714. Car 3, 428571. Car 4, 571428. Car 5, 714285. Car 6, 857142. Car 7, 999999.

(21) No. 1, 9 cars. No. 2, 19 cars. No. 3, 29 cars.

(22) 2.25 five-elevenths P.M.



# ON THE EDITORIAL CARPET.

Fresh Water from Our Readers Keeps the Feed  
Water in Our Think Tank from Getting Too Hot.

IF by any chance you should have missed J. E. Smith's "Observations of a Country Station Agent" in this number—and we don't think we have a reader so foolish as to let any one of Mr. Smith's contributions go by—turn back and read it; if you have read it, perhaps a second perusal will not be amiss. We have had some experiences with cats in our wild career, but we think this is about the best cat story that ever came our way. It is the best, because the cat figures so intimately with the railroad. In the May number, Mr. Smith has a story just as funny about a dog, and we want to say right here that it isn't all easy running when the freight department tries to put an ordinary canine on the way-bill.

This April number also contains the first half of an extremely interesting article, "The First Fight for a Railway." The attempt of the lawyer who tried to prove that an engine could not help slipping back, by multiplying the revolutions of the driving-wheel by the strokes of the piston, reminds us of the old story, but one that will stand repeating.

In a Michigan town, a saw-mill hand tried to run a locomotive into the roundhouse. He got it in too far, then reversed, and backed outside. Then he ran her inside again, and again backed out. He kept this up so many times that the foreman finally said:

"When you get her in, why don't you keep her there?"

"I will," replied the gent of the saw-mill, "if you will only close the door."

The second instalment of "The First Fight for a Railway," shows further the ludicrous efforts that were made to prevent the establishment of the railroad. It does not seem possible that human beings could have lived and worked so hard putting obstacles in the way of what has since proved to be the most remarkable innovation of the century. These articles show how active man has been in thwarting the world's greatest possibilities that some one else might be benefited.

In the May number, we will have another paper by John C. Thomson, on "The A. B. C. of Freight Rates," several graphic and thrilling narratives of trains that have raced against death, and another article dealing with some of the queerest happenings ever known to railroad men. Also, Walter Gardner Seaver, whose roundhouse tales have brought us so much merriment, will begin

the first of three papers, "The Railroad Builders." These are intimate stories of the first men who built our Western roads, and in them we expect many an old-timer will recognize friends of former days; men who worked with them, sharing some of the hardest as well as the jolliest days of their lives.

R. M. West will contribute another frontier story. It is a graphic account of one of the soldiers of old Troop M, which saw so much duty forty years ago, who was captured by the Cheyennes.

The recent hold-up of the Overland Limited in Utah has been thoroughly investigated and will be added to our well-known series, "Great American Train Robberies."

The fiction is up to the highest point in the gage. There will be a bunch of stories of the sort that you are accustomed to look for in THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. Some of the stories are the strong, gripping narratives of real men; others are instilled with deep, human emotion, and others contain that rarest of all fiction elements—humor.

Our old friends, Honk and Horace, will tell of their triumphal return to Valhalla. J. R. Stafford will contribute a new story entitled, "Compton's Train Robbery." E. W. Cooley's "When Grimm Got Busy," and MacDuffie Martin's "Moraney's Mule," are on the schedule.

We are printing in this number of The Carpet a few of the letters that have come to us since the last issue went to press. We wish that it were possible to give space to every letter that comes to this office, because nearly every one contains something of interest to railroaders. The space is limited, however, and we can only select a few, but we wish all our readers to know that nothing pleases us so much as to hear from them. Whether it is a brickbat or a bouquet, a rose or a thorn—let us hear from you.

We are still looking for some good, active, true stories of the rail, between two and three thousand words in length. If you can write one, send it to us for examination; but remember, the principal force of such a story is either action or the record of some unusual happening.

We wish to say a word about the old-time railroad poems which have become so popular in their regular corner in The Carpet. Those of our readers who send these old treasures will confer a great favor on us, if, whenever it is possible, they will also send the name of the author

and the publication from which the poem was taken. Then the proper recognition may be made, and all will be happy.

With the semaphore in the "clear" position, our May special is ready to make the grade. May the only stop be made at "Q."



### 'PHONE VS. TELEGRAPH.

THE following is taken from the records of a meeting of one of the divisions of the Order of Railroad Telegraphers of the Canadian Pacific Railway as reported in *The Railroad Telegrapher*:

Our regular monthly meeting was held yesterday in the new lodge-room in the Empire at Brandon, Manitoba, with local chairman, Bro. M. H. Simpson, presiding, and a large number present. Considerable business was transacted, and our chairman, so well and favorably known, was so strongly urged upon to continue for another term that he finally consented to serve.

He called attention to an article in the December issue of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, of New York, headed "Despatching Trains by Telephone," and what the Western Electric Company say about telegraphers, their scarcity, and the Telegrapher's Organization, and advised them to read it. He contended that it is not only necessary to elect the best element as officers of the Order, but we must get them in the Legislature, in the Senate, and in other positions where laws are made.

As the demand regulates prices on articles of purchase, it should do the same in regard to salary when there was a scarcity of telegraphers. The new schedule which went into effect last July, is one of the best and most carefully prepared I ever saw, although it does give the agent a decided ruling over the telegrapher.



EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

IN John C. Thomson's article, "Despatching Trains by Telephone," you state that, "if the telegraphers fear that the telephone will eventually obliterate them, they alone hold this view," also, that it will no more displace the telegraph than "the U. S. mail would go out of existence."

I am a telegrapher of eight years' experience and fully agree with your latter statement, for I have worked as telephone operator, handling train-orders and other matter pertaining to the despatching of trains, and ask your permission to take a few exceptions to Mr. Thomson's article.

If any of my brother telegraphers fear the telephone has the advantage over the telegraph in the movement of trains, it is because they have not been unfortunate enough to have had the practical experience of working with the telephone for the despatching of trains.

In regard to Mr. Thomson's article, you state editorially that you sincerely believe in the impartiality of his presentation of the subject. I beg to differ with you.

Mr. Thomson says the 'phone is faster. Of course, an operator can talk much faster than he can telegraph, but can he write down conversation any faster than he could receiving from the

telegraph? No, because any telegrapher, with a very few exceptions, can keep a fast penman on the jump, or "under the table."

The following conversation took place a short time ago between a despatcher and an operator to whom he was trying to give a "slow" order on the phone.

Despatcher.—"Copy a slow. Order No. 25—two, five, (spelt out) to C. and E. all west, Paris. Period. Lookout (spelt out)."

Operator.—"Wait a minute. Now, what's that, go ahead, 'period.'"

Despatcher.—"Period, 1-o-o-k-o-u-t (lookout) f-o-r (for) cattle c-a—"

Operator.—"What's that after 'lookout'?"

Despatcher.—"Lookout f-o-r (for) cattle, c-a-t-t-l-e."

Operator.—"I can't get you. What's that word after 'for'?"

Despatcher.—"It's cattle, c-a-t-t-l-e, cattle."

Operator.—"Break, I don't get you, what is that word after, 'lookout for'?"

Despatcher.—(His patience about all in). "C-A-T-T-L-E, cattle! Do you get that?"

Operator.—"Hallo, despatcher, I lost you. What's that after 'lookout for'?"

Despatcher.—"Didn't you ever see a cow, stock, bulls, yearlings, steers, cows—c-a-t-t-l-e, cattle—do you know what that is?"

Operator.—"Oh! All right, go ahead, 'cattle.'"

The despatcher managed to get through the rest of the order, which was, "Look out for cattle on the track between Paris and Blank."

In sending this order by telegraph, one spelling would have been sufficient and the order would have been repeated and "O. K'd" in one-tenth the time.

In stormy weather, the telephone is unsafe, and when, in the best of weather, figures are hard to distinguish, even with the additional spelling, which is a great time lost. You can't make much distinction between "twenty" and "forty" or "thirty," even when they are spelled out—the letters sound so much alike.

"It opens a channel to railroad employees injured in other lines of work," Mr. Thomson says. He should have said that it opens a channel where a disabled employee gets a chance to operate a telephone to receive orders, thereby risking his liberty for a few years, should he make a mistake in copying an order, which is very easy with the telephone.

I will not gainsay that the telephone is a great invention, but it will never do for despatching trains under the standard train-order system, where so many figures and letters are used, and in such a way that confusion on the telephone can never be overcome.

In probably twenty or thirty years of experimenting, we will eventually be able to use the telephone for despatching trains, provided some plan other than the train-order system is established.—"Z," Oakesdale, Washington.



### GLAD TIDINGS.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I WISH to express my sincere and heartfelt thanks for your great kindness in aiding me through your valuable magazine, in locating my father, Adam Smith, who is in Elk-



hart, alive and well, and from whom I had a letter to-day, expressing his delight in hearing of my whereabouts through a friend of his, also an enthusiastic reader of your grand book.

Also, I wish you to thank the following gentlemen through your magazine, from whom I had letters telling me of his possible address:

F. J. Flynn, 6109 Wabash Avenue, Chicago; M. O'Dowd, 155 State Street, Elkhart, Indiana; F. L. Kelsey, 1004 Monroe Street, Elkhart, Indiana; R. C. Hurst, 1013 South Second Street, Elkhart, Indiana, and all others who may have interested themselves in my behalf.

Again expressing my sincere thanks to you and the above mentioned, and wishing THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE every success of which such a valuable publication is justly deserving, I beg to remain,

A. ED. SMITH,  
233 Livingston Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I AM very glad to inform you that your publication was the direct means of bringing a letter from my father. I am very thankful to you for the interest you showed in my case, but words seem empty. How I am ever going to thank you is yet to be determined; yet I think you can understand just how I feel after seventeen years of silence. Again thanking you for your valuable assistance, I am respectfully yours,

ELSIE C. TRAPP,  
1823 N. Madison Avenue, Peoria, Illinois.

### AMONG THE MISSING.

IF W. C. M. sees this paragraph, will he please return at once to Tipton, Indiana. His mother is sick and wants him.

Any one knowing the whereabouts of W. J. Malvy will confer an everlasting favor on a relative by writing to her at 1435 Washington Street, Denver, Colorado.

### SOME LANTERN RAYS.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

IN replying to "L. E., Garber, Missouri," question 4, in your February number, you appear to misunderstand the question, "Is it safe for an operator to recopy train-orders?"

I shall consider it a favor to reply to this very important question. There are two ways of recopying train-orders:

1. The inexperienced man, or beginner, in receiving train orders from the dispatcher is liable to take a poor copy by reason of nervousness, or through his inability to receive and write down fast sending. Hence he may be tempted, after repeating the order and receiving the dispatcher's "O. K.," to make a new copy to display his best handwriting. This procedure consigns the copy received from the dispatcher, to the waste-basket. This plan is dangerous and must not only be discouraged, but positively forbidden. The writer knows of an instance where two passenger-trains running at high speed collided owing to an operator recopying the train-order his dispatcher had

sent him, and, inadvertently inserting the wrong meeting-point in so doing. Several persons were killed or injured in the wreck, and the property loss was very heavy. The better plan is for the operator to issue the original copy to trainmen, even if it is not written as neatly as he is capable of writing, remembering that the inexperienced of to-day who is careful is the old-timer of tomorrow, whose accurate work and neat penmanship are known all over the division.

2. An operator having received a train-order, may find that he has insufficient copies for all concerned. This may occur when trains are tied up by floods, washouts, or wrecks. In this instance, he should set up the required number of extra copies, place his original "correct copy" thereon, and with stylus or hard pencil, trace each and every letter and figure. This will avoid any errors and his extra copies so taken will be a facsimile of the original.

In further reply to L. E., relative to whistle-signals: On the Bessemer and Lake Erie Railroad, the passenger engineer's reply to the conductor's or brakeman's signal for a flag-stop is three short blasts of the whistle.—C. M. GRACE, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

The number of letters received corresponding to Mr. Grace's version of the three short blasts of the whistle, leads us to acknowledge our error and to state that this customary reply is in use on a good many railroads.

### ANSWERS TO CERTAIN SIGNALS.

HANNAH ROGERS, Kansas City.—The statement regarding hard and soft coal made by John C. Thomson in "The A. B. C. of Railroadng" in our February number, was, as that writer distinctly stated, simply used as an example and not as a matter of fact.

James Whittier, Los Angeles, California.—If the "Preacher and the Bear" is a railroad song, we will be glad to have our readers send us the words. We only publish songs and poems relating to railroads. None others are good enough for us to use. "Casey Jones" appeared in the July, 1910, issue.

K. C., Woodstock, Pennsylvania.—You win. The first wooden railroad in the United States was built in Ridley Township, Pennsylvania. The first iron railroad in the United States at Quincy, Massachusetts.

### WHAT WE DON'T KNOW.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I HAVE before me your February number, and note with contempt the extreme ignorance you are forcing on the public, who are inveigled into buying your book by the deceptively attractive red cover.

Now, you may be pretty wise as far as magazines go, but, there is whole lot of things you don't know about a railroad, and I am discharging a self-imposed duty in telling you.

Now, when you started out in this magazine business, you should have endeavored to get a *general* education, as I did. I know all about railroading, and you may think I don't know anything about books, but I'll fool you some before I get through with this. I have never had any actual experience in running a magazine, but I have taken a correspondence course, and I know my business. Why don't you take one on railroading? It would be a great benefit to you in your present vocation.

You state in your magazine that there is no such whistle-signal as three short toots of the whistle. There most certainly is. Do you understand? There IS.

If you want positive convincing proof of this, get aboard of the Q. T. Trier on the D. M. Q. and T., where they employ orators (the badge says "Porter"). After you are located in a seat, get comfortably settled for a couple of hours and "shut-eye" between the place where you got on, and the blind siding where you *want* to get off, and the said orator will declaim in a loud camp-meeting voice that the next stop is—some place where nobody gets off—and continues to iterate and reiterate the fact until everybody wakes up to find out that it isn't his station.

When the train gets near your blind siding—now listen—gets near *your* blind siding, the "orator" silently reaches for the bell-cord, or air-whistle cord, and pulls lustily *three times*, and the engineer says "toot! toot! TOOT!"

There's a lot more of things I want to tell you, but I just can't spare the time, such as how many trains can a train-despatcher despatch? Also, the Kinzua bridge. How about the Pecos High Bridge in Texas on the Ess Pee? I helped to build that bridge. It is 328 feet high and over 3,000 feet long.

My letter is meant as a gentle reminder of your weakness, and I will hereby mollify your injured pride by stating that I enjoy reading your magazine, sometimes because of the really good stories, and sometimes because of the humorous explanations and misapplied railroad terms.

SLIP BILL, alias ROUGH NECK.



## TWO LETTERS.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

**T**HE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE is my favorite, because of the true to nature railroad stories written by people who know what they are talking about, but I wish to take a "fall" out of Mr. Sumner Lucas, author of the story, "Scales that Weighed Not," in the December number. As Mr. Cal Stewart says, "I have the goods on him, sure."

The story states that a cool million dollars cash, needed by a bank to pay off a ruin, was placed in a suit-case, taken directly into an express car and locked in the safe by the messenger who was ignorant of the contents of the suit-case, and who was given a ten-dollar bill by the parties for his trouble, as if it were *his* safe and his express car.

The story goes on: An Italian party who was secreted in a coffin in the car came forth while the messenger was in the wash-room, extracted

the suit-case, also a package of money from the safe, which the author plainly states was locked, and jumped from the car. The messenger returned, took a squint at the safe and the coffin, contracted several kinds of tremens and shakes, and jumped from the car. The Italian person was rounded up by a clever detective, the money recovered, and everyone made happy—but—

I would like to be shown the suit-case in which a million dollars' worth of cash could be packed in the denominations which a bank would need to pay off a ruin, also the express messenger who would accept such an apparently valuable shipment from strangers ignorant of the contents—minus way-bill and the usual routine of the express company, etc., etc.

Also, how this Italian secured the suit-case from the locked safe, taking it for granted that he could get out of that coffin, put in three suit-cases and replace the wax mask without attracting the messenger's attention.

And I would like to see the messenger who would become so afflicted through missing a package containing \$50,000, and a look at a coffin-box, that he would desert his run without a chirp to any one.

Mr. Lucas's idea of an express messenger must be radically different from the brand we have in Montana. The plot of the story is good, but the details cannot "make the grade." Hoping Mr. Lucas will give us a real live one next time, I beg to remain.—W. C. ERTHER, Baker, Montana.

Immediately after reading Mr. Erther's letter, we forwarded it to Mr. Lucas, and received the following reply:

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

**N**EVER having had \$1,000,000 spot cash in my pocket at any one time, I cannot tell Mr. Erther just how much room it takes up, for fiction writers, like railroaders, have plenty of room in a hollow tooth for all their surplus cash. But, many a time I have carried \$50,000 in bills in a side-pocket of my coat, and with my good, old sawed-off .45 in the other, for I lived nearly thirty years west of the Big Muddy.

This was when I was a bank-clerk, some years ago, and, as I remember what real money looks like, I don't think I would have much trouble in packing even \$2,000,000 in this old suit-case of mine.

Let Mr. Erther figure it out for himself; \$50,000 in bills that a bank would use to stop a run takes up about as much room as a common brick-bat, and the inside measurements of my suit-case are 7 x 14 x 28 inches. I think I could get twenty such bricks into it—if some one gave me a reasonable chance.

During a run, little accounts that are paid in five-dollar bills do not trouble a bank much; it's the big "explosive" accounts that must be met with \$100, \$500 and \$1,000-bills that are dangerous. Speaking of such bills, I have carried \$5,000 to \$10,000 in my vest-pocket, going from bank to bank.

Even in gold, it might interest Mr. Erther to know that my suit-case, if run full of gold (cast solid) would weigh about 1,900 pounds and be worth about \$600,000. Just how many five-dollar gold pieces it would take to fill it, is more than I am prepared to estimate. At a rough guess



I should say over \$400,000 worth. So, when it comes down to mere \$100 or \$1,000-bills, the matter is easy.

Mr. Erther must remember that fiction, by the way, is neither mathematics nor history. To follow his rule in writing fiction would rob us first jump of Hugo, Dickens, Scott, Cooper, Kipling, Shakespeare, and—myself! No rifle ever shot like Old Leather Stocking's, no ghost ever made disorderly remarks in Denmark, no naked boy ever held council on a moonlit rock with wolves and tigers in India's jungles—fact, are there any wolves in India?—so, when I had my express messenger do certain things, I was smoking only one pill in my pipe, where the bigger chaps, just mentioned, evidently inhaled a piece of dream-dope about the size of a barrel.

Actual facts are seldom dramatic; they have to be colored a bit to make good reading. There is nothing more exciting in the world than a newspaper man's life, for instance, and nothing duller to read about. Facts are to fiction, Mr. Erther will find if he looks into the subject, about what lumber is to furniture, or coal, iron, and water to an engine. If he will glance at the first picture at hand, he will see that practically nothing in it is drawn according to the right comparative size; one man, "near," is ten times as large as another, "farther away."

The rails never come together in actual railroad life, although they are always shown so in a picture. 'Tis much the same in a story, for a story is only a picture painted with words.

As for the coffin and corpse game, that has been done many times in actual life, usually in getting out of prisons.

If any man wants straight facts, and wants to see how uninteresting exciting events can be in print when glued to what actually did and did not happen, let him send for a copy of the official records for a year of the Northwest Canadian Police, or drop into any convenient Montana police headquarters or fire department, and read the official accounts for an hour. He will yawn in ten minutes, and take up THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE to find something interesting, even if it is about so dull a matter as \$1,000,000.—SUMNER LUCAS.

### FROM THE FIRING LINE.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

HAVING been a constant reader of your magazine for a long time, I will endeavor to write you a few words and thank you for myself and in behalf of the other boys here with me, for the enjoyment we have derived from its pages. I do not believe that there is a place where your magazine is appreciated any more than on this dot on the world's map. The evenings drag mighty slow for us on account of our being alone the majority of the time. This letter has a long division to run over, and it will be in luck if it doesn't hit an open switch or a storage-spar before it gets to you.

I followed the iron trail for fifteen years, have seen a good many ups and downs, and have had my time on the up-track for repairs, but one of the happiest moments I know of was when I received my first copy of your magazine. I had been in this wilderness nearly five years then,

and reading your book seemed to revive the jolly times I had while on railroads in the States.—A. B. EXLINE, Sliolo, Philippine Islands.

### OLD-TIME POEMS.

#### PAPA'S LATE TRAIN.

BY MRS. GERTIE JONES.

(Copyright, 1892, by Charlie D. Tillman, Atlanta, Ga.)

A LITTLE one tossed on a bed of pain,  
At the close of a sad, sad day,  
The angel of death was hovering near  
To bear her sweet spirit away.  
But with dim eyes fixed on the old clock nigh  
She counted the moments as they went by,  
And with plaintive moaning and trembling cry,  
Said, "Papa will be too late!  
Oh, papa will be too late! Oh, papa will be too late!

"His train was due at seven, mama,  
And now it is nearly eight,  
I wanted to kiss my papa good-by,  
I'm afraid he will be too late."  
Of death's icy touch she had no fear,  
Her kind loving Savior seemed so near;  
Her thoughts were all for her papa dear,  
Oh, would he be too late?  
Oh, would he be too late? Oh, would he be too late?

Swift over the rails through the gloom of the night,

An engine came thund'ring down,  
An hour behind as the wheels stood still,  
'Mid the glimmering lights of the town.  
The engineer rushed home with a trouble deep,  
And knelt by the cot, but too stricken to weep,  
He had missed the kiss of his darling's last sleep,  
For papa had come too late.  
For papa had come too late. For papa had come too late.

Death's train swiftly bore her sweet spirit away,  
Ere her papa's late train moved in;  
No union now of that heavenly land  
With this one of trouble and sin.  
Connection lost by an hour's delay,  
The accepted time had passed away;  
Ah, sad the one who is left to say,  
"I came too late, too late,  
I came too late, too late. I came too late, too late."

Oh! fathers, have you in that beautiful land,  
Some treasured and innocent one,  
Who, safe from the sorrows and cares of life,  
Is waiting for papa to come?  
Can it be that this earth is all your goal,  
That you'll trifle with God and your own soul,  
And be, as years of eternity roll,  
Forever and ever too late?  
Forever and ever too late? Forever and ever too late?

#### HOW AN ENGINEER WON HIS BRIDE.

A N "Engineer's Story," in form regulation,  
I ain't going ter tell—I am not cruel-hearted.  
This story, in kind, is the first since creation  
Upon its long journey o' mysteries started.

I loved Sallie Jenkins—a name that's not takin'.  
With people what hanker for poetry names;  
'Twas the gal, not 'er name, sir, that first did  
awaken

Affection in me, an' enkindled love's flames.

We met, an' as soon as her purty eyes hit me,  
I felt my heart jump, like a feller in a doze,  
I says, "Thar's a gal what'll jes' 'zackly fit me,  
I'll hev 'er no matter what troubles oppose."

I found she was willin', but then her ole daddy  
He took down his gun from the garret, an' said  
If ever I 'tempted to take her, he had me—  
He'd draw back the hammer, so I would go  
dead.

I knowed he would do it, yes, 'cause the old party  
Hed won much renown fer sich innocent capers.  
His appetite allers fer fightin' was hearty,  
'N much he hed done I hed read in the papers.

But fortune it always smiles out on two lovers,  
I rested fer things ter develop themselves.  
Good luck in the cloud that affrights us oft hovers,  
Success in calamity's house often dwells.

One evenin' at dusk, when the moon was up  
creepin',

My train near her home was a chargin' with  
might;  
Ahead, near the track, there was 'sumthin' a  
leapin',

Then a form of a woman grew quick on my  
sight!

She seemed all unconscious of what she was doin';  
She heeded no whistle—stepped right on the  
track;

Her form to the rails soon the wheels would be  
gluin'

Unless by a miracle she was jerked back!

Oné chance in a thousand! Reversing the lever,  
An' makin' a leap an' a grab at one time,  
I landed her over the bank in a quiver  
Of terror and gladness—that sweet gal o' mine!

Next day all the papers was full of the story;  
"The brave engineer," was the idol of all.  
Her old dad was on me—his eyes no more gory—  
He hugged me, while tears from his whiskers  
did fall!

And now for pure fact in this awful narration—  
Fer since we are married the public may scoff—  
That job was put up at that sharp gal's dictation,  
When I leaped to save her, she was twenty feet  
off!—*James Noel Johnston.*



### I WANT TO GO TO MORROW.

**I** STARTED on a journey just about a week  
ago,  
For the little town of Morrow, in the State  
of Ohio.

I never was a traveler, and really didn't know  
That Morrow had been ridiculed a century or so.  
I went down to the depot for my ticket and  
applied

For the tips regarding Morrow, not expecting to  
be guyed.

Said I, "My friend, I want to go to Morrow and  
return

Not later than to-morrow, for I haven't time to  
burn."

Said he to me, "Now let me see if I have heard  
you right,

You want to go to Morrow and come back to-  
morrow night.

You should have gone to Morrow yesterday and  
back to-day,

For if you started yesterday to Morrow, don't you  
see,

You could have got to Morrow and return to-day  
at three.

The train that started yesterday—now understand  
me right—

To-day it gets to Morrow, and returns to-morrow  
night."

Said I, "My boy, it seems to me you're talking  
through your hat,

Is there a town named Morrow on your line?  
Now tell me that."

"There is," said he, "and take from me a quiet  
little tip—

To go from here to Morrow is a fourteen-hour  
trip.

The train that goes to Morrow leaves to-day,  
eight-thirty-five;

Half after ten to-morrow is the time it should  
arrive.

Now if from here to Morrow is a fourteen-hour  
jump,

Can you go to-day to Morrow and come back to-  
day, you chump?"

Said I, "I want to go to Morrow; can I go to-  
day

And get to Morrow by to-night, if there is no  
delay?"

"Well, well," said he, "explain to me and I've  
no more to say;

Can you go anywhere to-morrow and come back  
to-day?"

For if to-day you'd get to Morrow, surely you'll  
agree

You should have started not to-day, but yesterday,  
you see.

So if you start to Morrow, leaving here to-day,  
you're flat,

You won't get in to Morrow till the day that fol-  
lows that.

"Now if you start to-day to Morrow, it's a cinch  
you'll land

To-morrow into Morrow, not to-day, you un-  
derstand.

For the train to-day to Morrow, if the schedule  
is right,

Will get you into Morrow by about to-morrow  
night."

Said I, "I guess you know it all, but kindly let  
me say,

How can I go to Morrow if I leave the town to-  
day?"

Said he, "You cannot go to Morrow any more to-  
day,

For the train that goes to Morrow is a mile upon  
its way."

### FINALE.

I was so disappointed I was mad enough to  
swear;

The train had gone to Morrow and had left me  
standing there.

The man was right in telling me I was a howling  
jay;

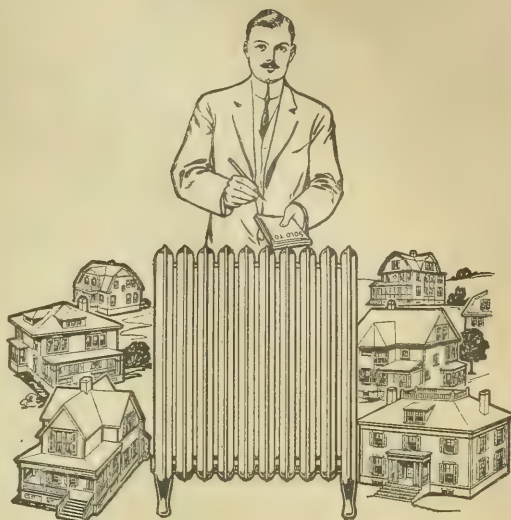
I didn't go to Morrow, so I guess I'll go to-  
day.



# You'll like it—it's well heated!

You will find thousands of different kinds and sizes of houses offered for rent or sale, but there is only one kind of true heating comfort which will fit any house or building and make it a delightful place to live in and work in. That way is with

## AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS



Ask the man behind the real estate proposition:  
"How is it heated?"

Every real estate agent, every large property owner, will tell you that the one convincing recommendation for any building is, that it contains an IDEAL Boiler and AMERICAN Radiators.

Just as you see our advertisements everywhere, so you'll find these heating outfits being put in everywhere. We are building more and larger factories, for we know that with the great and lasting satisfaction and economies our outfits are giving (more than in the case of any other article entering into buildings or their furnishings) we shall receive a rapidly increasing volume of orders for IDEAL Boilers and

AMERICAN Radiators. The high reputation that our heating outfits and our name now enjoy means that we must and shall stand back of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators and *guarantee them to the full.*

If you have a building to erect, to sell or to rent, you'll find it a splendid talking basis to say: "It's heated with an IDEAL Boiler and AMERICAN Radiators." It means that the tenant will be glad to pay you 10% to 15% more rent because of the comfort, health-protection, convenience, cleanliness, and fuel economy he will experience; or, in selling, you get back the full price paid for the outfit, which does not rust out or wear out.

No tearing up necessary—now quickly put into any buildings—old or new—farm or city. Ask for our book "Heating Investments"—puts you under no obligation to buy. Write, phone or call today.



A No. 2118 IDEAL Boiler and 270 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing owner \$135, were used to heat this cottage



A No. A-241 IDEAL Boiler and 461 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing owner \$215, were used to heat this cottage.

At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.

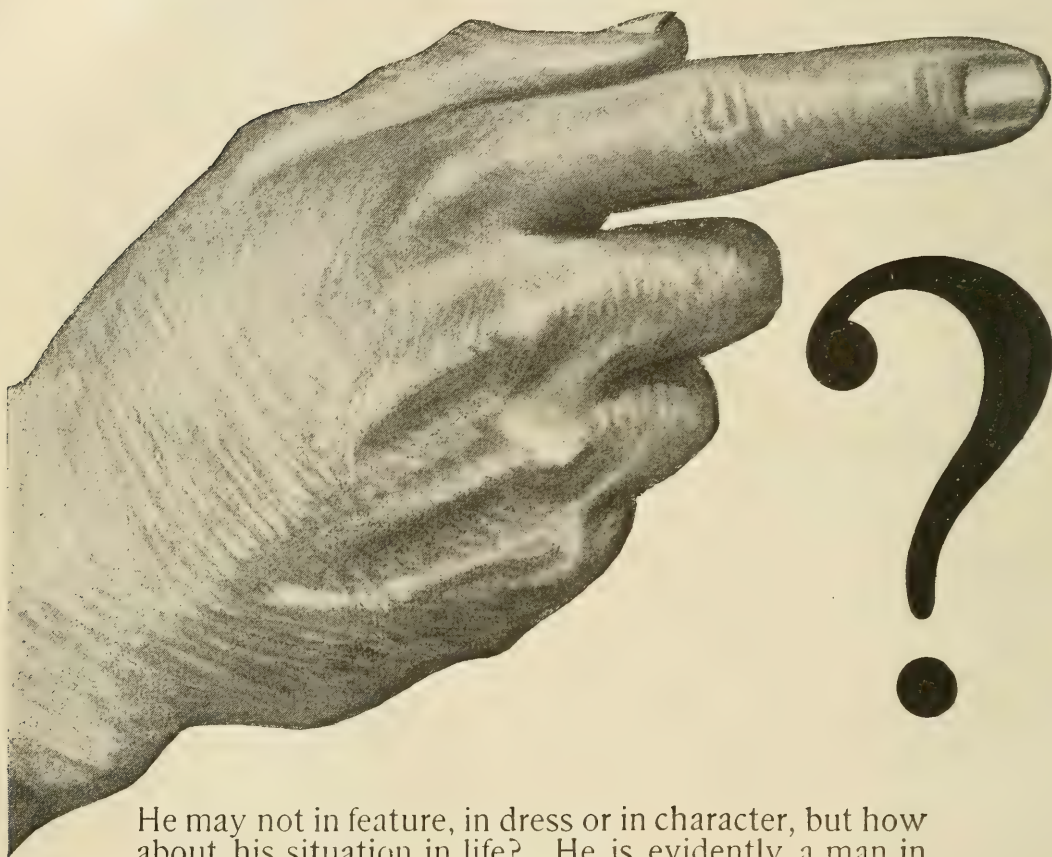
Showrooms  
in all large cities

## AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write to Dept. J  
Chicago



## *Does That Man Resemble You*



He may not in feature, in dress or in character, but how about his situation in life? He is evidently a man in poor position, but who seeks a higher occupation.

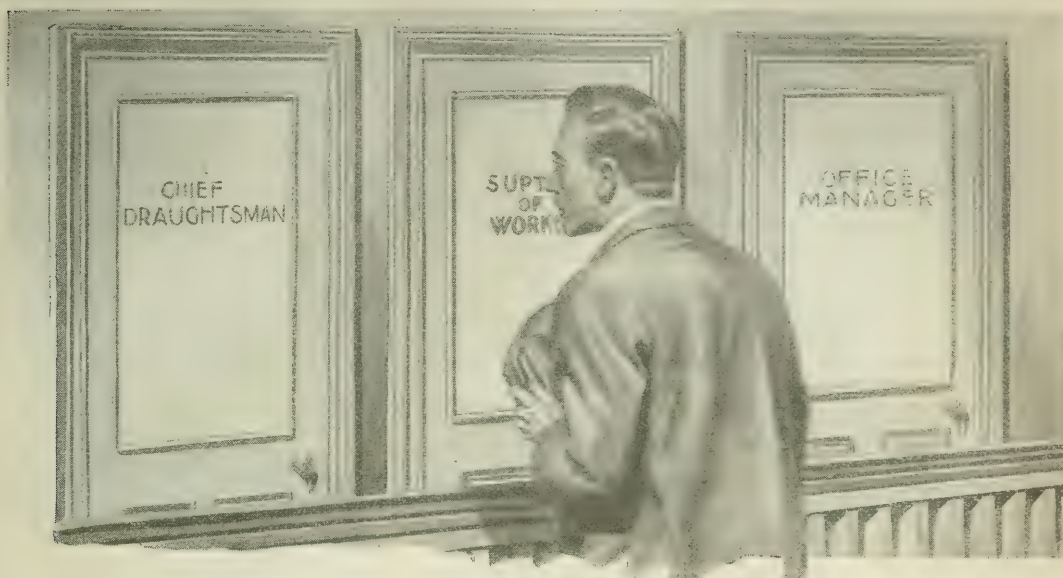
How can he enter the RIGHT door? Certainly not by influence—bluff—nor anything but actual training.

To secure this kind of training to-day, it is not necessary for a man to spend years of apprenticeship or college grinding. He can, on the other hand, without the expenditure of much money or the loss of time, qualify himself right at home, and at his present work, for the position he most desires.

On the opposite page is the story of just one man—out of many thousands—who has proved that all this is possible. Be sure to read it.



# How He Entered The Door



At the time of enrolling in the Surveying and Mapping Course, I was doing odd jobs at electrical repairing and office work. At present, I am employed by the city of Corunna to inspect the installation of a new waterworks system. I have to inspect every piece of work before it is accepted by the city, and, in fact, have supervision of everything the contractor does. *My income now is about five times what it was when I began the study of my course.*

V. W. ROYCE, Corunna, Mich.

Regardless of where you live, what you do, or to what position you aspire, this man does resemble you, simply because he succeeded as you can succeed.

If you want to know how this can be accomplished, without regard to how much money you earn, where you live, or what you do, mark this coupon and mail it to-day. It will place you under no obligation of any kind, but will bring to you from the International Correspondence Schools the same kind of help that it did to other discouraged men.

## INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS.

Box 861, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position, trade or profession before which I have marked X.

General Foreman  
R. R. Shop Foreman  
R. R. Traveling Eng.  
R. R. Trav'g. Fireman  
Locomotive Engineer  
Air-Brake Instructor  
Air-Brake Inspector  
Air-Brake Repairman  
Mechanical Engineer  
Mechanical Draftsman  
R. R. Construction Eng.  
Surveyor  
Civil Engineer  
Banking

Electrical Engineer  
Machine Designer  
Electrician  
Mining Engineer  
Mine Foreman  
Foreman Machinist  
Chemist  
Assayer  
Architect  
Book keeper  
Stenographer  
Advertising Man  
Automobile Running  
Concrete Construction

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Employed by \_\_\_\_\_ R. R. \_\_\_\_\_  
Employed as \_\_\_\_\_  
Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# Railroad Men! PUT YOUR SAVINGS IN A SMALL FARM

**Insure a Delightful Home and an Adequate Income  
for Your Family and Yourself When You  
Retire from Railroading.**

## *Let Your Farm Be Your Savings Bank*

It is better to put your money in land that is increasing in value every day than it is to put it in the bank.

There are thousands of acres of orchard and fruit lands out in the Union-Southern Pacific Country, which, if properly developed, will give you an ample income for the remainder of your life.

These lands can still be bought at reasonable prices, but their value is increasing every day.

**A three acre orchard at Hood River, Ore., produced  
\$3,801.36 in one year.**

**From 48 acres near Medford, Ore., the Pear Crop  
brought \$40,000.**

**The yearly net proceeds from ten acres in this  
bounteous country have frequently been between  
\$3,000 and \$6,000.**

## **The 1910 Fruit Harvest in the Pacific Northwest Alone Represented More Than \$50,000,000**

Railroad men, merchants, bankers—men from every walk in life—have gone to this great country of health and prosperity.

**Investigate Now!** Take advantage of the splendid opportunities for investment, insure your future independence and a delightful home in the beautiful Union-Southern Pacific Country.

Write TODAY for unbiased facts and detailed information as to locations, prices, etc. Address

## **Union-Southern Pacific**

**Standard Road of the West  
Electric Block Signals**

### **Homeseekers Information Bureau,**

**Room 2166 Bee Building**

**Omaha, Nebraska**





## The Whole Family

May safely drink and enjoy

# POSTUM

BECAUSE, when properly brewed (according to directions) it is pleasing to the taste.

BECAUSE, it contains no coffee or other harmful substance.

BECAUSE, it is made of clean, hard wheat, including the phosphate of potash (grown in the grain) for supplying the growing brain and nerve cells in the child, and replacing the waste of cells from the activities of adult life.

The whole family can make a distinct gain if they care to.

### “There’s a Reason”

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,  
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited,  
Windsor, Ontario



# UNDERFEED

## HEATING SYSTEMS

### End all Coal Bill Troubles

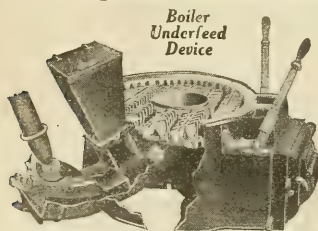
SEE the man. He's just eyed the big figures in his coal bill. He remembers the great price he pays for little heat. And he is jumping mad. Hundreds—just like him—took out unsatisfactory heating plants last summer, put in the Peck-Williamson UNDERFEED System, and enjoyed, during the past winter, clean, even heat at least possible cost. Houses are kept delightfully warm and tempers serenely even by the Underfeed heating way. A saving of one-half to two-thirds of Coal Bills is certain when you adopt

# The Peck-Williamson Underfeed

## HEATING SYSTEMS WARM AIR STEAM-HOT WATER FURNACES - BOILERS

The Underfeed coal-burning way, is the logical, common sense way. Coal is fed from below. All fire is on top. Radiating surfaces are larger and kept hotter than in any other heater. Smoke and gases wasted in other heaters, *must*—in the Underfeed—pass thru the flames, are consumed and make *more* heat. *Cheapest* slack and pea and buckwheat sizes of hard and soft coal

yield as much clean, even heat as *highest* priced coal in other furnaces or boilers. Ask your dealer to give you the cost of each per ton. *You* save the difference. An UNDERFEED heating plant soon pays for itself and *keeps on saving*. The few ashes are removed by shaking the grate bar as in ordinary furnaces and boilers. Underfeed heaters require *little* attention. They *add* to the renting or selling value of any building.

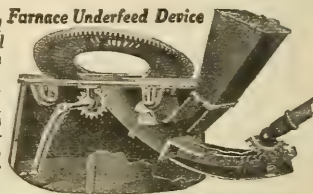


Boiler Underfeed Device

The Gas Belt Land Co. at Pierre, S. D., chose Underfeed Boilers for the Armory of the Fourth Infantry, South Dakota National Guard. They write:

"They have proved extremely economical and fulfilled every claim made for them in the way of saving in coal bills; are easy to care for and require very little attention to develop the necessary amount of heat."

For homes, banks, churches or buildings of any sort, the results are happily the same. Let us send you an Underfeed Furnace Booklet and fac-similes of many testimonials, or our Special Catalog of Underfeed Steam and Water Boilers both FREE. Heating Plans of our Engineering Corps are FREE. Write today, giving name of local dealer with whom you'd prefer to deal.



Furnace Underfeed Device

**THE PECK- WILLIAMSON CO. 386 W. Fifth St., CINCINNATI, O.**  
Furnace Dealers, Plumbers and Hardware Dealers—Write Today for our 1911 Selling Plans.

Send Coupon Today and Learn how to

**SAVE**  
**1/2 to 2/3**  
of your  
**Coal Bill.**

Fill in, cut out and mail TODAY.

**THE WILLIAMSON CO., 386 W. Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio**  
I would like to know more about how to cut down the cost of my Coal Bills from 50% to 66%. Send me—FREE—

**UNDERFEED** Furnace Booklet.....  
Boiler Booklet.....  
(Indicate by X Booklet you desire)

Name..... Street.....  
Postoffice..... State.....  
.....Name dealer with whom you prefer to deal.





## *The only Solution:* **Get a better job**

Are you "trying to make both ends meet" on a small, unsatisfactory salary? Are you one of the thousands of energetic, capable men whose days are spent in work not suited to their natural talents?

**Then read this wonderful offer. We mean it and there is a fine chance for you if you improve it.**

If you lack the time and the means to stop work and take a course of training, the American School will **lend you the cost of the training** you need and let you make your own terms for repaying us.

**This is the greatest offer ever made to men who have "got it in them to rise," and we are prepared to help everyone who comes to us in earnest.**

If you are willing to study for an hour every evening after working hours, willing to stick to it with the kind of persistence that wins, and without which nothing worth while is ever won; then you are on the right track.

Check the coupon, mail it to us, and we will explain fully our "Deferred Tuition" plan, how we will lend you the cost of the tuition, and allow you to pay us back when the increase in your yearly income equals the amount of the loan.

**No Promotion—No Pay**—that's what our "Deferred Tuition" Scholarship means. Send the coupon today and prepare for a better job.

**AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE**  
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

### **Opportunity Coupon**

**American School of Correspondence, Chicago, U. S. A.**

Please send me your Bulletin and advise me how I can qualify for the position marked "X." **B.R. Man's, 4-11.**

.....Book-keeper	.....Draftsman
.....Stenographer	.....Architect
.....Accountant	.....Civil Engineer
.....Cost Accountant	.....Automobile Operator
.....Systematizer	.....Electrical Engineer
.....Certified Public Acc't	.....Mechanical Engineer
.....Auditor	.....Moving Picture Op'r
.....Business Manager	.....Steam Engineer
.....Commercial Law	.....Fire Insurance Eng'r
.....Reclamation Engineer	.....College Preparatory

NAME .....

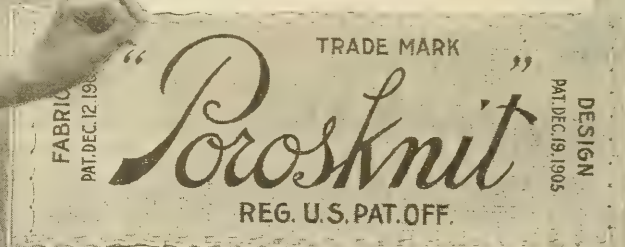
ADDRESS.....

# UNION SUITS SHIRTS AND DRAWERS ALL STYLES FOR MEN AND BOYS

THE unique "Porosknit" fabric is knit and cut to give a true fit with not the slightest suggestion of bulkiness. Elastic for freedom of movement. Absorbent and ventilated for health and coolness. Fits the hard to fit. Satisfies every wearer.

"Porosknit" Union Suits do away with double thickness at the waist, and the downward "pull" of the drawers. No other union suits that fit have their lightness. Buy a suit today. You'll agree that you never knew such comfort as "Porosknit" gives.

To insure satisfaction, look for this label



Refuse substitutes—get "Porosknit"

Two million men and boys wear "Porosknit" because they like it. Why not you?

For Men	All Styles	For Boys
<b>50c</b>	Shirts and Drawers	<b>25c</b>
	per garment	
Men's Union Suits	Any style	Boys' Union Suits
<b>\$1.00</b>		<b>50c</b>

On sale in nearly every store you pass.

Write us for booklet showing all styles.

**CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY**  
43 Washington Street, Amsterdam, New York



# Stupendous Offer

## On Highest Grade Railroad Watches

### Rock Bottom Prices!

**H**ERE is your opportunity to make your selection from the world's finest and highest grades of *all* watches—and on a *stupendous rock bottom offer*.

No need now to pay a fabulous contract price in order to own the **very best** of watches! Your choice of makes distributed at the rock bottom (*one-half or one-third* the price you would assume)—thanks to the plan of the Independent Railway Watch Distributors.

**Every watch listed in the Independent Railway Watch Distributors' booklet has been officially inspected and approved by every railroad in the United States, Canada and Mexico. Only these are listed.**

Only one per cent of the watches produced are of railroad grade, only a few famous top-notch grades. You can take your *choice* of the famous grades on the rock bottom \$3.50 a month offer.

**You know** how strict railway watch inspection has become, and that no watch with a flaw is allowed to be carried. You know the enormous prices which you have been forced to pay for the very best of timepieces. Here is your opportunity to get a top-notch watch—your selection of brand—at the right price. (No contract with jewelers, all price-boosting schemes eliminated, all the little extras cut off). **We want you to join in at once with the Independent Railway Watch Distributors**—and on this special offer we now allow railway men to get this rock bottom price on any watch you select while paying for it out of your monthly salary at the rate of

## \$3.50 a Month

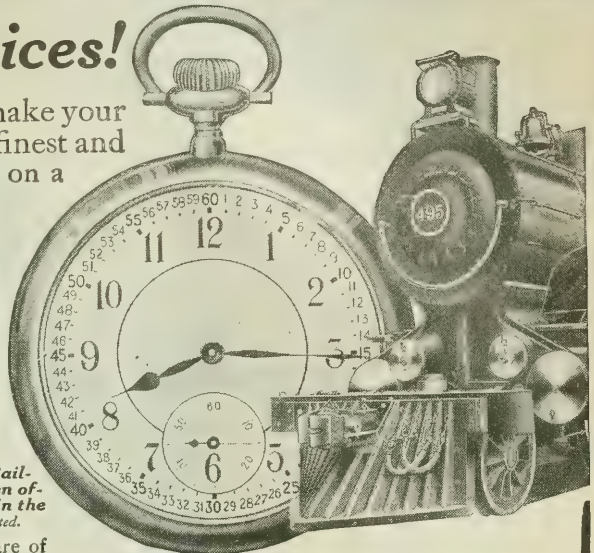
**Special Notice** For the present these rock bottom prices and special terms of \$3.50 a month made to railroad employees, will be allowed to others also. Send the coupon. We desire to reach railway men as quickly as possible, and believe that if the passengers on trains carry these watches, railway men will want them also.

We want all railroad men to join in the Independent Railway Watch Distributors and we want the general public to help us in pushing this cause.

Wm. H. Charles, Secretary

**Independent Railway Watch Distributors**

2845 W. Nineteenth St., Dept. 1104 CHICAGO, ILL.



## Shipped Direct

**For Special Reasons** (and on this special offer) these selected watches are offered direct on a rock bottom offer, or you can get besides the railroad watches specially listed by the distributing organization any other approved railroad watch in the country, from any of the factories, Illinois, Hamilton, Elgin, Waltham, Rockford—in fact, your choice of any railroad watches—shipped direct to you without profit to the jeweler and even in most cases with the wholesale jewelers profit not allowed.

**Free Examination** Watches are sent on approval, prepaid, without any money down, subject to inspection; to be returned at the Independent Railway Watch Distributors' expense if not wanted after inspection. Only the very finest timepieces sent out this way. No obligations whatever to buy; watches sent absolutely on approval.

**A Booklet** will be sent free to railroad men (and for the present also free to others) who sign this coupon. This booklet lists 79 railroads in the United States, Canada and Mexico which have officially approved and inspected all the kinds of watches listed by the distributors. The booklet quotes the surprising rock bottom prices and makes the terms of \$3.50 a month on railway watches which for twenty years have been acknowledged the standard.

**Send the Coupon Today**

**To the Independent Railway Watch Distributors**  
2845 19th St., Dept. 1104  
CHICAGO, ILL.

Please send me your Railroad Watch Book free, listing rock bottom prices direct (also \$3.50 a month terms).

NAME.....  
ADDRESS.....



WITH its still greater improvements for 1911, the Indestructo Trunk offers by far the greatest trunk value on the market. Made in a variety of styles, including Men's, Women's, Steamer Trunks, Hat Trunks, Trousseau Trunks, etc.

We've bettered the trunk in many ways—developed in the corners a doubly-reinforced construction that adds tremendously to strength—but not to weight. It is now canvas-covered.

"Government Bronze," same as specified by the U. S. Government, is used for all trimmings. That means long wear—no discolorations.

Every 1911 Indestructo Trunk is lined, top and bottom, with pure, red cedar—fragrant—cleanly—moth-repelling.

## INDESTRUCTO TRUNKS AND OTHER LUGGAGE

—are guaranteed for five years. That means absolute protection for the buyer, who, unless an expert, is practically helpless in selecting leather goods. The Indestructo stamp means that you are getting the most value possible—and that when we say a bag is made of a certain leather—such as walrus or seal—it is that leather absolutely.

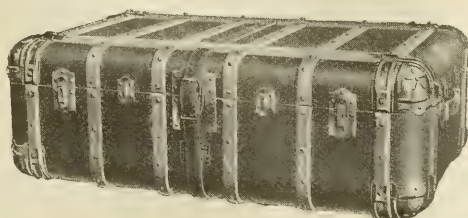
Let your traveling equipment be Indestructo throughout. You will find Indestructo Bags, Suit-cases, Hat Boxes, Thermos Cases, Golf Bags, etc., just as we have always guaranteed Indestructo Trunks.

Indestructo Bags all have unbreakable three-ply Indestructo Veneer corners. They keep their shape. Our special identification-feature makes them practically non-stealable.

All the popular black and russet leathers. Imported models—exclusive designs—beautifully lined and finished. \$5.00 and up. Send for the full facts and description of the new Indestructo line.

**National Veneer Products Co.**

Station D 35, Mishawaka, Indiana



## Velvet

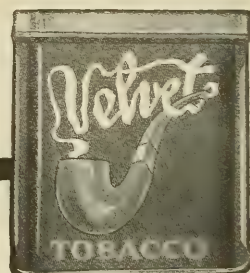
THE  
SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

Golf—a dandy drive and then the long follow after the ball. Fill up your pipe with Velvet. It's a rattling good smoke—as smooth as you want the "green" to be. Velvet is made of Burley. Not any kind of Burley, but the choice leaves of each plant. It smokes cool and pleasant and there isn't a burn to a thousand pipefuls. Yes, there are lots of Burleys, but—you know the difference in taste between green and ripe fruit? Well, there's where Velvet differs from the other varieties. It's well cultivated—well cured and well mellowed. You'll realize the difference when you've smoked it. Go to your dealer and get a can today. Try it—if you doubt us.

**Spaulding & Merrick**  
Chicago, Ill.

In a neat metal can  
**10 cents**

At your dealer's or if he is sold out, send us the 10 cents. We'll send you a can to any address in the U. S. A.







FROM NO. 4A FOLDING KODAK NEGATIVE.

*Take a  
KODAK  
with you.*

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

*Catalogue free at the  
dealers or by mail*

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

# This Semi-Dress Shirt for R.R. Men



comes in a variety of neat patterns, light and dark, with two detached hand-turned collars or one attached soft collar and is **cut coat style**—easy to put on and take off when you are tired, sweaty or in a hurry.

**Extra features** not found in other shirts include button at bottom of breast plait to keep flaps smooth, sleeve slit in side and reinforced against ripping. Button holes for attaching white cuffs.

If you have never worn the

## Signal Coat Shirt

you have a comfort-treat in store. These shirts come in plain and polka dot percales like one shown here at \$1.00 (\$1.25 if expressed West of Missouri River) or in finer fabrics at \$1.50.

They are cut on roomy lines, fit as though tailored-to-order and will outwear any shirt on the market at the price. The best value obtainable in a railroad man's shirt.

## Try a Couple at Our Risk

and prove our claims. Your dealer should have them, but if not, tell us his name and your size and we will send you a couple by express C.O.D. If you like them, pay express man. If not satisfactory, return at our expense.

State whether you want the \$1.00 or \$1.50 grade or write for folder showing swatches of patterns and giving full particulars.

Makers of Signal Work Clothes—  
a Special Factory for Overalls  
and Coats.

**HILKER WIECHERS MFG. CO.**  
1252 Mound Ave. Racine, Wis.



## Consider Your Shoes

and Make Sure that they are

# GOODYEAR WELT

Shoes made on Goodyear Welt Machines are marked by comfort, durability and style.

They are *Smooth Inside*; because no thread penetrates the insole to tantalize the foot.

They are equal to shoes sewed by hand in the essential qualities you require, and can be bought at  $\frac{1}{3}$  the price.

Only good material can be used in shoes made on the rapid machines of the Goodyear Welt System.

Write today for the following booklets which will be sent you without cost:

1. Contains an alphabetical list of over five hundred shoes sold under a special name or trade-mark, made by the Goodyear Welt process.
2. Describes the Goodyear-Welt process in detail and pictures the sixty marvelous machines employed.

3. "The Secret of the Shoe—An Industry Transformed." The true story of a great American achievement.
4. "An Industrial City." Illustrated—descriptive of the great model factory of the United Shoe Machinery Company at Beverly, Massachusetts.

**United Shoe Machinery Company, Boston, Mass.**



**WHEN** you go  
out this spring  
in quest of under-  
wear look at



### CONDUCTIVE UNDERWEAR

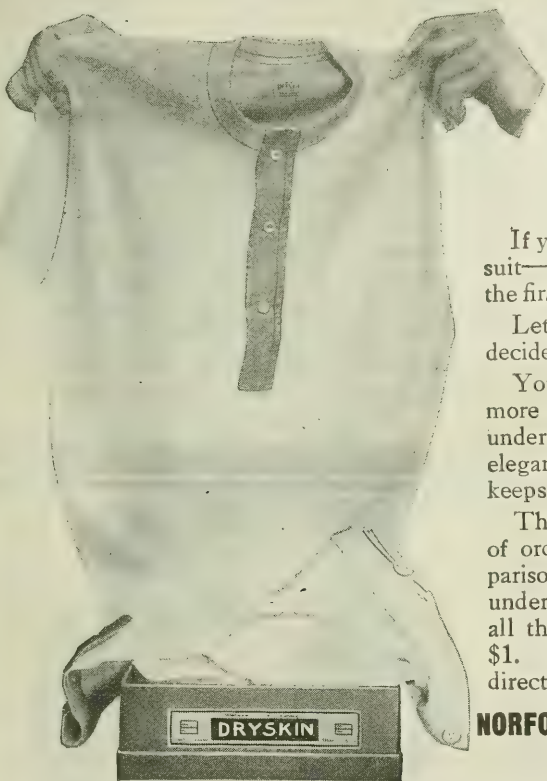
If you haven't utter faith in it just buy a single suit—alternate it with your present underwear in the first sweltering hot weather that comes along.

Let your own sense of comfort and coolness decide.

You'll find "DRYSKIN" Underwear 50% more absorbent—therefore cooler than any underwear you ever wore. And it has all the elegance of fine linen—delights the eye and keeps the skin dry, sweet and cool.

This experiment costs you only \$1, the price of ordinary underwear. Just make the comparison—then, into the discard with your other underwear; you'll want to wear "DRYSKIN" all the time. Single garments 50c, union suits \$1. All styles. If not at your dealer's order direct, stating size.

**NORFOLK HOSIERY & UNDERWEAR MILLS CO.**  
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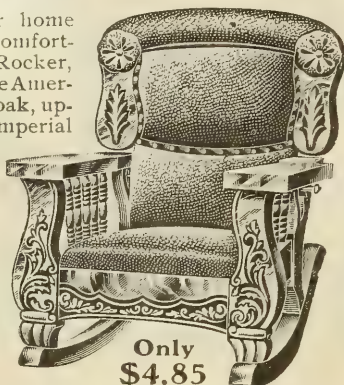
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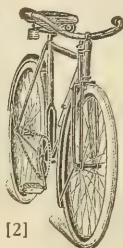
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22 Great Stores—800,000 Customers

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Remarkable Special Offer to Introduce the Famous "America" Bicycles in Certain Sections of the United States—Big Opportunity to Riders!



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\$45  
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No matter how far away you live, or how small your salary or income we  
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Bronchitis, Colds,  
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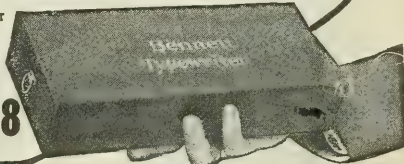
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Extra Blades, 10 for 50c—all stores  
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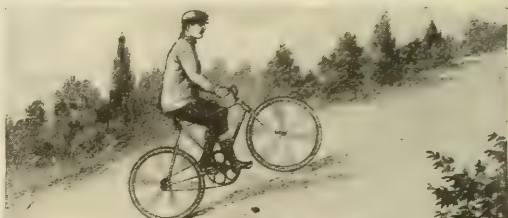
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At your dealer's, or by mail on receipt of price.  
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"Always  
Ready"



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*Place one envelope Minute Gelatine Plain,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of sugar and pinch of salt in pint cup, fill cup with boiling coffee, stirring thoroughly one minute. Strain into mold and set to cool. Serve with cream and sugar.*

There are four envelopes of Gelatine in each package. Each envelope contains **exactly** and **always** the right amount to make **one pint** of dessert. A whole package makes **half gallon**.

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Sent PREPAID On **Free Trial** at Our Special ROCK BOTTOM WHOLESALE PRICE.

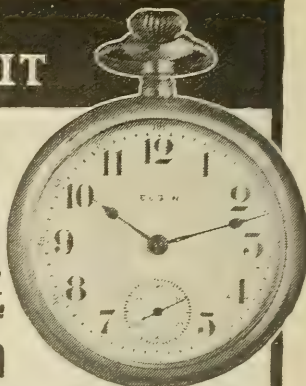
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**Complete in 20-Year Gold Filled Case—**  
**the BIGGEST BARGAIN Ever Offered!**

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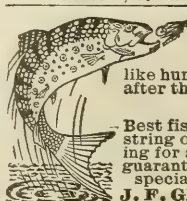
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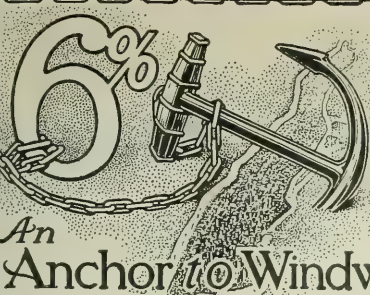


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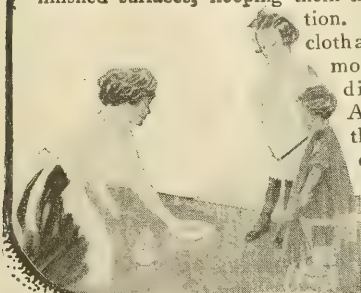
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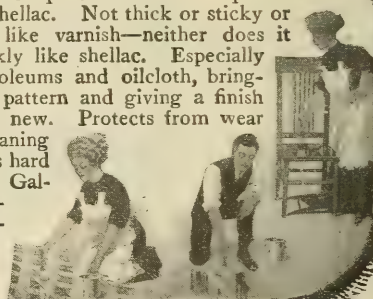
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# THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE



MAY



## Mother's Day

Is when she moulds the habits, health and beauty of her children. Beauty and softness of skin texture are the natural heritage of nearly all infants. Unfortunately, this birth boon is often undervalued and neglected, with the result that the beauty gradually disappears.

The use of common impure soaps is answerable for much of this skin deterioration, and for this there is no excuse, since the best and purest of all skin soaps

# Pears' Soap

is really more economical than ordinary soaps, because of the fact that it lasts twice as long. The pre-eminence of Pears' Soap all the world over is easily accounted for. It is composed entirely of natural beauty preserving ingredients. Its emollient action ensures the skin of a permanent softness and delicacy of color, and exercises a protective influence that keeps it in perfect condition.

Pears is all solid soap purity and goodness having no water mixed with it, and being unaffected by heat or cold. Since 1789 Pears has been the Mother's Soap of the world.

The general idea of Mother's Day is a simultaneous observance in every country of the love and reverence men, women and children owe to a good mother. The second Sunday in May is observed as Mother's Day throughout the United States. The Movement is not denominational—Every society and organization is asked to unite in making the observance universal. Do some distinct act of kindness to the sick or unfortunate, in loving remembrance of your mother. The White Carnation is the Mother's Day special flower.

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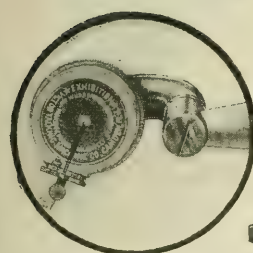
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of the  
“goose-neck”  
tone-arm



The patented Victor “goose-neck”  
tone-arm in playing position.



The patented Victor “goose-neck”  
tone-arm when not in use.

“What makes the Victor tone so sweet, clear and natural, and of such splendid volume?” people ask as they become captivated by the unequaled Victor tone-quality.

The “goose-neck” construction of the tone-arm is largely responsible. A little thing in itself, but a great big thing in what it accomplishes.

It puts the weight of the sound-box in the proper place and at the proper angle to get the best results from every record.

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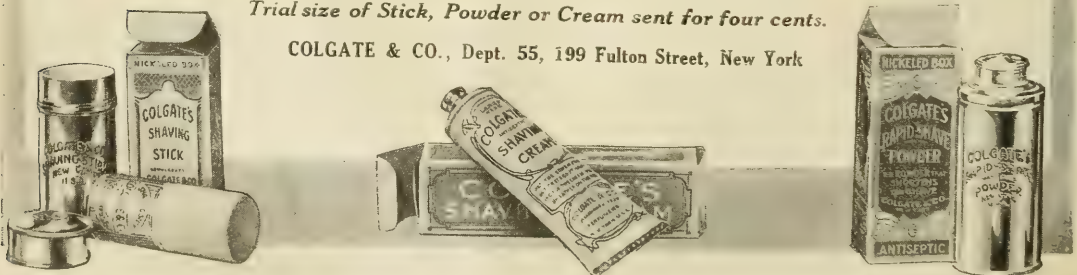
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# THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

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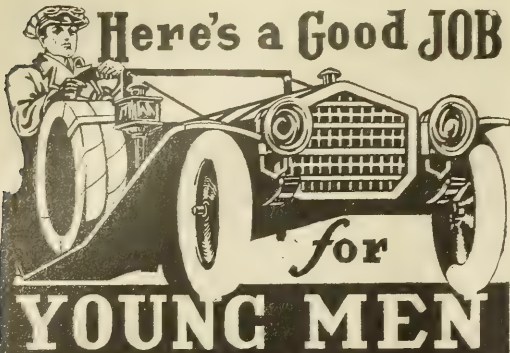
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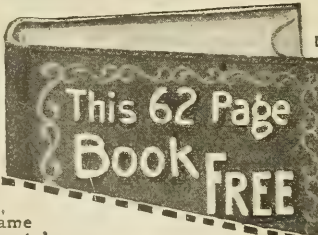
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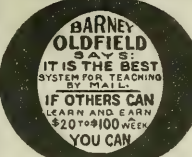
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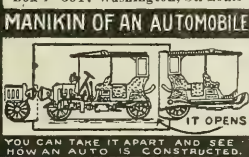
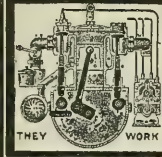
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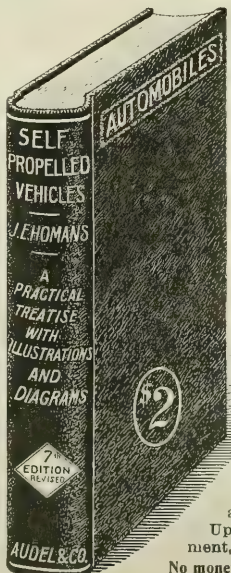
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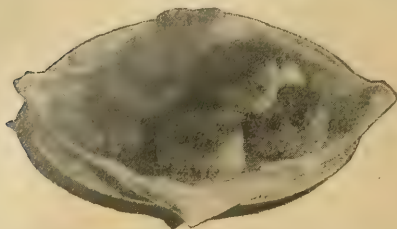
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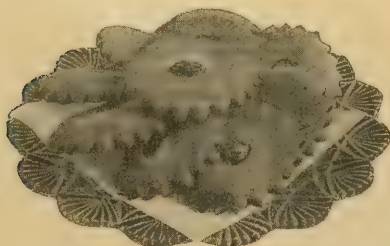
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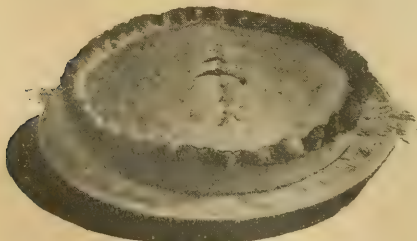
**Tea Biscuits**—Sift one quart of flour with one teaspoonful of salt, and three rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Into this rub one large teaspoonful of Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard. Add just enough sweet milk to make a dough easily handled. Roll out and bake for about fifteen minutes in very hot oven.



**New England Doughnuts**—Scant cup granulated sugar, rounding tablespoonful "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard, cupful sweet milk, two eggs, one-fourth teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon nutmeg, four cupfuls flour, four rounding teaspoonfuls baking powder. Roll out one-fourth of an inch thick, cut and fry in Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard.



**Old-Fashioned Sugar Cookies**—One cupful of Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard, three cupfuls sugar, three eggs, one cupful buttermilk, one level teaspoonful soda, one-half nutmeg grated, pinch of salt, two cupfuls pastry flour. Add enough flour to make a dough easily handled. Cut out one-eighth of an inch thick; cover with granulated sugar and bake a delicate brown.



**Pie Paste**—One level cup of pastry flour, one-half cup of Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard, one-half teaspoon salt, one-fourth cup cold water. Mix salt and flour thoroughly, chop in the lard, add water. Use as little flour as possible when rolling out. This makes a light, crisp, flaky and delicious pie crust.

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# THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XIV.

MAY, 1911.

No. 4.

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## The Railroad Builders.

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BY WALTER GARDNER SEAVER.

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**W**HEN railroads throughout the West were warring with one another for new territory and pushing their tracks through that part of Kansas and Nebraska known as the Great American Desert the intense rivalry between the builders of competing roads often gave rise to incidents, many of which are still unwritten history.

The first instalment of Mr. Seaver's series of stories told by promoters, engineers, and contractors deals with the rough-and-ready tactics of these Western railroad builders whom no obstacles however great could overcome, and who sought to finish their work on time even if they had to help themselves to the building material belonging to another line.

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### PART I.—THE FIGHT FOR RAILS.

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**Master-Strokes of Nerve, Daring, and Audacity That Marked the Efforts of  
the Men Who Struggled To Win Supremacy for  
the Roads They Were Building.**

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#### BATTLE FOR COUNTY AID BONDS.

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**Joab Mulvane Learns that It Pays to Have  
Public Opinion Behind a Railroad.**

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**I**N 1883 the freight and passenger traffic of that part of Kansas lying west of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad and south of the Arkansas River was controlled by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe lines, with the exception of what went to the St. Louis, Fort Scott

and Wichita, a part of the Missouri Pacific system. The Frisco system had a line running from Monett, Missouri, to Wichita, but offered no competition to the Santa Fe, as it was controlled by that line.

The Southern Kansas, from Kansas City to Independence and thence west to Medicine Lodge, was the only line through the Osage Diminished Reserve from east to west, and the two southern tiers of counties depended upon it entirely for their supply of fuel and lumber. It was almost impossible to get soft coal from the mines in south-

eastern Kansas during the winter of 1882-1883, either for the reason that the Southern Kansas did not have cars enough to serve the territory, or because of a combination between the dealers and the railway to restrict the supply and thus advance prices. Whatever the cause, coal at any of the stations west of Elk City cost from twenty-five to forty cents a bushel, delivered.

During the fall of 1882 an immense corn crop had been gathered all through southern Kansas, but the price was low, the grain bringing but ten cents a bushel delivered at the railroad. As a result, corn was used for fuel, and made a quick and exceedingly hot fire, though the majority of people found that in the spring their stoves were burned out and fit only for scrap.

Colonel Joseph Hansen, superintendent of the Union Depot at St. Joseph, Missouri, and prior to that superintendent of the St. Joseph and Denver City, was thoroughly familiar with the situation and the country. He planned a line of narrow-gage road that was to connect the Cairo, Arkansas and Texas, then being built down through Arkansas and Texas by the Palmer-Sullivan Syndicate, with the Denver and Rio Grande, also a narrow-gage system running out of Denver.

### Wanted Broad-Gage.

Associated with him was J. J. Burns, of Belle Plain, Kansas; Charles C. Black, of Winfield, Kansas; Colonel John Doniphan, Henry M. Hansen, Frederick C. Parker, of St. Joseph, and a number of others who had filed a charter incorporating the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic Railway.

The line was to run from Memphis, Tennessee, crossing the Cairo, Arkansas and Texas (now the Cotton Belt) at or near Brinkley, and thence along the White River Valley in Arkansas to Joplin, Missouri. It was to pass through Baxter Springs, Kansas, crossing the Missouri, Kansas and Texas at Chetopa, Kansas, and thence through Coffeyville, Sedan, Winfield, Belle Plain, Kingman, and Larned.

The proposed line would tap the rich coal-fields of southeastern Kansas as well as those of Arkansas. In Arkansas for a hundred miles it ran through forests of yellow pine. The announcement of the project was hailed with delight by the people all along the proposed line, and when issues of bonds in aid of the line were proposed the elections

were carried in every county with very little opposition.

Just about the time that the contract for the underwriting of the bonds was to be closed, the Palmer-Sullivan lines went into the hands of a receiver, as did also the Denver and Rio Grande. It was found that no funds could be secured for a narrow-gage system, as the Palmer-Sullivan smash caused bankers to believe that narrow-gage lines were not practical when brought into competition with those using standard gage.

### Special Act Passed.

Something had to be done; so the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic secured the passage of an act in the Kansas Legislature, permitting companies incorporated to build narrow-gage lines to build standard-gage roads instead. This was in the winter of 1885-1886.

The time stipulated for the building of the line in the county aid propositions had elapsed, or so nearly so that a compliance was impossible, and it became necessary to make a second appeal for help, Colonel Hansen having received assurances that, with the aid voted for a standard-gage line, the underwriting would be forthcoming.

Just about this time the Santa Fe, which had ignored the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic scheme, began to sit up and take notice, under the impression that there was something doing. Joab Mulvane, of Topeka, had charge of the Santa Fe extensions. He incorporated the Independence and Southwestern, and entered the field against the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic. Mulvane intended to build only enough of the Independence and Southwestern to head off and kill the Denver road, and then leave the Independence line to be operated as a spur only, as he thought that the people wanted a railroad, and did not care who built it so long as they had the line.

### Not in Touch with Public.

He either forgot or did not know that the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic was really the result of a short-sighted policy on the part of the Southern Kansas management, and that the cordial warmth of the people toward the Denver road was due not so much to the fact that it was a new project as to the fact that it promised them cheap lumber and coal and opened to them the



markets of the Southeast. From their knowledge of the personnel of the Denver directorate, they were satisfied that the line would be one that would benefit the people.

Joab Mulvane was a keen, shrewd, sagacious man, so loyal in every fiber of his being to the Santa Fe that the success of his road had actually become a religion with him. He could not tolerate the idea of another line coming into its territory, and could not see why a network of Santa Fe lines would not serve the people better than a score or so of small ones.

He was not in direct touch with the mass of the people, however, and he did not know that the efforts of the men at the front and in the operating department to secure the friendship of the farmers along the line was handicapped and in many cases entirely nullified by the traffic department.

#### Caused Some Excitement.

The first time that Mulvane came up against the Denver in a square tussle was at Sedan, in Chautauqua County, when the question was put to the people as to which road should secure the county bonds amounting to \$125,000. The campaign had been a hot one, and everybody in the county was worked up over it. No political campaign had ever evoked the interest that this one had.

With few exceptions, the entire press of the country along the proposed line were heart and soul with the Denver proposition. The story of the battle at Sedan is thus told by one who was there, not merely as a "looker on in Vienna," but as an active worker for the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic:

"I guess that the first time that Joab really got a full understanding of the feeling of the people was when he ran against Charlie Black, secretary of the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic, at Sedan, the seat of Chautauqua County. The Denver, Memphis and Atlantic was asking for \$125,000 bonds of the county in aid of the road.

"The Independence and Southwestern was asking for the same. Joab Mulvane was president of the Independence line, which was building from Independence down toward Cedar Vale and Arkansas City. It was a Santa Fe extension, and the people had an idea that it was only a scheme to head off the Denver road, and that if the latter had not entered the field no one would have ever heard of the Independence and

Southwestern, for it would practically parallel the Southern Kansas.

#### A Fight to the Finish.

"Both roads had the requisite number of signers to their petitions to call the election, and the county commissioners were in a quandary as to what they should do in the matter. Mulvane and Black both appeared before the commissioners and made arguments in favor of their propositions.

"Mulvane laid strong stress on the fact that the Denver was a paper road and had no assurances to give the people that it would ever be built, and told the commissioners that they should demand of Black the names of the underwriters of his proposition as an evidence of good faith and a guarantee that the road would be built.

"Now, the Santa Fe had been moving heaven and earth to find out who was behind the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic, but it had been foiled at every turn. So far as the public at large knew, there was not a dollar behind it. Mulvane said that, on the other hand, everybody knew the Santa Fe, and that was evidence enough that the road would be built if the bonds were voted to the Independence and Southwestern. He closed by challenging Black to show the people that he could build the road before he asked them to tie up the bonds.

#### Cheap Coal and Lumber.

"Black responded in a speech in which he set forth the advantages that his line offered in the matter of cheap coal and lumber from Arkansas, as well as giving the people a competing market at Memphis against Chicago and St. Louis. He said that the names of his underwriters concerned only the members of his board, and that it was not necessary that he should give this information, as in so doing he would give the Santa Fe information that it had been vainly scouring New York to obtain.

"The proposition was plain on its face. No bonds could be issued, if voted, until the road was completed with cars running thereon to the points in the county named in the petition, and, therefore, it was no concern of the commissioners whether the road had a dollar behind it or not.

"They were there to determine which road would be of the most benefit to the county and the people, and if this result was in

favor of the Denver road the county commissioners assumed no liability, for if the road was not built no bonds would be issued.

"An overflow meeting was held in the court-house, at which young Joab Mulvane and the editor of a little country paper in Crowley County, who was an assistant to Black, did the speaking.

"Young Mulvane wore a black alpaca coat, a white vest, white shirt and tie, dark pants, patent-leather shoes, and a straw hat of the latest style.

### Didn't Know Rube Editor.

"The country newspaper man, on the contrary, had been in the saddle all the week campaigning from house to house among the farmers, and was clad like the majority of men in the audience. He wore a broad-brimmed straw hat, through a hole in the crown of which a wisp of hair stuck out, a checked hickory shirt, and jeans pants stuck into his boots.

"He had not been shaved for a week, and though he stood close to young Mulvane the latter did not know him.

"During the latter's speech he said that the Denver crowd claimed to be building the road to benefit the people, but they were only out for the dollars, and their design was to get aid voted along several hundred miles of their proposed line, and then expected the Santa Fe to buy them out. If they were wise they would demand of the county commissioners that they call the election for the Independence and Southwestern, and thus be sure of a railroad, and not find themselves sold out when it was too late.

"He was followed by the newspaper man, who, by reason of his campaigning, had become known to every man in the county, who made only a few remarks, closing by saying:

"Men, you all know me. I am one of you. I live in this section of the State. My interests are your interests; your success is my success. I suppose I ought to have rustled up a silk hat and a biled shirt to talk to you in and tell you how to vote, but you know me, and know that I can't afford it. My friend says that we are out for the dollars. Certainly. That's what I am running my paper for.

"It is what you fellows are raising corn, wheat, oats, hogs and cattle for. Now, men, I would like to make enough out of this

scheme so that I can afford to wear a little dinky straw hat and a biled shirt when I come down here to tell you how to vote the right ticket! Now, people, will you help me to get it?"

"All the men there were clad in their rough working clothes, just as they had come in from their farms, and this young editor's talk struck them just right, for they had the Western contempt for a man that was dressy.

"The county commissioners decided to take a vote of the crowd as to which railroad should have the election called, and they all adjourned to the outside and joined those in the square. The chairman of the board of commissioners put the motion from the court-house steps, requesting all who desired the election to be called for the Southwestern to step to the right, while those in favor of the Denver road should step to the left and line up so they could be counted.

"When the line-up was completed, the Denver supporters outnumbered the Southwestern crowd four to one. They were so clearly a majority that it was not necessary to count them, and the election was ordered for the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic petition. Joab then set about preparing petitions for township bonds to be voted in aid of his line, and this was granted. He went back to Topeka with a good sized flea buzzing in his ear, however, and he marked out his future campaigns on the line of conciliating the people instead of talking against new railway propositions."

### BORROWING A TRAINLOAD OF RAILS.

Thayer's Steel Was Delayed, So He Helped Himself to the First He Could Find.

A STORY is told of D. J. Thayer, chief engineer of the Fitzgerald & Malloy Construction Company, that was building the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic from Chetopa to Larned.

The company had contracted for a lot of steel from the Joliet rail mills, but the twenty cars of rails, which had been delivered to the Santa Fe at Kansas City through a mistake, had been forwarded to some point near Dodge City, Larned, I think it was, which, though on the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic line, was several hundred miles away from the point of delivery.



S. H. Mallory was fretting and pulling his whiskers as if he wished that they belonged to Mulvane, instead of himself, when he heard that a shipment of twenty cars of steel for the Independence and Southwestern had been received by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas at Parsons, to be sent up to Cherryvale, to be delivered to the Southern Kansas at that point.

Mallory's son-in-law, Thayer, was chief engineer of the construction company. They had just received two new engines, which had been set up. One of them had steam on her, and she was sent to the front, about five miles from Chetopa, where the Denver road crossed the Katy.

### Getting the Steel.

The other was being tested when Thayer climbed on her, with his superintendent of construction, and told the engineer that they would run her up to Parsons and have the division master mechanic of the Katy look her over and see if anything was lacking.

Now the engineer knew that there was nothing the matter with the engine, but Thayer was the boss, and what he said had to go all along the line, so they ran out onto the Katy and traveled light to Parsons. Here the master mechanic looked the engine over and said that she was all right, and then Thayer asked him to go over to the hotel for supper.

About ten o'clock that night, after the southbound passenger had left Parsons, and there was nothing more on the card until along in the shank of the morning, Thayer got a clearance for his engine running light from Parsons to Chetopa. The twenty cars of Santa Fe steel were on a siding, and between it and the main line were the house and wagon tracks.

### The Operator Gets Busy.

The Denver engine had been set in on the south end of the wagon track next to that occupied by the steel cars. Thayer told the engineer that he intended to steal those rails, and to pull out on the main line and back down and hook on to them. He dropped the fireman to close the switch as they pulled out with the steel, and the superintendent of construction ran across to be on hand to make the coupling.

They set the engine back as easily as possible and made the coupling, and it was not

until they took up the slack and the cars began to move that the night men in the depot caught on to what they were doing.

The jolting of the cars as they straightened out attracted the attention of the night operator, and he ran out with a lantern, but both the house and wagon tracks were occupied by strings of box cars, and he had to climb through between these before he could reach the track occupied by the cars of rails.

When he got there they were moving too fast for him to catch on, as the engineer had pulled his engine wide open when he took the slack, so that the cars were running at the rate of thirty miles an hour as they went over the leads.

The fireman knew from the way the engine started that if he expected to get back to Chetopa that night it was up to him to get aboard, and as she passed he swung up. The superintendent of construction had climbed on the tank as soon as he had made the coupling, and they went on without bothering about the fact that they had left an open switch behind them.

There was no night operator at Chetopa at that time, and the engineer kept up the gait, without easing up for curves or shutting her off for the slopes.

### Off the Rails.

As soon as the operator found the cars of rails were moving out, he at once tumbled to the little game that Thayer was playing. He hustled across to the roundhouse, where there happened to be an engine under steam and he ordered her out to catch the thieves.

When the engine came out she was headed north, and the boys did not stop to turn her, but set out after the Denver gang, running in the back motion. All went well until they struck the switch, a brakeman riding on the back of the tank with a lantern to flag the way.

The switch was a stub, and there was no switch light, so when the brakeman caught a glimpse of the target by the light from his lantern it was too late, and the tender went off the rails.

That settled the question of their ever stopping the runaways, and it was now a case of hustle to get that engine back on the track and out of the way of No. 4, which was due about three o'clock, and with all the trucks of the tender off, the boys had no time to lose.

Thayer reached Chetopa all right, and

ran by the depot without stopping. South of the depot he whistled for the Denver switch. The boss track-layer, who knew the sound of the two spot's whistle, ran out and opened the switch, and they ran on to the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic rails without slacking up.

### Spiked Down!

They concluded to pull on down to the front, and the boss track-layer, seeing the cars of rails going by, routed out his men, so that when the 2 stopped for the switch to be opened onto the main line, they were swarming over the cars like a lot of flies over a saucer of molasses. They ran the cars on down to the end of the track and stopped, the rails were dumped on either side, and the empty cars were then pushed back to Chetopa and set on the siding.

The agent at Parsons reported the taking of the rails to the Santa Fe, and then there was wailing and gnashing of teeth and some language, but it did no good. Thayer claimed that his steel was three weeks overdue, and that when he saw the stuff at Parsons he naturally concluded that it was his. Parsons was a division point, and it was only natural that it should be temporarily set out there.

Thayer wasted no time getting the rails spiked to the ties as fast as his men and a Harris track-laying machine could hustle. The Denver, Memphis and Atlantic rails were hurried back, and the Santa Fe had to take them in place of those Thayer had borrowed. As the weight and section were the same, it made no material difference.

### CARTTER'S "MISTAKE."

**He Needed Bridge Timbers, and Couldn't Wait Till His Own Arrived.**

**W**ILL CARTTER, who has been a bridge and railroad contractor for forty years, tells the following story:

"Now, I don't want to boast, but in the '80s there were subsidy bonds to be earned, and it was up to the contractor to get things ready for the track, so the road could get through in time for the bonds. I had a contract on a Santa Fe extension. A. A. Robinson was then chief engineer, and I have never had a contract under a better man. He was as inflexible as steel, but absolutely just.

"We had a lot of bridge timbers coming to us over the Santa Fe lines, but a wash-out came on with the material on the wrong side of the break. My time was very short, and I had to get some kind of a structure that would carry the rails across the Cow-skin, a tributary of the Salomon, which was a little dinky stream, but as treacherous as a copperhead.

"While I was in this dilemma several cars of bridge material, bound to some point west on the Kansas Pacific, were sidetracked at a little station near where I was working. I believe they were delayed by defective draft rigging, or something of the sort.

### Worked in the Dark.

"There was no night operator there, and the station closed at about eight o'clock. Along toward midnight I routed out my men and teams and we sneaked over there and unloaded every stick of that stuff. As fast as a wagon was loaded it would drive away. We worked in the dark, using no lanterns, and I would not allow the men to smoke, lest the fire in their pipes should be seen and attract the attention of some prowler to what we were doing.

"Long before daylight we had the stuff unloaded on either bank of the stream, and the teams were put up while the men went to sleep.

"Bright and early I had the bridge gang out, and, while they wondered a little at the miraculous arrival of the material, no questions were asked, and they settled down to the work. It was three miles to the station, and I heard nothing, as none of the men had occasion to go to the railroad, and I was busy rushing the work.

The next day the iron gangs were within a mile of me, and Robinson came out to see how we were getting along. I told him we would make it all right, and would let the track gang through on time. He looked at me a little quizzically and said that he would order the bridge material sent to the front. I knew then that he was on all right, but said nothing.

### The Agent Buffaloed!

"We got the temporary bridge in all right, and the track was laid across before I went to the station. The agent told me that my bridge material was on the siding. I looked at him and said that he must be



mistaken. My material had arrived some time before and I had unloaded it the same night and took it out to the work.

"The agent looked at me a moment and ejaculated:

"Well, by the jumping Jehosaphat! Here they have been jacking me up about a lot of bridge material that was set out here to be reloaded and sent on west, on account of defective cars, and I swore by all the gods that no bridge timber had ever been left here, nothing but half a dozen empty flats."

"The agent reported the arrival of the missing material and was ordered to rush it west on the next freight. Whether the Kansas Pacific ever caught on, I don't know. Perhaps they did, but as they had plenty of bridge material, they thought it was not worth kicking up a row about, especially as I had the stuff already in the structure, and it would do them no good to make a rumpus.

"But I want to say here, and now, that I firmly believe that it could get hotter, rain harder, snow fiercer, and the wind could blow swifter in Kansas than in any other place in the universe."

#### A RACE FOR A PASS.

**General Bryant Had a Great Deal To Say, but Was Not Betraying Any Secrets.**

GENERAL J. H. BRYANT, who died in Washington during the latter part of November, 1906, was one of the old-time Western railroad men. He built the Seattle and Northwestern, and was president of the road until it was sold to the Northern Pacific. General Bryant was a real general and won his title during the Civil War in the Union army. He was an Irishman, and used to say there were only two days in the year when he would wear a silk hat—St. Patrick's Day and the Fourth of July.

He was a good railroad man and was popular with the people along his line, and consequently the road was successful under his management. He never refused an interview to any newspaper man who requested it, but he could talk more and tell less than any man in the business, except Jay Gould.

He came into St. Paul one day on his private car, and there were rumors afloat that the Northern Pacific was about to take over the Seattle and Northwestern. A reporter called on him, from the *St. Paul Globe*, and sent in his card.

He interested the newspaper man so much that he forgot all about the news he had come to get. When he looked over his notes afterward he found that he had material for a first-class article, but not one word about the rumored sale and transfer of his line. The general knew when he came in what he was after and had set about forestalling him.

#### The Other Fellow's Stakes.

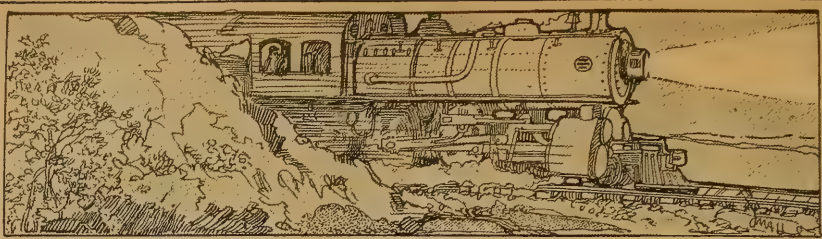
One of General Bryant's favorite yarns was a story of an occurrence that happened on some road in the west. He did not name the road. It seems that two lines were racing for a pass in the mountains, and the one that got its stakes set first would hold the right of way.

One day the engineer in charge of one of the parties was out ahead looking up the line, and he picketed his pony at noon, ate his lunch, and lay down to take a nap while the animal was browsing. When he woke up his pony was gone, and he had a long, weary walk back to his camp.

It appeared that the engineer in charge of the other party had ridden up, and seeing the other man asleep, had led his pony some distance away and turned him loose. The pony came into camp the next day, trailing his lariat. If the object of the prank was to delay the other party and beat them to the pass, it proved a failure, for the engineer who was forced to walk jumped his party ahead ten miles, took up the line at the spot where he had ended his reconnaissance, and ran his line into the pass. He then went back and filled up the gap and checked afterward, so that when the engineer in charge of the second party reached the pass he found the other fellow's stakes. He had to back up on his line some twenty miles and run for another hole in the hills, with the result that the road was several miles longer than was originally intended.

How he squared it with the men higher up no one ever found out.

This is the first of three papers on the adventures of the railroad builders and contractors. The second paper will appear next month.



## HANDS UP!

BY THOMAS R. YBARRA.

Written for "The Railroad Man's Magazine."

*Being a song about a perfectly charming and eminently proper young train-robber, to wit:*



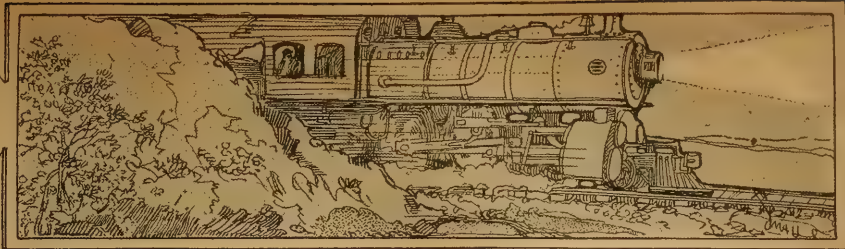
YOUTH of barely twenty-one, Montgomery V. Cox,  
Assisted by a moonless night and two enormous rocks,  
Derails the Lightning Flier on the L., M. N. and O.,  
And stands the crew and passengers before him in a row.

An awkward pause ensues—young Cox, embarrassed, rubs his head,  
And, in the midnight stillness, turns conspicuously red.  
The passengers seem quite annoyed; so, likewise, do the crew.  
(A man wants sleep or action on a winter morn at two.)

"Well?" snaps the flier's engineer, as angry as two sticks.  
Poor Mont explains: "I'm green and young—and, oh, I'm in a fix!  
I've held you up; I mean to steal your cash and jewels rare;  
But—what's the next move in the game? I'm dashed if I'm aware!"

He looks so terribly ashamed; such blushes burn his face  
That passengers and crew grow interested in his case.  
"I should suggest," a banker says, "that motion number one  
Is to exclaim 'Hands up!' at us while flourishing a gun!"





A deeper, hotter crimson overspreads poor Monty's cheek,  
For fully forty seconds he cannot emit a speak.

"I have no gun!" Across his lips the statement scarcely creeps  
Ere Monty flops upon the track, and tears his hair and weeps.

"Come, that's all right," observes a pretty schoolgirl, "dry your phiz;  
I have a big revolver in my satchel—here it is."

"Hooray!" exclaims the highwayman—then, at his rude commands,  
Both crew and passengers in proper fashion raise their hands.

"Go through our clothes," the banker says, "that is your second task."

"No, no," objects the banker's wife, "he hasn't got a mask!"

"Alas!—too true!" poor Monty groans—his bold demeanor's gone—

"I'm selling masks," remarks a quiet fellow, "try this on."

It fits! His victims wildly cheer. Then Monty, very gruff,  
Annexes twenty-seven thousand dollars' worth of stuff;

"You did that well," the engineer agrees, and then explains  
A really scientific method of derailing trains.

Then off the flier whizzes: "Such a promising young lad,"

Opine both crew and passengers, "will certainly make bad!"

"What thoroughness!" the banker cries, "to be his prey I'm proud;  
That highwayman would pinch the silver lining off a cloud!"

And when, next week, those victims read: "Montgomery V. Cox,

Assisted by a thunder-storm and four enormous rocks,

Derails the Arrow Special on the L., M. N. and O.,

And swipes two million dollars," they exclaim: "I told you so!"

# CROMPTON'S TRAIN-ROBBER CLUE

BY J. R. STAFFORD.

## His Determination To Run Down Some Forgotten Outlaws Didn't Jibe with Old Tinkworth's Tangent.



Chief of the G. and T. Railroad Company's western department of secret service, Mr. Crompton looked his part admirably. He was tall, well-formed, active, apparently fifty years old. He had mild gray eyes, and mustache six inches long. His manner was unobtrusive—almost deferential—and he wore at his belt, as was proper for him, a pair of large white-handled pistols the holsters of which sagged half-way to his knees.

In short, he could have posed for what might be termed the latest standardized American man-hunter—but Crompton never posed.

As was to be expected, his record with the G. and T. fully measured up to his appearance. In his twelve years as chief detective the company had suffered the robbery of only two trains; and that was away back in his first year.

Other robberies had been attempted—two others—but both had failed. They failed because Crompton, after the first two hold-ups, always rode with the big shipments of valuable express. On each occasion, when the train was stopped, he quietly slid back the door of the express-car before the bandits ordered it opened and, each time, with

the same calm disregard of what they might want him to do, he opened fire with a pump-gun into the surrounding darkness.

Each time, too, after he had thus bombarded the right-of-way, he quietly dropped to the ground, a pistol in each hand, and waited on the field until daylight.

The second and last time, finding a trail, he had followed it, and coming up later with a nondescript character who claimed to be a sheep-herder he had marched him back to civilization and the law.

Though it was afterward proved that the prisoner really was a mere sheep-herder and quite innocent, his sheep, it seemed, had followed the trail of the bandits, obliterating it, but leaving his own trail clear. The moral effect of Crompton's act was in nowise lessened. Every one said, "Well, what of it? If it had been the robbers, Crompton would have followed them just the same, and he would have caught them or fought to the last ditch."

Without doubt, this was a correct estimate of the man. The general advertising of it speedily resulted in train robbery on the G. and T. becoming a thing of the past, for train-robbers only operate where the chances are at least even that they will meet with no resistance.



THE LATEST STANDARDIZED AMERICAN MAN-HUNTER.



As for Crompton, all the to-do over him, over his bravery and all, made not a whit of difference. Really, it rather annoyed him, for he was a modest fellow and so honest that when he was dragged into the business of talking about himself, as frequently happened, he always felt it his duty to apologize for the blunder he had made in arresting the sheep-herder.

He usually made his apology after this fashion: "Awh, yeah! But openin' on fellers with buckshot when they air figgerin' on ye handin' 'em a large sum o' money! That hain't much! It don't make up fur some other things. A detective ort to know clues. If 'e does, he allus gits the right parties."

Then, as a rule, he would sadly conclude: "'E never lets 'em git plumb away."

This last dictum referred directly to the first year of his service when the two robberies had occurred. The perpetrators of those two robberies had never been apprehended; worse yet, the identities of the bandits had never yet been ascertained.

Now it must be admitted that the escape of the miscreants in each instance might have been prevented very easily. The first time, Crompton took all of his men and scoured the desert, but the robbers undoubtedly left the country on one of the G. and T.'s own trains.

The second time, in an attempt to profit by his former discomfiture, he put all his men guarding trains and terminals, and the thieves rode out of Arizona and into Old Mexico on nothing fleetier than some broken-down pack-mules.

Of course, Crompton really did make a mistake each time—as any one else in this world might have done—but, unlike many another man, on finding himself hailed with praises later on, he did not forget. Perhaps Crompton's ideal of efficiency was really too high.

At any rate, he worried over those failures, strove to improve himself along the lines of his weakness, and about every two or three months he would come into the office of Brasfield, manager of the G. and T.'s Transmountain Lines, and would say to him: "I hain't sure that I'm the right feller in the right place after all."

To this, Brasfield, who was a big, rough man of highly developed commercial instinct, always made this sort of answer: "Go along with that, you big simpleton! I don't want any Sherlock Holmes! What

I want is a man who won't allow any work to be made for your story-book detectives. Shippers and travelers don't patronize a road for its record on catching thieves. They'd rather patronize a line that ain't given to sensations, see? So you get out of here! Go off and clean up your pistols or something, an' leave me alone! I've got work to do. Here, take a cigar and get out."

Then, as always, Crompton obediently held his peace, took the cigar, and went his way—not to clean his pistols, however, but to read or rather to study the latest detective story, or the press despatches which contained news of the bolder variety of robbery.

As a result of all this persistency, and in the face of every one's good-natured toleration, Crompton, like any other man who follows his ideal alone, acquired much information and some rather curious theories.

For instance, he knew the names, general characteristics, and the records of practically all the men who had robbed trains west of the Missouri River. Again, he could locate all the hiding-places of the organized bands, and he had a fairly good idea of the trails leading thereto from well-known Hole-in-the-Wall to the more obscure fastnesses of Horseshoe in southern Utah, and The Roost which is in western Arizona.

So far as his limitations would allow, for he was not a ready or a close reasoner, he had gained some familiarity with the processes of deductive reasoning as applied by the detectives whose names appear in best sellers, and as the crowning achievement of all his researches, he had formulated a theory by which he hoped some day to retrieve for his early mistakes.

His theory was this: Some day, the men who had robbed the G. and T. would look back to their ease of escape and conclude that it might be safe to try again.

To be sure, he knew that they would not try unless they could work some scheme to get his attention directed elsewhere.

Crompton was not quite an egotist in this. He really believed that if he were in an express-car with a repeating shotgun in his hands, he could stand off all the robbers that ever got together for a hold-up. It was because he believed this that he had made it win, and believing that train-robbers are rational men, not running up to a man just to get shot, he felt very certain of his conclusion that they would make an effort to outwit him.

They would make some sort of demonstration in a given place, and when he went off to see about it, they would strike in another quarter.

Crompton confidently expected all this. Expecting, he had planned how to meet it. In the first place, he would send some of reliable young men with the train that bandits evidently designed to attack. He would go himself to the scene of demonstration, find out who of the gang had done this part of the work, and, afterward, he would keep that man under such close surveillance that in time he would be able to connect all of the band with the fact of crime, and convict them to the last man.

It must not be supposed that Crompton intended a robbery to take place. Not at all; he merely intended to get a clue—a clue which would lead him to the perpetrators of those two robberies which every one else but himself had forgotten.

Consequently, he went on his habitual way; studying his books and papers in leisure moments; and when on duty, guarding his bullion shipments by sitting upon them with a loaded shotgun in his hands and the big pistols loosed in their holsters at his waist.

Wherever he went, no matter what he was doing, he had that air of quiet watchfulness which a man assumes only when he has watched and waited for years.

It was only logical, therefore, that one night as he was riding eastward in an express-car, with two of his men, carrying a particularly heavy shipment from the San Francisco mint, he should have been more than usually alert, for this particular shipment was big enough to tempt all the bandits in the West.

Therefore, he was not surprised when the train stopped at Homan Flats and the station-agent rushed out and thrust into his hands a telegram that read as follows:

Engine number 1192 with tender stolen from roundhouse at Falls and run west on main line. Local offices fifty miles west closed for night so cannot wire derail instructions. Probably the work of hold-ups who either intend to let engine run into your train wild and wreck it, or else wished to take large party into rough country along Grapevine and hold you up. Look out. Wire any instructions you see fit for our cooperation at this end.

"I ain't got no instructions for 'em,"

Crompton advised the waiting station-agent, "only ye might tell 'em, seein' they'll probably worry about it, that there hain't a goin' to be no wreck nor no robbery."

He rolled the door shut and, beckoning his two men into the forward end of the car, said to them:

"Now, when we git to where that engine is, I'm a goin' to hop off. They hain't a goin' to be no robbers around 'there at all. Naw, sir. They'll be up the line, I figger, about forty or fifty mile beyond Falls, in the Paint Hills. They hain't a bit o' doubt, either, but what they'll stick ye up.

"I'm a goin' to count on you boys to do what I've done myself a couple o' times. The two of ye can do it easy. One o' ye jist open the door the minute the train stops, and the other'n, without waitin' to say 'Good evenin', gents,' or 'What kin I do fur ye?' wants to jist open with the pump-gun, p'intin' it sorter lowlike and shootin' in a different place ever' time.

"Them fools'll be figgerin', o' course, that it's me they air afeard of; but by the time ye've raked all the hillside around there with buckshot, they'll have a different idee. They'll know that it wasn't me they was skeered of at all. They'll reecollect that it was the shotgun that was liable to git 'em into trouble, an' they'll dig out.

"Now, when ye git done shootin', jist close up the door an' don't neither of ye git out. It won't be necessary. I got a surer an' a better way o' ketchin' 'em. Besides, you fellers is young an' foolhardy, an' ye might foller 'em off an' git into a box."

Both were young, and both were foolhardy. They were delighted with the task he had set them; but, after a moment's jubilation over their opportunity to do something approximating the greatness of their chief, Jackson asked: "But, say, cap, s'pose'n' the hull bunch is with that engine. What'll you do, bein' by yerself? You ort to let us have a chance to he'p ye."

"Humph!" Crompton grunted. "Yer a mighty young man, Jackson. An', though I hain't sayin' that I'm a better detective right now than you air—for the Lord knows you hain't never let nobody git away from ye as I have—I'm bound to say that this job I'm aimin' at now is what ye might call first-class.

"An' if I git it done as I figger I will, you lads is goin' to have full credit for your share in it. O' course, what I'm askin' ye to do is, as ye might say, the rough



work; but it's important, jist the same—jist as important as the fine work I aim to do. So don't ye sabe that yer helpin' me the best way ye kin by jist ridin' right straight ahead?"

Of course, they did not understand; and, of course, they said as much—but they got nothing out of him.

A man who has planned a coup for ten years does not communicate it even to his lieutenants until he has need of their assistance. Then he tells them as much as is necessary, and no more.

An hour later, when the engine ahead of them whistled for a train without the right of way, and Crompton peeped ahead and saw what he knew must be the headlight of the stolen locomotive, he said as he prepared to alight:

"Whichever of you fellers does the shoot-in', I wish ye wouldn't go to no extra pains about killin' anybody. If ye killed 'em, they wouldn't be no ketchin' of 'em; an' I'm powerful set on ketching them fellers by high-class work. I'd jist like to do somethin' once that I'd have a right to be proud of."

Opening the door a little farther, he dropped off the now slowly moving train.

Running alongside, he came to the cab just as the fireman was getting down to go forward and ascertain what was meant by an engine standing dead still on a siding which was never used for anything except as a derail for cars accidentally breaking loose from trains.

"Burgess," Crompton said persuasively, "you leave that there to me. It's jist a engine. It hain't got no cars hanging on behind onto the main track. You fellers go ahead slow if ye want to, but don't ye stop. If ye do, ye are mighty apt to spile something for me. They hain't a going to be no trouble here. So you fellers jist go on."

Burgess laughed, and so did the engineer.

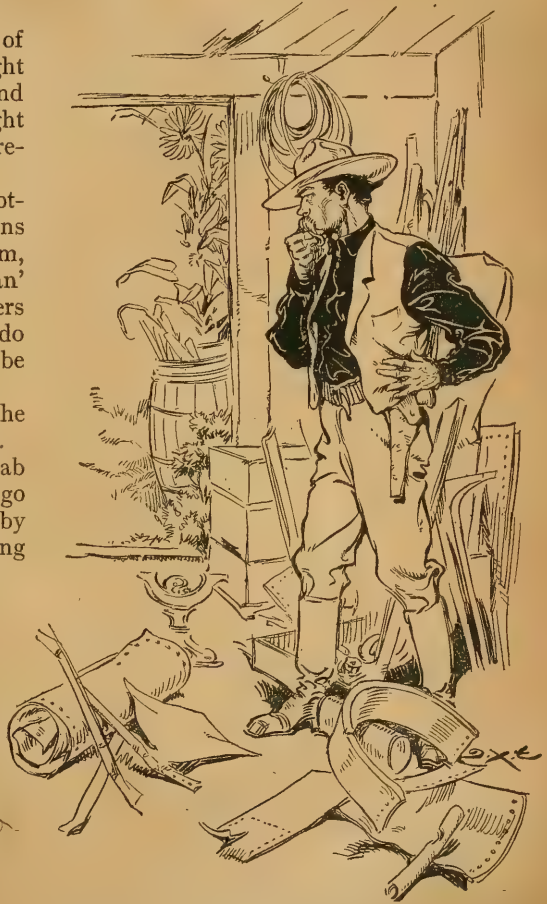
"All right, old horse," the engineer agreed. "I hain't lost nothin' up there, and I'm danged glad to skin by if you say so. An', seein' it was a train-bandit warning, I reckon you're the boss. So here we go."

The fireman crawled back up the steps. A moment later the drivers were spinning merrily. By the time the train had gone half a mile, it was well under way.

Crompton smiled to himself and plodded

up between the rails toward the motionless headlight. Approaching within forty feet of it, and still well out of the zone of its rays, he sat down and listened. After half an hour, during which time he did not hear a sound—except the cinders dropping from the grate-bars, as happens when the fire is going out—he crept up closer and closer until at length he put his hand on the step.

He listened for a long time. He heard



ALL THIS WAS MERELY THE PRETENSE OF A LEGITIMATE OCCUPATION.

nothing. Finally, realizing that the engine was quite deserted, he crawled up into the cab and made himself comfortable on the engineer's cushions.

He did this very carefully so as to disturb nothing. Of course, he had hoped to find a bandit or two. Failing that, he still had hope of finding some clue to the identity of the one who had stolen the engine.

His wish, therefore, was more than gratified at the coming of daylight. He then found on the floor of the cab a man's hat, an empty whisky bottle, and an empty grain-bag, on which was stenciled in big, red letters: "Hy Tinkworth."

As if this were not quite enough, when he got down to examine his find and chanced to look back into the tender, he saw Mr. Tinkworth sprawled on the coal, apparently dead-drunk.

With all haste, Crompton slipped from the cab to the ground. He knew Mr. Tinkworth.

Tinkworth was about the most unregenerate old rascal along the whole line of the G. and T. He was somewhere past sixty years of age; had never done an honest day's work in his life, but always had money, and when not actually doing some devilment was drunk.

Moreover, he was an exceedingly clever rascal, always wriggling out of his misdeeds entirely, or else getting off with the very lightest of punishments. He always had some sort of a plausible excuse which tickled the jury. Once, when he had been arrested for stealing a horse, he had made it appear that he only wanted the halter. While guilty of stealing small articles, he had never committed a crime that would approximate grand larceny.

Therefore, Crompton wanted to get away without being discovered. He believed, as every one else did, that Tinkworth must be hand in glove with all the rascals in the country, and reasoned that if the old fellow learned that his part in the stealing of the engine was known, all communication between him and his confederates would cease.

To be sure, Crompton could place him under arrest for theft and "sweat him," but that wasn't the way Crompton wanted to work. Moreover, Tinkworth was not the sort of man who perspired information freely, either as to his associations or enterprises.

Beyond doubt, it seemed wise to hurry away. Crompton hurried.

About nine o'clock that morning, having flagged down a through freight and boarded it, Mr. Crompton alighted at Falls. There he learned, even before making inquiries, that the express-train had been held up in the Paint Hills, and that only the haste or ignorance of the robbers had saved the thousands of dollars in the safe.

He was also apprised of the fact that

Jackson and Miller—the other lad he had counted on—simply had forgotten their guns and his orders, and that the bandits had made a very easy escape.

"They're probably somewhere in the Paint Hills," the superintendent of the division suggested, "and if you'd take a posse up there from here and have the trains watched, they couldn't get away."

Crompton shook his head modestly. "Naw, I've tried them tricks twice, an' they won't work; but I've got 'em with the goods on, I reckon, this time. That's what I was doin' that I wasn't with the train."

"Well, you'd better have been with the train," the superintendent advised.

The superintendent, like Brasfield, had no sympathy for Crompton's artistic ideals. Still, he had great respect for Crompton's record, so he concluded: "Well, do as you want. I reckon you know your own job best. Are you going to want any extra trains, or men, or anything?"

"Naw, nothin'. I jist want as little said as possible till I git ready. I aim to git the whole works—they fellers from away back, too—at one swipe."

The superintendent, who had almost forgotten those robberies of bygone years, laughed incredulously, but said nothing. It was not his place to criticize the plans of a man whose work had been a success as Crompton's had been. However, suddenly recalling the theft of engine No. 1192, he asked about it.

"I've looked into that," Crompton replied with the nearest approximation to vanity he had ever been guilty of, "an' between you an' me an' the gate-post, that engine was takened jist for a blind. Sabe?"

The superintendent understood. Now that he came to think of it, the stealing of a locomotive was a most improbable sort of larceny, so he slapped Crompton on the back and congratulated him, and then asked: "But how did you happen to think of that?"

"Humph! A feller that's been a groaning in sperrit, ye-might say for ten years, over his early mistakes has a right to git somewhere, if he digs for it."

In a hoarse whisper he explained his long-cherished theory, and wound up with his discovery of Tinkworth in the cab.

"You ought to have nabbed him," the superintendent said. Amazed at the working out of the theory, he could not help thinking of the company's interests. "The



old devil may get off with that engine yet. No telling but what he'll drive it on over to Homan Flats and sell the coal in the tender. He might get a train wrecked. Don't you see, it would be like him to come up with some sort of a tale of that kind—that he stole the engine for the coal in it, as he stole the horse for the halter? Crompton, you ought to have nabbed him."

Again Crompton whispered, and at

Having run through his scrap-book to find out if any of the noted American train-robbers had ever been heard of as inhabitants of Arkansas—Tinkworth's native State—and finding no evidence of such, he left the hotel and went to Tinkworth's shack.

This was situated on the edge of town, somewhat apart from any other house. Around it grew rows of irrigated sunflow-



HE GRINNED WITH SUCH OBVIOUS DELIGHT  
THAT THEY ALL KNEW HE WAS NOT  
GOING TO LOSE ANYTHING.

length the superintendent, seeing the whole plan and astounded at the vastness of it, went down on his knees in apology.

"I'll wire Brasfield," he said as he trotted off, "that you've got 'em all."

For the first time in many years, Crompton strode along the platform in real pride. Passing down the street, he met the recreant Jackson and Miller in front of his hotel. They tried to avoid him, but he smiled patiently at them and generously said:

"I hadn't ort to have sent you kids on sich a job. I might ha' knowed ye wasn't hardened to shootin' human bein's down; an', anyway, I don't mind except on yer own account. We'll git 'em, anyhow."

Without pausing to demand their shameful confession, he went up to his room.

ers, forming a most complete screen for the seeing eyes of the passer-by.

Without hesitation, Crompton entered the premises and made a thorough search of them. He found nothing except evidence of old Tinkworth's masterly shrewdness.

There were several piles of old iron in the back yard, some ragged bales of discarded rubber-boots in the kitchen, and in various corners and odd nooks of the other room were pieces of brass castings. All this, of course, was merely the pretense of a legitimate occupation. Old Tinkworth pretended that he was a junk gatherer.

Crompton returned to his hotel. For ten days he patiently waited the return of old Tinkworth. On the tenth day, however, there was plenty of excitement. Not only

did old Tinkworth return, but, what was almost unbelievable, Mr. Brasfield appeared on the scene. Mr. Brasfield left no doubt as to the reason for his coming.

He called Crompton into the division superintendent's room. In a voice that might have been heard all over the building, he demanded:

"Now, say, have you gone and let 'em get away again?"

Crompton, of course, whispered.

"Thunderation!" roared Brasfield. "The public has forgotten all about those old robberies; and I don't want 'em recalled, even if you get the robbers. Why don't you nail this old rooster and send him up? That'll satisfy everybody that the whole gang has been caught. Why, confound it, we've lost ten thousand dollars' worth of business just because of that robbery week before last. Say, you've got to do something, or we're going to be ruined. Go right now and pull that old rascal and send him up."

This was quite disconcerting. To obey Brasfield would not result in the capture of *real* train-bandits. Crompton shook his head and argued: "Naw, I'd ruther not do that. Tinkworth hain't no ginooine bandit. We could send 'im up; but if we did—well, that would be the end of it."

"That's what I want. Send 'im up. I want the thing ended. It will get into the papers. That's the main thing."

When Brasfield wanted a thing done, there had to be a good reason why it wasn't done.

Knowing this, but resolved to make the best of his situation, Crompton began to bargain.

"Well, say," he declared, "lemme arrest 'im an' offer to let 'im off if he'll turn state's evidence ag'in' the rest o' the gang. I know where to find whoever it is, and I'll go an' git 'em."

For a moment Mr. Brasfield remained undecided. Then he agreed: "All right. That's logical. Go get him while I bring the district attorney."

Half an hour later, Brasfield with the district attorney and Crompton with old Tinkworth, met secretly in the prosecutor's office in the court-house.

The lawyer, a young man anxious to win renown as one who could ferret out and convict train-robbers of ten years' immunity, was in high spirits.

Old Tinkworth, who had been arrested in a saloon where he had just finished bibu-

lous preparations for a tremendous spree, also seemed to be feeling that life was one grand and glorious holiday. Crompton, noting this, was in the seventh heaven of anticipation; drunks, he knew, are apt to talk freely.

Mr. Brasfield, seeing everything, grew very glum.

"Now," said the prosecutor with great severity, "Tinkworth, we've got you with the goods on. I've prepared an indictment against you for complicity in the Paint Hills hold-up. You are charged with being an accessory before the fact. You can't get away from it that you stole that engine and ran it off down onto the derail-switch, thirty miles west of here, on the night of the robbery. You can be sent to the pen for the larceny of that engine, or, again, for unlawful appropriation of the property of a common carrier, or for doing such acts as constitute a menace to the lives and property of the patrons of that common carrier; or, again—"

"Hold on," old Tinkworth wearily replied, as drunken men sometimes will when they cannot follow what is being said to them, "let that go till some other time. I'll just take yer word for it. If ye say I'm guilty o' ever'thing, I reckon I am."

"Or, again," the prosecutor went on, "we can send you up for—for—"

Recalling that he had completed the catalogue of Tinkworth's crimes, he concluded somewhat lamely: "Well, here's what I propose to do. I'll dismiss the information against you which would make an indictment for larceny of the engine or threatening the lives of travelers, and I'll just charge you with being an accessory to the train-robbery, provided you'll agree to tell all you know about that robbery. What do you say to that?"

Old Tinkworth's sodden features sharpened with sudden eagerness. Really, it seemed that he never could get so drunk but that he always saw his chance. The prosecutor smiled grimly. Crompton almost swelled. Mr. Brasfield even looked expectant.

Then Tinkworth suddenly declared, "All right! I'll go ye if I lose," but he grinned with such obvious delight that they all knew he was not going to lose anything. Recalling his past misdeeds and the ingenious methods through which he had always wriggled out of them, they all laughed.

When the necessary papers were signed,



Crompton, who had prepared his questions, seated himself in a chair beside the old rascal and, with no thought of humor now, propounded: "Well, Hy, what d'ye know about that robbery?"

"Nothin'," came the drunken answer.

"Nothin'?" shouted Crompton. "You tell about that as ye agreed, er we'll convict ye for swipin' the engine."

"Cain't tell nothin' more'n I know," Tinkworth replied, with the somber gravity of a man deeply inebriated, "an' I don't know nothin'."

"Well, then, seein' that's too direct for ye, ye bein' drunk, gimme the straight o' why ye takened the engine?"

"Sure," said Tinkworth, with imperturbable dignity, since he knew that he was safe in the confession. "I been a wantin' to steal a engine for a long time. Been thinkin' about it for ten year, ye might say. Well, that night I'd jist got a check for a lot o' old copper wire, an', gittin' on a powerful jag, I sorter lost my judgment, an' so I started. It was a powerful fool thing to think o' doin', but," he added with a sly grin, "it seems I'm a gittin' off with it."

"Here," suddenly demanded Brasfield, whose patience was quite exhausted, "why did you want to steal an engine?"

"Awh, say, now," old Tinkworth demanded solemnly, "what would a feller want to steal a engine for? D'ye think he'd want it to play with? I reckon not. He'd want it to git the brass off'n it. They's over a hunderd dollars' worth o' brass on one of 'em."

"Did you get the brass?" the manager demanded.

"Awh, sure I did. I got it sold, too; an' ye might say I was gittin' drunk on them brass-works when Crompton fetched me up here."

"Crompton," ordered Mr. Brasfield, "you go and call up the master-mechanic and all the roundhouse men that had anything to do with that engine after it came back."

Crompton did so totteringly, and in response to that summons the men soon appeared.

"Ragon," said Brasfield to the master-mechanic, "was there any brass-work missing on that engine when you got it back? That engine which was stolen a week ago?"

"Any missin'?" snorted Ragon; "that ain't a proper way o' speakin' about it. We been a huntin' ever since to see if they was even a brass rivet left about her."

Then seeing old Tinkworth, and suddenly recalling certain baffling suspicions which he had held for a long time, Ragon shouted: "And that danged old rat was the feller that done it! I know 'im! I'm onto him now! Say, he makes his livin' swipin' oil-cups an' castin's."

Crompton and the district attorney crumpled down in their chairs, but Mr. Brasfield did not. He arose and galloped up and down the room three or four times. At length he wheeled on Crompton, and said:

"If ever I hear of you trying any more of this detective business, I'll fire you. Don't you monkey with it again."

Humbly Mr. Crompton arose. His pride was gone—he was the same old Crompton now, but a little more chastened, more unobtrusive, more mild than ever before. Putting on his hat, he bowed obediently.

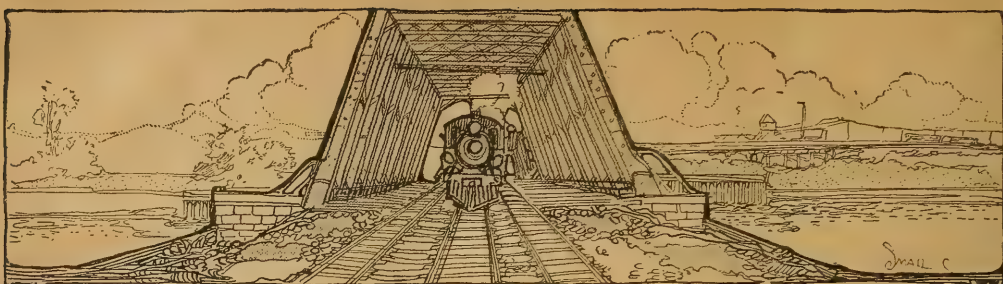
A lifelong hope or a lifelong ideal must perish tragically. It was but natural, therefore, as he started out of the room that he should sigh heavily and say:

"O' course, I can go on as long as I live a herdin' fellers off with a shotgun—but that's nothin'. I'd like to make a record that a feller could take some pride in."

## SOME HIGH BRIDGES.

ACCORDING to the *Industrial World*, the new steel three-span, cantilever bridge over the Kuskulana River in Alaska, built by the Copper River and Northwestern Company, is the seventh highest bridge in the United States and the twenty-third highest in the world. According to statistics prepared by *Engineering News*, the highest bridge in the world is St. Giustina, in the Tyrol, which is 460 feet above the water. The highest already completed in the United States is at Pecos, Texas, which is 328 feet high, and ranks twelfth in the list. However, bridge number seven in the list will shortly be built over the Crooked

River, in Oregon, 350 feet high. The Kuskulana bridge is 328 feet high. It consists of standard trestle approaches and three pin-concreted steel spans, with piers of solid concrete. The total length and approaches is 800 feet; of the steel structure, 525 feet. The bridge was completed on Christmas day, and has since been placed in regular operation for construction and ore-trains of the Copper River and Northwestern, which is building 50 miles beyond the bridge to the Bonanza mine. An electric plant was set up in the cañon, which lighted the entire works day and night, owing to length of darkness and cold.



# THE RAILROAD ALPHABET.

BY GEORGE F. MERRITT.

Written for "The Railroad Man's Magazine."

- A—is for Auditor, who handles the money.
- B—is for Brakeman, with a yarn that is funny.
- C—the Conductor in charge of the train.
- D—the Despatcher, with keen-working brain.
- E—is the Eagle-eye, fearless and cool.
- F—is the Fireman, who obeys every rule.
- G—the Grasshopper, an engine that's right.
- H—is the Hostler who keeps 'em so bright.
- I—Interlocking, a system to beat.
- J—for the Journals that concentrate heat.
- K—is the Key—the pounder's delight.
- L—Locomotive, the acme of might.
- M—is for Mogul, oft used to haul freight.
- N—is for Narrow-gage, gone out of date.
- O—is for Oil-burners, and Operator, too.
- P—is for Porter in the swell Pullman crew.
- Q—is for Quartering—then the crank-pin's ajar.
- R—is the Red light we see from afar.
- S—is the Semaphore, lord of the way.
- T—are the Tickets for which we must pay.
- U—is the Union which holds us together.
- V—is the Ventilator for relief in hot weather.
- W—for the Watchman with lantern at night.
- X—for Xtra which has the least right.
- Y—for Yardmaster, the boss of the yard.
- Z—for the fellows who work mighty hard.



# Great American Train Robberies.


BY HOWARD MORRIS.

TO the series of gripping hold-up tales already published in *THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE*, dealing with historic desperadoes who have plundered railroad trains ever since the first steel trails were stretched across the prairies, we now add No. 16. It is the story of two cold-blooded, desperate men, who measure up well with the worst outlaws of the past.

The looting of the crack train of the Harriman system was more than a surprise. People who sit in the electric-lighted drawing-rooms of the luxurious hotels-on-wheels are little apt to think of the daredevil feats of Jesse James and the Younger gang except in the light of an entertaining novel to while away the after-dinner hour. Those who parted with their valuables on a west-bound Overland Limited last January had the unusual experience of being dumped from romance to reality in a remarkable short space of time.

## No. 16.—THE HOLD-UP OF THE OVERLAND LIMITED.

**Daring Feat of Two Outlaws, Carried to Success by Coolness and Deliberation, Though Marked with Deeds of Violence and Utter Brutality.**

 NO pleasant thoughts accompanied the mental evolutions of Engineer Ed Rowse when he saw that the light of an automatic semaphore was blazing out red against his six-hours late Overland Limited. Yet it never occurred to him that this tantalizing state of affairs was the initial happening in a series of sensational events which a short time later would result in his gazing into the muzzle of a sawed-off shotgun, along the barrels of which glistened two beady eyes, peering over an improvised handkerchief mask.

On the evening of January 2, 1911,

the palatial train of the Harriman system which runs between Chicago and San Francisco arrived in Ogden, Utah, six hours late. At this point the train leaves the Union Pacific tracks and, on the right-of-way of the Southern Pacific Company, begins the last lap of its two-thousand-mile journey.

The train consisted of a combination baggage and dynamo-car, six Pullman sleepers, a diner, and an observation-car. Railroad posters and guides proclaim the train a veritable palace on wheels, and indeed it offers conveniences to tourists which are not to be had everywhere. Its arrival in Ogden so far behind its schedule was

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a most unusual proceeding, and when the new crew stepped aboard, it was with the avowed intention of diminishing this last time or at least to maintaining schedule speed while the train was in their charge.

At 10.32 P.M. Engineer Rowse opened the throttle, and the limited started west. The light of the junction city soon faded in the rear, and on the level road-bed approaching the Lucin cut-off, which stretches across Great Salt Lake, the limited sped at a rate of sixty miles an hour.

Most of the passengers had retired for the night, and there was a stillness throughout the train that was broken only by the monotonous rumble of wheels. Conductor W. A. Middleton had checked up his tickets and the result showed twenty-seven passengers aboard.

Six miles west of Ogden, the engineer whistled at West Weber, and three miles farther on Rowse again opened the screech-valve for Reese siding. Between these stations there is a block, governed by automatic semaphores at either end.

One mile and a half east of the home signal at Reese station is an intermediate semaphore.

There is nothing else to mark this particular spot, there being no habitations of any kind in sight. The land on either side of the track is barely worth the tilling, for in wet seasons it is flooded by an inland sea and is too soaked with salt water to be fertile. It is altogether a bleak, desolate place, but to those on the speeding train this made little difference, for the scene was hidden by darkness even to the passenger who might be finishing a last cigar in the smoking-compartment.

#### Stopped by the Semaphore.

His eyes riveted upon the glistening track ahead, Rowse sat silently in his cab until, with a start of alarm, he perceived the intermediate semaphore just east of Reese piercing the night with its single red eye of danger. Reluctantly he closed the throttle and applied the air.

The chance of making up lost time went glimmering as the brake-shoes gripped the steel tires and the train came to a dead stop alongside the signal-stand. Head Brakeman William Cross alighted from the front coach, and by the aid of his lantern groped his way past the engine and down the track to ascertain the trouble.

A hundred yards ahead of the locomotive he waved a faint assurance with his lantern, and the engineer caused the train to creep along in the wake of the hurrying brakeman. Thus for a mile and a half the Overland Limited, already desperately behind time, was man-paced toward the modest station of Reese. There they found the home-signal was clear, indicating that the fault was merely a defect in the mechanism of the intermediate semaphore.

The head brakeman climbed aboard the train and the man at the throttle gave two short blasts on the whistle.

In another minute the Overland Limited would have been on its way, but something happened to prevent Engineer Rowse from carrying out his intentions. The brakes suddenly gripped the wheels, and the train could not be moved.

#### Warned of the Hold-Up.

"Well, this beats the Dutch," came with disgusted vehemence from the lips of the engineer. "First it's the signal and now it's the air. I'll have to go back and find out what's the matter."

"Yo' better not go back der, Mister Engineer," said a voice with unmistakable Ethiopian accents from the top of the tender. Engineer and fireman looked up and saw an ashen-hued Pullman porter climbing toward them.

"Der's robbers got this yer train and dey is killin' all the porters what they kin fin'. Dey's already killed Mister Davis, and dey has shot Mister Taylor so's he can't live. They is robbin' all de people. Better not go back, Mister Engineer."

There was no mistaking the true purport of the frightened porter's words, yet, disregarding his warning, Engineer Rowse coolly lighted his torch and climbed from the cab. He worked his way slowly back along the coaches, peering at the couplings and hose connections as he went. Standing on the track behind the last coach was Brakeman Cross, his lantern lighting a little circle of the bleak surroundings.

#### Flagman Made Prisoner.

The engineer, who there discovered and closed the open angle-cock which had set the brakes, was again told that the train was in the hands of bandits. Neither of the trainmen was armed, yet they decided to



enter one of the cars and learn more of the robbery which was then taking place.

When the train had stopped at the first semaphore, almost a half hour before, Flagman H. H. Hancock, who had gone back to flag the rear-end, was in the act of responding to five short blasts of the whistle when unforeseen circumstances prevented. He had just grasped the hand-rails when his attention was arrested by the gruff order: "Throw up your hands!"

Still holding to one hand-rail he turned to gaze behind him, and found a double-barreled shotgun pointing at his head, with the muzzle not more than three feet away. Without waiting for further explanation, he complied with the order.

At the side, and only a few feet to the rear of his companion, the flagman discovered a second bandit, for such he realized the men to be. The two men had suddenly appeared at the rear of the train like darker shadows which had detached themselves from the surrounding gloom.

The train was already moving when Flagman Hancock received his second command, which was to get on board. He obeyed with alacrity and was closely followed up the steps by his two unwelcome acquaintances. Standing on the wide rear-platform of the observation-car, Hancock, with his hands again extended skyward, was able, by the aid of the dim light from the drawing-room lamps, to make a more careful scrutiny of the bandits.

#### Ready for Business.

One of the pair was more than six feet tall, with stooped shoulders and a gaunt, slender form. He was dressed in black, and wore a short, shabby overcoat, with collar turned up. His companion was several inches shorter, and of more rotund proportions.

He was apparently darker in complexion than the other, but his clothes were of the same hue, and he, too, wore an overcoat. Both wore caps which partly covered their ears and foreheads, and the lower portion of their faces was masked with large blue handkerchiefs.

About each man's waist was a cartridge-belt with two automatic revolvers of heavy caliber, and in their hands they carried sawed-off shotguns. There could be no mistaking their motive in thus boarding the train.

The train robbers did not tarry outside the coach, for, be it known that their intention was to complete the looting of the train before its slow progress brought it to the home signal at Reese Siding. With a warning to Hancock, they pushed on into the train. From the first berth the robbers seized a pillow-slip and, handing this receptacle to the flagman, they began the sacking of the train.

#### Shot in Cold Blood.

Coming to the smoking-compartment, at the end of the third Pullman, the shorter bandit attempted to push open the door. It did not yield to his first effort, and, believing that some of the passengers had barricaded themselves in the little room, the bandits prepared for trouble. Throwing the weight of his stocky body against the door, it flew open and the short bandit lunged into the compartment with his shotgun ready for instant use.

He was surprised to find only two negro porters, William Davis and W. A. Taylor, who had entered the room to eat their midnight lunch, unmindful of what was taking place on the train. Both men jumped to their feet with exclamations of alarm when the bandit burst in upon them.

"What'll we do with these porters?" asked the shorter of the outlaws, evidently believing that the colored men had opposed his entrance to the room.

"Kill 'em—they're only niggers," answered the taller desperado, with an oath, and, acting upon these brutal words, the short train robber fired pointblank at the two men.

Both negroes dropped to the floor of the car. The heavy buckshot from the bandit's gun had pierced Davis's heart, and he died without a struggle. Taylor's right arm was shattered by part of the charge, and, though he did not lose consciousness, he lay beside the dead body of his companion feigning death, until the murderers had passed on out of the narrow passage and into the next car.

#### Caught in a Trap.

That Flagman Hancock did not share the fate of Davis shortly afterward is most remarkable. While the attention of both bandits was temporarily occupied by the negroes, Hancock, still in possession of the

sack containing the valuables so far collected, made a dash for liberty. He ran ahead through three cars, and would probably have left the train had he had time to open a vestibule door, for unfortunately all were closed.

He had scarcely vanished when the taller bandit discovered his absence, and both robbers gave chase. Upon reaching the rear platform of the baggage-car Hancock found the door locked, and here he was overtaken by the outlaws.

Considering their murderous deed of a few minutes before, it would have seemed most natural for them to send a charge of buckshot into the flagman's body, but, with a volley of oaths, they ordered him to come on back and finish up his work. Reluctantly Hancock preceded the bandits back to the point where they had paused in their robbing to commit murder.

Fiction writers have clothed the bandits of the West with more or less chivalry. The marauders of the Overland Limited were not bandits of fiction, and even the crude chivalry which attaches itself to many of the tales of the James boys cannot be credited to these men. Their entire trip through the train was marked by coarse brutality.

### No Regard for Women.

Women passengers were greeted with curses and vilest insults, and some, clothed only in their sleeping garments, were jerked roughly from berths and forced to drop their jewels and money into the yawning sack held by the flagman.

One woman, who indignantly resented the intrusion of the robbers into her berth and who refused to take off her rings at the request of the masked men, was dealt a vicious blow with the butt of a revolver. Her valuables were then taken, and she was left in a faint upon the floor.

A traveling salesman, who had not yet retired, was reading a newspaper when the outlaws approached from the rear and ordered him to throw up his hands. Bewildered by such an unexpected order, the salesman stared dumbly at the train robbers until the shorter bandit struck him a blow over the head with the barrel of his shotgun.

This man dropped more than a hundred dollars into the plunder-poke, and he gave a last wistful look at his watch and two-carat Kimberley stone which had gleamed

from a Tiffany setting on his middle finger, as he bade them good-by.

Conductor Middleton, in the front Pullman, was informed of the hold-up by the fleeing porter, as he scurried past on his way to the engine. Middleton is small in stature, and has been in the service of the Southern Pacific a score of years. What he lacks in height he makes up in dignity.

### Face to Face with Them.

The startling words of the colored man caused him to arise from his seat, twist one of the frail ends of his gray mustache nervously and start toward the rear of the train. Like the captain of a ship he deemed it his duty to face any danger that might be lurking. Incidentally he transferred his timepiece from his vest to his hip pocket.

In the next car he came face to face with the plunderers.

"Dig up," was the laconic salutation that greeted him, and the sack, now growing heavy with its booty, was held in an accommodating position by its unwilling custodian. What change the conductor had in his pockets he dropped into the proffered sack.

"Put in your watch," he was roughly ordered.

"I forgot my watch this trip," he lied boldly, pulling back his coat that they might see the vacant pockets of his vest.

The taller man stepped to his side with an oath.

"Better give it up," whispered Hancock, who knew the brutal temperament of the men Middleton was trifling with.

### His Timepiece Is Taken.

The tall bandit reached forward, seized the conductor by his mustache, and nearly tore the facial decoration out by its roots. A cry of pain escaped the distorted lips of the trainman; his hand moved speedily to his hip pocket and came forth with the hidden watch.

Middleton joined Hancock as a prisoner, and under the guns of the enemy marched forward as he was bid. It was shortly after this incident, and before the bandits had completed their canvass of the passengers, that the slow progress of the limited was momentarily checked, followed by two blasts of the whistle.

Realizing that the train had reached the



home signal at Reese siding, and that Flagman Cross had found the block clear, the train robbers thwarted Engineer Rowse's intention of proceeding by setting the air against him.

When the last coach was looted and the end door of the baggage-car was reached, the robbers ordered that the door be opened, but as it remained closed, they did not endeavor to force it, but compelled the trainmen to open the vestibule door leading from the train.

As soon as they got outside, Hancock was relieved of the plunder, which, in cash and valuables, amounted to more than three thousand dollars. He was then forced, with the conductor, to lead the way toward the engine. Here again the masked men displayed a knowledge of railroading. The taller man, climbing into the engine-cab, ordered Fireman McLean to pull ahead and clear the switch.

Following the orders, so threateningly delivered, the fireman turned the steam into the cylinders until the train moved ahead a few car-lengths.

#### What the Engineer Found.

Let us return to the engineer and the rear-brakeman, who but a few minutes before this movement of the train climbed aboard the rear platform. The engineer boldly opened the door, and the two trainmen entered the train, to find every person in the last Pullman with his hands extended upward. The bandits were gone, but the passengers, hypnotized by fear, were still obeying their orders. Engineer Rowse could not repress a smile—grim humor though it was.

"What's the matter with you people?" he asked.

"Train robbers!" exclaimed the boldest in the coach, and at the words the others attempted to reach higher into the air.

"They're gone now," assured the trainman. "Better give your arms a rest."

"They are in the next car," ventured a passenger, and not a hand was lowered.

Engineer Rowse left the car by the rear door and began walking back to his engine. The train jerked and strained at its brakes and then moved slightly ahead. This phenomenon led the engineer to believe that the robbers must be on the engine, for the fireman of his own volition would not attempt to move the train.

Rowse hurried ahead. Two of his fellow trainmen stood near the locomotive with their hands above their heads, but he had grown accustomed to this pose and it elicited no further smile. He did not speak. Holding his torch ahead of him he began elevating himself into the cab of his engine.

#### Forced To Obey.

The muzzle of a gun was shoved so close to his face that he glanced along the murderous barrels until his eyes met the steel-blue orbs of the tall train robber, who backed away and permitted him to climb into the cab. Covered by the gun, the pilot assumed his accustomed seat.

"Cut the engine and baggage-car loose," ordered the tall man, and his companion climbed from the cab and told Hancock to assist him in uncoupling the train.

Singled out again to do the bidding of the robbers, the flagman accompanied his guard to the point where the baggage-car was coupled to the first coach. He was ordered to uncouple the cars and began the task, which was no easy one.

"Stand back and I'll fix it," said the bandit, after the flagman had tugged at the valve of the steam-hose for several moments. With the shotgun at his side the bandit crouched between the cars like a veteran trainman. He succeeded in closing the valve and disconnecting the hose, but the steam was escaping so badly that he did not stop to break the other connections.

With a half-audible statement that they would "just pull 'em apart," the bandit unhooked one safety chain, raised the coupling-lever and told Hancock to signal the engineer to pull ahead.

#### Escaping on the Engine.

There was a rending of hose between the baggage-car and coach as the front part of the train glided ahead a few feet. Severed from the dynamo-car the coaches were pitched into darkness. Leaving Hancock with Middleton, the short bandit climbed aboard the engine, and again Rowse was ordered to pull ahead.

The locomotive was wheeled to the Reese switch, which was opened by Fireman McLean, at the command of the outlaws. The engine was backed upon the siding, run eastward past the coaches, and again shifted to the main track.

It was easy to divine the intention of the bandits. It was no part of their plan to mount horses held in waiting and gallop off to some mountain fastness. They were not train robbers of the old-school, but of the modern type, and they desired to have the engine carry them back to the outskirts of Ogden. Once in the city, they knew they would be safer from capture than were they hidden in the very heart of the Wasatch Mountains.

Every detail of the hold-up to this point seemed to have worked as the bandits planned. But fate, which had favored them in every move, at this juncture turned for the moment against them.

In their planning they had not reckoned that the Overland would be followed by a meat train, and now, as the stolen engine rolled toward Ogden, the headlight of the second locomotive loomed in their path like a nemesis. The freight had stopped at the semaphore and the front brakeman had already advanced ahead of the engine and was walking toward Reese.

Engineer Rowse brought his engine to a standstill within a short distance of the freight locomotive. The walking flagman paused by the side of the bandit train and held his lantern high.

The light enabled him to see that a shotgun was pointed at his head, and when the holder of the weapon told him to back to the fence and hold up his hands, he followed instructions without argument.

The outlaws climbed from the cab and, passing the freight-engine unnoticed, walked along the track toward the caboose. The short bandit entered the way-car and covered the lone brakeman with his menacing shotgun.

Then, momentarily turning his back on

the man, the outlaw tore a portable telephone from the wall of the car and broke it upon the floor. Satisfied that this move would allow more time for escape, the bandit swung himself from the steps of the caboose and, joining his companion, disappeared into the night.

An hour later the sheriff's office at Ogden received a telephone message from James Wayment, a bishop of the Mormon Church at Warren, that his two daughters, with their escorts, while walking home from a country dance, had been held up by two masked men and relieved of what few valuables they carried with them. This robbery occurred about seven miles from Ogden and about two miles from the point where the train robbers abandoned the engine.

Almost simultaneous with this report came the information of the train robbery, the message reaching Ogden from Promontory Point, fifteen miles west of the scene of the hold-up. Engineer Rowse had returned with his engine to his abandoned train and, recoupling to the coaches, had pulled westward to the nearest telegraph station.

The usual western plan which prevails in crimes of this character was followed in this instance, except that the sheriff's posse, all heavily armed, rode in automobiles instead of on horseback in scouring the country for traces of the train robbers. Within a few hours after the first report of the hold-up detectives from three railroads of the Harriman system were arriving in Ogden by dozens.

A special train brought a number of railroad officials and more detectives from Salt Lake City. For days Ogden and surrounding country fairly bristled with officers and detectives, but the identity of the men still remains a profound mystery.

## HORSE-POWER FOR LUXURIES.

THE public demand for all the luxuries of the modern hotel, in travel, together with a desire for speed, has put a tremendous tax on the twentieth-century locomotive. Not only must the heavy train of steel cars be kept in motion at a high speed, but it must be heated, lighted, ventilated, and braked as well. All of these are important considerations, as they cause a constant drain on the locomotive boiler. The steam consumption of auxiliaries is so great that locomotive designers have been forced to consider it in selecting power for limited trains. It happens that the drain on the boiler from auxiliaries is greatest in winter; the time when the train re-

sistance and radiation from the boiler amounts to the most. In winter the horse-power consumed by auxiliaries is about 300 for a ten-car train, which may be divided as follows: 75 horse-power for operating the two 9½-inch air pumps; 60 horse-power for operating turbo-generators for train lighting, and 150 horse-power for heating and ventilating. The total of 300 horse-power calls for the combustion of about 1,500 pounds of coal per hour. It is common for Pacific type power in this service to consume 8,000 pounds of coal an hour. Hence we may say that about 18 per cent of the coal consumed is used for auxiliaries.—*Railway and Locomotive Engineer.*



# CAPTURED BY CHEYENNES.

BY R. M. WEST.

**This Remarkable Incident in the Life of  
a Frontier Soldier Is Founded on Fact.**



On a frosty morning in the fall of 1868—just the sort of morning to jump into the saddle and dash over the buffalo grass of the prairies—eleven cavalry men, members of

Troop M, then stationed at Fort Wallace, Kansas, were ordered fifteen miles into the wilderness for fire-wood for the fort.

Our mules had been in the corral for several days, eating Uncle Sam's grain and hay, and were unusually frisky. When we started, the light pistol-like snap of the black snakes mingled musically with our shrill voices and the rattle of the wagons. A squad of soldiers, under command of Sergeant McCoy, of the Fifteenth Infantry, was sent along to act as escort. Sergeant McCoy and Tom Davis, the wagon-master, rode ahead. McCoy was mounted on a big brown horse, but Davis rode a little black mule named Ned, which played a prominent part in the little drama I am about to relate.

We hit the dusty pike for several hours, until we came to a steep bluff bordering a ravine filled with fine cotton-wood trees. It was easy enough to get the empty wagons down the bluffs, but when loaded it was impossible to return to the roadway back of the fort without following the course of a sandy creek for four or five miles.

While the wood was being gathered, one man was posted on the bluffs to signal the camp if Indians approached. At one o'clock we all gathered round the mess-chest for our luncheon of bread and cold buffalo meat.

The man on picket duty was called in for his luncheon. He said that shortly before he had seen mounted men riding to the south and east of us. We tried to laugh him out of it, but he seemed positive, claim-

ing that he saw ten or fifteen in all riding in the same direction and strung out one behind the other.

As this picket was a raw recruit and had never seen an Indian, the other men were inclined to doubt him. I took particular interest in his observations, however, for he described the Indian style of riding so well that I believed him.

While in the midst of his description, we saw the picket who had been sent to relieve him, waving his musket from the bluff, about half a mile away. I was ordered to go to him and learn the trouble. Mounting the wagon-master's little mule, Ned, I started for the bluff.

While riding up the steep incline from the ravine, I thought I heard firing, so I put the spur to little Ned and sent him to the top at full speed. As I came out on the bluff, the picket was dashing toward me on foot. The report of firearms was now plainly heard, and the dust caused by bullets was flying up near the fleeing man's feet. He had deserted his mount.

While I stood watching, I saw the man fall. He was up again and running, but fell again, only to climb to his feet. This time he limped along very slowly.

I started for him, but a bullet plowed up the ground directly in front of me. Whoever was doing the shooting was under cover, so I looked in the direction from which the shot had come and saw a head duck down behind a shelf of stone.

All over the prairie in the vicinity of Fort Wallace there were ridges of soft sandstone. Over to my right there was a long ridge of it, and I judged that the attacking party was behind this ridge, and that they were approaching the wagon camp from that direction.

The poor fellow ahead of me was now lying quite still. I kept a close watch to see if he stirred. It struck me that he did move, so I made for him to take him to camp, thinking he might only be wounded.

When ten yards farther in his direction, I encountered a storm of bullets. My left leg was struck four inches below the knee. I knew it would be the height of folly to attempt to warn the camp. I dismounted and, leading my mule, tried to get into the ravine.

On arriving at the edge of the long bluff that led down to the cotton-wood camp, my last hope of getting back to my comrades left me. On both sides of the ravine were the red devils. They were not in great numbers, but they were sufficient to stop my retreat.

I made a dash for the table-land. The Indians did not seem to be worrying about me, so I took the way leading toward Fort Wallace, and prepared to run the gantlet as best I could. I rode clear around the stony ridge, keeping as far out as possible and lying down on the side of my mule.

I came in sight of the outlet through which I must dash if I intended turning directly toward the fort. If I failed, I would be run out on the open prairie, where the race between the Indian pony and my fat little mule would end in only one way.

I started down the stony side of the bluff at a good stiff gallop, the thin slates of the loose stones clattering and rattling under my mule's feet. The mule is one of the most sure-footed animals. At one time, my little mule made a jump that must have been fifteen feet out and downward. I expected that we would both land with broken necks, but we were still going over the ground at good speed.

Mules do not like Indians, and Ned had an interest in this affair. As we began to ascend the bluff on the other side, ten Indian horsemen confronted us and opened fire. Their aim was poor, for I was not struck. I did not return their fire just then, having left camp with only my two six-shooters. I had not taken a gun with me, which was a great mistake. But I did not suppose for a moment that I would go further than to ascertain the truth of the picket's story and then report back to camp.

When I saw the Indians in front of me, I turned to the left, and throwing myself along the left side of my mule, rode toward the wagons in that position.

I had a good line on the Indians, and let them understand that I had shooting-irons by letting three broadsides into them.

I must have hit some, for one stopped and others gathered around him. I now turned my mule and rode back up the sandy bottom, for the red-skins were plenty in my front as well as on both my flanks. They had only to throw a line across my front and I would be hemmed in like a buffalo.

Turning Ned's head, I galloped up the ravine about a quarter of a mile. Ahead of me was a little gulley that seemed to lead to the level plain beyond. I rode into it, and kept looking to the right and left, hoping almost against hope to be able to get to the level prairie with a fair start for the fort.

I had not gone far when a shower of bullets came from all sides. Poor little Ned and I went down together. My mule was dead.

I did not feel hurt, but one of my legs was penned under the side of the mule, so I opened fire with my right-hand six-shooter. I was soon knocked out, however, and for a time lost all interest in the fight.

When I next began to take notice of my surroundings, I lay on an old, dirty piece of a blanket. It was dark and a drizzling rain was falling. I tried to make out where I was. I soon began to make out objects more plainly, and noticed a number of "feather-heads" near me.

I did not move or speak, but lay perfectly still. I found I was not tied. Then I tried to learn if I was badly hurt. The leg that was hit was a little sore, but there were no bones broken. Further investigation proved that the ankle of my other leg was badly sprained.

I sat up with my arms and head on my knees and began to think. I tried to make out where I was and how to get away. I could not hope to move unless I could get on the back of a horse.

I was in a bad fix; one I had always dreaded even more than death. A prisoner in the hands of the Indians! Oh, for a six-shooter! Five shots would have sent five of these red devils to the eternal fires—and the last bullet for myself! —

At the first streak of day I tried to look about me. If a pony or any other animal that I could ride had been within my reach, I would certainly have made a break for liberty.



As I was straining my eyes trying to survey the camp, I was so startled that I nearly shouted with joy. I heard a voice—not a cultivated or refined voice—but one that was touched with the north of Ireland brogue.

The voice was singularly familiar. Sitting near a big bundle of buffalo robes was the speaker. If it had not been for his fiery red hair and his short turned-up nose, he might have been taken for one of the savages, for he was dressed like the rest of them.

He did not look in my direction, but I knew from his first words that he was talking at me, or rather, singing at me. The tune was one I had often heard under more favorable circumstances. It was "The Pretty Maid Milking Her Cow," but his words ran like this:

Now don't let on you know me,  
But I know you—ahem!  
For you are Mr. Bobby West  
Of old Troop M.

I looked at him, and, perhaps, I smiled. Anyhow, he went on singing, making up the most remarkable verses, so the Indians would not understand that he was giving me instructions just what to do. First he told me what to do—to make out that I was very sick, and could not stand or walk; that he could not help me now, but would as soon as he had a chance. Then he went on singing. I recall these words:

I hope God put it in your mind  
To bring along your mouth-organ  
These devils like that kind of music  
So play it all you can.  
Who—who—too-too-too-de—  
You're with "Standing Otter's band."  
Don't look behind you,  
No matter what you hear or see—  
Hum—hum—te-dee, te-dum.  
If you try to speak to me,  
They will kill us both.

All this was sung in a kind of a chant, with frequent pauses, while the singer was working on a pair of moccasins of green buffalo hide. It was the sweetest song mortal man ever heard. There are marvelous singers in the world, but I am sure none of them will ever get the applause that I secretly gave that morning to stubby little red-headed Peter Farrell—the last man on earth I expected to meet just then.

I had known Peter Farrell as a soldier at Fort Sedgwick a few years back. Be-

cause he could not go through the manual of arms, he was discharged from the service. How he got among the Indians, I was yet to learn.

And yet I did not believe that he could do much for me. I had shot at the Indians and, no doubt, killed one. I was pretty sure that Peter had not. It was more probable that a year or two before he had wandered into their camp, little knowing or caring where he was going.

Suddenly my surmises fell to the ground. I remembered that unless it is in self-defense, an Indian will not attack or injure a red-headed man. If they are obliged to kill one, they will not scalp him. They kept their hands out of red hair just as if it were red hot.

Well, as the dawn broke I saw that there were not more than three hundred Indians all told.

So Standing Otter had me! And he was as bloody a woman-killing fiend as there was on the plains. I knew I had nothing to hope from his soul of black ink.

Only a few moments were lost in getting breakfast, which consisted of "bread and meat." The "bread" was jerked buffalo meat, the "meat" was the fat or tallow of the same animal.

Then the camp began to move. We traveled, I should say, about six miles an hour. I rode in an Indian wagon. This vehicle is made by fastening a long pole to each side of the pony, the ends dragging on the ground, and swinging a stiff untanned buffalo hide between the poles in such a fashion that it makes a bed something like a hammock.

They placed me on this and tied my feet in such a way that I could not slip out. My bad leg did not get accustomed to the jolting of the pole ends over the ground, and my suffering was intense. In a short time the torture was so great that, at intervals, I lost all sense of my misery and must have been unconscious.

The fever in my leg got so bad that I was afraid inflammation had set in. I looked for death from blood poisoning. If I could have got hold of a weapon I would have made such a fight that the Indians would have killed me.

We had not gone far before I began to suffer for water, and kept calling for it in the hope that Farrell would find a way to help me. My head began to ache, and with every jolt it seemed as if my brain would

burst. Every inch of my body was afire. The pain I suffered is beyond my power to tell.

About two hours later, a bladder of water was thrust into my hands, but, even then, it was difficult to manage it so as to drink the warm, filthy stuff. Still, it was wet, and as soon as I could master the bladder I let nearly all the water run down my throat.

When we stopped for the night, and the persistent jolting ended, I slept for a few hours. It was still twilight when I awoke. Peter Farrell sang to me again. I tried to get a conversation with him, but he would not allow it, singing to me that if we were discovered exchanging confidences his life as well as mine would pay the bill.

With my leg swelled to four times its usual size and the almost certain prospect of death before me, the warning had very little meaning—only so far as not to compromise Peter, who, no doubt, in his own way was doing all he could to help me.

I also learned from Peter's singing that, if nothing happened to stop us, the Indians would be at the big village by noon the next day.

This was good and bad news. Good that I would not have to be dragged any farther; bad that I was probably being taken to the Indian village to make sport for the squaws and papooses while I was being transferred to the happy hunting grounds.

Remembering what Peter had chanted about my mouth organ, I got mine out and struck up a lively tune.

This so pleased the Indians that I had some faint hopes that they would not roast me just yet; at least as long as my little tin harmonica amused them.

For some reason or other, Peter became so timid that he sang me very little—in fact, no information whatsoever about the village, where it was, or the number of Indians living there. At night, when all was still, I tried to wriggle over to a pony that stood in a dejected attitude near by, but it was no use. I found that I had to crawl over sleeping redskins to get near him, so after a few feeble efforts I lay still and waited the coming of another day.

I was overjoyed to find myself on the back of a pony when we started early next morning.

"Now," I said, "here goes for a break. They will never take me to their village alive."

Calmly but intently I studied the situation. I was hemmed in by half a hundred mounted Indians. I kept pretty quiet, and we jogged along. I did not see or hear Peter all that day. This made me feel very blue, especially about the middle of the afternoon, when we began to meet the runners from the Indian village.

Some were mounted on fleet little colts, while many of the squaws were on foot, with heavy loads of fresh-killed meat on their backs.

It seemed strange to me then that none of the bucks of our party offered to carry the bundles for them—but this is not the Indian way of doing things. The men rode easily along on horseback, with their wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters trudging wearily under their packs by their horses' sides.

There were now several dozen young boys running alongside my pony. They talked to me all the time, but I knew nothing of what they said. However, I replied to them in the few Indian words I had picked up.

My conversation must have been very funny, for they laughed a great deal, and for a people who laugh so very seldom, I took it as a great compliment.

I made signs to one for water, and imagine my surprise when he ran some distance away and waited for me to ride up. When I did, he gave me a drink of very fair water.

I took this as a good omen. At that time I was not quite eighteen years of age, and I had a faint hope that the young Indian boys had, boylike, taken a fancy to me.

We were soon in the middle of the village. The returning heroes were warmly welcomed by wives and sweethearts, and there was mourning for the hero who would never return. Whether I was guilty of being the cause of the lamentations, I did not know, and had no way of finding out, for Peter Farrell had disappeared.

That night he turned up again. I learned from his chanting that this party had been out nearly three weeks, had been beyond Smoky Hill, and had run onto our wood-train by accident. Peter had so much to sing that he was soon out of voice. Putting my trust in God, I went to sleep.

I had lost no opportunity to bathe my lame ankle and the bullet-hole, thus reducing the swelling in both and causing



them to heal rapidly. Although my stomach rebelled against the stuff the Indians called food, I tried to eat to maintain strength for the first chance to get away or get killed.

I had given up all hope of help from Peter. When I made any indication for his assistance in escaping, he seemed scared to death, and repeated that if I did get away they would be so mad they would kill him to square matters. I wondered how he could be so contented with those filthy people. From time to time as he sung to me, I learned that he had been picked up by the Indians while tramping along the old abandoned North Platte road, and as he had no arms and did not try to hide, they took him along. He soon went to work with a few shoemaker's tools he had with him and made the chief a kind of a half moccasin and half shoe out of green-tanned buffalo-hide, and this established him as shoemaker for the tribe. He could talk quite a little of their giberish, and he seemed to like them.

For my part, although not wanting to make matters any worse, I had to draw the line on poodle soup. When it came to sitting around a big pot of dog stew and plunge and struggle for such titbits as the short little legs and stumpy tail to pick, as is done at weddings, I had to quit!

The Indian has but one good trait—bravery. He is game to the backbone, a fighter to the core. For all danger and pain, and even death itself, he has a contempt that amounts to indifference. The expression "Indian bravery" has become the measuring stick by which we size up all other kinds of courage.

Yes, I waited patiently to make my escape. I pretended all the time that I was sick and could not walk, otherwise my red friends would have used me for a bonfire. As it was, they did not even tie me. From what Petter caroled to me one day, I found out that one reason why I had not been disposed of sooner was that this village was supposed to be at peace, and that the government agent would soon call and distribute blankets for the cold weather.

All day long, however, I kept giving them good lively tunes, "Money Musk," "Marching Through Georgia," "The Red, White and Blue," and "A Life on the Ocean Wave." The music also helped to

keep up my own spirits, but when the sun went down and the squaws lit the fires, there were the sounds of devilry by night.

Then the fiends began their dance, now slowly, then leaping faster and faster, shrieking and writhing as they circled the crackling flames—and I often expected that the rising sun would illumine naught of me but my ashes.

I kept cool, however, and was always planning and watching. Oh! if Peter Farrell could only disappear for a day and get word to the fort! If into that wild, weird Indian swinging chant and the thump, thump of the tom-toms should burst the crackling music of the Spencers!

I managed to play the cripple pretty well, and had not as yet let them see me on my feet. My wounds were healing and I was getting stronger.

On the fourth day after arriving at the village my opportunity came.

A duel to the death was to be fought by two young warriors. Stripped perfectly naked, they rode out to the end of the camp, and the whole tribe was present to see the fight.

My two guards were no exception, and, though they kept a good, close watch on my movements, they were attracted by the fight.

I began to squirm around as if eager to see the sport, but all the time shaping my course toward a good-looking American horse with "U. S." branded on his hip.

I had spotted this animal at the very first and resolved that I would get him, if I could, when my turn did come.

Not more than ten yards from the horse was a rawhide bridle. Now, ten yards is not much of a distance, but in my case yards were miles and minutes hours.

Two or three times my body-guards glanced over at me, but at each glance my whole attention was directed to the two fighters. Their mode of dueling was something like Don Quixote's encounter with the Knight of the Mirrors; they rode in a half circle, one to the right, the other to the left, and when drawing near each other their ponies were put to a good run, and as they passed each tried to drive his spear through the other.

It took a long time to draw blood, for they were splendid horsemen, and would drop on the opposite side of their pony when nearing each other.

It was on the third round that one

managed to rip a gash on the shoulder exposed by the other. At each dash the fighters shortened the distance. I judged that if one did not kill or disable the other soon, they would slide from their ponies and settle it hand to hand.

As things became more warm, the interest of the spectators become more rapt, and my guards were now paying strict attention to the two gladiators.

I waited for the propitious moment. It came sooner than I expected. The wounded warrior jumped from his pony and made a mad rush at his adversary, jabbing his spear into the rival pony's side.

As I expected, the whole village tried to be where they could see the finish. I looked and did not see my guards anywhere—they were lost in the rush.

This was my time. I hobbled for that rope-bridle and slipped it on the big "U. S." horse, but just as I was climbing onto him my leg was grabbed and I was pulled back to the ground.

I turned and saw an old buck, half blind and supposed to be crazy. He did not seem to be angry, but made signs and tried to say something.

I said "how" to him for good-by, and again tried to mount, but this time he grabbed my arm and gave me a powerful jerk that swung me around in such a way as to place him between the horse and me.

Then I threw all sentiment to the winds and went at him with the only weapons I had, my feet and fists.

He did not yell or fight back, but kept grabbing at me when I would try to mount. Getting a good opening, I butted him in the stomach. This doubled him up and made him grunt, but on turning to the horse I got a sharp crack on the top of the head from a little club which he quickly picked up.

I went at him again and butted him in the stomach with my head, following this up with blows and kicks. The club coming in contact with my hand, I pulled it away from him and struck him two or three times on the head.

He fell to the ground. I did not wait to see whether I had killed him or not. I mounted the horse and lost no time in putting him to a gallop toward what I had taken all along to be a river of some kind.

I thought it must be the Arkansas. I made straight in its direction.

I did not look behind, but kept urging

my horse to his greatest speed. At first I was afraid I had picked the wrong animal for I had all I could do to get him out of a trot. However, he proved to be only in need of urging.

As soon as he struck a gallop, I turned on his back and looked behind. I saw a great commotion among the Indians. Some were running after me on foot and others were mounted. I knew that my success or failure depended entirely on the speed and endurance of my horse. He was going splendidly now; that "U. S." on him was beginning to tell.

The bridle-rein had a long, whiplike end, and this I used to keep him up to his work until he lengthened out into springs that made the prairie flow back under us like a river!

The Indians were now in full chase after me. They had spread out like a fan, making it necessary for me to take a straight course ahead. I was overjoyed to find that my horse was no mere sprinter, but was keeping up a good rate of speed; that there was none of the wobbling, uncertain motion of a broken down, winded plug.

I kept my face toward the line of bluffs in front, expecting they must skirt a river. When I next took a survey behind me, I saw that eight of my pursuers were away ahead of the others, and that one of the eight was leading the whole tribe. He, then, was the one with whom I must first deal.

How I wished for a Henry rifle or even a Long Tom! I had nothing in the shape of arms, so it all depended on the bounding animal beneath me. He was holding his own. If he could keep going until dark, I would have a show to dodge the outfit behind me.

On I went, straight ahead. I thought I must be close to the bluffs, but distance on the plains is very deceptive, and they seemed as far away as ever.

The Indian leading was now not more than five hundred yards behind. I saw that he was slowly gaining on me.

I had no doubt but that the little Indian pony would do as he had always done—run down the big horse in a long chase. Besides, the Indian has a secret of twisting speed out of a horse that a white man doesn't possess. There was a saying on the plains that "A white man will ride a horse till he drops, and then an Indian



will mount him and ride him twice as far."

In selecting the big horse I knew this. I would not trust a pony to take me out of the village. Some may laugh at this, but when they see as many tricks performed by those knowing little rascals as I have they will not laugh. Besides, I felt a companionship for the American horse with the big "U. S." on him.

When the nearest Indian got to within two or three hundred yards of me I expected to feel the wind of a bullet; but for some reason he bent forward flat on his horse and rode in silence. The others were so far behind that I did not fear them, for it was getting late, and darkness would soon be with us.

I was riding toward what looked like a big rock, but it turned out to be a cone-shaped mound of dirt. My horse when he brought his forefeet down was now making that heavy flop that is the forerunner of total collapse in the tired-out horse. I well knew that, pound him as I might, he would soon slow down to a dog-trot or tumble—but I had already planned what to do when flight was no longer possible.

I glanced back at the naked savage. The shadows behind me were growing longer, but it was not yet dark. I could see only this lone Indian. I could hear his pony's short, hard breathing.

He did not shoot. I lay on the side of my horse, but he should have been able to fetch me with an arrow at that distance—not more than seventy yards. The knoll was just ahead, and my hopes were high; but in one leg I had a bullet-hole, and on the other a sprained ankle; and my horse was beginning to stagger.

Lashing him once more into a wavering gallop, and keeping a good grip on his mane, I slipped from his back and on my lame legs ran by his side. Be it known that a good man on foot can easily outrun a tired horse—even if it is ridden by an Indian.

The pain was frightful, not so much from the wound as from the sprained ankle. The horse kept me from falling. I held on to his mane until my foot became numb and would bear my full weight.

We were now about fifty yards apart, and, behind me, I could hear the Indian quirting every possible inch of speed out of his gasping pony. I looked back, let go

the horse's mane, and ran with all my speed for the top of the hill.

On gaining it, I looked back and saw my horse eating grass, while the Indian, who had reached the foot of the hill, had not tried to follow me, but was riding around the base of the hill to head me off.

His pony was about as winded as my horse, and, as the red gentleman seemed to be unarmed, I was not much afraid of him; so, as he went on around the hill, I doubled on him and ran back to my horse. Out of sight on the other side of the hill, the Indian sent forth shrill war-whoops to guide his companions.

They would soon be here. I snatched the horse's bridle over his head and started to run along and lead him, but he proved balky, so I left him and struck out on foot down between the steep banks of a small, dry water-course.

That bloodhound had not seen me, and I bore off in an entirely new direction. It was now growing dark. I kept on through the winding gulleys, never going to the top of the ridges if I could help it, for an object moving along the sky-line can be seen far away—even at night.

I knew that I had little or nothing to fear from the Indian. His finding me would be a mere chance. In the darkness he could not follow my trail, and, besides, I was able to make almost as good time as he could.

Though my wounds hurt, I had to keep moving. If I rested, my leg would get so stiff and sore that I would not be able to walk.

All night I went on. Two or three times I thought I saw a mounted man. I stopped still a moment, but must have been mistaken—for it was never so dark but I could have seen any large object moving on top of the hills.

It was now gray in the east, and I had not yet come to the Arkansas. I expected at every turn to see the valley where the river was, and it was nearly daybreak when I found myself plunging through the tall, dry grass which, in the plains, is a never-failing sign of water.

Daylight found me still in this grass—at times as high as my head—but I could find no water.

I was so utterly tired out, and my leg pained me so badly, that I lay down and went to sleep. About noon the burning sun awoke me. Observing nothing to hide from,

I pressed on. I was both hungry and dry. The thirst was the worst of the two. At first I made little progress, but after a while I limbered up and kept up a good three-mile-an-hour gait for the rest of the day.

Still nothing to eat, and no water. Along toward night the grass began to grow shorter. I must have traveled parallel with the river, or else this was the widest valley I had ever struck.

Soon, however, I was out where I could look around me—and I was mighty glad when I saw a small shanty about half a mile ahead.

Before I reached it I saw the shining water of a good-sized river.

After drowning my thirst I stuck my foot in the cool water, lay back on the grassy bank, and again fell asleep.

There was a good road along the river, and I felt comparatively safe from my enemies, as the Indians seldom traveled on the roads. When they attack trains or camps they always make a sudden dash from the bluffs which line the river valleys.

At this time the Overland stage did not run on the lower Arkansas. It crossed the river at Fort Lyons, and the mail was then taken from the forts and towns to the smaller places by military mounted men or four-mule ambulances.

On coming to the old hut I found it empty. I entered, found a bunk, and concluded to spend the night there.

I lay down, but soon heard a noise. I listened, but could not make out what it was. A rustling noise seemed to be all around me.

I lay still to listen, when soon, by the faint light that streamed in from the open doors and windows, I saw a large snake—the largest I had ever seen—glide across the dirt floor and under my bunk.

Before I could make up my mind what to do another moved out to the middle of the floor, stopped still, then made a dive for the place under the bunk. I made a dash, and was soon marking good time down the road.

The next morning it seemed as if the sides of my stomach were rubbing together. As I started forth I noticed little campfires at my front. I approached them very carefully. Finally I made out the canvas-covered wagons of a bull train. I need not attempt to describe my feelings when I realized that I was near my own kind of people.

I was soon telling my story to A. N. Mackay, the wagon-master of a bull train

loaded with grain and bound for Fort Reynolds. The boys did all they could for my comfort. What a breakfast I did eat! The amount of bacon and flapjacks I stored away, to say nothing of the coffee, almost wrecked the grub-wagon.

Mackay invited me to travel with him until I came to a stage line, where I could get back to Fort Wallace. Bull trains travel slowly, and it took four days to reach Fort Lyons. There I reported to General Penrose. He listened to my story, and decided that I had been captured by a band of Cheyennes which had been sent to Silver Creek to await the government agent, who was to send them to a new reservation.

"That's the way of it," he said. "You can't depend on an Indian when he is once out of sight. I have no cavalry, or I would send a squad out after them."

The quartermaster at Fort Lyons furnished me with transportation back to Fort Wallace, and next day I climbed aboard the coach.

When the Concord lumbered up the dusty road and rolled into the fort it carried a pretty happy youngster. Every one was surprised to see me come back with my hair on.

Twenty days after I returned to Fort Wallace a newly arrived troop of the Seventh Cavalry was sent out to hunt up the Indians that had captured me.

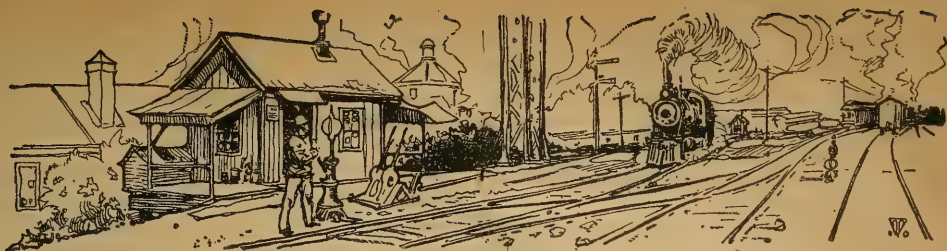
I went along. I wanted to see Standing Otter. Besides the usual allowance, I took an extra supply of cartridges, and one in particular I marked and made "good medicine" over, and carried handy in my vest-pocket for the Indian who chased me.

Before we started I went to the quartermaster's clerk, bought some lump sugar, and took it along. This was for the big American horse with "U. S." on his hip. but I guess that run about finished him.

We found the camp, but all was still and lonesome. I fired my "medicine cartridge" at a coyote.

I have wondered often if Peter Farrell is alive to-day. If he stayed with the Indians he is probably a rich squaw man, living on some reservation surrounded by his interesting family. But, alive or dead—good luck to him! I shall never forget his singing when I lay a wounded captive, sick and hopeless, waiting to be burned at the stake. His rich Irish brogue was sweeter than the angels' singing. God bless red-headed Peter Farrell—and that big American horse.





# Observations of a Country Station-Agent.

BY J. E. SMITH.

No. 36.—Matt White and Sam Horne, of Two Kentucky Freight-Houses, Indulge in a Battle Royal Because “Barko” Would Ride in a Way-Car.

**Y**OU can’t tell me,” urged the express driver, “that women think more of cats than they do of dogs. A cat ain’t one, two, three in the affections of a family compared to a dog. Not on yer life.”

“A woman will go as far for a cat as she will for a dog,” persisted the freight-house man. “I know. I’ve seen it tested.”

“How can you tell anything about it, truckin’, checkin’, and deliverin’ freight?” demanded the express driver. “When you drive an express wagon as long as I have you’ll entertain different views. I’ve been pickin’ up and deliverin’ express five years in this town, and I’ve never handled a cat yet. Think of that! Never had one boxed, crated, or led by a string to ship out or that came in. Not a single cat, y’ understand!”

“If people think so all-fired much of cats as you say they do, how does it come no one ever has a cat expressed to him or her, and no one ever sends a cat out by express? Ain’t that good evidence? They can’t be much affection, or somebody would send somebody a cat—or somebody would get a cat from somebody. Every week some-

body sends a dog away, or somebody gets a dog. I’ve handled a thousand dogs and nary a cat. That ought to tell which of ’em people think the most of.”

“You can’t tell me anything, either,” argued the freight-house man. “I know when a woman gets attached to a cat she thinks as much of it as she does of one of the family, and she wouldn’t think eny more of eny dog. People think so much of cats they won’t trust ’em to express drivers. I’ve known ’em to come all the way from Ohio and git ’em theirselves. I’ve seen examples of tender regard for cats that would open an express driver’s eyes.”

“Maybe you have,” acquiesced the express driver with the Missourian accent; “but when I see one thousand dogs shipped in and out, and nary a cat, I can’t help forming some private opinion of my own which of the two the human family thinks the most of.

“Why, a dog’s a friend of a man. He’ll stick to you till they tie the crape on the door, and then follow the hearse to Crown Hill. A dog will take care of the baby and be a chum to the boy, while the cat’s stretched out asleep behind the baseburner.

Series began in the July, 1907, Railroad Man’s Magazine. Single copies, 10 cents.

"There's something in the wag of a dog's tail like the human handshake, and nothing else in creation has it. He's barking his welcome to you and showing his dumb affection, while the cat's inside sneaking up on the canary. Can't convince me any one thinks as much of a cat as they do of a dog. It ain't human."

This argument ended as all arguments between man and man end, whether politics, religion, or philosophy. Each had his own slant to the proposition. The freight-house man because of the woman who came back from Ohio after her cat, and the express driver because he had handled a thousand dogs and "nary a cat."

We base many a robust conclusion on a slender incident. In the blindness of toil by which we earn our bread there is only now and then a flicker of light, in which grotesque and ill-defined outlines are impressed on the mind of the worker and from which he works out his state of mind, his estimates and conclusions.

He retains the primitive instinct of combat. So we spend many hours in argument and wrangle, and we touch everything from the eternity of the soul to the domestic value of the dog and the cat, proving but little and convincing no one.

"Well, there's one thing sure. You couldn't give me the best dog or the flossiest cat that ever lived," concluded the freight-house man, grasping the truck handles. "If you should ever get a dog addressed to me, you'd do me a favor to stop at the drug-store and git a package of pizen. Then we'd have what they call one of them closed incidents right away."

He released the truck handles.

"I was up at the drug-store the other day, and the clerk was showing me a big, woolly spider in a bottle of alcohol.

"What's that?" I asked.

"Why, that came out of a bunch of bananas," said the clerk. "It's a tarantula. The boss is keeping it; it's a pet."

"The other day old Judge Holbrook's family mare ran two miles, and only touched the ground about a dozen times. When she brought up she had only a piece of one tug hanging to her. She had scattered the various members of the family at convenient distances along the roadway. The old nag has been in the family ten years and is a pet. These animal pets is something fierce.

"Why, you can't even pet your own wife. If you do, she will cast you up as a soft

mark and relieve you of all your change, or have you scrubbing the back porch, doing the dishes, and filling the bottle for the baby. When you pet anything you got a weakness that will be used against you every time."

"Well, I wouldn't want any spiders, and a horse is a horse," observed the express driver. "But a dog's different from any other animal there is. He's the only living thing you can abuse and treat mean and that will come back to you a friend. He's the only living animal that knows you and picks you out and follows you true."

"Nix on eny of 'em for me," protested the freight-house man, "and durn a dog."

It is said of a well known but odious personage, who sportively displays a cloven hoof and two short, roguish horns, that if called, "Here, Satan! Here, Satan!" he will at once appear. So it was in the case of Matt White, the freight-house man. Having passed a sweeping condemnation of all animal pets, with the final anathema on the dog, he proceeded to break the seal of a way-car that had just been set out by the local from the West and placed at the freight-house platform.

It should be explained in this connection that every day a way-car from the West was partly emptied at Willowdale, after which it was set out at Mosstown, which was Matt White's station. Then from the East there was a way-car every day, with the reverse operation: that is, partly unloaded at Mosstown and set out at Willowdale.

These are industrial towns ten miles apart and with the usual keen rivalry for the world's attention.

Intense loyalty to one's surroundings, the passion for exulting over a superiority, the glory of outdoing and surpassing, are ever strong in the human breast. It is particularly marked among office men at various railroad stations.

The consuming passion of the force at Willowdale was to be ahead of Mosstown. Ditto the reverse.

It was a matter of keen interest to each station every month to know how many way-bills the other station had issued, how many expense bills had been made, how much the tonnage, and the total revenue.

This feeling of live interest and rivalry is not confined to Willowdale and Mosstown. Everywhere, be it village, town, or city, there grows up a rivalry with a particular near-by station of the same class.



There is glory and exultation in the freight office of Akron to surpass Canton. There is rejoicing in the office of Kalamazoo to learn they have outdone Battle Creek. The old agent at Onward, with one saw-mill and one general store, boasts with triumph and some braggadocio that last month he made eighteen way-bills, while his neighbor station, McGrawsville, with a grain elevator thrown in, only made thirteen.

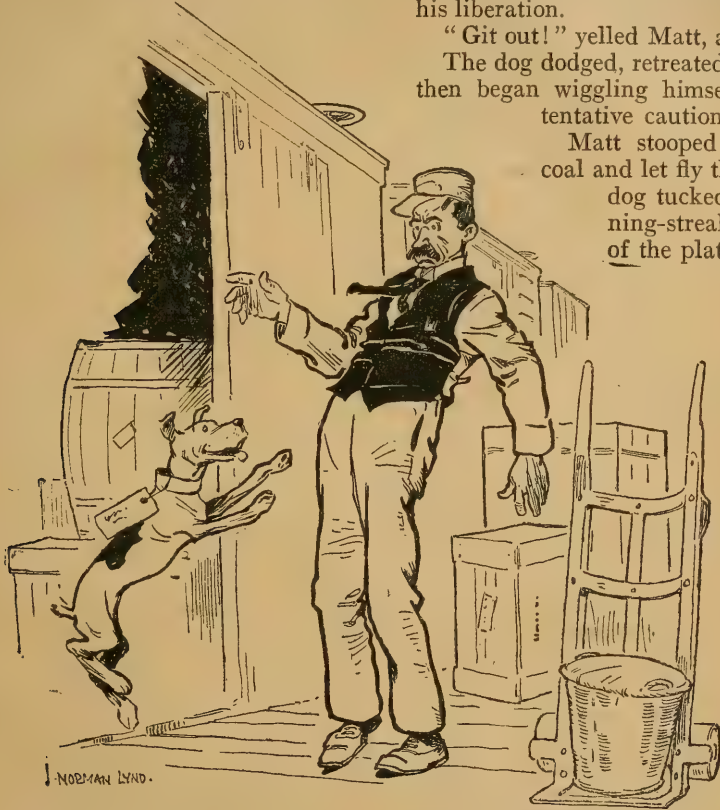
Thus it was with the excoiation of dog pets on his lips Matt White, the freight-house man of Mosstown, broke the seal of the way-car that had stopped last at Willowdale, and opened the car-door.

He was greeted with a plaintive whine and a lusty bark. Then a white dog with a black spot on his back, soiled by the dirt of the car, made a bound for liberty and jumped up to Matt with an effusive demonstration of gratitude and friendliness for his liberation.

"Git out!" yelled Matt, aiming a kick.

The dog dodged, retreated a safe distance, then began wiggling himself back with a tentative caution.

Matt stooped for a piece of coal and let fly the missile. The dog tucked tail and lightning-streaked to the end of the platform. Then he



HE JUMPED UP TO MATT WITH AN EFFUSIVE DEMONSTRATION OF GRATITUDE.

It is always stimulating to be a little ahead of some one else. All the glory of the world is like the earth's physical foundations—one strata above another.

In the freight office of Mosstown there was but little concern about the weal or wo of the commonwealth or the question of dividends for the railroad company. The only motive of inspiration was to be a better station in rank than Willowdale. In this strained relationship the two stations were neighborly, but faultfinding and critical with one another.

stopped, rested on his haunches, and barked a few scattering volleys at Matt.

Matt temporarily suspended hostilities and turned his attention to the way-car.

"That's no way to treat a dog," protested the express driver, letting out an encouraging call and whistle. "When that dog tried to say 'Thank you' in his dumb way, you kicked him. Maybe he was in there by accident. Maybe some one was shipping him here. Maybe he's a piece of freight. If he is, there is one check clerk that ought to be fired."



"IF I CAN'T FIND 'BARKO,' I FEAR SHE MAY LOSE HER MIND."

The express driver sat down on a box and whistled again. The dog started back with circumspection and wariness, but as he drew nearer he almost doubled himself in manifestation of friendliness, and then crawled in humble submissiveness to the feet of the express driver.

"Hallo!" exclaimed the driver. "He's tagged. He's marked to some one. Nice way you have of handling freight shipped to this station!"

The express driver leaned over and took the tag between his fingers.

"Well, wouldn't this jolt you!" he exclaimed. "'To Matt White, Freight-House Hustler, Mosstown, Kentucky.' Matt White getting a dog! Matt White, the animal-hater, importing a spotted pup! What's his name, Matt?"

Matt hurried out of the car and took a look at the tag.

"They ain't any reason why any one should send me a dog," said Matt with a puzzled expression on his face. "But, all the same, I know where that come from! That's some of Sam Horne's work! He's

the freight-house man at Willowdale.

"He's always doing some low-down thing that will get me in bad. Whenever he's over anything he don't know what to do with, he sneaks it into this way-car and lets it come to Mosstown, and that puts it up to me.

"I've handed him some warm ones in the way-car that runs out at his station, if any one should ask you. Now, here's about that worthless cur there. He's been hanging around the freight-house at Willowdale, and Sam Horne has just passed him along to me. You can't fool your Uncle Mathias. That dog goes in the piano-box at the end of the freight-house, and to-morrow he goes in the way-car tagged to Sam Horne."

The dog submitted without resistance, and was duly incarcerated.

The next day Sam Horne, at Willowdale, opened the way-car the local had set out at the house and met the joyous greet-

ings of a white dog with a black spot on his back. He, too, administered a kick, but spying a tag on the dog, he called him back and read: "Sam Horne, Freight-House Sop, Willowdale, Kentucky."

"What do you know about that!" exclaimed Horne. "Some one's marked that coyote to me. Come here, Rastus! I don't know for certain, but I think I know where you come from. To-morrow you take a special journey to Mosstown. I'll feed you on choice cuts to-day, and all I ask of you in return is to nab Matt White by the calf of the leg when he opens the way-car to-morrow. Nab him, Rastus!"

The dog bristled into a show of belligerency, and for his understanding found himself under a box in the freight-house awaiting the next day's way-car.

Matt White opened the way-car at Mosstown and was at once repaid by the cordial and affectionate greetings of "Black Spot."

"Hey, cut it out!" cried Matt sharply. "To the piano-box with you! You don't get any farther than Ellis Island. To-morrow you are going to be deported."



Matt White was puzzled. The dog would go back to Sam Horne in the Willowdale way-car next day, and there was no question on that point. But he wanted to add some sharp and sizzling words to the tag, and he could think of none that would adequately carry his bitter emotions.

Matt was no wit. Freight-house trucking doesn't develop the art of apt response and the withering come-back. He called the express driver to help him mark a tag that would be suggestive, comprehensive, and commensurate in conveying the dislike—nay, the disgust; nay, the loathing—of one Mathias White, freight-house man of Mosstown, for one Samuel Horne, freight-house man of Willowdale.

The express driver favored a verse of poetry written on the back.

Matt was inclined to one rapier-thrust—a single stiletto stab under the name of Samuel Horne.

But Pegasus, being the winged horse of poesy and swifter than the dull fancy of a freight-house trucker, won out.

The express driver went into the problem

of meter, measure, and rime to express the freight-house contumely, and by the next day had this on the back of the tag:

When you pass away the preachers say:

"Dust to dust" we here inter.

But, alive to-day, all we can say,

In truth, of you, is: "Cur to cur."

"Cur to cur," explained the express driver. "That's the rub of it. Means dog to dog, you know. We send this dog to the other dog! See the point?"

Matt could hardly pick it out through the verbal ambush, but stood for it, and "Black Spot" was tagged to Sam Horne, Willowdale, with "Over" printed conspicuously to direct attention to the lyric on the reverse side.

Immediately on receipt of "Black Spot," Sam Horne directed him to the prison-box.

He read the insinuating verse, but failed to catch the hidden thrust in its full significance, and only understood that the cur, Matt White, of Mosstown, had once more returned the other cur, "Black Spot," to Sam Horne, of Willowdale.



"THAT DOG GOES IN THE PIANO-BOX AT THE END  
OF THE FREIGHT-HOUSE."

J. NORMAN LYND.

On the following day "Black Spot" cleared again for Mosstown, bearing a tag with Matt White's address, coupled with the pseudonym "Rastus" and the tart quotation, "Two of a kind."

This was short and pointed, and its meaning was not befogged by any literary infusions.

For a week "Black Spot," *alias* "Rastus," was whipsawed and seesawed and shuttle-cocked back and forth between the two towns, with resentment and anger augmenting day by day in the breasts of Matt White, of Mosstown, and Sam Horne, of Willowdale, until written words were no longer potent to conduct the heat and the gages showed personal violence pressure.

Then the affair took a sudden and unexpected turn.

The dog was due from Willowdale, but the way-car had not yet arrived at Mosstown when the express driver, who had all along taken a live interest in the exchange, drove up in haste to the freight-house door and called out with some eagerness to Matt:

"Matt, come here! Want to show you something. Where's 'Black Spot'?"

"He's due from Willowdale most any time now," answered Matt, coming across to the freight-house door.

The express driver thrust a paper out to Matt and pointed out a paragraph.

"Read that!" he exclaimed. "That's this morning's *Leader*."

Matt read aloud:

Twenty-five dollars reward for the safe return of my white dog. He has a black spot on his back, and answers to the name of "Barko." He strayed or was stolen about ten days ago.

EZRA PHILLIPS,

Willowdale, Kentucky.

"That's 'Black Spot'!" urged the express driver. "He commenced coming from Willowdale about ten days ago. Nab him this time, Matt, for keeps! It's our money! We'll go half and half on it! Hope that freight-house man at Willowdale won't light on that advertisement and beat us to it!"

"That mutt can't see anything," answered Matt assuringly. "He don't get half his freight out of the car. If he can't read the name of his own town on freight packages, you wouldn't expect him to light onto an 'ad.' like that, would you?"

The agent came from the office to interview Matt.

"Look here, Matt," said he. "The superintendent complains that you are secreting a dog in the way-car that sets out at Willowdale. Saturday he ate a basket of sausages. You understand that kind of work must be cut out. If you do that again you can cash in. You will settle for the sausage when the bill comes in, understand that!"

"Willowdale commenced it," urged Matt with a sort of boyish doggedness.

"Well, it's up to you to put an end to it," directed the agent, returning to the office.

"We'll deduct for this sausage before we divide the reward," said Matt to the express driver.

The local was very late and the eagerly expected way-car did not come in.

On the afternoon passenger from Willowdale a slight, somewhat bent, middle-aged man got off and made his way over to the freight-house. He did not stop at the office. He cast furtive glances about him, but spying nothing, called "Barko! Barko!" a number of times.

"What is it?" asked Matt White.

The man sat down on a box in evident disappointment.

"I am looking for a dog," said he. "A white dog with a black spot on his back. He's been missing about ten days. I was informed yesterday that a dog answering this description had been shipped up here in a freight-car. Can you tell me anything about him? Do you know where he can be found?"

"I seen in the paper this morning," said Matt diplomatically, "that a white dog had been lost, and had a black spot on his back. Let's see. Seems to me there was a reward. If I recollect right, it was five—no, twenty-five—dollars."

"No doubt that was my 'ad.' I have offered that," said the man slowly, "for his safe return. I will explain it. We had a little boy at our house—little Jimmie. He was a cripple. He could not run and romp with other boys. When he was three years old we bought him a pup, a little, affectionate fellow, and he stayed and played with Jimmie and never deserted him a minute.

"No child ever had a more constant devotion for an animal pet than Jimmie had for that dog. He filled the long, dull hours with frolics.

"At last Jimmie could play no more. He lay in bed for weeks, drawn and shriveled,



and all the time 'Barko' lay by him. Every sound of the little fellow's voice brought an affectionate greeting from 'Barko,' a show of friendship or a token of devotion. Jimmie knew he could not get well, and his great regret was parting from 'Barko.' Over and over he made his mother promise to take

but I'll take care of him. Will you wait here this afternoon? You see, it's this way. He'll come in our local freight. He's been riding the way-cars."

"I must return on the next train—that's in a half hour," replied the man. "But if you will get him and take care of him and



"BLACK SPOT" ALIAS "RASTUS" ALIAS "BARKO" APPEARED.

care of 'Barko'—to always keep him with her and let no harm befall him.

"Maybe you can't understand it. Jimmie died, and it's a sacred trust with us. Mother doesn't sleep day or night. If I can't find 'Barko,' I fear she may lose her mind. I am a poor man—"

There was a touch of huskiness in his voice. He took a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his eyes.

"I am a poor man, but I will pay twenty-five dollars for the dog's return—because we promised Jimmie—"

"I'll accept the offer," said Matt, missing the pathetic feature and fixing his mind on the reward. "I don't know just what time I can find the dog. It may be pretty late,

let me know, I will come after him early in the morning."

This was eagerly agreed to by Matt. The man returned to his home.

A short time before the local arrived, Matt received this message from Willowdale:

Return dog by baggage-master No. 3 this evening. Owner is here waiting.

SAM HORNE.

Matt White responded briefly:

Dog will not be returned. Will deliver him to owner himself.

"Huh!" chuckled Matt. "That guy has just woke up! He's never found out until

after 'Barko' lifted anchor this afternoon from his station that there was a reward, then he yelps for him back—quick! When he finds out I git that twenty-five-dollar reward, when he had such a good chance at it, he'll probably jump on the track in front of the limited."

It was quite late when the local got in. Matt opened the door with extreme caution.

"Black Spot" *alias* "Rastus" *alias* "Barko" appeared to be within, but he was not in an amiable frame of mind. When the car-door was opened the width of a hand he snarled and bolted for liberty.

Matt grabbed him none too gently, and the supposed "Barko" at once Shylocked about a pound of Matt's calf. Matt held on, choked him loose, and threw him into the piano-box like he would a rat.

"I won't have that ugly whelp around a minute, if he is a pet," said Matt to the driver. "He goes back on No. 3, by express, C.O.D., twenty-five dollars!"

Matt juggled him into a box, nailed him up securely, and marked him to "Ezra Phillips, Willowdale," and was forthwith assessed one dollar by the express company, which takes no chances on a dog.

Matt rubbed on a little arnica, and chuckled at being able to wind up the dog incident twenty-five dollars to the good, and in triumphantly putting over such a neat one on Sam Horne.

The next day Matt was stunned by a note from Mr. Phillips, which read:

The dog you expressed is not "Barko." He was returned to me yesterday evening by Mr. Sam Horne, of the local freight-house. You should have consulted me, as I requested, and saved this misunderstanding. Dog is held by express company subject to your orders.

Matt was dazed. Sam Horne had returned "Barko" to the owner and raked in the reward! And Sam Horne, the low-lived, treacherous wretch, on the last exchange had rung in a stray and vicious cur resembling "Barko" just to fool the honest Mathias White, and had sent the fake telegram to whet Matt's cupidity!

There was the rattle of the express driver's wagon and the call of his voice at the freight-house door.

"Hey, Matt, here's your dog! Where do you want him?"

"Git out!" yelled Matt furiously. "I don't want him!"

"No you don't!" responded the driver. "He's your'n. You shipped him, and he's back to you!"

He dragged the box inside and drove away. The dog let out an ominous growl.

Matt White, animal hater, was the owner of a pet.



MATT WHITE, THE ANIMAL HATER,  
WAS THE OWNER OF A PET.



LYND.

## AND WHAT DID THE CON SAY?

ONE of Michigan's railroad companies decided to establish a freight and ticket office at a small flag station in the southern part of the State, and the grocery keeper of this hamlet was commissioned as agent. The honor thus conferred on Mr. Storekeeper, whose knowledge of railroading was very limited, somewhat razzle-dazzled him and led to the following incident:

The first morning after he had donned the "regulation suit" he awoke about five o'clock and, hearing the "limited" whistle in the distance, hurriedly slid into his trousers, and with-

out stopping to finish dressing, dashed down the stairs, flag in hand, ran out upon the platform, and began wildly waving the flag across the track. The train stopped, the conductor alighted, and seeing no one but the agent, turned to him with the inquiry: "Where's your passengers?"

"Haven't any," replied the agent, as he made another grab at his trousers.

"Then why in thunder did you stop us?"

"W-well, I—I—thought perhaps there might be some one who would want to get off here."—*Detroit Free Press.*



# THE THOUSAND-MILE TICKET.

BY DAN DUANE.

Author of "In the Hornet's Nest."

## Fate Brings Together Fulward and the Person Who Seems To Be an Al Accomplice.

### SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

**O**XENHAM FULWARD, assistant cashier of the Snowball Trust Company, had been robbing that concern systematically for five years. His speculations reached an amount of over one hundred thousand dollars. At the opening of the story, he is in sore straits as to how this money is to be paid back without detection. J. Erasmus Low, multimillionaire, owes his wealth to the Thousand-Mile Ticket, on the back of which had been written a will which gave him the nucleus of his fortune, willed by a man whose life he had formerly saved. Low prized this Thousand-Mile Ticket above all his other possessions, and Fulward, knowing this, decides to steal it, hoping the reward offered will cover his losses. While standing in front of the Low home, trying to decide how the theft is to be consummated, he is surprised to see an expensively dressed young girl coming out of the servants' entrance. He is attracted to her and follows her up-town, but loses her in the crowd. A few nights later upon entering his own rooms he surprises some one ransacking the apartment, and quickly turning up the lights, discovers the young girl.

### CHAPTER V.

#### The Charming Intruder.



**C**LUTCHING wildly at her throat, her face mirroring every phase of grief-stricken horror, her body trembling, and the great tears forcing through her eyes, the young woman was the picture of a hunted fawn run to bay.

Fulward stood and looked at her. He was so dumfounded that he could not find words. The situation in which he suddenly found himself—in his own apartment at an ungodly hour of the morning with a young girl, and a very pretty young girl at that, who seemed intent on robbery—had unstrung him.

Fulward eyed her as she knelt on the floor with her clenched hands and her tears coming faster and faster. She was so daintily molded; her form was so very chic; her face was so dainty and her hands so small—in fact, she seemed so very ladylike that the man wondered what strange kink in her brain had driven her to such straits.

She seemed to be trying to speak. Her lips quivered painfully, but uttered no sound. She wanted to say something to him, but couldn't.

"No doubt she is a thief," said Fulward to himself—"and I am a thief, too! What a fortunate meeting! She is just the one person of all the inhabitants of this big city for whom I am looking. Thank the fates for this boon!"

Perhaps she noted the friendliness that his facial changes exhibited, for she managed to say in a voice that was broken with tears and almost incomprehensible:

"Oh—please, sir! Oh—"

If she said anything else, it was lost in sobs. She buried her face in her hands and cried as if her heart were breaking.

Fulward, who had stood as resolute as an oracle, stepped across the room. When he was beside the girl, he leaned over, put his hand gently on her shoulder, and said:

"I am not going to hurt you, miss. Get up. Sit in that easy chair by the table and tell me all about it."

He partly lifted her throbbing body from the floor and tenderly placed her in a chair.

His manner was sufficiently kind to insure her that his words were honestly uttered—that, instead of calling the police, he would treat her as a guest.

He extinguished some of the lights so that the glare would not hurt her eyes. He drew the blinds down and placed a chair quite close to the big one, in which she was huddled like a punished child.

She still sobbed violently. Fulward knew sufficient about women not to ask one to break off her flow of tears too suddenly, so he let the girl sob on while he carefully selected a well-seasoned meerschaum, which he filled with his private mixture. Then he sat beside her, and blew three or four inhalations of the fragrant smoke to the ceiling before he noticed a cessation in her throbbing body.

It wasn't just time to speak. He waited a little longer—and smoked.

Up to that moment both of her small hands had been used to hold to her eyes the tiny bit of lace and linen that she would have called a handkerchief. One finally dropped in her lap. Fulward looked at it, and then he turned and looked at the rather large jimmy and the hammer with a sawed-off handle with which she had tried to pry open the walnut locker in which he kept his liquors.

They were lying on the floor, mute evidence of the fair one's guilt. Beside them rested a long bull's-eye lantern—the new-fangled electric kind, not the old-time brown headlight of song and story.

Fulward looked at these—er—"burglar's tools." He didn't much like to give them so terrible a name, for surely the little thing nestling in the big chair beside him could not be a burglar.

He looked at them, and then he looked at the small, trembling hand of the girl, and wondered at its strength to ply so formidable an instrument of crime.

It couldn't be possible. And yet he had seen her with his own eyes and heard her with his own ears breaking into his locker. She!—the very girl who had left the Low mansion so mysteriously and who had attracted his attention so strangely.

There could be no mistaking those two very important points in her disfavor.

Fulward leaned over and laid his hand on hers. It was an act of friendship. He wanted her to understand that he meant her no harm; but she drew away as if he had touched her with a red-hot poker.

"I won't hurt you," said Fulward, laughing a pleasant little laugh and tempering his voice with gentleness. "I won't hurt you. Perhaps I may be so bold as to say now that I may prove the very best friend in all the world. Come. Don't carry on that way. Dry your eyes and tell me all about it."

She almost interrupted him.

"You won't send for the police! You won't—will you?" she cried, extending both her hands.

"No. I shan't send for the police," replied Fulward with the same gentleness and compassion in his voice. "Why, I couldn't have the heart to turn a little girl like you over to the police. It would be—it would be—" Fulward was at a loss for a word, so he went on: "And, besides, you haven't taken anything that I can see. If you had succeeded in opening that—that wine vault over there, I don't know what you would have done with its contents.

"There is some rare old vintage wine in there, and a pretty good burgundy; but I don't know what a little girl like you would do with them. You'd be a funny sight running down the street with a bottle of champagne under each arm and the cops chasing you—at this time of the morning—now, wouldn't you?"

If the girl saw any humor in the picture, she didn't convey it to Oxenham Fulward.

"Now," he went on, "I want you to tell me all about this—this midnight raid—who you are and why you should have picked out my rooms as a place to plunder."

She drew herself closer into the big chair and looked at him with eyes of wonderment. If he were really friendly, as he claimed, she wanted to be quite sure of it; so she studied him most minutely to detect some little curve in his face and manner that would prove otherwise.

Fulward refilled his pipe and looked at the girl, as if by vibration he could transmit the thoughts that were uppermost in his mind much more potently than by spoken words.

She was looking at him strangely. Her eyes seemed to penetrate his mind and body. The tears in them were drying. Her lips were set and immobile. He wanted her to speak.

In order that she might have further indication that he wanted her to be entirely at her ease, he arose, strolled easily across the room, and removed his coat. He reached



into the dresser and took out a comfortable smoking-jacket, which he donned with ease and satisfaction. His shoes he also removed and laid side by-side in their accustomed corner, and as he slipped his feet into his comfortable slippers he glanced over his shoulder to detect her observations.

She had watched him as a cat might watch a mouse. She had followed every little movement that he made with the keenest intensity, and when he returned to the chair he had placed beside her she was almost certain that he was not a detective.

She hadn't quite been able to make up her mind on that point. At first, he seemed so very plausible and nice; he had talked with so much charm that her doubts had been aroused; but when he slid across the room for his house garments she felt pretty certain that he would not have taken to another man's wearing apparel so deftly if he had been a detective. Still she was not sure.

Fulward dropped into his chair again, and again the fragrance of his pipe floated over their heads.

"Come, little girl," he said, "I want you to tell me who you are. I promise you that I mean you no harm. As I have already told you, I may prove the very best friend you ever knew. Can't you trust me?"

The girl looked at him with a most suspicious glance, and asked:

"Are you Mr. Fulward?"

"Yes," replied the banker.

"Are you sure," she went on, "are you sure that you're not a detective?"

"A detective!" Oxenham Fulward uttered a convincing hearty laugh. "Perhaps you would like some proof. Here is my card," and he opened his pocketbook and handed her an engraved calling-card bearing his name. "If that does not suffice," he went on, "here is my crest on my ring, with my initials under it," and he thrust his left forefinger under her eyes.

She took his hand in both of hers and eyed the crest and the initials beneath strangely—and Fulward was not unconscious of the tender touch and softness of those little hands.

What a dear little burglar! he thought.

The girl did not seem to be greatly impressed by the ring, judging from the manner in which she eyed it. Fulward noticed this; and then he noticed also that she picked up his card and looked at it again, and seemed to want some further proof.

Taking a bundle of personal letters from the inside pocket of his coat, he threw them in her lap—but even a detective might borrow another man's calling-cards and letters in order to hide his identity.

"You still disbelieve me?" said Fulward.

"Yes—and no," the girl replied.

"Make it no," he said. "I am Oxenham Fulward. If you don't believe it, you may call up the office of this apartment-house and have them send up a clerk to identify me. Owing to the lateness of the hour, I am sure that you would not like that."

"No! No!" cried the girl. "Don't do that!"

"Well," Fulward went on, having found a weak spot, "if you don't believe me, I shall call up a clerk on my own account and prove it against your wishes. Perhaps you wouldn't like that, either."

The girl shook her head.

"We can't waste time here all night," Fulward continued, "and I must get you out of here—before daylight. And I don't propose to let you go until you tell me all about yourself."

Fulward drew his chair closer to hers that no syllables might be lost in the cross-examination that he was about to undertake.

Here, right under his very eyes, as if hurled in his lap by the god Luck, was the very person he needed in all the world to be a party to his crime.

## CHAPTER VI.

### Getting Down to Facts.

"WHAT is your name?" was the first question asked by the banker.

"Minnie," she replied, almost inaudibly; then in a clearer voice, after a pause, she gave it in full, "Minnie Payne."

"Minnie Payne," repeated Fulward; "and how old are you, my girl?"

Minnie did not hesitate to reply. She was going on twenty-one, she thought, but she wasn't sure.

"Didn't your father and mother ever tell you the date of your birth?" asked Fulward.

"I ain't had no parents," replied the girl.

Fulward saw at a glance one of the hundreds of beautiful girls of the great city of New York who, like Minnie Payne, are orphans, who become the prey of the masters of the underworld and are taught to

steal. Their beauty is their best asset. In nine cases out of ten, when one is caught, she usually gets off with a reprimand. Through her willing tears she can promise so smoothly not to do it again.

Minnie Payne was undoubtedly one of these girls. Her absolute disregard for the English language proved to Fulward that she had grown up without an education. The more she replied to his questions, the more he was convinced that she was hopelessly a criminal by instinct; but there was no telling what might have come to her had she been given a chance to improve her mind.

That she looked younger than the twenty and one years to which she laid claim, Fulward was also convinced.

"Do you do this for a living—this stealing?" asked Fulward.

"Yes," she answered.

"What do you do it for?"

"My uncle makes me."

Fulward looked aghast.

"Your uncle!" he repeated. "You don't mean to tell me that you deliberately do this work for a man. Does he pay you?"

"He gives me my home and clothes—ain't that plenty?" she asked in return.

"Have you ever been to school?" was Fulward's next question.

"I went onct," said Minnie, "an' when I gets home I tells my uncle that the teacher carried her money in her purse an' that I seen it. He told me not to come home nex' day without it—an' I didn't," Minnie added as a sly humor played in her face.

"And you didn't go back to school, either?" said Fulward.

"You can bet I didn't," Minnie continued. "Uncle an' me went an' hid."

"Tell me about this uncle," said Fulward. "Who is he? Where is he? What is he?"

"You sure ain't goin' to tell no one?" asked Minnie appealingly.

"On my honor, little girl," Fulward replied as he raised his hand to establish an oath.

"All I know," Minnie said in telling the story of her life, "is that I was taken by this man some years ago when I was a little girl. He came to the asylum and got me and took me to his house. He told me that he was my uncle. He was very kind and bought me cake and candy on the way home. When we got to his house," and Minnie mentioned a certain number in that part of New York not far from Hell's Kitchen,

"there were three other girls there and his wife, and she was very kind to me."

"Do you live there now?" asked Fulward.

"Yes," replied Minnie, "in the very same place."

"And this uncle is the man who taught you how to break into these rooms?" questioned the banker with a sweep of his hands.

"Not uncle, exactly," Minnie continued, "but the girls. They taught me how to steal vegetables and meat from the stores in the neighborhood, and then they taught me how to get away with purses in a crowd. I like that best. It is very easy, specially with women, when the streets are crowded and there is a parade or something going on. Why, I have gone home with ten purses on an election night," and the girl's eyes fairly beamed with satisfaction, "and I would have taken more—only there was no way to carry them."

"Umph!" exclaimed Fulward with a smile, "you ought to be in Wall Street."

"Not for mine," replied Minnie. "I never could get anything out of that district. It's women for mine—and nice homes after dark."

"I should gather that you are rather proficient in your—profession?" Fulward advanced.

The girl caught the meaning.

"Yes," she answered, "uncle says that I can beat the rest of the girls put together."

"You will pardon me for asking you one or two rather pointed questions," Fulward said.

"Ask what you like," said the girl. "I guess I've told you more now than is good for me."

"Don't say that," Fulward answered reassuringly. "What you have told me has deeply interested me, and it will be of the greatest help to me in what I am planning for your future. What I want to ask you particularly is this: Were you ever apprehended?"

"Do you mean did the cops ever get me?"

"Yes."

"Once," said the girl. "I dipped for a woman's purse coming out of a matinée. She was too quick and grabbed my arm. I looked surprised and began to cry, and she held onto me until a cop came up. I swore that she was a liar, but the cop took me in. The next morning the judge released me, because the woman didn't show up against me. That's another good reason for tack-



ling women, they hardly ever come back at you. Men always want to prosecute."

"Was that the only time?" asked Fulward decidedly.

"That's the only time," she assured him, "unless you hand me over to-night. I'm pretty careful, because that is the only thing I dread. It would kill me to go to jail."

Behind the girl's words was real sincerity, something which indicated that she was not a born criminal. Somewhere in her make-up there was a strain of good blood.

"Now, Minnie," and Fulward turned on the tap of his extremest sweetness, "do tell me why you picked me out as a victim?"

"Uncle told me that you were rich."

Fulward was filled with glee.

He laughed outright, and slowly the ripples faded into a very serious countenance. For a few moments he had nothing to say. He was facing for a brief space of time his greatest accuser—his own conscience. Insanely, he thought that this girl's uncle, whoever he might or might not be, had some cognizance of his stealings at the bank and had sent her to find some of the loot—just as if he kept it hidden in a wine-locker.

Then the ludicrous side of the idea brought him to his senses.

"And what did you expect to find in that locker?" he asked.

"Oh, I have found jewelry and money in queer places," she went on. "Before you came in I looked around the room, and I didn't find—much. I came to the conclusion that there might be something hidden in that place. I started to open it when you came in."

"You didn't find much?" asked the man in a quizzical tone.

"Only these," and the girl produced from a fold in her skirt a diamond scarf-pin and a pair of cuff-links of heavy gold, with a huge ruby burnishing each center.

She handed them to Fulward. He took his property and eyed it as if he had never seen it before, then carelessly threw it on the table beside him.

"Minnie," he asked further, "there are only a few more things that I want to know. How did you get in here?"

The girl pointed to an open window in the sleeping-room.

"Came up the fire-escape, eh?"

"That's right," she answered, "and I got on the fire-escape from the roof of the building next door; and I got onto that roof by going up in the elevator just before dark—

and waiting in the hallway of the top floor for hours—until I was ready to make my—play."

"Poor little girl," said Fulward, "you don't have it easy, do you?"

"Not always," she said, "but I expected that the trouble of coming here would be worth while."

"It will—believe me!" Fulward assured her with some emphasis. "I want you to put your trust in me, Minnie. I have a little scheme to unfold to you later on; and if you will do as I say, you won't have to undertake any of these queer midnight journeys again."

He held out his hand and she clasped it, and seemed to be much happier than she had ever been in all her life. Just why, she did not know. It wasn't prompted by a feeling of reform, either.

Fulward was not at the end of his quizzing, however. The one particular bit of knowledge for which his brain was tingling he was now to seek. If Minnie Payne answered the next question to his satisfaction, he would immediately endeavor to form a partnership with her—a partnership which would have as its basis the getting of the Thousand-Mile Ticket owned by J. Erasmus Low.

Fulward leaned back in his chair, picked up his diamond pin, looked at it, and threw it down as if it were valueless; he did likewise with the ruby cuff-links; he crossed his legs; he stuck his thumbs in his armpits, and then he put the question with slow enunciation, that Minnie might not lose any of its import:

"I saw you coming out of the Low mansion on Fifth Avenue the other night. What were you doing there?"

Minnie Payne hesitated for a moment. She seemed disinclined to answer. A little blush appeared and disappeared on her cheeks, and then she admitted that she was a friend of the second butler of the millionaire's establishment, and had called that evening to have a little chat with him.

Fulward didn't quite care to believe this.

He remembered that Minnie had left the place rather peculiarly, and that she had walked from Fifth Avenue and returned toward that thoroughfare when she saw a man ahead of her. He brought all of this to her notice; but she quickly waved it aside as nonsense, and proved to Fulward that his own warped mind was responsible for such suspicions.

"I walked away from Fifth Avenue because I was not sure of my direction. The man who approached me did not frighten me in the least. You were standing on the corner. If I had been frightened by him, why wouldn't I have been frightened by you?"

Fulward saw the force of this logic.

"I stood on the corner and waited for the bus, didn't I?" she asked. "And you stood almost beside me—and stared straight at me! And when you got into the bus the same time that I did, I thought that you only wanted to flirt. But I don't flirt, Mr. Fulward. Whatever my life may be, I don't trifle."

"You say that you know the second butler?"

"He is a friend of mine."

"A very intimate friend?"

"He was a boy in the orphan asylum when I was there. I met him several years ago on Broadway, and he told me how he had acquired an English accent and had become a butler. He took me to the theater several times—and I only called on him that night."

"I rather like him," Minnie confessed, and added that in her dull, prosaic life the little friendship that he held out to her was one of its few bright spots.

That night she had called on him, she told Fulward after he had closely questioned her, because she had not heard from him for some time and feared that another woman might have taken her place in his heart.

It was just a touch of feminine jealousy—that was all—and it comes to the poor pariah of the streets just as it comes to the lady who is blessed with the luxuries of life and counts her lovers among the men to whom second butlers are the under-crust of creation.

No, it was only a little satisfaction for this unfortunate girl to know that her Charlie had been faithful to her, and that his silence was not caused by his attentions to another woman. She had gone to him as her duty seemed to dictate. She had talked to him that night only a few minutes, because he was very busy at the time; she made an appointment for the following week and departed; and if Mr. Fulward noticed anything peculiar in her actions, it was his own actions that aroused suspicion, not hers.

Fulward listened to her story, and then he apologized profusely—most profusely.

"Oh, don't!" said Minnie. "After finding me here as you did to-night, it is only natural that you should think that my visit to the Low house was not honest."

"Did you ever think of it as a place to— to break into?" Fulward was surprised at the ease with which he said the last three words.

"I know it's full of stuff, but there's enough cops hoverin' around there to stock a hen-coop," said Minnie. "Oh, don't think that uncle hasn't had it on his list; but he's afraid to tackle the place. It has a bad name among—among—"

"Say it, Minnie. Go ahead. Don't mind me." Fulward spoke with easy assurance.

"Thieves," said Minnie, and she turned her head away. To tell the truth, she didn't like the word.

"Did you ever hear of the Thousand-Mile Ticket?" asked Fulward.

"The Thousand-Mile Ticket!" It was like introducing the girl to an old friend.

"Why, uncle talks about it night and day. He says that if we could get our hands on it, we would be on Easy Street the rest of our lives."

"Has he ever made an attempt to get it—or to have you get it?"

"No," answered the girl. "We have talked it over many times, but we have always been afraid to tackle the job."

"Does your 'uncle' know that you are acquainted with the second butler?"

For the first time, Minnie seemed to show a spirit of resentment. She drew away from Fulward as she remarked:

"Say, what are you asking me that for? What do you want to know so much about me for?"

"Minnie," said Fulward quietly, "I have a reason for asking you these questions. You shall know in a very few minutes. Only answer this one, and then I will take you into my confidence. Does your 'uncle' know?"

"No," the girl replied, returning to her former attitude. "I didn't dare tell him. I was afraid that he might want me to use Charlie."

## CHAPTER VII.

### The Second Butler.

**F**ULWARD emitted a long "m-m-m-m," and resolved himself into a committee of the whole for a few minutes.



Although Minnie had protected the plebeian Charlie from the man who held her in thrall and made her steal for him for her living, there might come a time when Minnie would be obliged to call Charlie into the Fulward service.

At the moment, however, it was a matter of secondary importance. Fulward turned his thoughts to his own case.

Just how to tell the girl why he wanted her to come into his friendship, his confidence, and his employ was puzzling him somewhat.

He thought it best to blurt it out in a heap; then he thought it best to parley with her and learn just what she would agree to do; then he decided to let the matter rest for the present, and ask Minnie to call on him in the morning when he would unfold his plans to her.

His thoughts were finally interrupted by the girl who spoke.

"What are you going to do with me?" she asked, her voice faltering somewhat. "I have told you the truth about myself, and you said that you would be my friend."

"I mean to keep my word, Minnie; but it is difficult for me to get started—to tell you in the right way, I mean. When you hear my story, you will be—dumfounded. Let me think a few minutes longer."

"I'm very hungry—and thirsty," said the girl.

"Why didn't you say so before?" put in Fulward quickly. "That part of it is easily remedied."

He went to the telephone and called the office. In nearly all well-conducted New York bachelor apartments the kitchen is kept open all night, and Fulward's place boasted its little accommodations of that sort.

"Let's see, what would be nice at this hour?" he said, turning to her; but Minnie, be it known, was not a particular being when it came to food, and shook her pretty head. Turning to the telephone, Fulward gave the order for some oysters on the half-shell, lamb chops with browned potatoes, a salad of hearts of-lettuce, and an omelet and coffee.

"That order is for two," he shouted into the telephone and hung up the receiver.

"I think that will make a very nice supper—for two," he said. "We can open a bottle of that rare vintage I caught you pilfering to-night, if you like."

He patted her head to assure her that he did not mean to hurt her feelings.

"Please don't," said Minnie, looking up at him with the eyes of an injured animal. "I'd give anything in this world to lead an honest life—and, besides, I don't drink."

Here was a queer combination, indeed; but the girl's desire for a better life, and the fact that she was not given to drink, did not soften the heart of the man.

If he had hunted the world over, he thought again, he could not have found a more satisfactory person for the theft that he was planning. It all fitted in so well. Everything seemed to shape itself so perfectly—and there was Charlie, the second butler!

Fulward cleared the little center-table of its paraphernalia and books, and turned it so that it stood squarely between them. He placed his own chair, and then went around to Minnie; and twisted the great armchair from which she hadn't moved, so that it faced the table.

Then he went to the sofa, carried back an armful of pillows, and propped them behind her so that she could eat more comfortably. As he administered the last pat to the last pillow, he leaned over the girl and put his arm around her shoulders.

She drew back with a timidity that startled him. Her natural thought was that he intended to insult her in some way. She felt like the sparrow that finds itself in the claws of the cat. But Fulward was not a man to trifle with such as Minnie Payne.

This was a matter of business. It was business for him to be kind to her; it was business for him to assure her of his confidence, and it was business for him to show her that he liked her and wanted to trust her.

The next words that he uttered made her shudder still more. Ever since she had been discovered by Fulward, Minnie wondered what he intended to do with her. The outcome of the night and the plausibility and kindness of the man had taken more shapes in her not too well-developed mind to enable her to settle on any one as a possibility. Fulward had decided on his plan. There was no time like the present.

"Minnie," he said, bending still closer, "I am in great trouble, and I want you to help me. Like you, little girl, I am a thief—"

She drew away from him in horror.

He stood erect, and stepped a few feet from her chair. Holding his arms wide as an orator would while making an impassioned peroration, he continued:

"What I tell you is true. I am no better than you. In fact, I am a more pitiable object, for my stealing has been premeditated—it could have been avoided. You were forced to it, for you became the tool of a desperate man, who uses you because you are young and pretty. If you had grown up in better surroundings, and had known a father and mother, you would have a different story to tell. I am confident on that point.

"Minnie," he went on, as he returned to the table and took his chair opposite her, "lean over; I want you to understand me perfectly."

She moved her body so that she could place her arms on the table.

"You and I are both thieves, Minnie; we understand each other on that score."

She nodded.

"Do you really know me—do you know just who I am?"

"You are Mr. Oxenham Fulward," she replied. "You belong to a trust company."

"You have heard of me many times before?"

"We have had you spotted for a long time," said the girl.

"You thought I was a rich man?"

"Yes."

The customary idea of the general public regarding gentlemen connected with trust companies, thought Fulward.

"Well, I'm a poor man—a very poor man," said Fulward. "I need a great deal of money, and I need it at once—and I am going to employ you—"

The waiter bearing the supper knocked at the door.

"You can go in that room if you do not want to see him," said Fulward, pointing, "but it is not unusual to give late suppers here, and the waiters know their business."

Minnie shrugged her shoulders as if it mattered nothing to her.

"Come in!" called Fulward.

The waiter entered, and with the silent activity of his kind proceeded to set the supper. While he was spreading the snowy cloth and placing the dishes of food where they would be in easy reach of Fulward, not a word was said. The waiter seemed to be particular in having everything just so, as careful waiters will, and Fulward became impatient at his persistent attention. When he finally handed Minnie a serviette and stood at attention, the banker sharply said, "I'll serve," and the waiter retreated.

The supper was hot and inviting, and Minnie ate as she had seldom eaten before. Fulward noticed how famished she seemed, and spoke of it in a kindly tone.

"I haven't had anything to eat since yesterday," said the girl. "I can't eat much when I am on one of these affairs. I had to come here yesterday and look over my ground and study how to get in, and," she went on, "what is more important, how to get out."

Fulward helped her to another chop.

"What is this great scheme of yours? What do you want me to do—rob a bank?" she asked with a twinkle.

Fulward rested his arm on the table and looked steadfastly at the girl.

"Minnie," he said, "you eat and I will talk. But listen carefully, for I am going to make you a proposition that will mean much to you. Before we go any further I want your sacred promise that if we should disagree, and you should decline my offer, you will never speak of this visit or what I shall tell you to any one. In return, I shall keep sacred all that I know about you."

"I agree," said Minnie between bites as she held out her hand. Fulward shook it warmly. Then he proceeded:

"Minnie, I want to get the Thousand-Mile Ticket in my possession, and I want you to help me."

Minnie looked up from her supper as much as to say that's about the most impossible thing in all the world; but she waited to hear the rest of Fulward's proposition.

"I am short in my accounts at the company's office. I need money, and I need it quickly. I am certain that the easiest and quickest way in which to secure cash is to get hold of the Thousand-Mile Ticket.

"Now, I want you to help me solve that part of the problem. If you care to work with me and for me from this moment, you will have everything you may want to keep you comfortable until I get that document in my possession. When I do I will give you five thousand dollars in cash—and in the kind of cash that will be easy to handle.

"I want you to meet me here to-morrow evening and make the final arrangements. We will then go into the details; and find out the best way to operate. What principally interests me at this moment is whether or not you accept my proposition."

"Supposing I fail," said Minnie, with an eye to business, "what do I get for my trouble then?"



"I will take care of that," replied Fulward. "I won't ask you to work for nothing."

"Couldn't you give me some idea?"

"Well, say, I promise you a thousand dollars, anyhow," Fulward said. "But I would rather not state anything definite just now. We must work for success. If we fail, I will see that you do not lose anything."

"Why do you think I will succeed?" asked Minnie.

"Because you know Charlie, the second butler, so well."

This was an obstacle over which Fulward feared that he and Minnie would trip, and he wanted to tackle it early in the game.

"Oh, no—no!" Minnie put both hands to her face. "I couldn't! I couldn't! He doesn't know that I—that I steal! And he's so honest!"

"Are you sure?" asked Fulward, whose ideas of honesty were not too solid.

"Sure of what?" Minnie asked in return.

"That Charlie is so very honest. Wouldn't he like a few thousand, too, and a little trip to Europe?"

Minnie realized that the banker meant business, that he was prepared to spend all the money necessary to carry out his plan.

"I don't know," the girl answered. "But he has been the one person I have looked up to in all the world. I would hate to think that Charlie would go bad, too. Everybody I meet is either a thief—or—wants to be. And Charlie—" Minnie brushed away a tear.

"Well," Fulward went on, "we won't worry about Charlie just now. There are a lot of better things in this world than being the second butler of a millionaire. Young men want to get ahead, and I guess that Charlie won't pass by the right kind of an opportunity."

"He is not the kind of man you think he is," said Minnie sharply.

"And you are not the kind of a girl he thinks you are," retorted the banker.

A second later he was sorry that he had

made that reply. It made the girl mistrust him. Of that he was sure. She looked at him for the first time during the night as if she hated him, as if he were trying to make her and the man she loved the tools of his scheme.

If they failed, she would be to blame; and if Charlie were dragged into it, he would be jointly to blame with her. She could see it in no other light. She was struggling inwardly with herself. She was not a match for the keen mind of this man, old enough to be her father. All she could do was lead her humble life as a pickpocket and a sneak and abide by the orders of her "uncle." And when the time came and she could marry Charlie—when he earned sufficient money to support them both—then she would give up the terrible life into which fate had so rudely thrust her—and be a lady!

Fulward had made a mistake.

"I'm sorry, Minnie," he said; "I didn't mean to say that."

"I think I had better go," she said, reaching for her things.

"No. I forbid it," said Fulward. "You must wait and hear me further. I can't afford to let you go now. We will not speak of Charlie again. I will apologize for what I said about him. I did not know that you would take it so much to heart."

The girl was gathering up her "tools," seemingly unconscious of his presence.

"Minnie"—Fulward caught her by the arm—"you must listen to me!"

He turned her around until she faced him. He placed his hands on her shoulders so that she could not get away from him.

"Do you know what I am doing for you? Do you realize? I want you to help me. Do so, and I will take care of you always. Here! I will talk real business to you now—this very moment."

He pulled a well-filled wallet from his pocket; and opened it so that the bills were exposed. He sat at the table and began counting them out. Minnie stood as one transfixed.

(To be continued.)

**It might be fun to see your steam indicator rising without work, but it would only mean there was something wrong with the gage. Always distrust a cinch.—Comments of the Cynical Super.**



MONTAUK (ARROW) THE PROPOSED TERMINUS OF THE ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP LINES, AND THE FAST RAIL ROUTE THROUGH NEW YORK CITY.

# The New Atlantic Gateway.

BY JOHN WALTERS.

NEW YORK harbor's claim to the title of "Gateway of America" is being seriously threatened. The call for longer wharves for Europe's gigantic liners, which grow larger every year, is not being satisfactorily met, and shipping facilities are fast becoming limited. In looking about for a future docking place, however, the steamship companies have found what they believe to be the complete solution of their difficulties. It consists of a well-sheltered bay, free from shoals, lying at the eastern extremity of Long Island, within two hours' travel of the metropolis, and well fitted for handling the commerce of a great nation. It will bring Europe six hours closer to America.

**Overcrowding of Shipping in New York Harbor Gives Promise of Rival Port on Long Island and Will Shorten Mail Routes Across the Continent.**

IT looks now as if the big Eastern railway and steamship terminal of the near future will not be New York City, but a place known as Fort Pond Bay, situated at Montauk Point, Long Island, the most easterly spot in the State of New York. Ever since the Pennsylvania Railroad got control of the Long Island Railroad, this project has been the talk of Eastern railroad circles. Part developments

indicate the realization of this gigantic scheme. The principal builders are the Pennsylvania Railroad and the International Mercantile Marine Company.

The Titanic and Olympic, the new leviathans of the White Star Line, may inaugurate the Montauk Point service before the end of the year, giving the Pennsylvania Railroad, through its connection with the Long Island Railroad system, control of a great portion of the transatlantic traffic.



As a seaport second to no other in the world, the Fort Pond Bay improvement will involve the expenditure of many millions of dollars. Piers great enough to accommodate railroad trains for passengers and freight will be projected one thousand feet into the bay, with elaborate stations for the rapid handling of luggage by the customs inspectors.

Along the water-front for a mile and a half the pier system, which includes steel reinforced concrete bulkheads and double concourses, will form the main part of the terminal from which passengers will be carried, without change of cars, to the Gulf of Mexico or the coast of California.

When Austin Corbin, the consolidator of the Long Island Railroad lines, took the initial steps for the Fort Pond Bay harbor improvement, the scheme was regarded as a far-distant possibility, but since the Hudson River and New York harbor, crowded with ships of every description, has been considerably narrowed by the big docks on the Manhattan and New Jersey shores, Montauk is left open as the natural gateway to New York.

Ralph Peters, now president of the Long Island Railroad, who recently closed a deal with Edward C. M. Fitzgerald and Robert C. Baldwin, a brother of the late William H. Baldwin, for many years president of the Long Island Railroad system, for the purchase of the mile and a half water-front, including two hundred and twenty-five acres of land, expects to carry to completion the Corbin idea.

Before announcing the purchase of the harbor at Montauk Point, Mr. Peters spent several months with the officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad and the International Mercantile Marine in forming tentative plans for the gigantic seaport and the tracking of the railroad system to accommodate the fast electric trains which will be operated from the Pennsylvania terminal to Montauk, a distance of one hundred and eighteen miles.

### To New York in 150 Minutes.

By actual demonstration, Mr. Peters and James A. McCrea, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, proved that the run from the Fort Pond Bay station to the Manhattan terminal of the Long Island Railroad can be made in one hundred and fifty minutes, including a stop at the Sunnyside yards in Long Island City, where an electric motor-

car was substituted for the last part of the trip under the East River.

In preparation for the Fort Pond terminal, the Long Island Railroad is completing the big freight terminals at Bay Ridge and Jamaica, which will be connected with the proposed Jamaica Bay improvement and the New England connection of the Montauk main line. This connection will include a system of bridges and tunnels to connect with the Mott Haven yards in Manhattan. The new right-of-way has already been obtained by the New York Connecting Railroad.

With the Montauk main line as the back of the elaborate system planned by Mr. Peters and his predecessors, the Pennsylvania Railroad, spreading four track-lines south, east, and north from its New Jersey yards, will control one of the most important railroad systems in the United States.

On the land side of the main terminal at Montauk, five thousand acres of land have been reserved for the building of a city in which to house the thousands of employees who will be required to handle the passenger traffic when the seaport is completed. At the end of a strip of land where the Montauk Point lighthouse stands, one thousand five hundred acres have been reserved for a summer resort.

Although the International Mercantile Marine Company, which controls the White Star Line, the Atlantic Transport Line, the Red Star Line, American Line, and Leland Line, is not recorded as having interests at Montauk, its close connections with the Pennsylvania Railroad brought about the negotiations which resulted in the announcement that Montauk is about to be established as a steamship-station.

Recently, J. Pierpont Morgan hastened to Washington in the interest of the White Star Line to make application for the extension of two of the Chelsea piers for the accommodation of the Titanic and Olympic. The War Department refused the application four times, but finally granted permission for the erection of some temporary piling at the end of the present piers so that these great ships can make a landing on their maiden voyages.

The license stipulates, however, that the Secretary of War may at any time order the removal of these additions without legal protest from the White Star Line.

This leaves still unsettled the question of future docking facilities in New York har-

bor for the big transatlantic liners now building or which will be built in the future, and makes the using of Fort Pond Bay as imperative as ever.

The interests in favor of extending the steamship piers contend that Montauk Point will take from New York its supremacy in handling transatlantic shipping, and that after passenger service has been inaugurated to Fort Pond the freight service will soon follow, leaving the biggest ships entirely out of the Hudson River.

### In Favor of Montauk Point.

"It remains to be seen," said an officer of the International Mercantile Marine, "whether New York will keep up the strides which are making in steamship advancement. Boston is offering inducements to shipping in many ways, but Montauk will be the most favorable to New York should the War Department turn down the application for longer piers in the Hudson River.

"The objection to Brooklyn as a docking-place for the leviathan steamships is the small depth of channel and little available land. In Manhattan the steamship companies can only build their piers in the river, as the city will not allow the condemnation of land for us to dredge inland."

With the decision of the steamship lines to adopt Montauk as the alternative of the Chelsea piers, engineers and experts in the handling of passengers and freight have been engaged to work on the plans for the Fort Pond harbor terminal. The secrecy with which the work is being guarded is equaled only by the secret methods employed by the government in preparing fortification plans.

The engineer who prepared preliminary plans for the four big piers to extend into Block Island Sound from the Fort Pond Beach declared that five million dollars will have been spent before the first ship lands at Montauk.

From Oakdale, Long Island, a town sixty miles west of Montauk Point, the Long Island Railroad right-of-way will be double-tracked and later probably four-tracked. Amagansett, the least-populated town on Long Island, which is eighteen miles from the proposed Fort Pond station, will be the starting-point for the elaborate system of tracks which will be laid through the cut now used as a single-track line to Montauk Point.

Following the present railroad course along Napeague Beach, the narrow neck of land between Napeague harbor and the Atlantic Ocean, the system will run through Hitherwoods. From the present woods the lines of tracks will spread along the waterfront to connect with the gigantic terminal.

### Piers One Thousand Feet Long.

The big ships entering Fort Pond Bay will pass through the deep-water channel in Block Island Sound, and, entering the harbor protected by a bulkhead from Culloden Point, the most easterly point of Fort Pond Bay, will steam alongside the one thousand-foot piers, which, according to present plans, will be three hundred feet apart.

Where passengers are now compelled to stand on cold piers while customs men go through their luggage, those landing at Fort Pond Bay will be at once conveyed to the examination on a long moving platform. The same means will be used to carry luggage to the concourse, where it will be piled for rapid examination.

On the lower floor of the pier will be the railroad tracks for the trains, which will be loaded with baggage as rapidly as the custom-house officials have finished their work. These trains will be run to New York at intervals of a few minutes, so that no time will be lost after leaving the ship.

An elevated promenade will extend over the tracks in the railroad yards, which, when completed, will be the largest in the world. This promenade will lead to the heights, where the promoters of Montauk Point expect to build modern hotels.

Along Fort Pond Bay a tentative site has been selected for an electric power-house to operate the trains and the many devices which will be installed on the piers for the quick handling of passengers. This power-house will also furnish electricity for the town now being planned on the site of Hitherwood Hills.

### Will Land Immigrants.

In connection with the power-house, there will be a special pier in addition to a terminal for coal-cars, which will be ferried to Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, from Greenville, and then run over the Long Island tracks through the Bay Ridge railroad cut, connecting beyond Jamaica with the Montauk main line.

It is expected that the high land at



Rocky Point, which is the west end of Fort Pond Bay, will be selected for the immigration stations if the steamship companies finally decide to land all passengers at Montauk. This land borders on the railroad yards, and by a system of moving platforms above the tracks the immigrants can be shifted from the pier to the station in less than fifteen minutes, doing away with the steamboats, which are packed to the limit by immigrants leaving the big ships in the Hudson River.

After the immigrants have been passed, special trains will carry them to the Pennsylvania terminal in Manhattan or to their destinations in the West. The engineers now at work on the plans will submit their ideas to the government experts as soon as it is decided to establish the station.

It will be possible to select one of the small islands in Napeague Bay for a quarantine station. The boarding-officers can take charge of the ships at Fort Pond as soon as they round Montauk Point and pass into the Block Island Sound. There the water is protected from the northwest winds by the low stretch of Gardiner's Island.

A ferry service from Fort Pond Bay to New London, Connecticut, and connections there with the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad and the Central Vermont Railroad will be considered as the means of transporting passengers to New England and Canada. It is estimated that fifteen hours and many irritating transfers can be saved by the operation of the ferry-line, which will consist, as planned, of fast ships capable of crossing the Sound in less than two hours.

Foundation experts who have made tests of the soil at Montauk Point have found it suitable for big buildings. In most of the

spots there is a solid rock foundation, while in other places there is heavy sand, which is said to be ideal for foundation work. On the ocean side of the land the engineers are planning to build a sea-wall to skirt the cliffs, which are now gradually being changed by the action of the water.

The sailing-time of fast ships from a point opposite Montauk to the docks in the Chelsea district is estimated at eight hours, with considerable delays in case of fog. When Montauk is used as the landing-place, the time to the Pennsylvania Railroad depot will be cut to two hours.

From Montauk to Philadelphia will be four hours' run on the proposed all-electric line, making that distance in half the time it now takes for a ship to reach its pier in the Hudson River. To Chicago in twenty hours from the time of leaving the ship will be a possibility.

In connection with the plans, freight-experts are considering the ultimate adoption of Montauk as a freight-station. The steamship companies say that this will not be done for many years, but those who are working on the plans are considering a location in New York for a central freight-depot in connection with the steamships.

"This depot would be an immense building provided with entrances for the trucks which now block the steamship-pier entrances," said one of the freight-experts.

"It would mean tubes under the East River, so that no delays would be possible between New York and Montauk. Freight designated to the West could be sent through by way of Bay Ridge and Greenville, New Jersey, while the proposed New London terminal would take care of the New England freight-handling."

## GOVERNMENT INSPECTION OF ENGINES.

*(From the report of Congressman James R. Mann, Chairman, Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.)*

THE bill [Burkett Locomotive Boiler Inspection Bill], as now reported, has the approval of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers, the Order of Railway Conductors, and the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen. It also has the approval of the special committee on relations of railway operation to legislation, representing the railroads. It also has the approval of the American Federation of Labor.

The bill forbids the railroads from using loco-

motive engines propelled by steam power in moving interstate and foreign traffic unless the boilers and appurtenances thereof are in proper condition and safe to operate, and unless such boilers shall be inspected from time to time in accordance with the provisions of the act. It provides that the inspection of the boilers shall be made by the railroads in accordance with rules and instructions to be prepared in the first instance by the railroads, but subject to approval and modification by the Interstate Commerce Commission,

which may itself prepare the rules and instructions for any railroad if that road fails to prepare and file the same.

The bill provides for the appointment of one chief inspector and two assistant chief inspectors of locomotive boilers, to be confirmed by the Senate. The chief inspector to receive a salary of \$4,000, and each of the assistants \$3,000. It provides for the division of the country into 50 locomotive boiler inspection districts and the appointment of 50 inspectors, who shall be in the classified service and be appointed through the civil service commission. The 50 inspectors are each to receive \$1,800 a year and expenses.

It authorizes any district inspector to order any locomotive out of service if he finds the boiler or

apparatus pertaining thereto not in serviceable condition, subject to an appeal to the chief inspector, and a further appeal from the chief inspector to the Interstate Commerce Commission, but provides that pending the appeal, the requirements of the inspector shall be effective.

It provides that in case of accident resulting from failure from any cause of a locomotive boiler or its appurtenances, resulting in serious injury or death to one or more persons, statement must be made by the railroad to the chief inspector, and that such accident shall be investigated by a government official, and that the results of such investigation shall be made public in such manner as the Interstate Commerce Commission deems proper.

## THE GOOD SAMARITANS.

**CONDUCTOR:** "Fares, please."

*Old Lady Passenger* (fumbling for her purse): "Is this the car for Auburn Heights?"

**Conductor:** "No, ma'am. One along in a few minutes."

*Alert Young Man* (on her right): "Well, she can change at Grove Street, can't she?"

**Conductor:** "Sure, she can. Take a green car marked First Avenue. Transfer-checks on the right. Fares, please."

*Old Lady:* "I want to call on my cousin who's took a house on Elgin Square."

*Alert Young Man:* "That ain't on the First Avenue line."

**Conductor:** "Who said it was? Your best car, then, lady, is the Fairmount Village line. Get off at Lafayette Street and walk four blocks."

*Benign Old Gentleman* (leaning forward from opposite side): "Excuse me, madam, but it's much easier to take a Greenville car. I used to live on Porter Square myself. A red car marked Western Point."

*Alert Young Man:* "Not a red car, mister. Used to be yellow, but they're white now."

*Old Gentleman:* "They were red five years ago, I'm sure."

**Conductor:** "All going to be green next month. Fares, please."

*Old Lady:* "Then what's my best car when I change, did you say?"

*Irascible Matron* (on her left): "If I was you, ma'am, I wouldn't change at all. If you keep right aboard this car till it goes round the loop and over the creek, and ask to be let off at Searle Street, you can take a cross-town line that'll take you to Wulfsen's Corner for an eight-cent check, and from there it isn't more than five minutes to Elgin Street. I declare, it's a shame the way the conductors treat poor, helpless women on this line, trying to bamboozle 'em for the sake of an extra fare. This ain't the first time I've seen 'em."

*Alert Young Man:* "Well, I guess that's right, too."

**Conductor:** "It ain't Elgin Street she wants.

We connect with a Belford Place car that goes right by there."

*Matron:* "Don't the two run into each other?"

*Alert Young Man:* "No'm; they're three 'n' a half miles apart, one in Grandview an' the other in South Hilford."

*Matron* (subsiding): "Oh! I always thought—"

*Old Lady:* "Then, what'd I better do?"

**Conductor:** "You can get off right here, if you want, lady, an' take a car that'll be along in twelve minutes if it's on time—'C' an' Brockway Streets, via Bayville."

*Old Lady:* "I don't know. I think I'd rather stay on this car, now I've got a seat, and it's so cold and all. Besides, I'm late now. Did you say to change at Baywood?"

**Conductor:** "Not if you stay aboard this car. Fares, please."

*Old Gentleman:* "It isn't Baywood, madam; it's Bayville. I don't wonder you get confused with these names. It was years before I could get the difference between Fisher's Falls and Fisher's Avenue straight, and living on Castleton Crescent all the time."

*Alert Young Man:* "But she don't want Bayville, anyhow. Lucky she don't! It's a mighty poor line at that."

*Matron:* "Huh! I know some real elegant folks on it, all the same."

*Old Lady:* "Well, I'm sure I don't know what to do when I change."

**Conductor:** "Just leave it to me, ma'am. I'll see you get right. Fares, please."

*Old Lady:* "Oh, dear! I guess I'll get out right here."

**Conductor:** "This stop won't do you no good."

*Old Gentleman:* "But you don't change here, any way."

*Alert Young Man:* "No, no! Sit still! He'll look after you."

*Matron:* "Oh! I'm just as much obliged, but I've just remembered I left my money on the bureau." (Exit.)—*Samuel F. Batchelder in Lipincott's.*



# THE SECRET RED LIGHTS.

BY HARRY BEDWELL.

## Bert Daily, the Conductor, Begins an Investigation of a Queer Happening on the Lobo Division.

### PART I.



HE engineer of the work-train was forcing his undersized engine do her best to make time. It was Saturday night, and the crew was impatient to be at Lobo, the division headquarters, for Sunday.

The headlight thrust its wedge of white into the darkened desert. The east was beginning to be faintly tinged by the coming moon.

It was a light train that the engine pulled, a few empty flat cars, a tool-car, and the caboose. The workmen sat on the edge of the flat cars and stared vacantly into the desert. The gang-boss stood stiffly erect in the middle of one of the cars, his hands behind his back, trying to look masterful. Bert Daily, the rear brakeman, came out of the caboose and stood on the platform, gazing ahead, his lantern swinging idly in his hand.

The train rounded on a curve at the foot of a line of sand-dunes, and the flaming tail-lights of a freight-train which stopped on the track ahead of them showed almost in the engineer's face. A flagman sprang from the rear of the freight-train, and frantically waved down the work-train.

The fireman's "Hold 'em!" was tossed broadcast over the desert as the air-brakes went on with a roar that convulsed the train. It checked the train so suddenly that the gang-boss soared upward with flapping arms; then came to earth on the soft sand, alighting on his face.

The workmen were tumbled off the cars like tenpins. Bert Daily glimpsed the red lights ahead in time to anticipate the shock

of air-brakes and to study the distance between his train and the freight with a calm eye.

"We're going to hit 'em hard," he judged reluctantly.

The left-hand tail-light blinked once, and Daily knew the head brakeman had deserted the cab. It blinked again, and he guessed the fireman had unloaded.

"It's time I, too, was going," he said grimly as the whistle screamed a final protest, and the engineer swung clear of his engine.

Daily glanced back as he swung low on the bottom step for the jump. He saw the conductor spring from the rear platform of the caboose and bound off at a tangent, and then over a bunch of sage-brush. He fell heavily and shattered his lantern. Daily swung lower still, and sprang away easily.

The freight-train began to move ahead slowly. Then the work-train struck, and went tearing through the caboose.

Bert Daily rounded sharply about and ran to his conductor, who was getting painfully to his feet, spitting out sand and vicious oaths with the same breath.

"We've torn those fellows up some," Daily panted. "I'll go back and flag. You have your work cut out for you."

Still running, he struck the track and swept on around the sand-dunes. He untwisted two torpedoes from his lantern-frame, planted them at the prescribed distance, then walked back some way toward the wreck and sat down.

He could catch only faint sounds from the wreck. These became fainter as the

night slipped by, and at length ceased altogether. Something definite had been done—help sent for, or perhaps the two crews had settled to the work of getting under way again.

The chill of the desert night caused Daily to get up and pace about restlessly. The hours dragged out till midnight and into morning, yet no sign came from the other side of the sand-dunes to proclaim how affairs were with the two trains.

Daily's impatience waxed hot as his body grew chill. This was a deuce of a way to spend Saturday night! What were those fellows over there doing to take up so much time—and yet make so little noise? And why had there been no trains along to be stopped? Two or three were past due from the east.

So he fretted out the hours till some time after sunrise, when the desert fumed like a furnace under the hot sun. Then a train streaked up over the long horizon, shot toward him, struck the torpedoes, and stopped beside him.

"Work-train tore up the hind end of a freight around on the other side of those dunes some time last night," Daily explained to the conductor and the engineer. "Haven't heard anything of them since. Don't know if they are still there or not."

"You look as if you had spent a pleasant night of it," grinned the conductor. "We've been tied up behind a wreck ourselves."

"What have you there?" asked Daily, nodding gloomily at the two dusty coaches drawn by the engine. He had hoped for a passenger-train with diner attached.

"Superintendent Hood's car," answered the conductor easily.

A straight, slim young man, with a face of great gravity, strode from the rear end of the train.

"What's the delay, Morris?" he asked the conductor.

Tone and gesture were self-conscious of his fresh, clean clothes, and his authority over these older men. Daily looked into the restless eyes with his own direct gaze, and saw the other's flinch.

This was Ellis Sargent, Mr. Hood's chief clerk.

The conductor explained why they had stopped.

"All right," said Sargent brusquely. "Run down to where the accident happened, and see what has become of the two trains.

Daily, you come back to the car with me, and tell Mr. Hood what has happened."

Daily followed Sargent back to the private car, and swung up on the platform as the train started slowly forward. Sargent entered the car. Daily paused in the doorway till his eyes, used to the glaring hot light, could distinguish objects in the cool, dark car.

"Oh, it's Daily!" came Mr. Hood's quiet voice. "What has happened now?"

Daily began to see the interior of the apartment more clearly. Mr. Hood sat comfortably tilted back in a chair, a newspaper on his knee. At the far end two ladies sat at a small table, on which glasses of cold stuff clinked musically. Daily sat his useless lantern down upon the platform.

"Here, sit down," ordered Mr. Hood, pushing out a chair with his foot. His quiet eyes had noted that Daily's face was haggard from a sleepless night of watching.

Daily slumped wearily into the chair and explained how he happened to be there; and his eyes kept turning toward the glasses of cool liquid that clinked so merrily on the little table between the two young ladies.

He had neither eaten nor drunk anything since the afternoon of the day before.

"Yes," he heard Sargent murmur to the young women, "he has been out all night flagging."

"You don't know if any one was hurt, do you?" asked Mr. Hood.

"No, sir." Daily shook his head, and the motion caused a row of sweating glasses to ring themselves about the car.

The train came to a stop, and Mr. Hood and his chief clerk walked out into the sunlight. Daily arose stiffly, and started to follow. At the doorway a quiet voice checked him suddenly.

"Wouldn't you like to have a drink after your night out?"

Daily came about slowly. One of the young women was coming toward him with a glass held out.

"If—you—please." He counted out the words slowly, to be sure of them.

He put the glass to his lips and drank deliberately. The cool stuff seemed to saturate his being with a divine fire. The grave face of the girl before him became radiant and glorified. It seemed to lure him kindly out on an azure cloud.

"Won't you have another?" the glorified face asked.



Daily willed himself to refuse, but his will was broken.

"If — you — please," he again counted out soberly.

Another glass loomed before him; again he drank, and again the grave face of the girl became glorified and floated above him in a vague mist. He gave up the glass slowly, thanked her with a tearful voice, and walked out into the hot sunlight.

The work-train and the freight-train were gone, leaving behind only the caboose — a splintered and mangled hulk tipped disconsolately to one side—the only mark to show there had been an accident.

Daily forgot to be angry because he had not been called in when the trains had departed.

"I wonder what that was she gave me to drink?" he asked the solitude.

The girl was Miss Glen Hood, the superintendent's daughter.

## II.

MR. HOOD was holding an investigation in his office to determine the cause of the rear-end collision between the work-train and the freight. All those interested, and some who were not, were gathered to give testimony.

Mr. Hood, his chief clerk, and the train-master sat at one side of a big table and examined witnesses. The investigation was wearisome to all, particularly the rear brakeman of the freight-train, for the evidence tended to show that his swiftness in getting out to flag any train following his own was not great.

To the rest it was nerve-fretting, for cautious train and engine men make poor witnesses.

Bert Daily was called, told the little he knew, then went back to his chair at the back of the room and the paper he had been reading.

Four days had elapsed since the rear-end collision, and in that time he had been promoted to the rank and pay of a conductor. He had made two trips, and had but a few minutes before going on the stand been called to take an extra east at five o'clock.

Daily raised his head from his paper to listen to the testimony of the engineer of the freight-train. The engineer said doubtfully that a few seconds after rounding the sand-dunes he had seen a red light swing across the track and disappear.

"I gave her the big hole," he concluded his testimony doggedly, "and had her stopped within her own length. That's all, except I guess maybe there really wasn't any red light there."

Daily grew tired of the questioning, and wandered into the outer office. There was no one there. Business had been suspended during the investigation. Daily got himself another paper, a more comfortable chair, and sat down by a window.

Presently Miss Hood and her friend, Miss Harnett, came in quietly, nodded gravely at Daily, and sat down. Daily lost interest in the paper and stared idly out of the window.

The investigation broke up; and men began to file through the outer office. Ellis Sargent came out hurriedly, spied the ladies and Daily, and came forward with his quick, nervous stride. He turned to Daily from greeting the young women.

"I'm going out with you to-night, Daily," he said. "Wait till I get my hat and coat, and I'll go down to the yard office with you." He hurried back into the inner office.

"I hope there were no bad effects from your night of flagging," Miss Hood said, turning slowly to Daily.

The conductor looked at her idly, and the vague speculation began again in his brain as to what kind of drink she had given him to make this grave face appear glorified. Her remark hardly broke his chain of thought, for the thought of so many harder nights than that one made it seem pointless.

Why Sargent was going out with him was of more interest.

"The beverage you gave me killed all evil effects before they even came to a bud," he said.

Mr. Hood came out of his office, followed by Sargent, who carried a long coat on his arm.

"Been entertaining Conductor Daily?" smiled Mr. Hood at his daughter as they were moving to follow Sargent and Daily down the stairs. "Be careful of him. He never does anything just as you expect. There was never a man came to this division with a recommendation like his. He came in here one day over three years ago—thin, red-eyed, and rather old—and gave me a letter from an old friend of mine in the East. 'This man is as good a one as I know of when sober—but he is seldom

sober,' is the way the letter ran. I put him in the train service, expecting the job to break him. He's still there."

Daily and Sargent turned up the street to a restaurant. Half an hour later they had collected the orders from the despatcher's office, the way-bills from the yard office, and soon the freight-train was swinging out of the yards. Sargent lounged in the cupola, where Daily joined him.

The train pushed steadily into the silent, starlit desert. Sargent and Daily seldom spoke. An hour and a half, and the sand-dunes began to loom up on the right.

"It was about here the collision occurred, wasn't it?" Sargent finally asked.

Daily nodded. His eyes still continued to follow the path of the headlight. He stiffened suddenly and gripped his chair. The air-brakes went on with a roar that boomed away and lost itself in the desert. Cars jammed together savagely, and one in the middle of the train reared and plunged clear of the track, dragging one or two others with it.

"Now, I *saw* that," Daily bit out as the crash of cars ceased.

Sargent arose, battered and shaken, from a corner of the cupola.

"Saw what, Daily?" he questioned.

"Saw a red light swing across the track. Come on and let's see what kind of a job that engineer did stopping us."

They dropped to the ground from the caboose steps and hurried forward. Sargent was bruised and excited, and gasped out eager, useless questions.

They found Dave, the head brakeman, swearing indifferently at two cars turned over, and a third with the front trucks plowed deep into ties and dirt. Daily walked around the derailed cars and examined the track by the light of his lantern. Sargent followed, barking useless questions and giving useless advice.

"We'll have to cut loose the engine and run in for help," he said. "Daily, this is a bad spill."

Daily rounded on him suddenly.

"Why did you come out with me tonight?" he demanded. "Was it about these mysterious red lights?"

"Yes, and to keep in touch with the freight service," answered the chief clerk, unconsciously using a phrase from Mr. Hood's instructions.

Daily took him by the shoulder and faced him toward the rear of the train.

"Do you see that red light down the track there?" he asked. "That is Billy Mack, my rear brakeman, back there flagging. You get a lantern from the caboose, run back there, and take his place. Send Mack up here to me. Now, do you think you can do a decent job of flagging?"

Daily's tone was fatherly; but it came hard to disobey his orders. Sargent went with relief in his heart, for he liked little responsibility.

"Now, we'll clean up this mess," said Daily briskly.

He ordered out cables and flanges and the other simple paraphernalia from caboose and engine, and they began pulling and hauling at the two cars that lay on their sides. They dragged them clear of the track, and left them. The track was blocked up where the wheels had crushed through the ties, and the front trucks of the third car were pulled back on the rails.

Daily worked his men deliberately, with hardly a glance at his watch, for it is not well to hurry men by reminding them just how much time they have left.

Fifty minutes, and they were ready to start. Sargent was called in and the train pushed on through the desert. Daily and Sargent hung over the railing of the rear platform of the caboose and watched the dunes steal softly by.

"It's a God-forsaken country," said Sargent, shivering at a breath of chill air.

"I'd like to ride through those dunes some day," mused Daily thoughtfully. "It must be a queer place. I've ridden through the mountains a great deal, but it never struck me before that the dunes could be interesting. Did you see that red light a while ago?"

### III.

LOBO recognized few gradations in the social stratum. The occasional Saturday night dances given at the big railroad hotel were attended by individuals from every walk of local life.

On a Saturday night, when Lobo foregathered to enjoy, Bert Daily lounged in a corner of the hotel office, idly watching the crowd gather and reading a paper.

He saw Ellis Sargent come in with Miss Hood and Miss Harnett. Then the dance started and Daily was lost for a time in his reading. He threw away the paper when Sargent sat down beside him, nodding somewhat gloomily.



"Mr. Hood has decided not to investigate the wreck of your train the other night," said the chief clerk. "There have been two more trains stopped at that same place since then—both of them passenger-trains."

Sargent in his gloom was growing superficial. Every one on the division knew this, and knew also that this was but a small part of the trouble which has visited the division of late.

Among other things, an engineer had pretty well torn up his train stopping at sight of a rag effigy tied across the track so conspicuously that it was easy to see the ropes by which it was fastened. Cars left on blind sidings had been run through the derailling-switches; water-tanks and coal-chutes had been emptied on the ground by a mysterious hand, and a great many other destructive happenings had occurred during the week.

"What do you make of all this bad luck?" asked Daily, eying Sargent to see if the question was impertinent.

"Blackmail," breathed the chief clerk as if his heart chilled at the mention of the word. "We got notice this morning. It's from a gang that wants one hundred thousand dollars. They threaten to put this division out of commission if they don't get it. Mr. Hood started east this afternoon to see the general manager. As I was coming over here, I got a message that when his train stopped at the Volcano water-tank some one cut all the air-hose on the train and got away without being seen."

Daily slid upright in his chair.

"Well," said he slowly, "it's a fight. You can't buy them off this time without doing it again."

"That's what Mr. Hood thinks," replied Sargent, "but what can we do in this country of little civilization that is all desert and mountains? Either way there will be trouble."

"Sure," breathed Daily. "That's mostly what makes life worth while."

The two drifted to the door of the dining-room where the couples were dancing, and Daily saw why Sargent had deserted the ballroom to talk to him.

Glen Hood was dancing with a lithe, black-haired man, and Daily gathered from the smiles some of the ladies turned on the couple that something amusing had occurred. He guessed that in a contest for Miss Hood's favor Sargent had lost his head and his temper and had been vanquished.

As the couple swept by him, Daily saw that the man had dark skin and hard features. For a few moments Daily felt that something in life had gone wrong.

"A Mexican!" He tried the word doubtfully. "A Mexican!" Then, deliberately, "a greaser!"

The smoky light faded and long shadows sprang out of the corners of the room. The dancers whirled into a dim circle and dwindled away, leaving a face with a straight nose and a gleaming smile, topped with stiff, black hair, standing out like a portrait on a canvas.

Then the will that had driven a broken body from end to end on the division gripped him and cleared his mind.

"A puncher from the south—or a gambler," he decided more calmly. "Anyway, I'm going to try to stop him."

Daily stepped forward quickly when the music ceased and stood before Glen Hood as she sat down. The first quick look of doubt and estimate she gave him as he made his request hurt him more than anything else had hurt him in years. In that glance she really took consideration of him for the first time, and judged him. Then she accepted him, and the Mexican melted away with his gleaming smile.

They danced twice together, then Freddy Dyer, the second-trick despatcher, came and Daily strolled out to the veranda.

As he turned slowly out of the doorway he noticed, in the moonlight, four men gathered at the far end of the veranda. One leaned idly against the railing, talking in low, insinuating tones with glinting teeth. Daily also recognized the back of Sargent. The little group stood almost motionless, listening tensely to the speaker.

Daily paused doubtfully. A call-boy touched him on the arm, holding out his book. The conductor saw that he was to take an extra east in an hour, and signed the book. Then he strolled down the long veranda.

He heard the Mexican's low laugh, and saw Sargent double up grotesquely in the dancing light—saw him strike out passionately, blindly, an amateurish blow at the Mexican's face.

Daily drew in quickly. The Mexican's nose streamed blood as he came upright with a springy jump. Then he lunged at Sargent, his arm stiff, a slender knife quivering in the light.

Back of Daily were three years of rough-

and-tumble fighting, of sudden blind rages and quick attacks. As the Mexican lunged, Daily caught Sargent by the shoulder and kicked savagely at the hand that held the knife.

The knife flickered into the sand and the Mexican spat out a Spanish oath as he staggered against Daily's fist. He stumbled back against the railing, holding his wounded hand in dumb pain, peering doubtfully at Daily.

Then he squared himself on his feet, brushed by them all, strode to the veranda-steps, and out toward the railroad-yards.

Sargent was trembling under the hand on his shoulder. He turned his white face, twisted into a smile, to Daily.

"Thank you," he mumbled. "The fellow is a blackguard."

"That's all right," said Daily hurriedly. "I must be off now."

An hour later his train was nosing its way into the moonlit desert.

For a long time Daily sat in his caboose sorting way-bills. The moon dropped over the rim of the sky, and when the conductor climbed into the cupola beside Mack, his brakeman, the desert was darkness.

"Guess there's a tramp on board of us. I'm goin' up ahead to see," said Mack, and disappeared below.

Daily watched the brakeman's lantern swing out over the cars and pause midway on the train. From the sudden rush of sound and chill air, he was conscious that the caboose door had been opened.

The next moment he was peering down into the grinning face of the Mexican.

"Hallo!" Daily said abruptly. "How did you get here?"

"Your brakeman ran me this way, so I came in. Don't move, or I'll kill you. I shoot as well with my left hand as with my right! I'm going to climb up there to that seat on the opposite side of the cupola from you so that I can keep an eye on your brakeman! Then you and I will talk!"

The Mexican climbed to the seat and peered ahead at Mack's lantern still twinkling at the middle of the train. Daily eyed him curiously, then settled back in his chair, smiling quietly.

"All right," he said, "talk your head off."

"I never dreamed of such luck as meeting you so soon again, when I hid on this train," grinned the Mexican.

The train pushed on through the desert;

the two men faced each other with quiet eyes.

"All this clash and friction between us has given me an inspiration," went on the Mexican steadily, resting his revolver comfortably on his lap. "I'm going to take you from your train at Volcano and keep you with me for a time. I may kill you, but I don't think so. You see, I am trying to get this second-rate railroad to part with a hundred thousand dollars to be rid of me, but, so far, it seems to be more inclined to the company of both myself and the hundred thousand."

Daily's eyes danced wickedly.

"So you are the fellow that's blackmailing the division," he said softly. "Well, I don't see just why you are mixing me up in this deal of dollars. All I did to you was to stop you from sticking a friend of mine, and keep your own royal person alive and free. If you had ever struck Sargent, you would have been out of it all by now."

"But, as you see, I am not at all grateful," glinted the Mexican. "My kidnapping you will make the railroad sit up and take a little more notice."

"Just what are you going to do with me?" asked Daily anxiously.

"Have you stop your train at Volcano, get off, then signal your train to proceed. There are comrades of mine there who know I am coming. It is best to do as I say."

The many-toothed smile gleamed evilly in the faintly lit cupola. Daily peered ahead into the darkness thoughtfully. He saw that his rear brakeman's lantern still spotted the darkness in the middle of the train. Then he turned to the Mexican deliberately.

"I don't see the sense of it," he complained. "Have you a cigarette? I suppose you won't let me get into my own pockets. Thanks. And a match? You take me away from my work and my pay and do no good to yourself."

The match flared. Daily held it to his cigarette as he talked eagerly.

"If you go to stealing men instead of dollars you will have the whole State against you instead of the railroad. Don't you see that? Give me another match, will you?"

Another match flared, and Daily puffed hard at the cigarette. Then he argued on, leaning forward eagerly, his voice raised somewhat above the roar and click of the hurrying wheels. He held the Mexican's



attention by tense tone and calm eye. As he talked, the Mexican's smile became cold and cruel and his eyes were lit with a smoldering madness.

"You think you will talk your way to freedom and to life—for you fear death," he cut in coldly. "You fear death!" he repeated, "and you'll fear it more before—"

The narrow window at the back of the cupola rasped harshly in its frame as a rush of cold air struck in from behind. The Mexican's hands fluttered helplessly to the arms of his chair.

In that second of his terror, two long arms ending in two huge slabs of hands drove in on the cold air, seized him by the shoulders and jerked him backward through the little window. The chair was broken from its one iron leg; the revolver clattered to the floor.

Feet scuffled on the roof of the car as Daily sprang to the open window. As he thrust his head into the darkness, he saw the Mexican, heaved clear of the car, squirm out of sight.

A pair of boots appeared on a line with the conductor's face, and he moved to one side to let his brakeman slide feet first through the open window.

"I knew the hobo was on the train some place," panted Mack as he struck the floor. "It took a lot of nerve for him to come in here and try to stick you up. I saw him when you struck the first match. What was he trying to do to you, anyway?"

Daily bit out short sentences of explanation as he dropped to the floor and reached for his lantern.

"Here," he ordered, as he thrust the lantern up at Mack. "Stop her! We've got to go back there and hunt—for that fellow."

"I couldn't help throwing him off," Mack apologized, as he wormed through the window. "He fought like a cat."

Mack's lantern swooped back and forth in the quick half-circle of the "wash-out." Some one in the cab saw the signal, the whistle screeched, and the brakes began to nip the wheels.

Daily lit another lantern, picked up the fallen revolver, and swung off the train before it had stopped.

He ran along the track to the point near where the Mexican had lit and swung his lantern. Mack joined him, and they both searched for half an hour, but found not so much as a track in the sand.

"Anyway, we couldn't see much in this lantern light," Daily complained. "We can't find him. That fall would have killed a white man. This fellow has crawled out of the way and is most likely watching us, trying to decide whether to pot us or not."

They tramped back to the caboose. The shadows played about their feet in the circle of lantern light. A light bobbed at the rear of the train, and Dave, the head brakeman, swung about to stride beside them to hear what had happened.

"Let him ramble now," said Daily, as they came up to the caboose. His lantern doubled in the air and the air-brakes whistled. "Dave, run forward and tell the engineer to stop at the next station."

More track began to drone in the darkness behind them. Daily and Mack brooded silently in the caboose while the desert whispered by. As they came to a stop at Thunder Creek, the two swung off and walked into the office where the night operator idled away life at the telegraph-desk.

"Ask the operator at Volcano if he has noticed any punchers or armed man loafing about his station this evening," said Daily.

The operator rippled a call; the instrument chattered for a few seconds.

"Volcano says there's some cow-men, or something like that, camped over by the corrals, but they haven't any wagon with them. Says one of 'em kept inquiring for a telegram, and about nine o'clock this evening he got one from Lobo."

"Tell the operator," said Daily, "to keep an eye on them, then you tell the despatcher that we are going to stop at Volcano for a little time so he needn't lay anything out for us. I want all the guns you have about the shack."

"There's the agent's sawed-off shotgun and his rifle over there in the corner. There's a revolver under the ticket-window, and one here in my desk," the operator enumerated.

"You fellows must be always looking for trouble," grinned Daily. "I'll take all but your revolver, and send them back to you tomorrow."

"Be careful of the shotgun," warned the operator. "It's dangerous at both ends."

The three took the guns and walked to the engine. In a few minutes the train was moving again.

Daily, Mack, and Dave swung onto the caboose and mounted to the cupola.

"It's funny what can happen in such a

little time—ain't it?" said Mack, as he began to hum, "Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown" in a nasal buzz.

"This cannon is bound to scatter shot all over the country," complained Dave, who had the sawed-off shotgun. "You fellows will have to stay well back of me when I go into action. If you get into my line of fire, you'll get your lights put out."

The train swung into the yards at Volcano, and stopped with the caboose just outside the front windows of the station.

The engineer and fireman dropped from their engine and walked through the yards toward the back of the depot. Daily jumped to the platform and walked to the office, leaving his two brakemen crouched in the doorway of the caboose.

"Have you seen anything more of those fellows who got that message from Lobo?" Daily questioned the sleepy operator.

"They're over there by the corral yet, I guess," the operator mumbled drowsily. "There's four of them."

Some one outside called something and Daily swung around to the doorway. A second later, four men rode restive horses into the light that streamed from the open window and door, one riding in close and peering down at the conductor.

"Do you belong to that train?" demanded the man on the horse.

"Hands up—all!" came Mack's excited yell from the rear end of the caboose.

A horseman turned in his saddle and fired, all in one quick writhe of the body and turn of the wrist, that showed practise in that exercise.

The bullet plunked into the caboose over the heads of the brakemen who were crouched behind the sheet of steel hung on the railing of the platform. The horseman fired twice again in as many seconds, and the horses danced and plunged.

Daily knelt down in the shadow under the lighted window, and fired at the man nearest him. Mack's rifle spat wickedly, and four or five guns blazed at once.

The operator seated in the window seemed to be in the greatest danger, but he was accustomed to such scenes, and quickly slid to safety under his table.

With a roar that drowned all other sounds to mere cracklings, Dave let go both barrels of the sawed-off shotgun. A horse snorted; a man yelled and cursed. Shot ripped through the windows and bored into the station walls.

With that shot the firing ceased. Flying hoofs rang on the track and plowed away into the desert. A man began muttering to himself.

Daily crouched for a little time longer in the shadow to see if any pain would develop. He felt nothing unusual, so he reckoned that by some accident no buck-shot had found him.

"Gosh!" he breathed, and stood up.

He turned into the station to fetch a lamp.

The light showed one horse and two men down on the cinder platform. One of the men raised on his arm and took a quick shot at the light in Daily's hand and extinguished it.

"Don't do that again," warned a voice. "Daily get another light." It was the engineer.

Daily got another light. The outlaw surrendered his revolver to the engineer.

"Where are you hurt?" asked Daily.

"All over mostly," answered the man, and fainted.

"Let's see where Mack and Dave are," said Daily.

Mack they found sitting close beside the caboose nursing his head in both hands. He peered up at them round-eyed.

"Dave is around here some place," he told them. "I can't hear a thing you say. The noise of that gun knocked me crazy. It knocked Dave down, then kicked him twice after that."

They found Dave on the flat of his back and the shotgun on top of him.

They gathered up the wounded and took them into the office to look them over. Both of the outlaws were senseless. Dave opened his eyes to the lamplight to ask for a drink, and Mack walked the floor holding his head.

"This is an awful mess," complained the engineer, who sickened at the sight of so much blood. "But they should have known better than to tackle us," he added, and his face cleared a little.

"Of course they should," said Daily briskly. "Send your fireman over to the town for a doctor."

The conductor pulled the sleepy operator from under the telegraph table, and set him in his chair.

"No need sending for a doctor," said the operator, his fists in his eyes. "There ain't any. But there's whisky."

Daily began scribbling on a pad of paper.



"Tell the despatcher this," he ordered the operator, pushing the paper under his nose; "and ask him if we shall go on to Newpoint with these fellows."

The operator reached for his key. After a few moments he looked up.

"The despatcher says you had better go on in with your train," he said, "then pick up the sheriff at Newpoint and come back to find the Mexican if you can. He says there's no one in command now that Mr. Hood has gone East, for Sargent is afraid to issue an order. You are very likely to get fired whatever you do."

"All right," said Daily. "We'll go in."

#### IV.

AN hour later, Daily was in Newpoint pulling the sheriff from bed.

"I've got a job for you," he told the sheriff.

He sat on the bed and talked, while the officer got into his clothes.

"I can get two men and enough horses within half an hour," the sheriff said. "You get the train ready, and I'll meet you at the station."

Another hour and they were careening westward, racing behind a sleek little engine to be on hand at daylight. In a box car between the engine and the caboose were four horses. Another conductor was in charge of the train, for Daily was to ride with the sheriff.

"I am going to sleep like a dog," said Daily, as he stretched himself out on a cushioned bench.

The sun was up when the train stopped at the point where Mack had tossed the Mexican from the top of the caboose. After a good deal of searching about in the sand they found where the Mexican had landed on his feet, bounded forward a few steps, then plowed up the sand in a hard fall. His trail began there, dragged across the desert, and was lost in the shimmering heat.

"Get out the horses," ordered the sheriff. "From the swing of his feet that fellow is pretty well in towards the mountains by this time. We have likely come too late; but we'll give him a try."

The horses were unloaded and saddled. The four men mounted.

"You may as well run into La Salle and ask for orders," Daily told the conductor in charge of the train. "We won't need you any more."

They spurred away into the silent waste and aching glare of the sun. It was like riding into a furnace.

By eleven o'clock the trail had led them into the shadow of the mountains. At noon it ceased in a rocky cañon.

"This is his own country," said the sheriff, as he looked up at the mountains. "There's no use trying to find him here. Daily, we've lost."

"I don't like to think we have come all this way for nothing," Daily complained. "Let's try a little farther. That fellow may have dropped just around the next turn of the cañon wall."

"We may be riding straight into hell," said the sheriff. "That cañon is narrow and high, and once in it we're in a hole for sure. If the Mexican had won through all right he's sure to have picked up some of his men, and may be waiting for us."

"Shall we go in?" asked Daily quietly.

"Oh, I guess so," answered the sheriff, and they rode forward.

They made the first turn, and the cañon lay there blankly before them. At the next turn it lost itself in the gloom of its own towering walls.

"No good," said the sheriff sullenly. "I won't risk it further."

"Do you see that black lump in the shadow against the wall ahead there?" asked Daily, pointing. "I am two-thirds sure it's a rock or a log, but I'm going to be sure it isn't the Mexican. You stay here."

He walked his horse forward for three hundred yards, found the lump to be a mound of earth, and then he faced back. He reined in as a rock clattered down the mountainside.

A rifle spoke faintly from high above. Daily's horse sank to its knees with a tired grunt, and the conductor leaped to safety.

The sheriff spurred for Daily. Then two rifles spoke sharply from above, and the sheriff threw himself clear of his own horse as it went down. One of his men was at his side in another moment. He hauled the sheriff up behind him, and the two horses clattered swiftly out of sight.

Daily was left alone. He cleared the width of the cañon in a swift sprint, sprang up at a handful of dry shrubs, caught them, and pulled himself up among the rocks, where he lay for a few moments. The marksmen above began to pester him with bullets that spat uncomfortably close.

Daily glanced upward along the moun-

tain wall, then began slowly to climb higher to a spot more on a line with the marksman. His progress was followed by the steady, persistent spit of bullets, and it was an hour before he plumped down panting behind a huge boulder.

The bullets pecked about him for a little while longer, then ceased.

"Those fellows will about move around where they can get me going and coming," commented Daily, idly fingering the loose stones, "and then where am I?"

He scanned the bare walls above him, then peered out at the rocks which concealed the marksman. The range was too great for his revolver, so he lay down and watched the mountains above and below.

After an hour, he caught a movement far to the left. A second later, a bullet threw dust in his face. Another bounced from the rock a little above his head. Daily threw himself into a small niche, and thrust his revolver forward. He fired at the next puff of smoke, and for the next few moments answered shot for shot.

He played for time and darkness. He reasoned that the sheriff would return by daylight of the next day with more men to rescue him. With the fall of darkness, he hoped to avoid the outlaws.

But the lone marksman on the mountain-side seemed intent that the sun should not set on Daily alive. He drew down nearer. A shot gently touched Daily's coat-sleeve. Daily crowded more of himself into the niche, but the next shot came from a different angle, and cut his arm.

"Ouch!" protested Daily.

A dry, mirthless laugh came from behind a boulder. Daily watched the big rock with restless eyes, and when a gun-barrel showed over the top of it, he promptly fired.

The rifle slid from sight, then reappeared cautiously around the side of the boulder. Daily fired again, but the answering shot came close on his own, and a bullet slit open the tip of his shoulder.

Anxiously he calculated the distance to the boulder, and gathered himself for a rush. The blue barrel came slowly in sight again. Daily fired three times quickly, and held still and tense waiting for the stinging bullet from the rifle to strike.

Then, and no sooner, would he rush the man on the other side of the boulder.

In the pause his eyes swept the moun-

tains swiftly. The shadows were become long and dark in the low land.

Why didn't he fire? His heart beat off the seconds distinctly and audibly: One, two, three. His restless eyes turned downward in a racing glance. Then his caught breath went out in a long, slow whisper.

The impossible had happened. A saddle-horse, strayed from others belonging to the outlaws, came slowly down the cañon, pulling at tufts of dry grass as it came. Three more heart-beats, and it was almost beneath him. He could plainly see the bridle hanging from the saddle.

Daily's eyes were pivoted on the gun-barrel nestling at the side of the boulder. The top of a black head came in line with the glowing steel, and Daily fired again. The horse raised its head curiously, then continued grazing. The top of the black head was withdrawn.

Then the horse thrust out its nose, planted its feet, and snorted. It had come to Daily's horse shot in the trail.

Daily bunched himself, rose, and leaped the boulder in front of him. He went to-bogganing down the mountain, starting a mass of earth and stones. Twice he turned over to right himself and spit out dirt. He struck the trail, and went sprawling on.

He jumped to his feet half blinded, and seized the horse before it could elude him, ran a few steps as it shied past the dead horse, then swung to the saddle. The horse leaped forward in a few short, stiff jumps, then struck into a long, racing stride.

Guns began to sputter and spit from both sides of the cañon. The saddle bow was torn away under Daily's hand, a stinging wound in his side grew into an agonizing ache.

The mountains began to careen and fade away, and the sky flamed and seethed like liquid fire; but he set his grip on the saddle and swept around the first turn in the cañon, around the second, and away to the desert.

His burning, straining eyes photographed the riotous scene as he looked backward. High on a sliver of rock, seeming to move with the swaying mountains, a slim figure, with a puffing revolver in the left hand, was carved. Even after a filmy darkness settled down and blotted out all else, that lone figure remained a darker blot against the blackness.

(To be concluded next month.)



# CHECK 7-87-45.

BY EDGAR WELTON COOLEY.

## There Was Something Doing in the Baggage and Express Departments When Mr. Grimm Got Busy.

**M**RS. GRIMM arose suddenly from the dinner table and, hastening into the adjoining room, took from her ample purse a brass baggage-check.

"In the excitement of my home-coming, and of greeting you and the children, Mr. Grimm," she said, "I quite forgot this; but I wish, James"—Mrs. Grimm always used his given name in addressing her husband whenever she desired to add emphasis to her remarks—"I wish, James, you would have my baggage sent up this afternoon—I want to unpack it at once."

"Your baggage?" Mr. Grimm looked at his wife interrogatingly. "If I remember aright, my dear, we brought your grip with

us in the auto. You did not take a trunk with you, did you, Mrs. Grimm?"

"I am fully aware that what you say is true, Mr. Grimm," his wife replied impatiently, "but I have some baggage at the station. It is a box, Mr. Grimm."

"A box?" James G. Grimm was evidently surprised. "Did you say it was a box, Miriam?"

"A box," replied his wife severely. "A common cracker-box. You see," she explained further, "Sister Jenevieve gave me so many things for myself and the children that I could not get them all in my grip. So I put them in a box, put handles on the box, and checked it."

"How thoughtful!" said Mr. Grimm. "I shall have the box brought up at once."



"IF I REMEMBER ARIGHT, MY DEAR, WE  
BROUGHT YOUR GRIP WITH US  
IN THE AUTO."

"Very well, James," replied his wife grimly. "See that you do."

A half-hour later, James G. Grimm's auto stopped in front of the office of the Fairfax Transfer Company, and Mr. Grimm, with such dignity as naturally became the president of the Security Savings Bank, alighted from the machine and approached the desk, where a clerk greeted him cordially. Mr. Grimm took the baggage-check from his pocket and laid it upon the counter.

"I wish," he said pompously, "you would have that baggage taken to my house at once. My wife is in a hurry."

"Certainly, certainly!" replied the clerk. "Is it a grip, Mr. Grimm, or a trunk?"

"Neither," replied Mr. Grimm. "It's a box."

"A box?" The clerk was gazing at him curiously.

"A box," reiterated Mr. Grimm. "A common cracker-box."

"Indeed?" said the clerk, a peculiar intonation in his voice.

Mr. Grimm's face flushed. It had suddenly occurred to him that the clerk might think he compelled his wife to check her belongings in a box.

"Of course, it is none of your business," he vouchsafed rather curtly; "but I might explain—"

"It isn't necessary," interrupted the clerk.

"I might explain," resumed Mr. Grimm, "that my wife was visiting her sister in Dalton, and wishing to ship this box home, she had handles put on it and checked it as baggage."

"I see," smiled the clerk understandingly. "Nothing like beating the express company when you can, eh, Mr. Grimm?"

The clerk was a keen young man. Furthermore, he was a brother of the local agent of the express company which was one of the heaviest depositors in the Security Savings Bank. Mr. Grimm began to feel decidedly uncomfortable.

"That wasn't the reason at all," he returned. "You see, my wife didn't have her trunk with her, and she had so many things to bring home that she couldn't get them all in her grip—"

"I see," said the clerk for the second time.

For a moment Mr. Grimm continued to stare at the clerk; then he went his way, feeling that he would give a good deal to know what the clerk was thinking about.

Other matters, however, so intruded themselves upon Mr. Grimm's attention during the afternoon that he did not give so much as a passing thought to either Mrs. Grimm's baggage or the inquisitive transfer clerk; but no sooner had he entered his home that evening than his wife greeted him in an accusing voice.

"James," she called down to him from the head of the stairs, "why didn't you have my baggage sent up?"

Mr. Grimm paused and gazed up at her. "I did order it sent up," he replied. "Didn't it come?"

"No," replied his wife in evident ill humor. "And James, the children are so anxious to get the things Sister Jenevieve sent them that the poor little dears won't give me a moment's rest until the box comes."

"Confound that talkative clerk!" broke in Mr. Grimm hotly. "If he'd ask less questions and give more attention to business—but just wait, my dear, I'll stir him up as he never was stirred up before!"

A moment later Mr. Grimm was in communication, over the wire, with the Fairfax Transfer Company. On the part of Mr. Grimm, at least, the conversation was exceedingly animated while it lasted; but presently the president of the Security Savings Bank was compelled to temporarily discontinue the transmission of vehement language for the reason that there was no one listening at the other end of the wire.

The clerk was making an investigation of the cause of the delay in delivering Mrs. Grimm's baggage, during which Mr. Grimm contented himself in scowling at the in-offensive telephone and formulating, for possible future use, a series of brand-new remarks sufficiently tropical to blister at ten paces.

Presently the clerk announced the result of the investigation. The reason, he confided to Mr. Grimm, that Mrs. Grimm's cracker-box had not been transferred to the Grimm mansion was because Mrs. Grimm's cracker-box had not arrived at the station.

The transfer company, Mr. Grimm was informed patronizingly, would keep a sharp lookout for the box and immediately it arrived—

"Bah!" yelled Mr. Grimm over the wire. "Why don't you tell me the truth? Why don't you admit that you forget to send a man after it; that you overlooked it, or something like that? Why do you tell me it hasn't come; because, of course, it has!"



"But really it hasn't come," persisted the clerk.

"Bah!" exclaimed Mr. Grimm for the third time. "Bah!" And he hung up the receiver with a loud noise.

"James!" Mrs. Grimm had descended the stairs and now stood facing him. "Did he say the box hasn't come?"

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Grimm explosively. "Stuff and nonsense, my dear! That's just a subterfuge to cover their own mistake!"

"But, James, suppose it is lost? Oh, why did you trust others to look after it? Why didn't you go to the station yourself?"

"Because the handling of baggage being an important part of the Fairfax Transfer Company's business, my dear," began Mr. Grimm defensively, "I had reason to believe that they were competent to attend to the matter; but I find I was mistaken."

"Of course you were mistaken," replied his wife complainingly. "You are always mistaken. You are always doing the wrong thing when so much depends on doing the right."

"But, my dear," expostulated Mr. Grimm.

"James!" Mrs. Grimm waxed imperative. "For goodness' sake, don't stand there and argue matters! Go to the station at once, Mr. Grimm, and have that baggage brought me immediately!"

"But it's six o'clock," expostulated the president of the Security Savings Bank in a weak voice; "and I'm hungry, Miriam."

His wife favored him with a withering glance.

"Why," she asked, "must you always give so much consideration to your stomach and so little to other matters? Think of

our poor children fretting for their presents and of that box that perhaps is lost! Oh, please get it, James!"

Mr. Grimm did not waste further words on the unappreciative ears of his wife. Instead, he hastened out to his automobile, cranked the machine, and was soon speeding toward the station. A few moments later he faced the baggageman at the Chicago and Missouri River Depot.

"Where," he began impressively, "is my wife's baggage? I want it immediately."

The baggage-master did not seem overawed by Mr. Grimm's stern command. He had been in the railroad business for ten years, and had met many occupants of the seats of the mighty. He calmly raised his eyes to those of the banker, calmly held out his hand, and calmly remarked:

"Let's see your check."

"Check?" Mr. Grimm gasped. The fact that he did not have the check had entirely slipped his mind.

"The — the transfer company has it," he stammered. "But you can at least tell me whether the box is here, can't you?"

"Box? Did you say it was a box?" The baggageman was regarding Mr. Grimm curiously. "It is? Well!" He fastened his keen, gray eyes upon the president of the Security Savings Bank. "The freight office is across the tracks."

Mr. Grimm's anger began to flare. He had come to find out about his wife's baggage, not to be informed on the location of the various departments of the road.

"But it wasn't shipped by freight—" he began.

"Well!" The baggage-master was still regarding him intently. "The express office is up-town."



"SHE HAD HANDLES PUT ON IT AND CHECKED IT AS BAGGAGE."

"But, confound it!" snapped Mr. Grimm, "I don't care a continental where the infernal express office is! The box wasn't shipped by express! It was sent as baggage! Don't you understand? Baggage. It was checked!"

"Checked?" The baggage-master regarded him doubtfully. "Didn't you say it was a box?"

"Yes!" roared Mr. Grimm defiantly.



"DO TRAMPS WEAR SILK HATS AND RIDE IN AUTOMOBILES?"

"It was a box—a common cracker-box. Didn't you ever see a box checked?"

"I've seen boxes checked that had handles on 'em," admitted the baggage-master; "but when they have handles they are classed as trunks."

"And who said my wife's box didn't have handles?" snapped Mr. Grimm impatiently. "It has!"

"But, virtually, all the boxes I ever saw checked," resumed the baggage-master calmly,

"belonged to emigrants. It would seem that anybody could afford a trunk. You can get a fairly good one for three ninety-eight."

Mr. Grimm plunged his hands into his trousers-pockets and expanded his chest.

"No doubt," he said, regarding the baggage-master savagely, "you would like to have me go into all the details and explain fully how my wife was compelled to check a box; but I shall not! I don't see that it is any of your business. I simply want to know if the box is here!"

"If you haven't the check with you," replied the baggage-master in a wholly unruffled manner, "perhaps you can give me the number of it."

"The number? No, I didn't notice the number."

"Then," replied the other, turning his attention to a report he had been making out, "how can you expect me to give you any information? As we handle between five and six hundred pieces of baggage every day, it is not easy—"

"Of course," snarled Mr. Grimm, "I didn't expect you to give me any information! I never met a baggage-master who would! I merely called because it seems to be the custom of passengers having baggage to make occasional inquiries! But since you insist upon seeing my check, I will get it just to prove to you that I have a check. When I return—"

He paused in the doorway to glare threateningly at the baggage-master, who never raised his eyes from his desk.

When Mr. James G. Grimm again entered the office of the Fairfax Transfer Company he was not in a very amiable frame of mind. He was accustomed to

dining punctually at six every evening, but it was now six - thirty, and he had not had his evening meal.

The night clerk was answering a telephone call, and Mr. Grimm was compelled to wait until he was at liberty. The delay did not awaken any cheerfulness upon the part of the banker.

"Give me that check!" he roared, when the clerk advanced to the counter.

The night clerk, not having been in the



employ of the transfer company to exceed forty-eight hours, was rather timid, and the sudden explosion upon the part of Mr. Grimm startled him.

"Yea—yes, sir," he replied confusedly. "Bag—baggage-check or bank-check, sir?"

"Baggage - check!" thundered Mr. Grimm, glad that at length he had discovered some one he could overawe by the importance of his personality. "The check for my wife's baggage I left here this afternoon."

"Ah, yes!" The clerk nervously turned the pages of a big book. He was slowly recovering his presence of mind. "What is the name, please?"

The president of the Security Savings Bank regarded the clerk pityingly. He was wondering how any one could be so densely ignorant.

"Grimm," he replied presently, with all the impressiveness he could command—"James G. Grimm."

"Ah, yes!" The clerk ran his finger down one of the pages in the big book. "Grimm, Grimm—ah, yes, here it is! Check No. 7—87—45—was that the number?"

"How do I know?" growled Mr. Grimm impatiently. "If I knew, I wouldn't be here now. I would be at home enjoying a hearty meal, instead of standing here waiting for you to make up your mind to give me that check."

"Ah, yes!" The clerk's finger was following a written line. "Ah, yes! Driver No. 7 reports baggage not arrived."

"Young man," interposed Mr. Grimm, conscious of renewed craving in the region of his stomach. "Young man, I didn't come here after the baggage; I came after that check. If you will be kind enough to give it to me, I will return to the station and get the box myself."

"Box?" The expression upon the night clerk's face suddenly changed. The light of comprehension glimmered in his eyes. "Did you say it was a box, Mr. Grimm?"

The president of the Security Savings Bank sighed heavily.

"Yes," he almost gasped; "it is a box—a cracker-box—it has handles on it—my wife—"

"A box?" The young man closed the big book with a bang. "I have been looking in the wrong book. I was thinking you were inquiring about baggage, but if it is freight—"

"Who said it was freight?" roared Mr. Grimm, pounding the counter with his fist. "Do I have to stand here stifling hunger while I recite for your edification a complete history of that box? Do I? I won't! I swear I won't! I came after that check, and I intend to have it! Now, young man, are you going to give it to me?"

"Ah, yes, the check—you want the check?"

"Do I want it?" yelled Mr. Grimm, regarding the other vindictively. "Heavens and earth! Didn't I say I wanted it? Didn't I ask for it a half-hour ago?"

"But why do you want the check?" expostulated the clerk. "You certainly cannot get the box until it arrives. Our men meet every train, and as soon as the box comes—"

"Bah!" Mr. Grimm could scarcely conceal his disgust. "I know it has come! I know it has been here since eleven fifteen this morning! If you think I am an easy mark, that I can be held up for storage charges so that the railroad and transfer companies may divide the spoils, you are mistaken! For the third and last time, I will ask you for that check!"

"Ah, very well." The clerk removed from a nail on the end of the desk a large hook from which dangled numerous checks and tags. These he ran over hurriedly, then returned the hook to its nail.

"I am sorry," he said, "but the check is still in the possession of driver No. 7."

Mr. Grimm groaned and paced the floor for a full minute. Then he turned to the clerk.

"And where," he asked, "is driver No. 7?"

"He is probably at supper," replied the night clerk. "He lives—" He removed a small book from a shelf and opened it. "He lives at 4705 Pine Street."

Mr. Grimm groaned again and glanced at his watch. It was fifteen minutes of seven.

"Very well!" he said determinedly. "I am hungry. I have had nothing to eat since noon, but I never undertake anything without seeing it through. I shall go to No. 4705 Pine Street. I shall see driver No. 7, and I shall get the check."

"I wouldn't," began the clerk sympathetically. "He can get the box as quickly as you—"

But the president of the Security Savings Bank had departed.

As soon as he could cover the two and a half miles that intervened, without violating the speed ordinance, Mr. Grimm pounded upon the door at 4705 Pine Street. A man answered the summons.

"Are you," began Mr. Grimm, "driver No. 7 for the Fairfax Transfer Company? You are? Very well! My name is Grimm—James G. Grimm. I left a baggage-check at the office shortly after noon. You reported that the box had not arrived. You still have that check. You will please give it to me."

"A box?" Driver No. 7 was plainly surprised. "Did I understand you to say—"

"Stop!" Mr. Grimm was breathing heavily. "It is a box with handles. It was not shipped by either freight or express. My wife checked it as baggage. She has a trunk—in fact, she has several trunks; but this is a box, a common cracker-box. Now that I have supplied you with all the information at hand, will you please give me that check?"

"But," began driver No. 7 doubtfully, "how am I to know that you are Mr. Grimm? How am I to know that you have a right to the check? You see, the company is responsible—"

"Heavens!" groaned the president of the Security Savings Bank desperately. "Must I identify myself out here in a part of town where there isn't a soul that knows me? Man, I'm hungry! I haven't had a bite since noon!"

"You're hungry, eh?" asked driver No. 7 suspiciously. "Haven't had anything to eat since noon, eh? And yet you would have me believe that you are president of the Security Savings Bank, would you? Say, what's your game, anyhow?"

"What?" gasped Mr. Grimm, fairly gnashing his teeth. "Do you think I'm a tramp? Do tramps wear silk hats and ride in automobiles? What?"

"No," admitted driver No. 7; "but I never heard of a bank president going hungry in a town this size. You may be Mr. Grimm," he added soothingly, "but, you see, I must comply with the company's rules. I am not allowed to return baggage-checks to strangers who have not been identified. Anyway, the box hasn't arrived. It can't come now until seven-thirty. You had better go home and let us deliver the box as soon as—"

"No!" declared Mr. Grimm stubbornly. "I shall get it myself."

"All right," said driver No. 7, glancing at his watch. "I'm due at the depot in a half-hour. If you'll meet me there and get some one to vouch for you, I'll give you the check."

Mr. Grimm drew another long sigh. "Very well," he said resignedly. "And in the meantime—by Jove! I'll have time to get a lunch."

On this particular occasion fortune was not kind to James G. Grimm. Scarcely had he traveled three blocks when a tire burst with a loud and disheartening report. Mr. Grimm got out and ruefully surveyed the damage. Then he glanced about him in dismay.

There was not a restaurant, or hotel, or store, or any place wherein so much as a cracker might be purchased. Nor was there a car-line within five blocks!

"Heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Grimm; then he went in search of a telephone, which he presently found.

After some delay and much telephoning, he secured a promise from a garage to send a tire at once. A half-hour later—a half-hour in which Mr. Grimm alternately paced the street and swore and sat on the curbing and gave himself up to bitter thoughts—the tire arrived.

Even then, notwithstanding Mr. Grimm's urgent and oft-repeated demands for haste, another thirty minutes elapsed before he could continue his journey.

When he reached the station and stormed into that portion of the depot allotted to transfer-men, driver No. 7 was not in evidence, nor could any of the other drivers give any information as to his probable whereabouts.

"Well," declared Mr. Grimm violently, "this is a pretty way to do business, isn't it? It's a conspiracy between the railroad and transfer companies, but I sha'n't be held up! I swear, I sha'n't! I'll show 'em!"

Mr. Grimm was hungry; desperately hungry. His hunger was growing more intense every moment, but he pressed his lips firmly together, climbed into his automobile, and once more sped to the office of the Fairfax Transfer Company.

The night clerk was still on duty, and he smiled a greeting to Mr. Grimm. Unfortunately, he could give the banker no information. Driver No. 7 had not been at the office since Mr. Grimm was last there. Regarding check No. 7—87—45, the night



clerk knew nothing further than that it must still be in the hands of driver No. 7.

Mr. Grimm visited his wrath upon the night clerk. Without reservation, he freely expressed his opinion of the Fairfax Transfer Company and every one connected with it, and, finally, after threatening sufficient civil and criminal actions to have caused a

mulet me for storage charges. The transfer company refuses to surrender your check! But I'll show 'em! I'll show 'em! I'll swear out a warrant! I'll have an attachment issued! I'll—"

"James!" The wife spoke commandingly. "What in the world is the matter with you, Mr. Grimm?"



"I HAVEN'T EATEN FOR A WEEK!"

legal shark to hug himself to death, he turned his machine homeward.

Every throb of his auto increased the intensity of his anger; every whiff of gasoline added fuel to the flames of his overwhelming indignation; so that, when he reached his home, he was little less than a raging volcano.

Perspiring at every pore, he burst into the astonished presence of his wife.

"Miriam!" he cried. "There's a conspiracy to defraud—a deep-laid plot to

"What's the matter?" Mr. Grimm was pacing the floor like a wild animal. "It's your box! They won't let me have it!"

"My box? Mr. Grimm, why will you persist in always working yourself into a frenzy over nothing? The box is here. The transfer-man brought it a half-hour ago. It came on the seven-twenty express."

Mr. Grimm sank wearily into a chair and dried his moist brow. Presently he said:

"Heavens, Miriam! Is dinner ready? I—I haven't eaten for a week!"

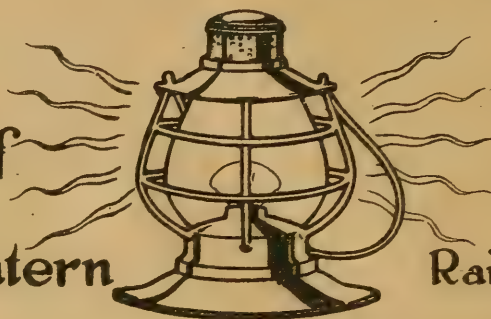
## VALUE OF AN APPRENTICESHIP.

**T**HERE is nothing that will ever take the place of an apprenticeship. There is no trade-school or training-school in the country that will turn out young men or boys who are capable of entering a shop and competing with the average mechanic; while they may be taught considerable "book learning," their practical instruction must, of necessity, be limited. There is nothing that will take the place of practical experience. Manu-

al training in our public schools may bring out the talent, may display the genius, but the fraternities and sororities of our high school system have made too many boys, who are natural-born mechanics; "shun" the actual work, and dread the thought of an apprenticeship, it not being in keeping with the social and snobbish ideas gained from the fraternities and societies while passing through high school.—*American Engineer.*

# WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

By the  
Light of  
the Lantern



Questions  
Answered  
for  
Railroad Men

## ASK US!

**W**E like to be as useful to our readers as we can; but, because of the great popularity of this department, we are forced to impose certain restrictions. It is limited to the answering of questions of an informative, technical, or historical nature only. -Letters concerning positions **WILL NOT** be answered in this department. All letters should be signed with the full name of the writer, as an indication of his good faith. We will print only his initials.

**C**AN you explain the path of the current from the trolley-wire of an electric car through the gearing, and how it produces speed?—  
W. O. McD., Yates Center, Kansas.

Electric currents for railway purposes are generated in a machine called a dynamo. The dynamo is very much like a large motor in construction. It is driven by a steam engine and gives out a current of electricity. The current flows out of the machine at the positive or (+) end through the machines that are being driven, and back to the dynamo, which enters at the negative or (—) end. The path that the current follows, made up of the dynamo, the trolley-wire, the car wiring and motor, the track return circuit to the dynamo, is known as the *circuit*, also any path that the current follows is known as a circuit.

For instance, the wiring of a car is known as the *car-circuit*, and the path that the current takes within the armature of a motor is known as the *armature-circuit*. To describe simply the principle on which the action is based, it may be said that a magnet is a piece of iron or steel which has the property of attracting other pieces of iron or steel. The two ends of a magnet are different. They will both attract iron, but if one end of a single magnet is suspended by a string at the middle, the following facts will be noted: If we call the ends of the first magnet No. 1 and No. 2, and the ends of the second magnet No. 3 and

No. 4, then, if No. 3 is brought near to No. 2 they will attract each other, but if No. 3 be brought near No. 1 they will repel each other. Also No. 4 will attract No. 1, but will repel No. 2.

This shows that there must be some difference between the ends of the magnets or they would act alike. This attraction and repulsion between magnets is the principle on which electric motors are built. In fact, the electric consists of a stationary magnet or "field," and a movable magnet, or "armature," attached to a shaft or axle. The field and armature are so arranged that they cannot touch each other, though the armature can revolve very near the field. The moving magnet is drawn to the fixed magnet, and just as it arrives the current is turned off so that it flies past.

As soon as it passes the center of the field, the current is turned on again in the opposite direction, so that they now repel each other. And so on, as long as the current flows, the movable armature is kept revolving. This turns the shaft and the shaft turns the car-axle. The main parts of a street railway motor are a field-magnet, which is stationary, and a revolving armature. The field-magnet is composed of an iron or a steel casting, which has a certain quantity of insulated wire wound around it. The electricity passing through this field, or wire-coil, magnetizes the iron, creating magnetic poles.



The revolving armature is composed of thin disks of soft sheet iron, firmly bolted together and fitted on a shaft; this being the armature-core. This is dressed up in a machine-shop and wound with a certain number of turns of insulated wire, which are connected together so as to form one continuous wire, passing lengthwise around the core. Before the armature is wound, the core is thoroughly insulated with the best of insulating material; this is a very important factor in the construction of an armature, as defective insulation would cause the windings to ground on the core, in which case the armature would have to be stripped and rewound again.

The shaft upon which the armature is built furnishes both a support and a means of transmitting the power of the armature to the wheels, by means of its pinion meshing with a gear on the truck-axle. The winding of the armature is the most vital part, as it is in this, as in the field magnets, that the current sets up the force that causes the motion of the wheels of the car. When a wire, carrying a current, is brought in front of a pole of a magnet, a force is experienced which tends to drive the wire sideways from the magnet, and this is what takes place in an electric motor. When the windings of an armature, carrying current, come in front of a pole-piece of the field-magnet, they are forced away and the armature is kept revolving as long as the current flows. On the end of the armature-shaft is a pinion which meshes into a large gear-wheel keyed on the truck-axle. In this way an electric car is propelled. There are, of course, many other details which lack of space prevents. The general subject is very interesting and is worthy of considerable study in view of the tremendous development which is so characteristic of electric railways at present.

**R.** D. S., Amhurst, Massachusetts.—A man of thirty-four years is too old to assume the duties of a locomotive fireman, at least, it is so viewed by the majority of master mechanics, who naturally are somewhat chary in accepting an applicant of that age when they know he will scarcely have the incentive to work which would be possessed by a younger man. There may, of course, be exceptions to this view, but we feel pretty safe in asserting that there are none. Your height and weight are acceptable for the position of express-messenger, but we fear that in this field your age will again prove a barrier to entering the service. Apply to the division superintendent of the express company of your choice. His address can be obtained from the ticket-agent in your town.

**J.** A. C., Philadelphia.—The rather interesting calculations which we offered in the February number of *THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE* in regard to the cost of stopping a train, represent the compilation of innumerable calculations on the part of various railroads and technical col-

leges and are approximately correct; but it would be assuming too much to consider them infallible. We did not calculate them ourselves, and are glad that we did not, as life is most too short for such elaborate research without the certainty of definite results. Nothing has been done so far—at least we have not been so apprised—along the lines of computing the cost of starting a train.

**I** F a locomotive is placed with right main-rod just far enough past the forward center to open the front steam-port and admit steam in the front end of the cylinder, and then the back end of the main-rod be disconnected and placed against a solid post, the steam-ports on the left side covered and the throttle opened, will the engine move ahead the length of the guides provided that the post does not break off?—G. W. V., Douglas, Arizona.

Yes, without a shadow of doubt.

**L.** E. Garber, Missouri, and others.—The standard code of whistle-signals on the locomotive-whistle makes no provision for three short blasts while the train is *running*, and no such signal is embodied in the code of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, the Erie, and many other prominent trunk lines, whose names need not be repeated. Understand, however, that the standard code is by no means mandatory or infallible, and there is no law to say that a railroad cannot make any subtraction therefrom or addition thereto which it may desire or which circumstances may dictate. In endeavoring to make these replies as concise and as accurate as possible to cover general conditions, we are compelled to quote uniform procedure if it exists. You will readily recognize the absurdity of confining to a single road. If the road or roads which you mention employ such a signal, although there is nothing to forbid, we can assure you that it is not a signal employed to any extent. We had never heard of it until you brought it to our attention.

**T**HE oil used in railroad men's lanterns is called signal-oil. Can you tell me of what this oil is made, and if it can be made by any one?—C. M. S., Omaha, Nebraska.

It is made of two parts kerosene to one part lard-oil. Some favor equal parts of the two oils in compounding the mixture, but that first mentioned may be regarded as the standard formula. If the oil embodies a larger percentage of lard-oil, the wick of the lamp is extremely likely to char, as its capillary attraction is lessened through the higher specific gravity. Any one can make signal-oil. Simply pour it together in the proportion indicated.

**G.** D. F., Raleigh, North Carolina.—The term "copperhead" was first applied to a locomotive in connection with those turned out from

the old Grant Locomotive Works in Paterson, New Jersey. The appellation arose from the fact that for some years the standard Grant engines had steam-domes lagged with polished brass. This, we think, is the true explanation of the name. If it has cropped out subsequently to that now somewhat remote period, we will have to leave further explanation in the hands of some of our good friends.

**H.** P. S., Cincinnati.—So long as you are residing in Cincinnati, we would advise you to get the information desired first hand from the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton offices. We have a fair grip on the pulse of the railroad situation, but it is somewhat beyond us to enter into historical details regarding an individual engine of the fifty thousand and odd which enter into the scheme of American railroading. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is credited with the most elaborate and instructive exhibit at the St. Louis World's Fair.

**H**OW many miles of track and how many locomotives has the Canadian Northern Railway?

(2) Are the Canadian Northern, the Canadian Northern Ontario, and the Canadian Northern Quebec all owned by the Canadian Northern Railway?

(3) Is the Canadian Northern Railway controlled by any other railroad?—T. S. S., Superior, Wisconsin.

(1) The Canadian Northern is 3,215 miles long, has 325 locomotives and 11,669 cars.

(2) The Canadian Northern and the Canadian Northern Ontario are practically merged; at least so far as the general impression exists in railroad circles. William MacKenzie, and D. B. Mann, both of Toronto, Ontario, are respectively president and vice-president of both companies, and this also applies to D. B. Hanna, third vice-president. We worked for some time on your query, and could not secure facts, but the above is the inference, which is about all we can do at this writing. The Canadian Northern Quebec is practically independent of the above.

(3) It does not appear to be, the general impression being that it is independent. It might be well to say that, before dismissing this particular question, the actual control of certain railroads is a matter somewhat involved in obscurity. It is a fairly safe rule to follow when two roads have the same president and general officers to assign a control between one or the other, but the exact nature of the control, or whether represented by a long time lease or an actual purchase can be satisfactorily answered only by an executive of the company. We can recall instances where the president of one road served in the same capacity on another with absolutely no community of financial interests present, but, of course, this is a positive exception. The logical inference in such cases would be that the two roads were

practically consolidated, and that the same policies were being followed in the instance of each.

**W**HICH is the longest long and short distance run in the world? Has the United States any run to beat the speed of the Paris-Calais boat-train of the French Northern Railroad, described in your February number?

(2) What is the length and weight of the Santa Fe Mallet compound locomotive, No. 1701?—J. P. K., Streator, Illinois.

(1) The fastest short distance runs in the world are from Camden, New Jersey, to Atlantic City, New Jersey, by either the West Jersey and Seashore (Pennsylvania) or by the Atlantic City (Reading). The distance by the former, 59 miles, and the time, 52 minutes; speed, 68.1 miles per hour. By the Reading the distance is 55.5 miles, and the time 50 minutes; speed, 66.6 miles per hour.

The fastest middle long distance run is New York to Buffalo over the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, 440 miles in 8 hours and 15 minutes, or at the rate of 53.3 miles per hour.

The fastest long distance run is New York to Chicago, made in 18 hours by both the New York Central and Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, and the Pennsylvania railroads. The distance by the former is 964 miles made at an average speed of 53.5 miles per hour, and by the Pennsylvania, 905 miles at an average speed of 50.9 miles per hour.

The fastest runs in England are from London to Glasgow, 403 miles in 8 hours and 15 minutes; London to Bristol, 118 miles in 120 minutes, 59.2 miles per hour, and several others. It will be noted that although the average English running time is very high, the runs are shorter.

The Paris-Calais boat-train is a straightaway dash of 195 miles, which is scheduled to be made in 195 minutes *without a single stop*.

The longest non-stop run in this country on a fast schedule is from Toledo, Ohio, to Elkhart, Indiana, on the L. S. and M. S., 160 miles, on which the running time is some less than in the above quoted instance. There is, of course, a considerable discrepancy in weights behind the tender, that of the Twentieth Century Limited occasionally rising to 1,000 tons, while that of the Paris-Calais boat-train seldom exceeding 450 tons. In the mere question of speed, however, this latter train can easily claim supremacy over the railroads of the world for that distance.

(2) See reply to T. F. A., this issue.

**W**HO is the youngest superintendent on a steam surface road, and what was his age at time of promotion?—F. A. B., El Paso, Texas.

The youngest one we know is not sufficiently youthful for his age to excite any particular comment, therefore, we hardly think that its mention would serve your purpose. A moment's reflection



should convince you of our inability to reply to such a question, notwithstanding our varied resources.

**M.** L. M., New York City.—To become an expert telegrapher is dependent, of course, on one's ability to learn. Before you can send and receive with equal facility, or, in other words, become qualified to assume charge of a small office, might require from nine months to two years. The average time required is about eighteen months. It depends very largely on yourself, no matter what painstaking instruction you may receive. The pay varies with the field, whether mercantile or railroading, with the preponderance of favor inclining toward the former. On all railroads, a rigid eye test is given on entering the service. The hours of duty are fixed on railroads at nine hours, if the nine-hour law is observed. The Order of Railroad Telegraphers is the official organization.

**H**AS a wireless operator any more privileges than a railroad telegrapher? Aboard ship, has he any more privileges than a seaman?—R. B. P., D. and H. R. R.

A railroad operator goes home when his trick is finished. He is free until it comes around again. You will, no doubt, grasp the point that a man in the same capacity on shipboard is practically working all the time, so long as only one operator is carried, which is usually the case.

The wireless man at sea must sleep in proximity to his instruments, so that he may be in readiness to handle any call which may come in. His operating-room is fitted with a bunk, and there are various other conveniences for his comfort. The pay averages about \$50 per month and board. There is no comparison whatever between this work and that of a seaman. The wireless operator is well taken care of; has no menial work to perform and his duties are light and pleasant. The pay doesn't exactly appeal to some of us, but when it is remembered that what is earned is absolutely clear, it may not be so bad after all. The drawbacks are being away from home all the time, and being constantly on duty, but there are compensating advantages.

**E.** W. R., Chelsea, Massachusetts.—Write to J. B. Berry, Chief Engineer, Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway, Chicago, Illinois, and he will no doubt take pleasure in supplying you with the information desired in connection with the Rock Island and other bridges across the Mississippi River.

**W**HAT is the largest engine in the United States? What is its general description?

(2) What railroad has the steepest grade? How many pounds can the largest engine

in that particular company's service haul up that grade?—T. F. A., San Rafael, California.

(1) The Mallet articulated compound locomotive No. 1700, built by the Baldwin Locomotive Works early in 1910, is the largest locomotive of that or any other type yet to be constructed. It has driving-wheels 63 inches in diameter, and weighs, independent of its tender, 462,450 pounds.

The total weight including the tender is approximately 350 tons. The boiler is 7 feet in diameter, works under a pressure of 220 pounds, and has a total heating surface, including the feed-water heater, of 6,631 square feet. There are also 1,745 square feet of superheating and reheating surface. There are two high-pressure cylinders, 26 inches diameter by 34 inches stroke, connected to eight coupled drivers, 63 inches in diameter, and two low-pressure cylinders, 38 inches in diameter by 34 inches stroke. In all probability this locomotive will not be exceeded in total weight for a very long time—if ever. The impression seems now current among prominent motive-power men that the limit has been reached with the big engine, and that a reaction is inevitable. Those constructed since the advent of this locomotive, display a marked tendency toward reversion to a lighter type, and this will no doubt shortly follow.

(2) The steepest grade is on the El Paso and Southwestern Railroad, which runs from Almogordo to Cloudcroft, New Mexico. Some of it rises four feet in one hundred, and there is one portion where the grade is five feet in the one hundred. It is also replete with any number of very short curves. We have no reliable figures on the tonnage hauled.

**C**AN Westinghouse E. T., independent brake-valve be used on an engine equipped with Westinghouse automatic D-6 brake-valve?

(2) If you break the main-pin on an eight-wheel engine, and have to take down the main-rod on one side, would it be possible to take the engine to the terminal over level track under her own steam?

(3) What type of engine is the tandem compound, and ten-wheel connected with pony-truck and trailer, such as used on the Santa Fe in New Mexico?

(4) Does a trailer change the type of an engine?—J. L. W., Cañon City, Colorado.

(1) Yes, the independent brake-valve can be applied to the D-6 equipment with little change in that arrangement.

(2) In case a main-pin should break, or any other failure should occur which would require all rods on that side to come down, you can safely leave up the side rod on the working side of the engine without causing any further damage, for the reason that the power is applied to that side of the engine only, and the pin must be either above or below the center to enable the engine to move, and they will all be sure to move in one direction. This applies equally to any type of

connected engine as well as the eight-wheel class. No harm will result to the driving-boxes, and the wheels will trail all right on the dead side. This may be a slight deviation from general practise, but it will work, and will save taking down the side rod on the good side, in addition to giving the engine two wheels to come in with instead of one.

(3) Types of locomotives are now generally designated according to Whyte's classification, which has been repeatedly referred to and explained in this department. It is based on a combination of numbers representing the arrangement of the wheels. For instance, the eight-wheel connected engine which you mentioned above was formerly called the American type but is now "4-4-0." In other words, it has a four-wheel truck, which explains the first number; four connected driving-wheels, which explains the second number, and no trailer-truck, so a cipher is added. A tandem compound engine is or was generally built with a two-wheel leading-truck, five connected drivers, and no trailer, hence 2-10-0, and others, particularly on the Santa Fe, were 2-10-2. The ten-wheel connected engine with a pony-truck and trailer which you mention is 4-6-2, or the now well-known Pacific type, which is used very extensively for heavy passenger work.

(4) The addition of a trailer changes the type of a locomotive through the addition of the third number to the classification, as explained above.

**W**HAT is the fastest time that has been made by the Pennsylvania Railroad between Chicago and New York?

(2) How much of the Pennsylvania Railroad is double-tracked between Pittsburgh and St. Louis, and also between Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and Baltimore, Maryland?

(3) What is the fastest time made by regular Pennsylvania trains between Baltimore and Washington?—C. B., Andover, Massachusetts.

(1) An eastbound eighteen-hour train, in the summer of 1905, is said to have covered the distance in less than sixteen hours actual running time, a number of delays having occurred. The Pennsylvania's eighteen-hour train began running June 11, 1905, and that of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern and the New York Central one week later.

(2) All of it.

(3) Fifty-two minutes.

**P.** S., Pittsburgh.—The principal railroads entering Pittsburgh from the east are the Baltimore and Ohio and the Pennsylvania Railroads.

**C.** E. L., Zion Station, Kentucky.—So long as there is a positive meet-order between engines 1147 and 1150 at "G," there would not appear to be much chance to raise a question of any kind. The first engine arriving there must

remain indefinitely for the other, as we understand your question. If this understanding is in error, we would be pleased to hear from you again.

**H**OW many miles of road is operated by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway?

(2) How many engines have they, and how many of them are Mallet compounds?

(3) Give a description of the Santa Fe passenger-engine 1485, and of freight-engine 1170.

(4) What other roads in Texas have as large a passenger-engine as the Santa Fe 1200 class?—J. E. B., Justin, Texas.

(1) 9,114 miles, as compiled from the latest report which has come to hand from the Interstate Commerce Commission.

(2) 1,611 locomotives on the Santa Fe proper, 421 on the Coast Lines, and 282 on operated lines, total, 2,314. There are 45 Mallet compounds.

(3) Engine 1485 is the heaviest Atlantic (4-4-2) locomotive yet to be constructed. It was recently completed by the Baldwin Locomotive Works for the Santa Fe, and weighs, in working order, 231,675 pounds. With the tender included, also in working order, the total weight is 405,000 pounds. This engine embodies the peculiarity of outside steam-pipes from the boiler to the cylinders, and also an outside dry-pipe arranged along the top center line of the boiler from the steam-dome to the smoke-box. The principal dimensions are as follows: Tractive effort, 23,800 pounds; weight on drivers, 112,125 pounds; wheel-base (driving) 6 feet 10 inches; wheel-base, total, 32 feet 8 inches; wheel-base, engine and tender, 61 feet 1 inch; cylinders, compound, 25 inches, simple, 15 inches; stroke of cylinders, 26 inches; diameter of driving-wheels over tires, 73 inches; thickness of driving-tires, 3½ inches; diameter of main driving-journal, 10 inches; diameter of rear driving-journal, 9 inches; diameter of engine truck-wheels, 34½ inches; diameter of trailer-wheels, 47 inches; total boiler heating surface, 2,508 square feet; number and outside diameter of boiler-tubes, 273 tubes, 2¼ inches in diameter, working steam-pressure, 220 pounds.

Engine 1170 is a Mallet articulated locomotive with a rigid boiler, thus distinguishing it from two others recently built by the Baldwin Works which have "flexible" boilers, so called. The total weight of the 1170 is 365,900 pounds, of which 295,000 pounds is carried on the drivers. The total weight of the engine and tender in working order, is 535,000 pounds. The principal dimensions are as follows: Driving-wheel base, 37 feet 10 inches; rigid-wheel base, 13 feet 8 inches; total engine-wheel base, 56 feet 5 inches; total wheel-base, engine and tender, 89 feet 3 inches; diameter of cylinders, high-pressure, 24 inches; low-pressure, 38 inches; stroke of cylinders, 28 inches; diameter of driving-wheels over tires, 69 inches; thickness of driving-tires, 3½ inches; diameter of main driving-journals, 10 inches; diameter of other driving-journals, 9 inches;



diameter of engine-truck wheels,  $31\frac{1}{4}$  inches; total boiler heating surface, 5,126 square feet; number and outside diameter of boiler-tubes, 294 tubes,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  inches diameter; working steam-pressure, 220 pounds per square inch. The tender contains 9,000 gallons of water, and 12 tons of coal.

(4) We do not know of any other roads in Texas using larger engines than the class mentioned.

**C.** N., South Range, Wisconsin.—The master mechanic you probably have in mind on the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie Railway, is E. Foster, Assistant, Thief River Falls, Minnesota. The Chicago and Northwestern power on the train you mention is somewhat larger and heavier.

We cannot comment on the advantages of such a course in this department. The average pay for an extra fireman, as we have frequently said, depends on the length of the run which he may happen to catch. There is no hard and fast rule about it; nothing but mileage. Bring it up with the next fireman you may happen to meet, and he will be very glad to make it all clear to you.

**H**OW many railroads operate in Alaska?

(2) Is there any position for trainmen on those lines?—J. E. S., Grand Island, Nebraska.

(1) Tanana Valley, 45 miles, 3-foot gage, 4 locomotives and 30 cars. A. P. Tyson, general manager, Chena Alaska; Copper River and Northwestern, 131 miles, 4 feet  $8\frac{1}{2}$ -inch gage, 15 locomotives, 289 cars. E. C. Hawkins, general manager, Seattle, Washington; Alaska Northern 71 miles, 4 feet  $8\frac{1}{2}$ -inch gage, 3 locomotives, 40 cars. O. G. Laberee, general manager, Spokane, Washington; White Pass and Yukon Route, 118 miles, 3-foot gage, 13 locomotives, 252 cars. A. L. Berdoo, general manager, Vancouver, British Columbia.

(2) We have no information on this point. You can settle the question readily enough by corresponding with any or all of the gentlemen whose names are mentioned above.

**E.** H., Eugene, Oregon.—Again we must repeat that it is not consistent with the policy adopted to comment on, criticize, or condemn any educational institution of the character to which you refer. This is a very wise course, if you will think it over, because, in the first place, we have absolutely no information concerning any of them, and it would be a manifest injustice to you if we should offer counsel, as the school which you have in mind might be just in the position to do a great deal for you. Your best plan would be to write frankly to the principal, or whoever is in charge, and ask him just what he has to promise in return for a course. It would also be well to supplement this by a talk with one of the

graduates. You can learn then, direct, what benefit accrued to him. We can, of course, unhesitatingly remark that so long as these various schools teach the theory as thoroughly as they do, they must have a considerable value. The science of various branches of railroading is not gone into to any extent on the railroads with their employees and it is a mighty good thing to know.

(2) Railroad brakemen do not have to work in the roundhouse before going on the road, unless they choose to accept some preliminary employment therein. The two services are entirely distinct, belonging to different departments.

**S.** F., Toledo, Ohio.—Simply address him as superintendent of the Asbury Park, New Jersey, Street Railway, and the letter will be delivered. We haven't his name.

**I**S there a standard height for locomotives? In other words, what is the extreme height from the rail to the top of the stack, dome, or whistle? I have been informed that 15 ft. 8 in. is the standard.—G. F. B., Shreveport, Louisiana.

There is no standard. It varies with the clearances of the different roads. From our records we find that 15 feet 8 inches is the maximum, and this is permissible on the Norfolk and Western Railroad. On some roads it is as low as 14 feet 6 inches, measurement taken from rail to top of stack always.

**A**RE railway mail clerks carried free in the mail-cars when off duty?—O. J. S., Tiffin, Ohio.

No. They are provided with passes over the line or territory of their route, as a rule, and when deadheading, ride in the passenger-cars.

**J.** T. R., London, Canada.—The Pennsylvania Railroad system, including all leased and controlled lines, has a mileage of 11,128; locomotives, 6,585; freight-cars, 256,481; passenger-cars, 5,585, and miscellaneous cars, 6,181; total number of cars, 268,247. In regard to the train-mileage, and statistics on the passengers carried annually, this will have to be secured from J. W. Lee, Jr., publicity agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. If he has not the figures at hand, he will no doubt be in a position to direct you to where the information can be obtained.

**R.** B., South Manchester, Connecticut.—Passenger trainmen, as a rule, are hired in that capacity. They replace the position formerly designated as brakeman. The way it is generally worked in the East, should they desire to aspire to a conductor's job, they will have to go on freight as a brakeman, and work up to passenger-

conductor through freight-flagman and freight-conductor.

(2) Two electric locomotives coupled together, but with single control, are used on the through trains of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad.

**E.** M. B., Fostoria, Ohio.—The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has 3,446 miles of road, 1,915 locomotives; 83,335 freight-cars; 1,168 passenger-cars; 2,942 miscellaneous cars; total, 87,445 cars. Engines 1700 and 1701 of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe are the largest freight-engines in use. See reply to T. F. A., this month. These two engines are over 100,000 pounds heavier than the Baltimore and Ohio Mallet compound, which works on Sand Patch grade in Pennsylvania. This was the first engine of the type to be constructed in this country. The 1700 and the 1701 are about one year old each.

**I** AM seventeen years old and want to learn locomotive engineering. Where would be the best place to start?

(2) How much does an engineer get for a regular passenger run of one hundred miles?

(3) What are the notches in the quadrant of

the reverse-lever used for when they are all the way around the quadrant?—C. W. U., Philadelphia.

(1) On the road. Commence as a fireman, or, if the master mechanic considers you too young, try to get in as an apprentice machinist during the interval. In all probability, after you have finished serving your time, you will forget your first intention.

(2) From \$3.50 to as high as \$5.50 for the hundred miles, depending on the agreement which his organization has with the company, and the class of power which he runs.

(3) They are used to hold the latch of the reverse-lever in order that it may remain in any selected place in the quadrant. The notches from the center forward are all go-ahead notches, and those from the center back, *vice versa*. As the lever is gradually drawn up from the forward corner, or starting point, as the engine gains in speed the steam "cuts off" shorter; in other words, it does not follow the piston so far in the cylinders before the valve closes the admission-port. The remainder of the stroke after this closing is effected by the expansive force of the steam; thus a great saving in steam is made over, allowing it to follow the piston at the initial pressure to the end of the stroke.

## STORY OF A FAST TRAIN.

**"I** WAS lately on a train," observed the timid passenger, "that went so fast it was dangerous to look out of the window, as you were likely to have your eyesight broken off and carried away. Why, the very farmhouses looked like the street of a village, they came so fast, and the hind car-wheels touched the rails only once in a while.

"There was not a particle of noise to be heard, because the train got far ahead of it, and people along the track said the noise kept about a mile back. The dust didn't have time to get up and dust until the train had got far away, and the way it then got up and dusted was a warning. The telegraph-poles were not visible, and the very sunbeams did not have a chance to get in the windows, and, of course, the shadow of the cars kept something like a mile and a quarter in the rear. Our watches got all out of time, as we flew westward so fast that we got clear ahead of the sun. The friction of the air took all the paint off the outside of the cars, and hats were sucked up through the ventilators. If you had dropped a book it would not have touched the floor until it had reached the back of the car, while flies were dashed against the rear end of the coach and killed. Of course, the people could not see the

train at all, and were continually driving into it at the crossings, but they didn't know any better before or afterward. It was thought that lightning struck them, as they didn't know what else it was, and people along the line said the train left a tunnel in the air which did not fill up for half an hour, while the air was hot from friction. If you would foolishly point your finger out of the window at anything it would be taken off as slick as a knife by the solidified air. We went through a terrible rainstorm, but not a drop touched the train. It didn't get a chance. Several bolts of lightning went for us, but fell a mile or two short.

"The rear brakeman fell off the car, but the suction kept him following right behind, and they reached out and pulled him in all right but quite dizzy-headed. At one place a bridge had been washed away, but that did not interfere at all, for we jumped the chasm and went on as if nothing had been wrong. The most wonderful thing about it was, that night we witnessed the phenomenon of the sun setting in the east, a sight never before witnessed, we had traveled so much ahead of it. That was the fastest ride I ever took."—*Detroit Free Press*.





# DR. JOURDAN'S MYSTERY.

BY C. W. BEELS.

The Doctor Paves the Way for the Experiment That Is to Change Young Halliwell.

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

**R**ICHARD ROBERT JOURDAN, M.D., a stranger in New York, takes up his residence with Mr. and Mrs. Phelan, the former a police sergeant. The doctor, a young, studious fellow, has a pet theory in regard to his profession which he has not been able to put into practise owing to his poverty and obscurity. He is instrumental in saving Colonel Nugent, a Western mining man, from an accident, and, later, attends the colonel during his convalescence. He confides his theory to Nugent, and Jourdan discovers that the colonel is acquainted with Mr. Halliwell, one of the rich men of the city, whose young son is a kleptomaniac. A cure for this is part of Jourdan's scheme, and he secures a letter to the Halliwells which results in an interview with the father and a meeting with the daughter.

## CHAPTER V.

### The Doctor Explains.



HE dinner at the Interstate Club took place in a private room. As most people know, the bulk of the members of the Interstate are men of affairs and millions. The majority are of ripe years. Every State in the Union is represented on the membership-roll, hence its name. Where money and middle age are gathered there will be fine feeding and good drinking also. It was so in the case of the Interstate Club, whose dinners were famous, and whose chef owned his own home and a touring-car. Dr. Jourdan came to the conclusion that evening that he deserved every inch of his culinary fame.

Nothing was said about the matter that lay close to the hearts of the two men during the serving of the courses, but with the coming of the coffee and cigars the host signified to the attendants that he and his guest wished to be alone.

"Well, doctor, have you anything additional to say to me?" asked the financier as soon as the door closed.

The physician did not reply until he had pondered over the query a little. Then he said:

"I think not, Mr. Halliwell. I have tried to tell you in lay language the theory and method of effecting cures in cases allied with that of your son. There is hardly anything more to be said, so far as I am concerned. There remains, however, your consent or your refusal."

The financier drummed on the table with his fingers thoughtfully.

"Did I understand you to say, the other evening, that you had witnessed or actually performed cures by means of this system in which you seem to place so much faith?"

Dr. Jourdan made a gesture of assent.

"Have you any objection to relating some of such?"

"Not in the slightest, sir. After a year of bacteriological study in Vienna, I went to Florence, taking with me letters of introduction to Professor Lurattini, of that city. He was then engaged in investigations having to do with this same subject, and it was because of this that I went to him. I was under his tutelage over eighteen months. During that period I was privileged to see him turn a man afflicted with homicidal mania into a peaceful, law-abiding citi-

zen; a hypochondriac into a wholesome-minded, healthy individual; while a notorious brigand, who came from a family of professional robbers and cutthroats, was transformed into an honest, hard-working villager."

"All by this serum method?"

"All by the injection of an appropriate serum into the tissues of each patient. He was greatly aided in his work by the Italian government, who not only allowed him to select subjects from prisons and hospitals, but furnished him with those persons from whose blood he wished to make serum-cultures."

"Capital arrangement for the scientist, but rough on the other chaps," laughed Mr. Halliwell.

"Hardly so. No person was operated on one way or the other unless his consent was first obtained. In the case of the prisoners, certain privileges were allowed them in return for their acquiescence. The patients in the hospital were there to be cured, and they not only suffered no risks when in the hands of a man like Lurattini, but they had an excellent chance of recovery."

"Ah, a *chance* of recovery!" echoed the other.

"My dear sir," said Dr. Jourdan earnestly, "medicine is not and never will be an absolute science. Only those of its members who are charlatans guarantee a cure in every instance through a given course of treatment. No two human bodies are exactly alike in a pathological sense. Where the difference is marked, the results of an administration of a drug or a serum may, in each instance, be of a contradictory nature."

"Speaking in general terms, the specialist is he who has learned to adopt a treatment to a body, the former being based on the physical and mental idiosyncrasies of the latter. Yet, even the specialist is apt to err in his diagnosis, although in the majority of cases the patient whom he treats has, as I have said, an excellent chance of recovery."

"Then, as I understand it, a clever physician should study—carefully study—a new patient as a preliminary?" asked the financier.

"Decidedly so."

"And yet—if you will pardon my saying so—you were ready to begin treatment on my boy right away?"

"That is hardly correct, Mr. Halliwell," replied the physician emphatically. "In

the first place, the subject has not reached that stage which would warrant my contemplating treatment. Our talk relative to your son has been of a tentative nature only. You have said nothing that I could construe into a promise of consent. Even had you expressed your willingness to place him in my hands, I can assure you that I should have made haste slowly. I should have subjected him to a proper period of observation and investigation before going further in the matter."

Dr. Jourdan had a way of looking you straight in the eye when he spoke, and in this instance there was something in his gaze that matched the note of severe protest in his talk.

It did not escape the notice of Mr. Halliwell. Like most very rich men, Halliwell was accustomed to deferential demeanor and smooth speech from those with whom he came in contact, especially if they were looking for business or social favors at his hands.

It was a new experience, therefore, to meet a man who talked to him fearlessly, and who didn't hesitate to contradict him pointblank—politely, it is true, but directly, nevertheless. He liked the young doctor all the more because of his independent attitude.

"You are right, Dr. Jourdan," he admitted. "I spoke hastily, and I ask your pardon for so doing. But will you tell me about other cases with which you came in contact? I wish to know more about this interesting process."

The doctor's face cleared. Like all fine-natured men, he didn't nurse the remembrance of an affront, real or imagined.

"Certainly," he said, with a smile. "But such cases were practically repetitions of those that I witnessed in Italy. At Budapest a money-lender, who had gone insane on account of defaulting clients, was restored to health and sanity by Professors Ruchman and Arnauld, the serum treatment being used. The money-lender was a notorious usurer who grew rich out of the profligacy of young men of prospective wealth. After he left the asylum he closed his business and endowed a home."

"For the benefit of his old patrons, I presume?" said Mr. Halliwell cynically.

"It would seem that way. In Paris I came in contact with two examples of the effectiveness of the method, although I did not witness the phases of cures. Dornon,



Mauroix, and LeVeore were the physicians in charge of the patients, one of whom was a nobleman who for many years had been a notorious libertine. He is living a monastic life now.

"In Nantes and London I was afforded further opportunities for passing on the possibilities of the discovery.

"On my return to this country I had the great privilege of restoring to moral sanity and his parents a young Chicagoan who had suddenly developed a mania for gambling and was ruining himself in consequence."

"Have such cures proven permanent?" asked the financier.

"Yes, so far as I know," was the answer. "As I have stated, germs breed diseases—mental or physical—in accordance with their type or species. The germs once eliminated from the system in both classes of maladies, there is but little chance of their return, provided that precaution is taken against their securing relodgment."

There was silence for a spell. Mr. Halliwell consulted a small memorandum-book which he drew from his vest-pocket.

"Dr. Jourdan," he said at length, "I am aware that gentlemen of your profession exercise the right to surround your work with a certain amount of reserve. No doubt you have good reasons for this. Therefore I am not at all sure whether you will answer the question I'm going to put to you."

"If I can consistently answer, I certainly will."

"Well, then, why is my boy afflicted as he is? There must be some antecedent reason for—for—his unhappy condition. I have put this question to several members of your profession, and none of them have given me a satisfactory answer—either because they could not or would not. Can you—or will you reply to it?"

## CHAPTER VI.

### Getting Down to Facts.

**D**R. JOURDAN felt a sudden throb of sympathy for the man whose millions were useless to him in the presence of a father's affliction. The huskiness of Mr. Halliwell's voice told of the deep emotion that underlay his speech.

"If you really desire to learn what my beliefs are in regard to your son's case," he said very quietly, "I can see no objection to your so doing. But I would remind you

that these beliefs are not original with me. They form the basis of all the investigations that are now being made by scientists on the lines that I have indicated. I have implicit faith in them."

He paused.

"Proceed, please." Mr. Halliwell's tone bespoke his impatience.

"It is proper for me to tell you, though, that what I am about to state may not be altogether pleasant. I may offend you by my frankness."

"I hardly think so."

"Well, then," Dr. Jourdan spoke slowly and distinctly, "a mental malady is not infrequently the outcome or the culmination of an hereditary quality or trait developed to an abnormal degree."

He halted again, and the financier looked at him inquiringly.

"Because of the interest that I felt in your son's case," he went on, "I took it upon myself to inquire into your family history through the medium of genealogical works of reference, hoping that such inquiry would furnish me with a clue to the young man's affliction. In this I was not disappointed.

"I find that Jabez Halliwell landed in this country from Barnstaple, England, in the early part of the eighteenth century, and established himself in New York, first as a general merchant, later as an Indian-trader. In those days the business was highly profitable—for the trader. Indeed, there were not wanting those who declared that such trading was sheer robbery. Jabez had two sons, Hiram and Seth. Seth went to Massachusetts, where he became a farmer and trader, and managed to exchange rum and gewgaws with the Indians for considerable of their land.

"His real-estate operations finally created so much talk among the neighbors and trouble among the aborigines that the authorities interfered. He proved his title to land in his possession, however, and stuck to it, although he does not appear to have undertaken further deals. The New England branch of the Halliwells is now wealthy and socially influential?"

This last sentence was interrogative. The financier gave a nod of assent.

"Hiram remained with his father. At the death of the latter he succeeded to the business. In the meantime he had married Margaret Dalton, daughter of a ship captain, and one son—named Jabez for his grandfather—was born to them. Now,

whether it was through the influence of his father-in-law or by reason of the tempting profits of the business is not related; but, anyhow, Hiram fitted out two, if not three, ships for the slave trade, all being under the general command of Captain Dalton.

"The venture proved profitable, and the flood of guineas that resulted brought many things to Hiram, among them proffered municipal honors. These he declined, possibly on the score that he didn't want anything to interfere with business.

"During the first war with England he appears to have converted his slavers into privateers, and although one of the ships was destroyed he made money nevertheless. A 'bloody flux' carried him off just after the breaking of the nineteenth century, and New York acknowledged that it had lost one of the most reputable and distinguished citizens.

"The family instinct for money-making asserted itself in the case of young Jabez, who took up the reins of the business. He bought new slavers, fitted out several privateers during the war with France, and later sold his ships outright to our government, just prior to the war of 1812. He also loaned money to the government officials at a rate of interest that did more credit to his business ability than to his patriotism. The tradition that he made big sums by selling contraband supplies to the British does not seem to be backed by sufficient evidence to warrant its acceptance."

Mr. Halliwell winced at this allusion to an unpleasant episode in the family history, and the doctor continued:

"Your grandfather combined politics with his commercial pursuits, and, to use the vernacular, played the combination for all it was worth. That his methods were favored was shown by the fact that he built and endowed two churches and a hospital. It was also through his means that there was a general betterment of the jail conditions in the East.

"The government commission that was convened for the purpose of inquiring into all his alleged unjustifiable acquirement of what had been held as public lands in western Pennsylvania cleared him of the original charges of fraud and larceny."

Again Mr. Halliwell winced, while the doctor referred to a slip of paper that he drew from his pocket.

"Your father, Mr. Halliwell, like some other shrewd men of means, foresaw that

this country would speedily recover from the industrial depression brought about by the Civil War, and so proceeded to take advantage of the situation. He purchased bank and railroad stock, real estate, and the control of certain commercial enterprises at the then depreciated values, and waited for the inevitable boom.

"If I mistake not, he organized the Purchase and Banking Trust, that bought for cash securities of all kinds from the needy, at prices so small that the trust was finally dissolved by reason of the outcry raised against it by the press and the public. The gist of this cry was that the corporation was trading in a cold-blooded fashion on the desperate necessities of the community."

He paused.

"Am I not to be included in this—unvarnished history of the Halliwells?" asked the financier, with a wry smile.

"I should serve no purpose by so including you. What I have said will, I think, illustrate my theory as to the cause of your son's trouble."

"And the theory is?"

"You have asked me to speak frankly, Mr. Halliwell. I am taking further advantage of your permission. Man is a predatory animal. His conquests over nature and his fellows prove that much. Business is his predatory instinct, operating in more or less legitimate fields.

"In many cases the so-called successful business man walks dangerously near the boundary that separates the criminal from the reputable classes. Where this is continued from generation to generation there will come a time certainly when this hereditary trait will culminate in one or more of his descendants giving it painful manifestation. We have, among other of such manifestations, kleptomaniacs—those who have no reason for stealing, but who obey the uncontrollable prompting left unto them by predatory ancestors."

He spoke with the quiet solemnity of absolute conviction.

"Then, you hold that the sins of the fathers will be visited unto 'children of the third and fourth generation'?" he asked.

"In a sense, yes. But you should finish the quotation: 'And show mercy unto thousands of them that love Me and keep My commandments.' That, to my mind, is equivalent to a promise that the curse can be extinguished by the moral and physical means at our command."



Mr. Halliwell meditated. The doctor drew carefully at his cigar.

"There is one aspect of your theory that I cannot understand, doctor," said Mr. Halliwell as he came out of his brown study, "and—if you will pardon my saying so—it seems to me to be fatal to that theory. It is this: on the one hand you tell me that—that kleptomania and similar affections result from hereditary tendencies; on the other, you assure me that they are due to germs in the bodily system. How do you reconcile these apparently contradictory statements?"

"The reply is not difficult. I am glad that you put the question to me."

Dr. Jourdan's tone was convincing. He continued:

"As I have said, a majority of the so-called mental—or, if the term be more practical, moral—diseases are due to the presence in the system of the minute organisms to which we give the name of germs, microbes, or bacilli. They can only live and multiply in a system whose condition is such that it is favorable to them. We have precisely the same proposition in other classes of diseases, such as tuberculosis, gout, and cancer. To use the lay phrase, these diseases 'run in families' by reason of the fact that infected ancestors are responsible for a posterity whose powers of resistance to the inroads of a given germ have been weakened during the generations that preceded them. And what is true in the case of tuberculosis is equally true in the instance of those subtler types of disease that attack our morality through the medium of our bodies."

"The theory is at least ingenious," commented the other.

"I think that the term 'fact,' rather than 'theory,' would be more appropriate," retorted Dr. Jourdan with quiet emphasis, "inasmuch as its truth has been proven by experiments."

"Doesn't it seem a little curious that a discovery so tremendously important to mankind, so far-reaching in its effects on this and the generations that are to come, should be practically unknown to the world at large and used only by a handful of specialists, instead of the majority of medical men?" asked Mr. Halliwell.

"Yes—and no. Our profession is very properly given to conservation. It does not readily indorse changes in its methods, especially when these changes promise to be of a radical sort, as in this instance. Again,

very special preparation for this treatment is needed by the practitioner; also facilities that are not available in the case of the average doctor.

"The difficulties that surround the treatment are such that it does not appeal to the M.D. who is given to easy self-exploitation, and it has not and will not receive that cheap and misleading popularity that has befallen many brilliant medical discoveries during the early phases of their being."

"Upon my word, doctor, you seem to have a satisfactory reply to every criticism of your beliefs!"

"I am glad that you think them satisfactory," replied Dr. Jourdan. "I speak as I know."

"Have you any idea as to the time that would elapse before we could look for an improvement in our son's condition—if I placed him in your hands?" asked Mr. Halliwell after another spell of meditation.

The young physician usually had himself well in hand, but at the financier's question, charged as it was with possibilities for which he had hoped and dreamed for years, the room seemed to spin around him. It was a moment or so before he could reply.

"I cannot say. I must study him for a little time. There have been instances where absolute cures were effected within a few weeks; in other cases, many months elapsed before a recovery was made. I came in personal contact with one patient in Paris who had been under treatment for nearly a year, and was only then on the road to normality. She was an American young woman, an only daughter of a Western packer who began life as cook in a cow-camp. The daughter and her millions married an Englishman of title. He turned out to be a very decent sort of a fellow who did all in his power to further the social ambitions of his wife, which were many and constantly increasing. Her mania for 'smartness' and her tuft-hunting propensities made her socially notorious.

"Her cravings for further distinction of the same kind dipped heavily into her millions, and finally broke her health. The titled husband insisted on her going on the continent for a rest. While in Grunewald, she met Professor Delence, one of the fathers of the new method. The professor diagnosed the wife's case as a form of exaggerated ego, or a mental malady induced and aggravated by her social ambitions.

"With the assistance of the husband, he got her to Paris, and proceeded to treat her. I had a letter from him a few months ago in which he tells me that his wife had settled down into a quiet home-loving wife, who is adored by the tenants of their estates in Somerset because of the way in which she looks after their interests and lives so much among them."

"A most interesting case," commented the financier.

"Yes. It illustrates a belief that I have long held, that an unreasoning desire for social distinction—the cost not being counted—is a true mental malady, arising from causes that are clearly traceable to the lives of the idle rich.

"The majority of our international marriages, especially when there is a title involved"—he checked himself, cursing his tongue for running away with his discretion—"but I'm wandering from the subject in order to ventilate my views on a pet topic."

He ceased with a laugh that didn't have much mirth in it.

"Well," said Mr. Halliwell, with a slight sigh. "I am almost of the opinion that you are right, wholly or in part. It may be that a goodly portion of our larger ambitions are based on a sort of insanity. Who knows? 'Great wit to madness'—you know the quotation?"

The doctor nodded, but said nothing. He was still smarting under his unfortunate remark.

"And you are assured that no harm will come to a patient through this treatment, even if he is not benefited thereby?"

"I am sure; that is, if the necessary precautions are taken by the physician in attendance."

"I don't think I need ask if these precautions would be observed if you had charge of a case, Dr. Jourdan," said Mr. Halliwell with a friendly smile. "And—I will place Harold in your hands. May God prosper your work with him!"

"Thank you," said the other with a sincerity that carried with it the comfort of conviction.

"You do not mind if I ask some questions regarding your son?" queried the doctor. "Your replies will be of help to me."

"Ask anything you like," said the other earnestly, "I shall be glad to answer you."

The physician put a series of interrogations relative to the boy's age, habits, edu-

cation, companions, tastes, and he wanted a minute answer to each query.

"He is, I take it, conscious of regret after the act?"

"Yes."

"Has he ever told you that prior to the act his conscience urges him not to yield to the promptings of his weakness?"

"He has—on almost every occasion."

"When he is not quite himself in point of health, is the tendency to—to acquisition, more marked than at other times?"

"Yes, decidedly so."

"Is he especially attracted by articles that are bright or glittering?"

"You speak as if you were entirely familiar with his case. It is as you say."

"Then let me tell you, sir, that his cure is probable, nay, certain, within a comparatively short time."

"You speak positively, Dr. Jourdan," said Mr. Halliwell, his eyes shining with hope.

"In cases of this kind, a patient invariably responds to the treatment provided that the obsession has not entirely destroyed or ousted the moral sense. In the latter instance, it has been found that no cure is possible. My allusion to the bright objects has to do with a peculiarity of the intermediate stages of the malady. The victim is, in a sense, in a condition of self-hypnosis. In accordance with a well-known law of hypnotism, anything that shines or glitters induces this condition."

"As to your fee," began the financier, after the men had drunk a mute toast to each other.

"I would prefer that any remuneration be deferred until your son's recovery," interrupted the doctor.

"If—and pardon the suggestion—you would like me to send you a check on account, I shall be glad to do so. I can quite believe that the expenses incidental to the treatment will be heavy."

"No, sir; quite the contrary. There is no occasion for me to call on your check-book; although I thank you, nevertheless."

"As you like," said Mr. Halliwell, who, to tell the truth, was a trifle surprised at the young doctor's attitude in the matter, in view of his preceding experiences with medical men. "And now what is the first thing that you propose to do?"

"I want to have an opportunity to observe your son amid his usual surroundings and under normal conditions. I do not wish



him to know that he is to be treated by me until I see fit to tell him. The treatment itself will be in accordance with what I learn of his temperamental and other peculiarities."

"Very well, doctor. A family dinner at my home would serve your purpose?"

"Nothing could be better. If you talk the arrangement over with other members of your family, be good enough to warn them not to mention it to your son."

"Certainly; the hope that you have given us will prompt us to honor your wishes. God knows we want hope for our poor boy!"

The physician was touched by the tone even more than by the words. It was one of the first instances—although by no means the last—in his professional career that he was witness to the impotency of vast wealth in the presence of a great sorrow. In such cases it always seemed to him that human destiny was emphasizing the futility of riches in the matter of those things which are at the basis of true happiness.

A clock chimed midnight. "Bless me!" cried Mr. Halliwell, "I'd no idea that it was so late. You have made me forget the time, doctor."

"I appreciate the compliment," the doctor answered, "but I think that it was the topic rather than myself that held your attention."

The financier looked at his guest with misty eyes.

"You are right," he said. There was a catch in his voice. "And if you are ever a father, Dr. Jourdan, you will understand how my wife and myself feel about this dear lad of ours, in whom we have centered so many hopes and so much love. Cure him and I will—" He stopped short.

"And yet," thought the doctor to himself, "this man and woman are willing that their daughter should purchase a title at the bargain-counter of the altar." Then aloud: "You have my sincere sympathy, Mr. Halliwell. A parent's first thought is naturally for the well-being and future happiness of his children."

"That is as it should be," assented the man of millions thoughtfully. For the second time that evening he sighed audibly. Mr. Halliwell wasn't without troubles of which the world knew nothing.

After arranging the dinner date, the men parted. The hand-grasp that each gave

and received was significant of the good understanding that the evening had brought into being.

## CHAPTER VII.

### The Halliwell Hospitality.

THE colonel's congratulations were of a breezy sort. Phelan, on being taken into the confidence of the Texan and the doctor, shook the doctor's hand until that member tingled and ached, prophesying that the day would come when he, Larry, would be proud to tell that 'twas in his house that the famous Dr. Jourdan opened his first office.

"Now, Phelan, I want your help in this matter," began the M.D. when the enthusiasm had subsided somewhat.

"Count me in on anything, doctor, I'm yours."

"I want you to put me in touch with two or three professional crooks, moll-buzzers, dips, or hall-flams—but they must be old-timers and healthy."

The detective grinned at the use of "thief slang," for he had taught it to the doctor himself.

"That I'll sure do," he said. "The best way will be to nail the guys the day that they finish their bits in the jug, for after a five or seven-year stretch, they are as clean as a gun barrel. The prison doctors see to that."

"Do you think that there will be any difficulty in getting them to submit to a tapping?"

"No; that is, if there is enough money in it. A crook who has been doing a stretch doesn't, as a rule, find the glad hand and the open wallet waiting for him outside the gates. The yarns about his old pals sticking to him and holding on to a percentage of the 'fall money' to shove into his fist when he's turned loose are piffle."

"He's usually busted except for his back prison pay, and he drifts into the old game because he's got to keep body and soul together. Usually, the square guys are the last to help him along."

Phelan spoke without irony. He was simply stating the condition as he knew it existed.

"All right! I'll rely on you, Phelan, and thanks for your help. We needn't hesitate to spend money to get the right people. Anybody that you may select to watch out

can camp at Sing Sing, or anywhere else for the purpose, and be well paid."

The detective consulted a note-book.

"Bull O'Brien will be out on the eighth—a week away. Thirty-five years old; been in and out of the mill ever since he was fourteen; mostly for 'dipping,' which, I needn't tell you, doctor, is picking pockets.

"Curley Simmons, who finishes a seven-year bit on the tenth, is a 'gas-bull'—a fake inspector of meters, who swipes whatever he can lay his hands on in the flat. He's 'good people,' too.

"George the Gent' is George Wallerman, one of the slickest 'con' men that ever did up a come-on by the grab game. He winds up on the tenth also.

"The Weasel,' who is Harry Toller, is a beaut—one of the smoothest, softest 'sneak guns' that ever pinched a door-mat. He comes out on the eighth. All choice, and lots more of them."

"I leave the choice of the men to you, Phelan. Whoever you may select, I want brought on to New York and put in quarters where they can be under surveillance until I have done with them."

"Leave all that to me, doctor. I'll see you through this end of the proposition, or I'll never draw a penny of pension."

A few evenings later, when Dr. Jourdan alighted from a taxicab in front of the Halliwell mansion, he felt that his self-possession, somehow or other, had left him. This quality is the outcome of a belief in one's self and one's ability to hold his own in anything he may undertake. It is a curious fact, however, that the society of a delightful young woman often breeds in a young man an introspection that leads to self-doubt that is in striking contrast to the comfortable self-assurance that had previously been his, and it was so in the case of Dr. Jourdan. His discomfort was none the less by reason of his realization that his unwonted feelings were distinctly ridiculous. He had met Miss Halliwell but once. That she was as far removed from him in a social sense as she well could be, was fully established in his mind. In spite of the promptings of his common-sense, he could not quite get control of himself when he pressed the bell-button of the Halliwell front door. Something like a nervous shiver swept through him from head to foot.

Once inside the house, however, he became his own master again, and in the drawing-room, when he met and was intro-

duced to Mrs. Halliwell and Harold by the financier, a reaction set in that was in direct contrast to his feelings of a few moments before. His fitness put him at his ease forthwith, and it was not long before he was chatting with his host and the ladies in pleasant fashion.

Mrs. Halliwell was a tall and stately woman, with gray hair, regular features, and a sweet, but rather tired, face. She had many of the earmarks of the typical aristocrat in speech and bearing. Dr. Jourdan observed that while her manner toward him was that of the cordial hostess, it was tinged with a suggestion that he was outside the rigid social pale that encircled the Halliwells.

It was not hard to see from which of her parents Mildred inherited her expression or her carriage. Jourdan came to the conclusion that the girl was a reproduction of her mother, as she must have been in the days of her youth. Miss Halliwell looked very lovely in her dinner-gown, and her greeting to the guest was courteous and gracious.

Harold was a good-looking lad, who strongly resembled his sister, yet he lacked that well-bred positiveness that was one of her characteristics. Tall, of fine carriage and pleasant manners, his personality was winning. Yet his glance, as the doctor noted, was wandering—even shifty. When his attention was not concentrated on an object or topic, his eyes swept around the room as if in search of something. At other times, a film of vacancy seemed to pass over his face and vision. During the evening, the doctor noted this with keen discernment.

When dinner was announced, Mrs. Halliwell was escorted by the visitor; the daughter by her father. Harold brought up the rear. Dr. Jourdan inwardly resented the social canon that called for this arrangement. He had hoped that good fortune would throw him with Mildred as much as possible.

Dinner was served in the dining-room of the mansion, the tapestry and paneling of which, as all New Yorkers know, are decoratively and socially famous. The Halliwell plate was also in evidence, and the guest caught himself musing on the unexpected turn of the wheel of fate that had placed in his hands a knife and fork whose handles were griffins and violets of carved silver and ivory.

What is commonly called "society"—



especially the women—live in a very small world, after all. They mix with those that are like unto themselves in most things; they seek the same amusements, and they eat the same food as do their neighbors of "the avenue"; they attend the same churches, and they are clothed and decorated by the same tailors and dressmakers and milliners; even their fads are shared by each other, and the monotony of it all leads to affairs-with ladies of the stage so far as men are concerned, and elopements with chauffeurs on the part of the women.

The Halliwells were no exception to this narrow rule of existence, and Dr. Jourdan, being otherwise than themselves, came to be duly appreciated before many courses were served.

His breeziness and hearty relish of life; his original views of men and things and the out-of-the-ordinary experiences that had been his, were in strong contrast to the *blasé* demeanor and conversation of the majority of men that moved in the Halliwell sphere—and nobody noticed this more than Miss Halliwell.

Dr. Jourdan, too, could talk about himself and his doings without letting you feel that he was making an undue use of the first person singular—a gift greatly to be desired. He was familiar with the section of England that had been Mrs. Halliwell's home, and he and she recalled some of the traditions that clung around the ancient church of St. Katherines-o'-the-Wynd; of the custom of "barring the bride" with ropes of flowers held across the road, which bars were not lowered until there was a scattering of flowers and small silver; of the annual blessing of the apple-trees, and other legends.

To Harold, he told a story or two of cowboy life in Texas, for, once on a time, as he explained, he was bitten with the craze for the rope and the bronco, and wore it out by a year or so of "punching."

And when Miss Halliwell turned the conversation on travel abroad, he, with a touch of diffidence, spoke of queer corners in the Slav states; of a stay among the Bedouins in northern Arabia, and a marriage ceremony that he had witnessed in Morocco.

"You have traveled extensively, and in difficult places, Dr. Jourdan," said Miss Halliwell, as he finished this last narration, and the smile that accompanied the remark was very friendly. The reserve that had at first surrounded her gradually melted as the

dinner progressed, and she joined in the conversation with a zest that astonished and delighted the young man.

"Well, hardly that. The facilities for getting around nowadays are such that if a man travels light, he can go almost anywhere at short order and little discomfort."

"You mean that he mustn't have a wife and the trunks that go with her, I suppose," said Mildred, with a rippling laugh.

The doctor echoed the laugh—as did the others.

"One must expect to be subject to the law of compensation," he retorted. "Perhaps it is as well that it interferes in our doings in order to prevent us becoming cloyed with the good things of life."

"Do you allude to the wife or the travel?" asked Mr. Halliwell mischievously.

"I can only speak from the latter point of view," and again there was laughter.

The talk turned on the show places of Europe, and Dr. Jourdan confessed that he was not yet familiar with them.

"You must have had a reason for neglecting them, I imagine?" Again it was Miss Halliwell who spoke.

"Why, I have," admitted the doctor with a show of reluctance. "And I'm afraid that you'll think it a very stupid reason at that."

"That is interesting. Mother, will you please persuade Dr. Jourdan to tell us why he doesn't care for Bonn, or Monaco, or the Riviera, or Bournemouth?"

As she asked the question, Dr. Jourdan privately decided that her eyes never looked lovelier than when lit with a spark of railery.

"He will tell us without persuasion, I am sure," came the modulated voice of Mrs. Halliwell. "Will you not, doctor?"

"If you wish me to, I'll do so; but you'll assuredly write me down a snob or a misanthrope; I warn you, Mrs. Halliwell."

"And I shall follow mother's example," added Mildred.

The doctor marveled all the more at the manner in which she had shed the hauteur that had enveloped her like a garment when he saw her for the first time.

"Well, then, it's because I don't like the people that one usually meets at these points. For the most part, they seem to be there simply because the place is fashionable. Their natural beauties seem to be absolutely lost on this class of tourists. I may be cranky, and possibly I am, but vacuous chat-

ter and insipid personalities spoil my enjoyment of an Alpine peak or the purple and gold and carmine of a Mediterranean sunset."

Miss Halliwell looked at her mother with accusing eyes that sparkled over a smiling mouth.

"It is *you* that are responsible for most of our trips to these places," she said, "and it is you must clear our skirts of the imputation of belonging to 'the class of tourists' to whom Dr. Jourdan so strongly objects."

"One moment, please," spoke up the doctor; "I only alluded to the people one usually meets. Manifestly that does not include the members of this household."

"Adroit!" remarked Mildred.

"And truthful," retorted the physician.

During this idle chatter Dr. Jourdan was not unmindful of the professional object of his visit. He observed Harold closely and the effect on the boy of the various phases of the conversation. He took mental notes of his bearing, of his conversation, the way that he responded to questions addressed to him, and the type of questions that he addressed to others.

While so doing, on more than one occasion, he caught Miss Halliwell's eyes studying him, as it were, as if in an effort to establish an estimate of him. In such moments he had all his work cut out to maintain his equilibrium, personal and professional.

Toward the close of the dinner the doctor felt that his object had been attained, so far as the lad was concerned. He had obtained that glimpse into his temperamental condition that would warrant the formulating of the treatment. Nothing remained now but to administer it.

A sense of depression seized on him. The chances of future evenings like unto this were over. In the future his intercourse with the family would be of a professional nature only.

"And how long have you been in practice, doctor?" said Mrs. Halliwell.

Harold had left the room for the purpose of fetching some photographs from his den to show the guest.

"Less than a year, madam; but I have studied medicine for a number of years in this country and abroad."

"Since I have been the wife of Mr. Halliwell I have acquired a good deal of the acquisitiveness that is charged against the American woman," she said, the curves of

her pretty mouth vouching for the humor that she felt, "and so I am not going to make any excuses for asking you whether you are of English descent. Your pronunciation of certain words suggests the question."

"Yes, I was born in England."

"Now I understand why you are so familiar with affairs on the other side of which the average traveler has no knowledge. By the way, I remember—that is, I know of a family of Jourdans in Leicester. One of them, Sir Thomas Jourdan, a baronet by the way, was a famous physician. If my memory serves me aright, he distinguished himself in the army."

"He was practically the father of military diet and hygiene as we now know it—that is, so far as the British army is concerned."

Mrs. Halliwell turned, and appeared to be more interested.

"Then you know of Sir Thomas, evidently?" she asked.

"He was my grandfather, Mrs. Halliwell," answered the doctor quietly.

"Bless me!" ejaculated the lady, startled out of the reserve of her class, while Mildred added, "This is highly interesting," and Mr. Halliwell jocularly remarked that his wife would presently find that the doctor was a cousin many times removed.

"Sir Thomas had one son, I recollect. He, of course, was your father?"

The doctor made a gesture of assent.

"Your grandfather died the year after my marriage," continued the lady, "and then—and then—"

"Our family affairs went wrong," said Dr. Jourdan bluntly, "and father decided to come to America. Mother died about then, but left him free to follow his inclinations. He bought a ranch in the West and did fairly well. I inherited my inclination for medicine from my grandfather, and studied at intervals."

He paused and looked at Mr. Halliwell as if in appeal.

The financier answered the look.

"I don't think, dear," he said to his wife, "that we have the right to ask Dr. Jourdan for any more of his family history. We—"

"I think, father, that Dr. Jourdan feels that he is among friends who are not actuated by anything but the kindest of motives in listening to what he has to tell us about himself," said Mildred Halliwell sweetly, and there was that in her eyes that



made the young man's being thrill to its inmost fibers.

"Your father must miss you greatly," ventured Mrs. Halliwell after a pause.

The doctor bit his lip and controlled himself with an effort.

"I think not," he said in a low tone. "He died seven years ago. He was a good man who is doubtless tasting the happiness that awaits the good. There are no regrets or longings—there."

The emotion under which he labored was unmistakable. The eyes of Miss Halliwell softened in a manner that was unusual to them.

"I have to ask your pardon for touching on a topic that is as painful to you as this must be," said Mrs. Halliwell presently, "and I am sure you believe that you have all our good wishes for your future professional success."

There was a note in her voice that was not there previously. Dr. Jourdan did not let it escape him. It was as if the lady had put him on the plane of an equal.

"But—if I may ask—now that you have succeeded to the title, why do you not use it? I think it dates back some centuries, does it not?"

Mrs. Halliwell's voice was persuasive—almost pleading. Excellent woman though she was, it had flashed on her that it would be very pleasant for people to know that one of the Halliwell family physicians was Sir William Jourdan.

"It—the title—came into existence in the time of the first James," replied the doctor. "It is one of the oldest baronetcies in Great Britain. As to my reason for not using it, that is simple; Mrs. Halliwell. I am an American citizen, in the first place; and I have a prejudice against a man making use of a token of distinction that might have been deserved by his ancestor, but to which he can lay no moral claim."

"Then you don't believe in titles?" The question came pertly from Miss Halliwell.

"In countries in which they are customary they serve their purpose, I suppose. In a republic such as this, I cannot understand the craving for them that exists in some quarters. I am merely voicing my own opinion, however. I have no doubt but that those who yearn for titular epaulets can furnish good reason why they should be worn. But as a guarantee for the worth of a man, why, I need not say that they are often worse than useless."

"Yet it does seem a pity that you allow a title that has so many admirable associations connected with it to lapse, as it were," objected Mrs. Halliwell.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A Telegram Arrives.

MILDRED remained silent, and her father eyed Dr. Jourdan attentively. Both were thinking that the young doctor was a person of an out-of-the-ordinary sort—and both liked him none the less for being so.

"I am not so sure that I intend to do so," he laughed. "If the time ever comes that I feel that I have done something that warrants the gratitude of the world, I will signalize that time by budding out as a full-fledged baronet. Up to that period, however, I shall remain a plain M.D."

"That's a happy resolve," declared Mr. Halliwell; "and, upon my word, doctor, I am with you!"

Mrs. Halliwell raised her finely penciled eyebrows in mute protest.

"Then for your own sake—and that of the title—I hope it will not be long before I may address you as Sir William," she said brightly.

"To which I add the hope that the recovery of your son will prove the first step in the direction of my success."

The doctor spoke with an earnestness that appealed to the mother's heart.

"Thank you," she said simply. From that moment Dr. Jourdan had established himself in her regard.

Mrs. Halliwell gave the signal for rising.

"You can go with your mother in the drawing-room," said Mr. Halliwell to Harold, who had returned in the meantime. "I want to speak to the doctor in the smoking-room."

As the ladies retired, Halliwell led the way to the apartment sacred to the goddess of nicotin.

"Well?" he said as he motioned the doctor to a chair and opened a cigar-cabinet.

"The condition of your son is much as I expected. The formulation of the treatment will, after to-night, be easy. It only remains to so administer it that it shall not do violence to his temperamental peculiarities. The lad is of a highly sensitive nature and will have to be carefully handled."

Mr. Halliwell nodded.

"When can you begin the treatment?" he asked.

"In about ten days. I shall then have the serum ready, and have made arrangements for the needed supply."

"Then you have already taken steps to that end?" Mr. Halliwell's tone expressed his approving surprise.

"Yes."

"Good. And have you planned the methods that you are to use in connection with the actual treatment?"

"In a way, yes. I propose—always provided that you give your consent—to try and make your son look upon me as a friend, in the first instance; and as a doctor, in the second. If he can be induced to place confidence in me in the former capacity, I have little doubt but that he will in the latter. A suggestion from me at this point that I can cure him will free him from the nervous objections that he might offer if I approached him as a medical man only and at this juncture."

"I think the plan a capital one. But how are you to go about it?"

"By asking him to share in some amusement or occupation that will appeal to his taste. Does he use the gun?"

"He did—some two or three years ago. But," he sighed, "we have not thought it well for him to mix in with our hunting friends of late."

"An acquaintance of mine has a little place at Buzzards Bay. He has been trying to persuade me to run down and see him and the ducks, and bring somebody along. I think that his invitation is just the thing in this connection."

"Will there be many in the party?"

The meaning of the query was plain enough to the physician, and he hastened to assure the other that the host, the guests, and the guide would be all that would pull trigger.

"Hutchinson—that's the name of my friend—is a cranky sort of old chap. He is good as gold, but soured by false friends; so he hangs out all by himself during the gunning season, and only flocks along with a few people whom he believes he can trust."

"And Harold will be welcome?"

"Assuredly."

"I hope that your kindness will cause you no embarrassment," said the financier with some hesitation. "You understand what I mean, doctor."

"Perfectly. And you need not fear that your son will not benefit by the outing."

The men adjourned to the drawing-room. As he entered, Dr. Jourdan had an intuition that the ladies had been talking about him, and that in a manner that was pleasant. Being more free from egotism than the average young man, he felt gratified but not inflated.

Harold was told of the proposed outing, and was highly delighted. Arrangements were made, and the doctor told the boy one or two stories about crane roosts and flamingo islands in Louisiana, and there was some general conversation.

At length the evening ended.

"Good night, Sir William," said Miss Halliwell—with that liquid laugh of hers; "I am anticipating, I know—but only for a little while, I hope."

"I can almost forgive the title for the sake of the hope," replied the doctor.

So an evening ended that seemed fringed with the hues of the rainbow.

Harold and the doctor went to the hunting grounds two days later. For a week they had a gorgeous time at the Hutchinson quarters. There was scooting and hanging around in the sneak-boats and behind "blinds" by day; skating on smooth ice by night—the moon being to the full—and tales by Amos, the guide, before the blazing logs in the open fireplace of the bungalow.

These were tales of the times when whales were plentiful off Ammagansett and the parts roundabout; of marvelous flights of ducks and geese; of ling and frost-fish, running ashore in such quantities that the beaches for miles were deep in them.

Mr. Hutchinson came out of his shell of reserve to relate hunting adventures in the Adirondacks and amid the swales and sloughs of the Dakotas, and the doctor told of hunting gazelles with Arabs.

Harold enjoyed himself hugely, and on only one occasion gave way to his weakness, for the healthy outdoor life seemed to react for good on his mentality.

Confidence in and regard for the physician grew with the lad. Dr. Jourdan felt this, and was exceeding glad in consequence. One day a telegram came from Phelan worded thus:

"Good people get out to-morrow. What about it?" The doctor knew that clever thieves were to be let loose. It behooved him to act quickly.

(To be continued.)



# First Fight for a Railway.

BY FELIX G. PRENTICE.

THE ambitious efforts of the leading lawyers in the hearing before a committee of the House of Commons in 1825 to prevent the construction of the Manchester-Liverpool railroad were only partly told in the first part of this article, published in our April number. This month the continuation of the cross-examination of George Stephenson is presented, showing other ludicrous stumbling-blocks that were put in the path of progress by the eminent attorneys who tried to prove that an engine "would slip *backward* while going *up* a grade and *forward* while going *down*!" that engines should be provided with *covers* to keep the steam from escaping! and that they would never supersede the *horse* as common carriers!

Try to penetrate the mind of Mr. Stephenson in those days, harrassed and burdened by such opposition, knowing, as he did, that he was starting civilization on a new era. But for his confidence in his work and his unshaken faith in humanity, the progress of railroading would have been materially retarded.

**They Didn't Want the Engine To Run Because It Might Frighten Horses,  
and Then the Passing Train Would Cut Off a  
View of the Valley.**

## PART II.

**M**R. STEPHENSON was then examined on a point that seemed to have been considered of great importance, namely, the effect of locomotives on horses. The following amusing dialogue took place:

Q. "Are they formidable to horses?"  
A. "No more than a mail-coach. Not so much."

Q. "I suppose there are some horses which will shy at a mail-coach?" A. "I have seen the mare which this gentleman rode shy at a mail-coach."

Q. "Was it your own horse?" A. "It was."

Q. "I really thought it was a canal-horse." A. "A canal-gentleman rode it."

Q. "There are some horses that will shy at anything; for that is what it comes to?"

A. "Yes. I can only say that there is a good deal of the mule in this particular horse."

Q. "Was it one of those horses that will put its head into a hedge or a ditch if it meets anything?" A. "Yes. Something of that sort."

Q. "It would shy at anything?" A. "Yes; it would at a wheelbarrow."

Q. "Joking apart, do you conceive that a well-broken horse would face one of the engines?" A. "It would. I have seen a well-bred horse come close up to one."

In answer to other questions, Mr. Stephenson said that horses at plow in the fields took no notice of the engines; he had never

heard the farmers complain, and the horses that he spoke of were neither blind nor deaf, but in full possession of their senses.

He considered it would be quite practicable to build an engine that would haul thirty tons at the rate of eight miles an hour; and he had no doubt they might go at the rate of twelve miles.

### Momentum at Twelve Miles an Hour.

At this point the formidable Mr. Alderson rose and cross-examined Stephenson. The cross-examination was long and tedious. It was confined, at first, chiefly to the question of slipping, referred to in Mr. Alderson's summing up. The chief part of the examination with regard to speed was as follows:

Q. "What would be the momentum of a body of forty tons moving at the rate of twelve miles an hour?" A. "It would be very great."

Q. "Have you seen a railroad that would stand that?" A. "Yes."

Q. "Where?" A. "Any railroad that would bear going four miles an hour; I mean to say, that if it would bear the weight at four miles an hour, it would bear it at twelve."

Q. "Taking it at four miles an hour, do you mean to say that it would not require a stronger railway to carry the same weight twelve miles an hour?" A. "I will give an answer to that. Any man who has skated on ice knows that the faster he goes the better the ice will hold his weight. When a train travels quickly, the weight in a measure ceases."

Q. "Is not that upon the hypothesis that the railroad is perfect?" A. "It is, and I mean to make it perfect."

Q. "I ask you whether if one rail were to be out of its place a quarter or a half an inch, whether that would not produce a complete negative to your proposition? Suppose one of the rails were to slip aside?" A. "They cannot slip aside if they are properly constructed."

### Load Would Not Overturn.

The committee then took up the examination. In answer to their questions, Mr. Stephenson said that if the engine were upset while going at the rate of nine miles an hour with a heavy load behind, the load would not be overturned. The engine might

suddenly stop by a break upon the wheels, which would disengage the weight behind instantly; so that, going at the rate of nine miles an hour, everything would be safe on a sudden stop. The wagons and engine could be made to stop at the same instant. This was done by means of a lever connected with all the wagons and the engine.

The next witness examined was Mr. Nicholas Wood, the manager of the Killingworth Colliery, on the railroad of which the experiments detailed by Mr. Rastrick were made. The total length of the railroad was  $5\frac{3}{4}$  miles. It had been laid down for about twenty years. It was designed originally to be worked by horses; but, in 1814, locomotive engines were first used.

The number of engines that had been employed on the road were four. They were all made by Mr. Stephenson, and were each of the power of eight horses. The number of wagons attached to each engine varied from nine to twelve — each wagon taking fifty-three hundredweight of coals.

A good, practical load for one of these engines is ten loaded wagons, which, with the weight of the engine and tender, total a weight of forty-nine tons. An engine with four-foot wheels could travel with this load at the rate of six miles an hour, or a little more occasionally. With three-foot wheels, it could make between four and five miles an hour.

### More Questions Regarding Speed.

A rate of three miles an hour will, however, be sufficient for the purposes of the coal work, the only use made of the railroad being to convey coals from the mine to the seashore. The greatest inclination in the road was 1 in 330. The only accident that happened to the engines was the giving way of the fire tube, by which one man was scalded.

Mr. Wood was then questioned:

Q. "Have you any doubt that a locomotive could be made to take the weight of forty tons, at the rate of six miles an hour, with perfect safety?" A. "An engine may go six miles an hour with forty tons—that is, including the weight of the carriages."

Q. "Have you any doubt that the power of the engine might be so increased as to take that weight at any speed between six and twelve miles an hour?" A. "I think the power of the engine may be increased to take that weight."



Q. "To what extent do you conceive the power of the engine could be increased to take that weight of goods?" A. "I can scarcely state that to you. The power of the engine may be increased very greatly."

Q. "As much as double?" A. "I think it might."

Q. "If you had such an engine, in your opinion could it be made to go with perfect safety twelve miles an hour, with relation to the bursting of the boiler?" A. "Yes, I think it might."

Q. "At the rate you go at Killingworth, are the engines easily managed and easily stopped?" A. "Very easily."

#### Cost of Construction.

Q. "Is their pace easily slackened?" A. "Yes."

Q. "Easily started again?" A. "Yes."

Q. "In short, they are easily manageable?" A. "They are."

Q. "Do you think they could be made perfectly manageable to go at the rate of eight miles an hour?" A. "Yes; I conceive they might, at eight miles an hour."

Mr. Stephenson, who had made an estimate of the total cost of the construction, then submitted his estimate. He said that a bridge across the Irwell River, one hundred feet, would cost \$25,000, provided it had but one span. The counsel for the opposition objected most strenuously to such a bridge, claiming that it would probably *stop up* the river. The counsel also seemed to entertain the idea that, in a snow-storm, a tunnel would fill up, and Mr. Stephenson was questioned on the subject:

Q. "What sort of effect would snow have upon the tunnel at the entrance?" A. "Part of it would get in, but it would depend in a great measure on the wind."

Q. "But would it not fall into this great tube?" A. "If the wind blew longitudinally, it would get the same quantity of snow in that part as would fall on the adjoining ground; but if it blew a gale at right angles, it might then drift in more than the adjoining ground."

Q. "Did you ever go up Dunstable Hill?" A. "Yes; I did."

Q. "In the year 1814, the time of the great snow?" A. "Yes."

Q. "Supposing that to be the case?" A. "I could not calculate more than once in twenty years that such an effect would be produced."

Q. "Do you not know that if the snow is lying upon the ground, and the wind blowing transversely, the tunnel will fill?" A. "No; it must be a very long storm to fill it."

Q. "Would it not have a tendency to fill it?" A. "That depends upon the state of the wind."

Q. "Suppose the wind to be transverse, and the snow lying upon the ground, what will there be to take the snow out when it has once filled the tunnel; it will then be out of the wind?" A. "It will fall there."

Q. "And there it will accumulate?" A. "Yes."

Q. "By what means is it to be taken out?" A. "You could not throw it out at the top very well; but I will throw it out at the two ends."

It was not till near the close of the seventeenth day, after he had been more than three days under examination, that the questioning of George Stephenson was concluded.

On the twentieth day, Mr. Harrison opened the case on behalf of some land-owners on the proposed line. His speech was an elaborate and minute analysis of the evidence, in which he labored to show that the delays in the transit of goods from Liverpool to Manchester were exceptional; that the railway company wanted a monopoly more stringent than that possessed by the canals; that the experiments with locomotive engines had not been fairly made; and that the scheme of the railroad was crude, imperfect, and unsatisfactory. Of Mr. Stephenson he said:

#### Didn't Understand Stephenson.

"I declare solemnly, after I read his evidence through, I could not understand it. He speaks of an embankment in one place, and of a level in another, and a cutting in a third. I will prove that it is impossible to lay the railroad across here, unless he raises it nineteen feet above the level which he has contemplated, unless he carries it up to the top of those intersecting roads.

"If he does not, in every flood that comes into the Irwell River, this railroad, for one mile, will be very often six feet under water. He must raise it to the height I have stated. Therefore, up to this moment in what situation do I stand?

"I am not enabled to say what this en-

gineer means to do, and I cannot point out the injury that may be done, except that our engineers say there must be a great embankment, which must cover a large quantity of land, and which will interrupt the communications between the different parts of the property, and cut off the road from Liverpool to Manchester.

"I am met here by the intervention of the section, which gives no information to any person, and I am only to be let into such parts of the case as the engineer will explain, which are very few.

"Unless, therefore, all the principles which the British legislators act upon are lost sight of, this committee, I am convinced, will see that it cannot act on the evidence of this man; for he has not made up his mind how he shall carry into execution a great part of this project."

With regard to the powers of the locomotive engine, he expressed himself thusly:

"When we set out with the original prospectus, we were to gallop, I know not at what rate; I believe it was at the rate of twelve miles an hour. My learned friend Mr. Adam contemplated, possibly in alluding to Ireland, that some of the Irish members would arrive in the wagons to a division.

"My learned friend says that they would go at the rate of twelve miles an hour, with the aid of the devil, in the form of a locomotive, sitting as postilion upon the forehorse, and an honorable member, whom I do not now see here, sitting behind him to stir up the fire, and to keep it up at full speed!

### Can't Keep Up with Canal.

"But the speed at which those locomotive engines are to go has slackened. Mr. Adam does not go faster now than five miles an hour. The learned sergeant says he should like to have seven, but he would be content to go six.

"I will show that he cannot go six; and, probably, for practical purposes, I may be able to show that I can keep up with him by the canal.

"Now, the real evidence to which alone you can pay attention shows that practically, for useful purposes, and to keep up the rate of speed continually, they may go at something more than four miles an hour.

"In one of the collieries there is a small

engine with wheels four feet in diameter, because, in an experiment or two, they may have been driven at the rate of six, that that is the average rate at which they can carry goods upon a railroad for the purposes of commerce, for that is the point to which the committee ought to direct their attention, and to which the evidence is to be applied.

"It is quite idle to suppose that an experiment made to ascertain the speed, when the power is worked up to the greatest extent, can afford a fair criterion of what an engine will do in all conditions of weather.

### Engine Couldn't Stand Damp Weather.

"In the first place, locomotive engines are liable to be affected by the weather. You are told that they are affected by rain, and an attempt has been made to cover them; but the wind will affect them, and any gale of wind which would affect the traffic on the Mersey River, would render it impossible to set off a locomotive engine, either by poking the fire or keeping up the pressure of steam till the boiler is ready to burst.

"A scientific person happened to see a locomotive coming down an inclined plane with a tolerable weight behind it, and he found that the strokes were reduced from fifty to twelve as soon as the wind acted upon it. Therefore, every gale that would produce an interruption to the intercourse of the canals would prevent the progress of a locomotive engine, so that they have no advantage in that respect."

On the twenty-first and twenty-second days, witnesses were examined as to the effect the railroad would have on the property of the landowners. One of these witnesses had never seen a locomotive engine. Engineers were then called to prove that Mr. Stephenson was all wrong. One of these, Mr. Giles, said, speaking of Chat Moss:

### Would Go to the Bottom.

"In my judgment, a railroad of this description certainly cannot be safely made over Chat Moss without going to the bottom of the Moss. It will be necessary, therefore, in making a railroad which is to stand to excavate along the entire line of road through the Moss down to thirty-three



or thirty-four feet, and afterward to fill it up to a height level with the banks of the Moss.

"If Mr. Stephenson be right in placing the level of the railroad fifteen feet below the Moss, the ywould not only have to cut out thirty-four, but to build up the other fifteen feet; and, unless that were done, I do not think that a railroad would stand.

"My estimate for the whole cutting and embanking over Chat Moss is nearly £270,000.

"No engineer in his senses would go through Chat Moss if he wanted to make a railroad from Liverpool to Manchester."

This witness estimated the cost of the line proposed by Mr. Stephenson at a million and a half. He was the projector of a new canal between Liverpool and Manchester, of which he said:

"The description of boat which the canal would accommodate would be a small, active, running boat—a pretty little running fly-boat, that would run about four or five miles an hour. It will perform the trip in a much less time than a train, as I can make my canal thirty-five or thirty-six miles from Liverpool to Manchester without obstruction of tideway.

"The small boats would be able to travel their distance in nine or twelve hours. I suppose we should want a million of money; but I will not finally estimate it until I have carefully tried the foundation of the Mersey."

Another witness, Mr. Palmer, went into an elaborate statement, founded on many experiments, to show the advantage of railroads and canals. He claimed that at a speed of four miles and a quarter, or under, the advantage was in favor of canals; above that, the advantage was on the side of the railroad.

### The "Ignorance" of Stephenson.

On the twenty-sixth day, Mr. Alderson made a long speech in summing up. Of Mr. Stephenson he said:

"I say he never had a plan! I believe he never had one! I do not believe he is capable of making one! His is a mind perpetually fluctuating between opposite difficulties. He neither knows whether he is to make bridges over roads or rivers, or of one size or another; or to make embankments, cuttings, or inclined planes; or in

what way the thing is to be carried into effect.

"In the first place, Stephenson answered me very curtly the first day. 'I shall cut my moss at forty-five degrees; it will stand at that very well.' Be it so. I am content with the answer. 'Of course,' I said, 'you will drain your road on each side?' 'I shall make ditches.' 'How wide are they to be?' 'Six feet.' 'How deep?' 'Oh, they are to be five feet deep, or four feet deep.'

"Now, I am sure the committee are well aware that a ditch, if ever it is to come to a point at the bottom, and is to be five feet deep, cut an angle of forty-five degrees on each side, must be ten feet wide at the top.

"What do you think of the ignorance of this gentleman, who chooses to have an impossible ditch, which he wants to cut by the side of an impossible railway? *Did you ever hear such ignorance?*

"Whatever credit you might have been disposed to give Mr. Stephenson before, it is plainly shown now how utterly and totally devoid he is of common sense; for every one who knows that two and two make four would have known that that was an impossible ditch.

### His Foolish Schemes.

"But he does not stop there. When we come to inquire how Knowsley Moss is to be got over, he stated first that he was to have a channel for the brooks. I suggested to him that there were two brooks which run across the deep cutting of eighty feet, and I wanted to know how he was to get them from one side to the other.

"He never had thought of them. He said, in the first instance, he would make a channel by the side of the railway. How was the channel to be made? 'I do not know.' 'How long will it be? Would it not be a mile?' (which of course would increase the expense).

"'No,' says he, 'I do not think a mile.' But suspecting he might be wrong there, he said, 'Then I will make a tunnel.'

"I cannot bind him to any one point. This is the gentleman who is called to prove the estimate and the plan. He cannot prove it. He makes schemes without seeing the difficulties, and when the difficulties are pointed out, then he starts other schemes which are exposed to ridicule.

"Having said that he was to make a tunnel, he is asked how long that tunnel is to be; and he cannot tell whether it is one thousand yards or one hundred. If he had not known whether it should be one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards, I should not have said anything about it; but how great is his variance, and this through a moss where there is to be a cutting eighty feet deep! He admits it is material, in order to make a tunnel, to know the strata.

"Now, let us see what happens next. He says he has made no borings to ascertain the strata, and, therefore, by his own rule, he cannot make an estimate. His own evidence is that he cannot make one.

### He Could Not Estimate.

"Then the committee is to say, I suppose, 'Oh, it is not material there should be an estimate; we will make one for ourselves; and though this gentleman, on whom we are to rely, cannot make any estimate, we do not care. We will pass the bill—estimate or no estimate, plan or no plan, right or wrong, the bill shall pass.'

"My learned friends will not avow this, but the facts of the case avow it. Having got rid of that, Mr. Stephenson next says: 'I will not make it a thousand yards long; I will make it part tunnel and part open.'

"That is the third scheme. Then he says: 'I will not cut or make any tunnel, but we will make inclined planes.' We now have not fewer than four or five different schemes to cross one moss! Here are five schemes, from which he is successively driven. What, then, are you going to vote for?

"Mr. Stephenson has produced five schemes, all resulting in one estimate; for, whether they are cuts, or channels, or tunnels, or planes, there is the same sum of £26,000 on which he retreats. If he had to cut several million more yards, he has still the £26,000 to retreat upon.

"That will be all expended long before he gets to Chat Moss; but, even supposing he struggles through with this £26,000 about his neck, what is to become of Knowsley Moss, whether it is to have cutting or tunnel, or a part cutting and part tunnel, or inclined planes, no person knows to this very day, including Mr. Stephenson himself.

"Again, the first day he chose to have planes at Irwell Bridge. 'I will not,' says

he, 'have embankments, however high the bridge may be.' 'How, then, will you get over it?' 'I will make two inclined planes, and the wagons will be wound up by a sort of crank.'

"I asked him this question, 'Will you stick to that plan?' In a rash hour he said, 'I will.'

"He was contented to stick to that plan.

"Twenty-four hours had not elapsed before he went back on it; for when I was going to ask him the question the next day with another object, an honorable member interposed, and said, 'You asked him that question before,' and, almost before the words were out of his mouth, it popped out that he had discovered that *embankments might be made*.

"Mr. Stephenson has given no direct evidence, nothing to which he will bind himself, nothing to which he will stick; and yet it is upon his evidence that you are called upon to pass this bill."

The lawyer then entered into an argument to show that a solid railway only was practical through Chat Moss, and that many of Mr. Stephenson's calculations were entirely wrong.

"I think you must come to the conclusion that the advantages of the railroad are extremely doubtful and problematical," he said; "and if we are so circumstanced, I say that you will and ought to entitle me to your consideration.

### "Despotism" of the Liverpool Exchange.

"If you must have a mere convenience for carrying cotton at the rate of twelve miles an hour, which now goes at the rate of three, then I protest against the despotism of the Liverpool Exchange striding across the land of this country. I protest against a measure like this, supported by such evidence and founded upon such calculations."

Mr. Parke then opened the case of Charles Orrell and Sir William Gerrard against the bill. A summary of his address shows the nature of the early opposition of land-owners to railroads.

"Mr. Orrell, a gentleman of respectable family and considerable property, complains of the intended railway as injurious both to his estate and residence. Sir William Gerrard, the heir of a very ancient family in Lancashire, complains of the railways, not as affecting his residence, but as affecting



his estate, upon which there are valuable collieries.

"When the grievances of which his clients complain are enumerated, in addition to those which have been pointed out in the other land-owners' cases, the committee cannot pass the bill.

"It is a principle invariably adhered to by Parliament, that private property is not to be invaded unless there be urgent public necessity. Mr. Orrell is the lord of the manor of Parr, and he and his ancestors have resided in their mansion upward of a century. Considerable sums have been spent in improving the property, with a view to Mr. Orrell's continued residence there, if the railway is not constructed.

#### "Injury" to His Residence.

"The proposed railroad will pass within two hundred and fifty yards of the mansion, and subject it to the nuisance arising from the constant passage of noisy and smoky engines. By a clause in the bill, it may be brought to within one hundred and fifty yards of the front of the house. Can anything compensate a gentleman for such an injury to his residence and estate, which have long been in the possession of the family?

"Mr. Stephenson's plans are so inaccurate that the precise extent of the injury to this property cannot be ascertained; neither the height of the embankments nor the depth of the cuttings can be known.

"In some parts of Mr. Orrell's estate there will be embankments of the height of eighteen feet above the surface of the ground. Across the valley through which the Sankey River runs there will be an embankment fifty feet high, *which will entirely destroy Mr. Orrell's view of the valley beyond the line of the proposed railroad.*

"In the case of the Tees and Weardale Railway the bill was lost because the line of railway passed at the distance of half a mile from a gentleman's residence, while in the present case it is proposed to bring the railroad within two hundred and fifty yards of the petitioner's residence.

#### The Coal Under the Tracks.

"There are also other injuries of which the petitioners complain. Mr. Orrell is the proprietor of valuable coal-mines which the provisions of the bill will entirely prevent

him from working. The railroad company are only to pay for the surface of the ground, and the proprietor of the colliery is to receive no compensation for the value of the coal which he will be obliged to leave under the railroad.

"Mr. Orrell's and Sir William Gerrard's coal properties lie near the surface, and it will be necessary to leave a barrier to the extent of forty yards on each side of the railroad, beside that which is immediately under the railroad.

"But that is not all. It is proposed that Mr. Orrell and Sir William Gerrard shall not be permitted to construct any additional drifts or cuts or other works under the railroad, in consequence of which the communication between the different parts of their respective collieries will be entirely interrupted, and the consequence will be of great inconvenience and loss."

#### Opposing the Locomotive.

On the twenty-ninth day the case of the trustees of the Duke of Bridgewater was opened by Mr. MacDonnell, and a number of witnesses were subsequently called to support it. The cases of the proprietors of the Irwell and Mersey Navigation and of the Leeds and Liverpool Canal concluded the opposition to the bill.

The leading features of the opposition of the three parties who collectively represented the canal interest will be best gathered from the speech of Mr. Harrison, who summed up the case in their favor.

"I now come to comment upon the locomotive engines. I entreat the committee to recollect how this project has arisen. I will ask every honorable member whether any human being would have thought of setting up a railway between Liverpool and Manchester if that railway were to be conducted by horses?

"I say it never entered into the imagination of any one; but, amid all this mania that has possessed us—for we have been running mad after projects and schemes of all sorts and descriptions—locomotive engines have been patronized and supported by some people for the purposes of showing their ingenuity in writing essays and pamphlets, and by others for the purpose of being employed as engineers or otherwise.

"To make the thing popular, not only do certain ingenious gentlemen write pamphlets, but some have written books. And

we have not only books and pamphlets and essays without number, but we have beautiful pictorial exhibitions of locomotive engines at full work, one of which is now lying before me.

"One ingenious gentleman has a beautiful impression of a locomotive engine, with carriages and guards standing behind them, giving a description of seven or eight stage-coaches, with trumpeters and guards and all the paraphernalia, galloping on at a rate of several miles an hour.

"Whether such speed ever will be made, I do not know; but I think, when I come to comment upon that part of the case, many persons who have thought these prints very beautiful things will be sick of the experiment.

"The project of this railway was entirely founded upon the locomotive engines; it was set on foot with a view to the expedition which would be derived from the use of them. All the pamphlets published about it give us twelve miles an hour as the rate at which they were to go.

#### Fast as Mail-Coaches.

"You were to gallop from Liverpool to Manchester at the rate at which *the mail-coaches have tried to go but never accomplished*.

"This expedition was to produce such consequences with reference to the trade of the two places as almost to unite them in one, so quick would be the change of the bags of cotton and other articles. All this, in the natural order of things, produced subscribers; it gave rise to all sorts of calumnious and untrue assertions, in pamphlets and publications without end, against the existing establishments.

"I have a right to state—for no attempt has been made to prove them—that the alleged facts are utterly false; that the personalities, which are of the worst description, have no foundation but in the misrepresentations of self-interested parties.

"All these promises of locomotives running at the impossible speed of twelve miles an hour will be surely blasted. You will find that six will be the limit.

"Yesterday and to-day we find, in the best weather and under the most favorable circumstances, the expedition is diminished to four or five; and whenever you come to rain or mizzling weather or dampness, it is reduced to two and three miles an hour.

"Is Lancashire a county free from rain? Have you no mizzling weather, no snow there? I should rather suspect—and I do not mean to calumniate the county of Lancaster—that it is a county which has as much rain as any other county on that side of England.

"Unless they can rarefy the atmosphere as quickly as the locomotive engines go along, the locomotive engine will have so many inconveniences to contend with that it will come down to the speed of a common horse.

#### Water Tracks To Prove Moisture Effect.

"Now, I ask, would any person step forward to support this measure if the goods were to be drawn by horses? But not content with goods, they are to take passengers! Now, set them off with horses before them; set the proprietors of the railway traveling on their own road from Liverpool to Manchester, in wagons, at the rate of four miles and a half per hour; it is impossible to state it without presenting something ludicrous to the mind!

"The committee will recollect that we had two or three witnesses to speak for the locomotive engines. We had Mr. Rastrick, a man very scientific, experimental, and well grounded in all the subjects on which he spoke, but he told you that he had never seen a locomotive engine in practise; and I showed that in that very experiment he ought to have gone further than he did, in order to have ascertained the effect which rain might have produced!

"For instance, he might have watered the railroad to see what effect moisture would have had. If Mr. Rastrick had tried the experiment as a man of science, I have not the least doubt but that he must have arrived at a conclusion that locomotive engines are utterly useless for the purpose my learned friends wish you to believe they are.

"But Mr. Rastrick knew that if this bill succeeded he would make engines for a line of railroad of not less than forty-four miles; and by the time the railroads were in running order the poor, gulled subscribers would have found that they had lost all their money, instead, as they hoped, of putting a good deal into their pockets. Instead of locomotive engines, they must have recourse to horses or asses—not meaning to say which!

"Mr. Rastrick never attended to more



than one experiment of any consequence. Then he found that there was a considerable difference in the strokes of the piston. Was he not bound to investigate from what cause it arose, and to see what effect was produced, by a careful examination of all circumstances which could produce any effect upon the engine?

"If a man mean to arrive at a true conclusion, every circumstance affecting the power of the engine should have been made the subject of careful investigation. What the effect is, you have heard from himself; after he tried the experiment and saw the result, he never tried it again.

"He felt that he had got into difficulty; he satisfies himself, therefore, with putting half a dozen people in the wagon, then starting the engine. He finds that it goes at a certain rate. He wishes to lead you to the conclusion that an average speed of five or six miles an hour is to be obtained by these engines, so as to make them available as a means of conveyance.

"I said before, and I repeat it again, that any practical result which will enable you to arrive at a conclusion is worth all the reasoning and all the experiments of any man, however scientific he may be.

"Scientific calculations are necessarily mixed up with so many uncertainties as to render it impossible for any man to say that you can positively arrive at a conclusion; but you cannot be deceived when, after several years' service, those engines can never exceed four miles and a half an hour.

"To be sure, there was an engine with a small weight that went at a greater rate, but that was not the ordinary rate, and that was the one on which they made the experiment.

"Then, sir, what is the situation in which we stand? I show that locomotive engines cannot move at more than four and a quarter miles an hour, at which you are reduced to horse-power, and below that the canal has the advantage; therefore, the instant they lose the power of going above four and a quarter miles an hour, which I have taken from them, that instant the advantage is in favor of the canal.

"Instead of their having an advantage in bringing forward the railroad, the power stands with us. Their scheme is based on deception and fallacy. They are fighting for no public improvement whatever. It is impossible, after the evidence which has been gone through, that my learned friends can ask of the committee to give their sanction to this bill."

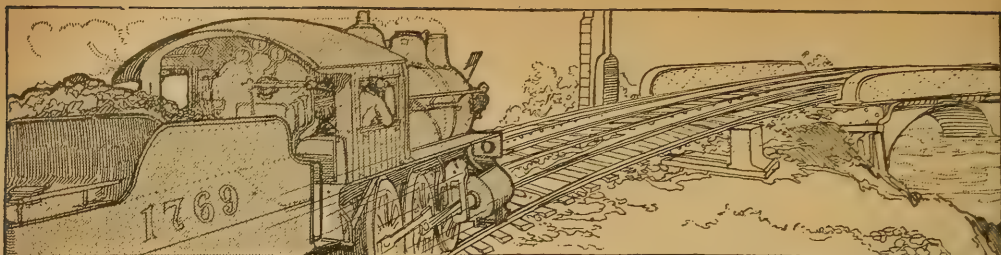
The wrangling of the lawyers lasted for thirty-eight days. Finally, notwithstanding the opposition that became more ludicrous as the days wore on, Parliament empowered the company "to make a railway from Liverpool to Manchester."

How childish and puerile the obstacles that were raised to prevent the building of this road seem in the advanced and enlightened atmosphere of to-day! What would such men say were they to return to earth and witness the outcome of the genius of George Stephenson and Richard Trevithick?

## SOLID STEEL WHEELS.

THE steel wheel is as logical a successor to the cast-iron wheel as steel rails and ties are to the old iron and wooden construction. The heavy loads which freight-cars are now built to carry, demand a substitute for cast-iron wheels, and as this is distinctly a steel age, the natural thing to do was to look to this material, which possesses all the necessary attributes to meet the situation. That there is a limit to the utility of cast-iron wheels was the realization which came with the more powerful locomotives, and consequently, heavier tenders which became necessary to haul the gradually increasing train loads. The demand for a stronger wheel was first met in this class of service by the steel-tired wheel, and as the demands upon wheels in other classes of service have increased, the field of the steel-tired wheel has broadened until it is now common under passenger-train cars as well. It has never become common, however, under freight-equipment on account of its extremely high cost.

The absolute necessity of finding a wheel for freight service with the strength and wearing qualities of a steel-tired wheel, but at the same time less expensive is, therefore, the real reason for the existence of solid steel wheels to-day. Now that the solid wheel is here, it is gaining a place not only under freight-cars, but in all exacting classes of service. The only possible objection to the substitution of the steel wheel for cast-iron in freight service is its initial cost, which is perhaps three to five times that of a cast-iron wheel, but in these modern days of exact accounting and careful investigation of costs over a sufficiently long period to demonstrate ultimate value, even this objection is sure to be either altogether removed or very greatly discounted. Furthermore, in weighing the cost of cast-iron wheels against that of steel wheels, the item of loss resulting from wrecks due to broken flanges should not be lost.—*American Engineer and Railroad Journal.*



## A Schoolboy's Description of an Engine.



N ingin is a great iron monster sumthin like er auto cause it don't need no horses to pull it. Ingins is made of iron and wood but durn little wood only the cab where the fellers sit and swap lies, I gess. Ingins all have great big iron wheels. I don't know how they would run if they didn't have em. Ingins run on a track same as a street car does. They has a tender I gess you calls it where they carries their water and coal. The coal is to make a big smoke with, and the water to put the durn thing out if it should catch on fire. There is allers to fellers in an ingin, one to look out of the winder and the other to blow the whistle. A ingin sometimes runs of the track and kills a lot of people, thats when the feller forgets to look out of the winder. Ingins get their names from the Ingins what lives out on the plains cause they both kin-run so fast and fur. I would rather be a man wot runs an ingin than presdient of Washington.



# HONK AND HORACE.

BY EMMET F. HARTE.

## Their Return to Valhalla in the Hills Is Attended by Shooting Irons and a Band.



HE "Powers" required at least two weeks' notice before they'd consent to my throwing up that famous lazy man's job at the Wakickewa station. They said it would take that much time to rearrange the men along the line, after selecting my distinguished successor. I had no idea my resignation was going to upset the whole system like that, or I'd have asked

for a raise instead of resigning, and let them fire me.

I suggested that they get some good whittler to whittle out a wooden figure which they could set up inside the depot window to act as station-agent should my quitting demoralize the service.

A dummy no doubt could have transacted all the business at Wakickewa very readily—but when the div supe himself wired and wanted me to explain the plan more fully by letter, of course I gave up in despair.

There wasn't any particular reason why Honk should stick around those two weeks, though. I told him to pike on ahead and take charge at Valhalla, leaving me to follow him as soon as I could. But he absolutely refused to go without my sturdy form plodding by his side.

"We'll make our triumphal entry side by side," he proclaimed. "It was all right

"BEAT IT BEFORE I  
CLIMB UP AND  
BUMP THE BUMPS  
WITH YOU!"



to leave 'em, sort of on the instalment plan, by degrees; but when we go back, my boy, we want to go in state.

"We ought to have our new car and descend on the town with an eye to the dramatic effect, with a fanfare of trumpets and the flutter of flags.

"It'll take about two weeks at the shops for them to get the new medicine-house in shape. Then, Horace—ah, say! We'll have 'em resurrecting that old 'Back from Elba' joke."

While we were waiting those two weeks, Honk amused himself by sending messages to our friend Willie, the president of the Transcontinental, and packing and unpacking his seven or eight trunks and cases of gimcracks. If I am not mistaken, it was during this period that he conceived the idea of the electric gun that afterward brought us fame—and gray hairs.

Our old side-partner, Willie, kept in touch with us, all right. Hardly a day dragged by that he didn't wire to ask for news. Had my man showed up? Were we all ready to take hold at Valhalla? Would we rather have such-and-such make of phonograph? Would five hundred of the latest records be acceptable for the same?

Willie's debt of gratitude to us for mending up a hole in his leg and feeding him a little cheap chicken broth seemed all out of proportion—still, we couldn't very well discourage the man, seeing that we were the objects of his beneficence.

One day, near the expiration of my fortnight's penance at Wakickewa, word came from Willie that the medicine-house had been finished up and forwarded to Valhalla to await us there.

"Can you report without fail, Monday A.M.?" he wired. "Will arrange, as per reply. Answer quick."

I decided to chance it and wafted him the word that we'd be on hand if trains were running, although my relief hadn't hove in sight. Honk grumbled a little because they'd sent the car on ahead of us.

"That spoils the triumphal entry," he said. "Takes away fifty per cent of the pomp and pageantry. It's like a circus sending empty chariots and gilded cages into a town a week in advance of the parade. It everlastingly upsets the psychological moment and denudes the goddess Drama of all her trappings."

"I didn't know there was a goddess by that name," I said; "but if you're dead set

upon turning our home-coming into a comic opera, we might fix up and give a parade, Monday, at 10 A.M. sharp, along Eden Boulevard, in Fiji costume, beating tom-toms and singing 'Just Because She Made Them Goo-Goo Eyes.' That ought to thrill 'em."

Saturday noon a malarial-looking person alighted from the local and introduced himself as the "new incumbent" of Wakickewa station. He said he'd been down in the swamps for a year or two, and that the climate hadn't agreed with his wife, or he and his wife hadn't agreed about the climate, or something; anyhow, the company had graciously permitted him to transfer his agreements and disagreements to a more agreeable sphere.

He said his wife had gone to her ma's to stay until the baby cut his other two front teeth, and he then wondered if house rent was very high in Wakickewa.

Honk and I paid a glowing tribute to the town. We assured our new friend—his name was Ray Tucker—that Wakickewa was just about the liveliest, most hospitable, and satisfying small place we'd ever been con—er—permitted to abide in.

We insured him a pleasant and profitable sojourn in the place, made him a present of our furnished flat, with all the privileges and luxurious appointments thereunto pertaining—cook-stove, skillet, pie-pans, and all—and then we bade him *bon jour* and many happy returns, and caught the first train we could inveigle into stopping.

It was a freight, but that didn't matter; most of Honk's baggage was freight, anyway.

At the first station of sufficient importance to afford passenger-train facilities we piled off and waited for the flier. If we hadn't I firmly believe we'd still be *en route*. for that freight we started on wasn't due in K. C. till April 19, and it was three weeks late when we left it, on March 30.

Skipping lightly over the hallos and handshakes along the line of the P. and P., when from time to time we ran afoul of old cronies like Fuzz Watts and Willard Sawyer and others, Sunday evening at sundown found us, travel-fagged and dusty, filled with the fervor of youth and expectant—safe and sound at Millardsville, with Valhalla twenty miles away.

It so happened that we had a choice offered us. We could stay all night in Millardsville and go over to Valhalla on the



red motor-car in the morning—which would put us at our goal at the rather late hour of nine-thirty—or we could ride the “jerk-water,” a mixture of milk-cans, chicken-coops, and way-freight, which ambled over as soon as they got loaded that night, and was supposed to make the run in time to start back the next day.

I would have preferred walking to the latter alternative, and sleeping in the Hotel Metropole in Millardsville to either, but Honk must needs take that freight-train or burn out a fuse.

“We couldn’t rest this close to the old town,” he said. “We’ll go on in-to-night and see her couchant on the plain, spangled with the glitter from her thousands of street-arcs, resplendent with electric signs, and teeming with life! A city at night is a splendid sight—eh, Horace, don’t you think?”

“The darkness hides many a defect,” I admitted. “But if we go on this train, everybody’ll be gone to bed before we get there. What about our triumphal—”

“Never mind,” he said. “Perhaps the better way will be to enter quietly and take up the thread of progress where we dropped it, without ostentation or ado. ‘The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, and all that’—”

When he got that far I scampered up the ladder of the nearest box car and left him. Whenever Honk begins to elocute I take to the woods.

Honk’s baggage being many miles away, and as all the luggage we carried between us consisted of a package of clean collars I’d received from a laundry in Sapulpa just before we started, our exodus from Millardsville was not attended by any uproar, or clangor of baggage-vans, or bustle of porters.

The train-crew spied us on top of the box car just before they got the last crate and barrel loaded.

The conductor instituted the inquiries and little informalities of a conversational nature usually indulged in when a couple of stranded floaters are found aboard, while the brakemen looked on with apparent enjoyment. All of them were strangers to Honk and me—they had come with the new régime, no doubt.



“MAHOGANY, AND AXMINSTER, AND RED LEATHER CHAIRS—”

“Fall off’n that car, youse!” said the con arbitrarily. “W’at you think this is? A scenic route? Beat it before I climb up and bump the bumps with you!”

“Take it easy, Jason,” said Honk. “Your feet are too big for climbing—you’d make a better diver. How soon do we start?”

The brakeys broke into equine laughter at that point, and our big-footed friend scrambled up to where we were with blood in his eye. Honk calmly passed over the final tag-end of our trip-ticket. The con’s lamp-globe was almost too dirty to read by—but the ticket served.

“Better come in the way-car, men,” he said. “Plenty of room to stretch out and

smoke; and we'll have a game of pedro goin' over if you want to. We'll be pullin' out in a minute or two."

We thanked him, and said we'd be glad to play a few hands. Presently the engine foot-tooted, and we were off.

It was a fine, unostentatious, little ride. The hind brakeman and the conductor beat Honk and me four straight games of pedro during the first ten miles. Everybody being satisfied, the game broke up and Honk and I ascended to the cupola to watch for the first glimpse of Valhalla, nestling in the shadow of the Mystic Hills. We thought we ought to be able to see the lights when we rounded a certain curve.

"I can't see a solitary glimmer," said Honk, peering carefully. "I guess the rummies have quit lighting up the towers. That one out by the reservoir had twelve big arcs on it. If it was burning, we surely could see it from here."

"Maybe it's foggy over there," I said. "April is a foggy time of year; or they may be hiding their lights under bushel-baskets, or something, for the sake of economy."

Honk occupied the rest of the journey by confiding to me what we were going to do to resuscitate the town during the next fiscal year. Shortly after ten o'clock we hit the yards, and, with the help of the conductor's lantern, which he kindly loaned us, groped our way through the inky darkness to the depot.

A smoking oil-lamp in the station office was all the illumination visible. The city was plunged in gloom. We opened the waiting-room door and peered in.

A shadowy figure was sitting at the table inside the sanctum ticketorium. We boldly entered, and Honk secured the man's attention by rattling the lattice.

"What's the matter with your lights?" he queried sternly.

The young man at the table took his time about replying. I admired his impressive and trenchant style, his learned and concise summing up of the matter, when he did reply. It was a very sweeping and comprehensive statement of the facts in the case—in two words.

"They're out," he said briefly.

"Are you the 'works' at this place?" Honk asked with a fine sarcasm that was wasted.

"Naw, I'm the Sultan of Siam," returned the voice from the blur. "Anything else you want to know?"

Honk seemed somewhat taken aback, so I entered the breach.

"Allow me," I said graciously. "I am the Bey of Beloochistan. My friend Hohenzollern and I would like to hold converse with the main squeeze."

"Nothing doing," said the other. "You might find him in the morning if you'd happen around. He gets down about nine-thirty if he's feeling well. But, say, 'twon't do you no good to strike him for a job, for he's leaving this dump to-morrow."

"Ahem!" Honk remarked. But the youth was warming to his work.

"Ye'eh," he continued. "A couple of the president's pets are taking charge. A guy named Simmons, or something, and I dunno the other'n's name. They'll find their work cut out for 'em, all right."

"His nibs has let everything go to the blink. Fired the power-house boss last week, and there ain't been any lights in town since. Valhalla's going down every day. She's on the decline."

I was just beginning to get interested in the fellow's breezy style, when Honk apparently nailed an idea and hastily pushed me out the door ahead of him.

"Here's wheré we get a move on us," he said when he had led me a few paces along the platform. "If we can find Butch Pootee, we'll go out, start the power-plant, and light up things. Huh! The town's 'going down' every day, is it? 'She's on the decline,' is she? We'll see about that. We'll show 'em how quick she'll revive when the right doctor prescribes! Hallo! By hoky! The medicine-house!"

It was. We had stumbled on our fine new coach, sitting dark and deserted on the siding behind the freight-room. She was a glossy, brass-railed beauty, and no mistake.

We shinned up on the awning-covered portico and tried the door. It was locked, of course. Then I peeked through the big, bevel-plate window while Honk held the lantern.

"Mahogany," I murmured in awe, "and axminster, and red leather chairs—"

My rhapsody was rudely interrupted.

"Hey, there!" came the voice of the station understudy from the open office window. "You bums chase yourselves away from that car. I'll get a cop down here in five minutes and have you pinched. Hike out of here!"

The lantern sputtered and went out at the



same instant. Chastened and subdued, we hopped hastily down, and, without a word, stumbled away in the darkness toward town.

There were very few pedestrians on the streets. Valhalla seemed like a sick-room where everybody was treading around on tiptoes to keep from waking the patient.

We met a man some three or four blocks farther on, and Honk paused to inquire the way to Butch Poteet's. The man said he'd never heard of such a person.

Honk's idea was but little better. The exact spot by his reckoning, when found, was occupied by a sheet-iron shed full of hay belonging to a feed-and-fuel yard.

"To thunder with him," Honk muttered. "We'll go out by ourselves. I guess we haven't forgotten how to start a fire under a set of boilers."

"On with the dance," I said. "I'm with you. We'll make a night of it," It was nearly midnight by that time, as I ascer-



"WE CAME OUT TO FIRE UP AND START THE JUICE-PLANT."

Honk thanked him, and we continued on our triumphal—well, not exactly. I noticed that Honk still carried the extinguished lantern, and I made some epigrammatic allusion to his following in the footsteps of Diogenes. Honk sniffed and set the lantern on a gate-post, where we left it to its fate.

We thought we knew where Butch Poteet had formerly resided, and steered a zigzag course in that direction. The night was somewhat thick—not to say opaque—which may have confused us.

At any rate, when we got to where Butch had made his place of abode, according to my recollection, it was a vacant lot—and

tained by consulting the regulator in the glare of a one-thousandth candle-power match.

I suggested that we might work to better advantage if we had a light lunch—ham and eggs, pie, cereals, etc.—before we essayed our task, but Honk overruled the motion.

That power-house was the hardest thing to find I've ever strained my eagle eyes looking for. Several times we came very near deciding that it had been eradicated from the face of the earth; but we couldn't find the place it had stood on, so a lingering hope remained.

Now and then we collided with some

obstruction, or stepped into a vacancy in the atmosphere, that jarred our back teeth loose, all of which made it very cheerful. I for one became so utterly bewildered that holes looked like embankments and level pavements like ravines.

With some little exertion we safely threaded a maze of ponds, fell and slid along with an avalanche of tin cans down a dump, climbed the side of a cañon, ran into a fire-plug, splashed several mudholes dry—and then we found the object of our search.

"Here we are," said Honk. "We'd ought to have followed the switch-track around from the depot and saved time."

"To say nothing of the wear and tear on the landscape," I added. "I wish I had a change of clothes and a Dutch lunch!"

"Cheer up!" he said. "The worst is over."

We groped our way along the damp brick wall of the building, coming to a door after a while, which was locked, of course.

"Maybe we can get in through the coal-chutes," Honk said. We groped our way to the rear of the place, where a coal-car stood along the wall.

We scuttled up the side and over the top, discovered a black hole, climbed through, and dropped on all fours to a pile of steam coal, from which we made our way—pretty well soiled, but still patriotic—into the boiler-room.

I struck a match.

In its momentary gleam, Honk surveyed the interior and I surveyed Honk. He was a sight for the gods.

"Now, if we can rustle a lamp or a light of some sort," he said, "the rest'll be easy. In a couple of hours we'll have this outfit hollering for the union! But, say! They've made some radical changes around here, methinks. The place don't look natural."

At that juncture he made a discovery.

"What do you know about this?" he exclaimed. "Fires banked!" He held a lighted match so he could see the steam-dial. "And eighty pounds of steam! What was it that kid at the depot said? Hadn't had no lights for a week? There's something decomposed in Denmark, Horace. Let's investigate this joint a little."

We made our way quietly up a short flight of steps, and through a little doorway into what was presumably the dynamo-room.

"Here's some more funny how-d'ye-dos," said Honk. "This looks more like an ice-

plant than a dynamo-room. Compressors, by cricky! What are we up against, Horace?"

I opened my mouth to extend the usual invitation for a personal search—but the words were still-born. A hateful-looking, sour-visaged man, with a revolver that looked as big as a turret-gun on the battleship Iowa, riz up from behind a steam-chest and took possession of us. He told us to "put up them hands!" I did so—

Honk hesitated, and—*bang!* The bullet whined by Honk's ear, and—he put 'em up.

Within a minute after the shot, a second ruffian appeared on the scene with an additional cannon. The opposing forces being more evenly matched, we offered to arbitrate.

Honk volunteered a line of explanations.

"We came out to fire up and start the juice-plant," he said reassuringly. "I'm Simpson, of the Transcontinental. Put up your artillery, gents; we won't hurt you."

They gave us the gloomy glare.

"Search 'em, Bill," growled the mean-looking one, "'n' see if they've got any shootin'-irons. We've been lookin' for you two for some time," he continued, addressing Honk and me. "The Valhalla Packin' Company's been havin' brass and lead pipe swiped for some time, and they're gettin' tired of it! Now, you two just keep your flippers up and march where we tell you!"

To make mince-meat of a lengthy recital, they drilled us through a side entrance and along a loading-dock to a signalophone. There Bill requisitioned the patrol-wagon and a flock of cops, while the other kept two eyes and his armory trained on us, and studiously ignored all explanations, excuses, alibis, and pleadings for clemency.

"Tell your troubles to the judge," he said. "He gets paid for listening to 'em. We don't."

I climbed into the jingle-jangle wagon and sat down with a sigh of relief. A ride back over that dark road to town looked good to me. Honk, however, lost his temper, threatened to resist arrest, and—you know what happens when a fellow resists arrest! *Biff!* *Bim!* Well, he thought better of it before it was too late.

So we rode back to town.

At 2 A.M. by the clock over the sergeant's desk, we were booked in the big book—our names were not familiar to anybody present—refused bail until after breakfast, and ruthlessly locked with a clang in an iron cell that smelled worse than I expected.

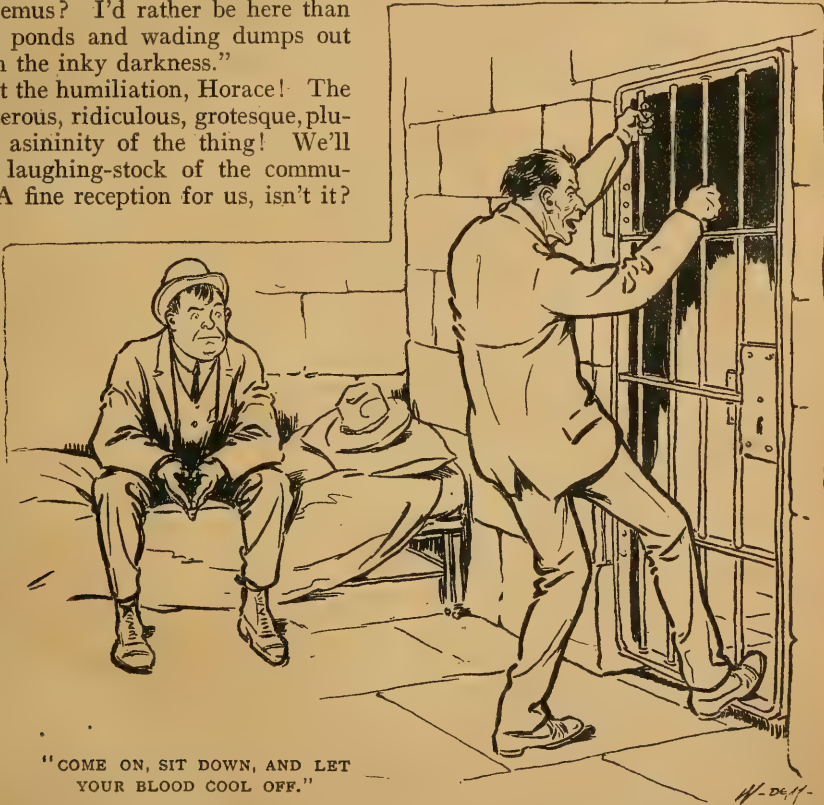


Honk raved and gnawed at the grating. I might have snatched a few minutes' repose if he hadn't took on so, and if I hadn't been so empty. I still contend that Honk would have looked at the matter more in the light of a joke if we had hunted up a restaurant and fed our faces before starting out that night.

An empty stomach is a pessimist's best bet and a handicap to philosophy.

"Come on, sit down, and let your blood cool off," I advised. "They'll apologize and turn us loose in the morning as soon as somebody with a human brain shows up. Why all this charging back and forth, Polyphemus? I'd rather be here than scaling ponds and wading dumps out there in the inky darkness."

"But the humiliation, Horace! The preposterous, ridiculous, grotesque, pluperfect asininity of the thing! We'll be the laughing-stock of the community. A fine reception for us, isn't it?"



Locked in the hold-over as suspicious characters. Bah! And we made the town what it is! Brought 'em up out of obscurity—for this!"

"We'll have to stay in nights," I said, "or get us a guardian to look after us when we wander at large."

The chilly, dove-colored dawn straggled through the grating of our cell-door after an interminable wait, but breakfast was a longer time coming than that.

I, too, almost lost my temper. And when

they passed in our allowance it consisted of a solitary sinker and a tin cup full of sour coffee.

I went to pieces after that breakfast. My tire was punctured. I had borne up bravely until then—but when they brought us that breakfast, Hope shrieked and fell frothing at the mouth, and Gloomy Forebodings foreclosed a mortgage on my soul.

At eight-thirty a big duffer with a key attached to a wooden paddle opened the door of our coop. He then escorted us into the presence of Justice, in the shape of a slant-browed man with a cruel mouth and

tousled hair, behind a regulation bar of judgment.

We were arraigned without having had a chance to brush off, wash the coal dust or mud from our faces and hands, or tidy ourselves up in the least. Whatever the charge might be, we looked guilty on general principles.

"Feloniously entering and obtaining access . . . with intent to pilfer and steal," the clerk read sonorously.

"Admitted to bail," snapped the judge.

"Two thousand dollars each; cash bond required."

Honk cleared his throat and lifted a sooty hand.

"Excuse me, judge," he said. "This charge is all a ridiculous mistake. We can easily prove our identity, but we want this thing kept quiet. It has been a very humiliating *contretemps*. I ask you to telephone the representative of the Transcontinental and have him come here at once. He'll vouch for us."

The clerk of the court did the telephoning. He announced the result in a bored voice.

"Witness states over the phone that two men were hanging around the depot last night. They acted suspiciously and were ordered off. Says the taller man was named Hohenzollern, and the short one gave a name impossible to remember."

The court tightened up his lip and fixed us with a baleful eye.

"Make that bond—"

"Just a moment!" shouted Honk. "That was an irresponsible boy talking to you. Call the Transcontinental man, I tell you!"

"Or send for Doc Pillsbury or J. Carter Finley," I added. "They know us. We're the new—"

The blare and boom of a brass band passing along the street, drowned further argument for the time being. The court relaxed its dignity long enough to look out of the window. Honk and I, being near the same window, necked with the rest.

A considerable crowd of citizens, in carriages and on foot, were out early engaged in some kind of a demonstration. I caught a glimpse of several familiar faces, among which was Butch Poteet, large as life and beating the bass drum in the band.

"What's up?" asked the judge. "Where are they headed for?"

"I understand," returned the clerk, "that two young men who formerly represented the railroad company here are expected on the morning motor. They're coming back to take charge of the railroad's interests. That's the reception committee—"

"Lock these men up," said the judge. "I think I'll go down to the station myself. Court is now adjourned."

## CUTTING DOWN CASUALTIES.

### The "Safety First" Movement on the Chicago and Northwestern Meets with Promising Results.

CASUALTIES to employees of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway have been reduced during the last few months to the extent of fifteen per cent in the number of fatalities reported, and ten per cent in the number of injuries. Such a statement ought to attract attention. Humanitarians will be glad to learn of the progress, and railroad officials, from the standpoint of efficiency, will be interested to know by what means the good results were secured. Yet the plan is simple enough.

Every one who has looked into the subject is familiar with the fact that the lamentable totals to which the industrial accidents of the country mount up, are due not so much to the great catastrophes, the accidents of large magnitude wherein numbers are killed or injured, but primarily the frightful aggregate is due to the many small accidents involving as a rule but one man.

These minor accidents, in the vast majority of cases, are due to comparatively insignificant causes; they are brought about by the failure of employees in some every-day matter, or the neglect of some elementary precaution. Carelessness or thoughtlessness, sometimes due to ignorance or inexperience, cause injuries in ways

that are subject to the most simple remedies, if the men themselves could but be brought to have the proper interest in the matter.

Working upon this theory, a systematic campaign for safety was organized under the direction of the claim-department of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, somewhat less than a year ago. It involved means for the education of officers and employees in the benefits that might be gained by following the watchword of the movement, "safety first," and means for securing the cooperation of the men in all the departments of the road.

The most recent development of the plan, and what has given the remarkable results mentioned in beginning our comments, was the organization of safety committees. There is first a central committee, of which Mr. R. C. Richards, general claim-agent, is chairman, and which is composed of two general superintendents, the engineer of maintenance, the assistant superintendent of motive-power and machinery, supervisor of motive power and machinery, trainmaster of the freight-terminals, and the assistant superintendent of the car department.

There is then on each division a division safety



committee composed of the divisional officers, and there is an employees' committee on each division composed of an engineer, fireman, conductor, brakeman, trackman, station-agent, and switchman, and a similar committee of employees for the shops and roundhouses. The employees' committees hold their individual meetings once a month, and they are given trips of inspection over their respective divisions accompanied by the division and some of the general officers.

On these trips they divide themselves into sub-committees, each of which gives especial notice to certain subjects assigned to it, going over the ground thoroughly.

In this way, every detail of tracks, yards, stations, roundhouses, machinery, and shops are inspected, and the faulty conditions either remedied by the division officers, or reported to the superior committee.—*The Railway and Engineering Review.*

## FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

### Valuable Instructions Issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad for the Use of Its Employees in Case of Accident.

**THE** person in authority should take charge.  
**KEEP COOL.**

Send for the nearest physician; give him as near as possible the character of the injuries. Do not wait to get a number of physicians; this can be done later if necessary.

Remove injured person from the wreckage, using the utmost care not to further injure him.

**STRETCHER.** The stretcher can be used as a cot. It requires three men to place a person properly on a stretcher. Set up the stretcher; place it alongside the injured person. The three men should then stand at the side of the injured person away from the stretcher; one should place his hands under the head and shoulders, the other under the hips, and the third take charge of the injured part; lift him up and lay him gently on the stretcher.

**KEEP THE CROWD AWAY**, so as to insure plenty of fresh air.

**EXAMINE** the injuries carefully before doing anything.

**DON'T TOUCH** open wounds with the hands, nor attempt to remove dirt, nor apply unclean dressings of any kind, as infection may be introduced by so doing.

**FIRST-AID PACKET** contains two aseptic compresses wrapped in oil paper, one cambric bandage, one triangular bandage, and two safety pins. In dressing wounds, place the compress on the wound without touching that part which comes in contact with the wounded surface, secure with the cambric bandage, and, if necessary, wrap the whole with triangular bandage. This latter can be also used as a sling and to secure splints. If the contents of the one packet are insufficient, use more.

**HEMORRHAGE.** To arrest hemorrhage, place compresses on the bleeding part and secure firmly with the cambric bandage; if bleeding continues, apply more compresses and more pressure until bleeding ceases. If this fails, tie a bandage around the limb between the point of hemorrhage and the body, and twist tightly with a stick until bleeding stops. Then secure bandage.

**FRACTURE.** Broken bones should be treated with splints, the splints secured in position by triangular and other bandages. The splints should reach from below the lower joint to the one above the fracture. Folded newspapers, pieces of board, heavy pasteboard, or anything sufficient to prevent movement of the broken ends of bones upon each other will answer.

**BURNS.** Burns should be treated in the same manner as wounds. Do not forcibly remove clothing; cut the clothes away, if necessary. Where there is much pain, common baking soda dissolved in water may be used to saturate bandage. Don't use preparations of oil, as they are liable to cause infection.

**SHOCK.** Shock is a condition of almost complete absence of the signs of life; such as sighing respiration, pale, cold, clammy skin, etc. Don't give whisky, or any other stimulants, or drugs; the principal requirements are internal and external heat by means of hot coffee, hot milk, and other hot drinks, and the application of heat by means of blankets, hot water-bottles, hot bricks, etc. In cases of apparent drowning and electrical shock, use artificial respiration as taught in First Aid lectures.

**UNCONSCIOUSNESS.** Persons unconscious from any cause should be removed to a quiet place and laid upon the back. Keep every one away and let plenty of air get to the sick person. Loosen the clothing about the neck and abdomen. If the conditions are like shock, use same treatment.

**FITS.** A person suffering from a fit should be kept quiet, on the back. Loosen the clothing about the neck and abdomen, and be careful he does not injure himself while in the fit.

**HEAT EXHAUSTION AND SUNSTROKE.** In the former the skin will be cold and clammy, and the conditions will be the same as shock; the same treatment will be required. In cases of sunstroke the body feels hot to the touch; is dry. Apply ice to the abdomen, head and other parts of the body by rubbing with pieces of ice, or cracking the ice and putting it in cloths over the parts named above.

# The A. B. C. of Freight Rates.

BY JOHN C. THOMSON.

**I**N the two articles which appeared in the January and February numbers of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, we discussed freight rates from the standpoint of the land. In this article we will look at the subject from the standpoint of water competition and inland waterways.

All that we know about freight rates to-day can be summed up briefly:

1. That transportation by ocean, river, canal, and railroad is in each case a separate proposition.
2. That there is as much difference between a canal and a river as there is between an ocean and a railroad.
3. That all four have great influence on each other, but just to what extent no man knows.
4. That the railroad seems to have a closer connection with each of the three water routes than they have with each other.
5. That cartage through the streets of a city has a great and direct bearing on all four.

**Aside from Certain Conditions, Largely Established by Nature, the Making of Freight Rates Is Largely Guesswork, Based on the Elastic "Per-Ton Mile."**

## PART III.

**I**N the early days of the Interstate Commerce Commission that body endeavored to confine itself to rates on land alone, but soon found, as it so well worded the matter, "water competition is like Banquo's ghost, it will not stay buried and rises at the most awkward times."

Through sheer force of circumstance, the commission was compelled to consider water competition in connection with every railroad freight-rate in the United States.

What made this a very awkward matter was that Congress, in its innocence about such affairs, practically forbade the commission having anything to do with ship traffic, directly or indirectly, but ships and freight-cars have a way of combining in spite of Congress or commission, so, in time, both bodies slowly awoke to the fact that the two would have to be considered together.

Another trouble enters. All the freight-

cars are under United States control—except those running on Canadian soil and across the narrow neck of land in Mexico from ocean to gulf. All the deep-sea vessels are not under our control. Our coasting vessels are, to be sure; but a ship flying the British flag and running with wheat from Portland, Oregon, to Liverpool, England, is practically free of all our laws in regard to freight-rates.

Yet this ship carries wheat in competition with our transcontinental railroads, and, therefore, it greatly affects freight-rates between every town from Oregon to New York.

Keeping this fact in mind let us see, by illustration, how it works out in practise. We will say that the Interstate Commerce Commission, the shippers all the way from the Pacific to the Atlantic seaboard, and the railroads—half a dozen of them—have all agreed on certain rates on all goods.



Wheat shall pay so much, lumber so much, shoes so much, iron ore so much, coal so much, and so on indefinitely. All is peace and everything is working smoothly, when suddenly this same English ship—multiplied by a hundred more—offers to carry lumber to Europe from Puget Sound for less than we charge to haul it by rail to New York or Boston, and then by ship to Europe.

As we have practically no ships on any ocean given to commerce, the ship charges from New York or Boston to England or Germany or France are made by foreign ship owners. Therefore, we cannot lower the ocean rate from the Atlantic cities of America to Europe, and if we do not lower our rates from Puget Sound to Europe on some part of the route, we get nothing to carry.

It will all go in the bottoms of the British ships. Clearly, we must cut the railroad rate on lumber, or wheat, or whatever the cargo is, between New York and the Pacific coast.

Right here our troubles all break out afresh. Where all was industrial peace all is now confusion. It is much like a hive of bees, every one is happy putting up honey till some one from the outside world suddenly smokes them out.

If the rate is cut on transcontinental wheat and lumber—as it must be cut if it is to be moved over our rails—then other rates must go up or else the railroad must go out of business.

That is practically impossible, so up go the rates on other goods, but down they go on transcontinental, but not local, lumber and wheat.

#### Its Positive Effects.

This has two immediate effects. It puts a shoe merchant in Denver, say, out of business, because he cannot pay the higher freight-rates on shoes and live, and it makes the through rate on wheat from Puget Sound to the Atlantic less than from Nebraska to the same port.

These two men complain, and their cry is just, apparently. But what can be done about it? All any one can do is to refer the Nebraska wheat farmer and the Denver shoe man to the owner of the British tramp-ship, and beg him to raise his rates on wheat from Puget Sound to Liverpool.

The Britisher grins and remarks that what happens is none of his concern.

So, when some local experts gather around a stove in Podunk Center, and after agreeing that the United States can whip the world with one hand tied behind its back, let them remember that Uncle Sam cannot dictate what an English ship owner shall charge for transporting wheat between any two ports in the world, unless both these ports are under the Stars and Stripes.

Such very shortsightedness is the cause, perhaps, of nine-tenths of all our freight-rate rows. As a weary freight-rate clerk writes in the February number of *THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE*, he is asked over the telephone a dozen times a day to explain in a few moments what is here taking us many pages just to outline.

#### Clerk vs. Shipper.

The line of conversation runs something like this:

Irate Shipper: "Say, you! You've made a mistake. You've charged us \$15 more on this carload of lumber than you did on the previous car—the one we shipped two months ago, and this car has 5,000 less feet of lumber in it, at that! Why can't you keep your books straight, anyway? Gone to sleep up there, or are you just trying to slip something over on us? What?"

Weary Clerk: "Rate's gone up on lumber since the first of the month. Sorry, but your bill is correct."

Irate Shipper: "Go chase yourself, son! I was shipping lumber over your road before you were born! You can't tell me anything about rates on lumber! I know! That's my business, see? Now, see here! Why has that rate gone up? Wasn't you gouging us lumber dealers enough as it was? Giving the screw another twist, eh? Why don't you answer my question! Why is the rate higher?"

Weary Clerk: "Well, you see the transcontinental rate on lumber has gone down, and so we have to raise the local rates—"

Irate Shipper: "Suffering cats! Do you mean that you have the nerve to sit there and tell me to my face that you've cut the rate on my stuff over a three-thousand-mile haul, and, at the same time, have raised me between here and Chicago? Four hundred miles? You've got to show me!"

Weary Clerk: "But, you see, the Tramp Steamship Line running from Liverpool to Seattle cut the lumber rate, and so we had to—"

Irate Shipper: "Now, see here, son! Don't you try to stuff me like that! England has nothing to do with railroad rates between Chicago and this great city of Podunk—the city of homes. I'm going to report you to the Interstate Commerce Commission and write a letter to the newspapers. I've got to pay you, of course, but it's robbery. English tramp steamer! Lumber from Chicago to Podunk! Rats!"

Now, if this shipper would only get down his globe, take an A. B. C. course in physical and commercial geography, read a primer on economics, he might learn something. Not only does the British steamship owner have a great deal to say what Mr. Podunk pays on his lumber by the carload, but the French peasant—multiplied by a few million—through the Bank of France, has a great deal more to say.

In other words, no town, be it in America or Europe, can escape the world-wide influence of interlaced capital. The minute that Mr. Podunk reads that some big American railroad has placed \$10,000,000 more in bonds in the French market, just at that moment he should have learned the fact that Jean, the gardener, planting lettuce for the Paris market, has a great deal to say about what he, Mr. Podunk, shall pay on his load of lumber from Chicago to his home town.

### Government Subsidies.

Enough has been shown here, I hope, to prove that an English ship, on which the French hold a mortgage, can and does affect every railroad rate in the United States. But, there are other ships than those of England. Germany has some; so has Japan. To make matters worse, they are subsidized by their governments.

A subsidy is paid by a government to help defray the running expenses of a ship. For instance, a certain ship costs \$2,000,000 to build and \$2,000,000 a year to run. The government pays, say, half the building cost, and \$1,000,000 yearly toward running the ship. In return it has the right to use the ship in war. There are many other arrangements, but this serves our purpose here.

We have a ship earning interest on only half its cost, and with this ship our railroads must compete. It would be bad enough to fight against a ship that had to earn interest on her total cost, just as a railroad must, but this subsidy gives the ship two

hands to fight with against the railroad's one.

We are now beginning to see that many things affect railroad freight-rates of which the average shipper never dreams.

### One Reason for Subsidies.

If Great Britain, for instance, thinks that Germany might declare war in 1914, and that plenty of big ocean-going ships would come in handy during a war, she increases her subsidies.

More ships are built. Entering the world's trade, they take lumber from Seattle to any port in the world where there happens to be a market.

England does not want to bear the total expense of building these ships, nor to have them anchored idle in her harbors, so they get cargoes at any old rate just to keep full and moving, and the government at home foots the shortage as a war measure.

Against such competition as this, what can the United States railroad freight-agent do? Nothing. Yet he is cursed and berated daily from one end of the country to the other for something for which he is blameless.

We have looked on salt water only. Now, let us take a long "look-see" inland, "where rolls the Oregon," where the Father of Waters flows, and where, incidentally, the Missouri gets on a rampage and changes state lines every year or two.

Stately ships with canvas spread to the zephyrs of Iowa corn-fields, great steamers plowing across the prairies of Nebraska, loaded in Paris and unloaded at your door in Bismarck, Dakota, is not likely to come to pass.

### Small River Traffic.

Before me, as I write, is a map issued by the United States government, showing in red ink all the navigable waters of this country three feet in depth or over. A glance at the map shows that considerably over one-half of the United States is as white as snow; that from the Missouri River to the Pacific coast, navigable streams are about as rare as dodos.

The map also indicates that, to-day, inland water shipments are mostly limited to the Mississippi, Hudson, and Columbia Rivers and their branches.

River traffic on the Columbia is practically nothing—not counting, of course, the



use of the river for the first hundred miles as the entrance of Portland's harbor. Traffic on the Missouri is even less valuable, so we are reduced to the Mississippi and the Hudson as the only two river traffic-carriers in the United States.

Here and there some little steamboat puffs along, but it is more local pride than anything else, and pleasure passengers pay most of the profits.

The connection of inland waterways with railroad freight-rates is this:

Most of the tonnage—the amount of freight hauled over our rails to-day—consists of such material as coal, ore, lumber, and grain, cheap, heavy material in regard to which speed of transportation is not of immediate importance. Fruit or live stock has to be moved as rapidly as possible, like passenger traffic, but iron ore can move five miles an hour or fifteen miles an hour depending on which speed is the cheapest—and it matters little.

It is suggested that a great deal of this heavy cheap freight can be moved over inland waterways, thus saving the expense of shipping by rail, and leaving the railroad free to handle the goods that must move quickly.

This is practically the sole reason why inland waterways are favored by many, although there are several other indirect reasons.

A railroad, by its very nature, must be under one control; but the waterway, like the common road, is open to every one.

Thus it is said that with free waterways, competition will regulate freight-rates and prevent the railroads from dictating rates. In other words, if the rate by rail on coal is too high, then the coal will move by water, and, therefore, the rail-rate can never be higher than the water-rate, while the freight is open to every one who wants to build and run a boat.

### Rivers and Canals.

To return to our ships sailing from China to North Dakota by way of the Indian and South Atlantic Oceans, the Mississippi and the Missouri Rivers. This foolish idea has been actually suggested as being practical.

The water of a river is fresh, that of the sea is salt. Salt water supports a heavier load per cubic unit than does fresh water. Any one may test this by dropping an egg

into fresh water and then adding salt till the egg floats. As applied to ships, this means that a vessel loaded to draw ten feet at sea will draw over ten feet in fresh water. If loaded properly in fresh water, then more cargo must be added when salt water is reached, or the reverse.

The ocean is deep and propulsion is easy. A river or a canal is usually shallow, the bottom of the river is only a few feet below the bottom of the vessel, and a screw stirs up the mud and causes bars to form. The side-wheeler is the best form of boat for the usual river, but they are no longer commercially possible on the ocean.

Then, too, vessels large enough to pay a profit on the sea are too large to enter most of our rivers, except, perhaps, in a few cases at the very mouth. J. J. Hill says that a vessel must be able to carry 16,000 tons to compete successfully with the freight-car, and no 16,000-ton vessel is practical on inland waterways. The Great Lakes are not considered here as inland waterways; we are dealing with rivers and canals only.

### Full Cars Only.

There is a vast difference between a river and a canal. A river rises and falls from one month to another, depending on the rain-fall and the melting of snow, often thousands of miles away, while the water of a canal is practically of the same depth the year round. Ice frequently closes rivers and canals in winter.

The difference of the depth of water from time to time is of great importance.

In the case of a canal a warehouse can be erected at the very water's edge, and machinery installed to handle freight, but in the case of the river, the warehouse must ever be above the highest possible water line, and this leaves the vessel considerably away from the warehouse when there is low water in the river.

A river has a current, but a canal has none—except, perhaps, a very slow current hardly worth considering. Every one knows that it takes more power and time to go upstream than down. It frequently takes from two to five times as long to go up-stream as down.

We have seen the importance of regular service, and full cars both ways in railroad practise. The same applies to freight-service by water. In a canal, the conditions are similar to those of a railroad, but, in a

river, the current cuts a vast figure if it is at all swift in places or at certain times. Then, too, sand and mud-bars are always forming and changing in a river but not so in a canal.

Inland waterways, it has been seen, are divided into two parts—the river and the canal. There is a closer connection between the railroad and the canal than there is between the canal and the river. The freight-car is only a canal-boat floating on axle-grease instead of water.

### Merely a Matter of Friction.

Transportation, in the last analysis, reduces itself to a matter of friction, and the car-wheel is related closer to the rail than it is to the body of the car. There is but little friction between the wheel and the rail, the friction all comes between the axle and the wheel, and here the axle floats on axle-grease, just as does the canal-boat in the water.

The canal-boat is cheaper and easier to move because the friction on the water per pound of load is less than the friction between the axle and the wheel. That is all there is to it.

Friction spells coal, engine-power, heavier rails and bridges, lower grades; in fact, friction is responsible for nine-tenths of the cost of building and running a railroad. Therefore, just because the canal-boat meets with less friction for the same load, we have this great question of inland waterways slowly coming before the public.

Here we come to one of the most uncertain things in the railroad world, the famous "ton-mile."

The ton-mile means this: Suppose a railroad hauls 100 tons 1,000 miles. Another railroad hauls 50 tons 2,000 miles. By multiplying the tons and the miles together, we get in either case 100,000 ton-miles. ( $100 \times 1,000$  or  $50 \times 2,000$  equals 100,000 in either case.)

Now, 100,000 ton-miles is supposed to be equal to hauling 1 ton 100,000 miles, or 100,000 tons, one mile. This is the ton-mile in theory.

### The "Per-Ton" Mile.

There are so many railroads, and so many different lengths of hauls—in fact, millions of them—that some common basis of measurement must be taken to get an

idea of what it costs to run one railroad as compared with another railroad and for a hundred and one other comparisons.

If a man in Salt Lake City thinks that the General Pacific Railroad is charging him too much for freight from Chicago, and he goes before the Interstate Commerce Commission with his grievance, the railroad man rises in open court and proves that the General Pacific is "only earning one cent per ton-mile compared to the Podunk and Pacific which is allowed by the commission to earn two cents per ton-mile."

So we see how important this "per ton-mile" is in railroad matters. In measuring freight traffic it is the same as the pound to the grocery-store, the foot-rule to the land surveyor, or the second to the watchmaker—the standard of measurement.

However, the ton-mile has been severely attacked as an unsafe and unreliable measuring-stick. It is claimed that the very basis of the ton-mile is not sound—that to move one ton 100,000 miles is not equal to moving 100,000 tons one mile, or 100 tons 1,000 miles.

In abstract physics, the amount of force (energy), is the same in each case, but the railroad in our workaday world has many other things to consider than mere physics. Loading and unloading, for instance.

### No Basis for Foreign Comparison.

To pull 100,000 tons of coal one mile over level rails would cost, probably, about half a cent a ton, or a total of \$500, but to load and unload that coal by hand would cost many times \$500. In this case, the ton-mile charge would be about half a cent, plus load and unloading charges of, say, 50 cents a ton, or a total ton-mile cost of  $50\frac{1}{2}$  cents.

To load one ton and unload it at the end of its journey would cost, at the same assumed rate for shoveling, only 50 cents. The cost of moving a ton one mile would be half a cent, just as in the other case, but this half-dollar loading and unloading charge would be spread so thin over that 100,000 miles of run that it could hardly be figured.

So we have 100 times a higher ton-mile charge in one case than in the other, and the basis is supposed to be the same.

So far as I know, there is no reliable basis for any comparison of freight-rates between Europe and America. The ways



of bookkeeping vary widely in European countries—France figures one way, and Germany another—the distances vary so greatly, the amount and character of goods hauled vary so greatly, and the laws regulating railroads and railroad construction are so different, that the “ton-mile,” as a measurement between European and American railroads is hardly worthy of consideration.

Although there is no basis of comparison, the ton-mile is often used to prove things one way or another—just as the prover wishes.

There is no “common ground” in figuring the cost of operation of the railroads of various countries. All we can get is the grand totals. These are of questionable value.

Inland waterways from the standpoint of cost to build and operate as compared with a railroad or the entire railroad service of the nation, is an interesting phase. About the only comparison attempted so far has been with the ton-mile, and, as we have just seen, that that is not a safe guide.

Right here stalks in the “door-to-door” service of the freight-car compared to the canal-boat, or the river-boat. By “door-to-door” is meant that a freight-car can be loaded at a factory door in Battle Creek, Michigan, and unloaded at a warehouse door in Denver, Colorado, thus doing away with the cost of all cartage through the streets of either city.

In the case of a boat on the Erie Canal one might, or might not, be able to load the boat at the factory door in Buffalo, and he certainly could not unload it at a warehouse door in New York City.

#### Cost of City Cartage.

So, while the ton-mile figure might be less by way of the canal-boat, when city cartage is added, the ton-mile charge leaps far above that of the freight-car. Moving freight is not simply from city to city, nor from depot to depot, but from “door to door,” and this may, or may not, mean the often very expensive item of cartage through crowded city streets.

The “Belt Line” railroad circling Chicago saves that city millions of dollars yearly in cartage charges.

Freight must be sorted and distributed just like letters in the mail. In fact, when

it comes right down to actual facts, a letter is just as much freight as is an ounce of coal, and what applies to the mail service in most cases fits equally well in freight transportation.

That our rivers run idle to-day is due to three possible reasons:

First. Because no river or canal can compete with the freight-car running from door to door.

Second. Because the rivers and canals would be of the utmost value if they were provided with suitable terminals, which, to-day, are lacking.

Third. Because the railroads are the keenest competitors of inland waterways.

#### Waterways Out of Date.

It may be true that the river and the canal are as hopeless out of date as the stage-coach, the ox-cart, and the pack-mule, but I do not know, and I do not believe that any man knows. If he does, I would like to learn his reasons for so thinking, provided he does not base his conclusions on the ton-mile or too much on averages.

“The vicious habit of thinking in averages” is well to keep in mind when one is considering freight-rates. A good mathematician or bookkeeper can play with a set of books about as he pleases. With his journal and ledger he can prove almost anything and then turn around and prove just the contrary.

All that any unbiased man to-day knows about European and American freight-rates, compared one to the other, is that there seems to be no fair basis of comparison. The European railroad, for instance, is maintained to a considerable extent as a war measure, like a fort or a battle-ship; in America, all railroads, except the Union Pacific, which was a war measure, are purely commercial concerns. This alone destroys all possibilities of economic, commercial, or financial comparison. Hence concerning waterways, we cannot turn to Europe for a guide with much hope of light on the subject as applied to the United States.

One might as well try to measure real estate with a rubber band as to prove anything concerning freight by the “ton-mile,” and, so long as this is true, inland waterways will remain a matter of study rather than of definite conclusion.

In the fourth and concluding article in this series, which will appear in our July number, Mr. Thomson will discuss freight-rates from the bookkeeping and financial point of view.

# CATCHING THE BOAT.

BY GEORGE FOXHALL.

## Sad Schmidt Falls Heir to Great Wealth and Misses His Schedule.

I'M a sort of Ancient Mariner, though the Pennsylvania Railroad ferry between Desbrosses Street and Jersey City is the nearest I ever was to going to sea. Anyhow, like that poetic person, I've got a yarn that I've got to get out of my system, and then you ran kill me if you like.

It's now two years since I met Sad

Schmidt. I've been thinking it over ever since in the constant glow of the tail-lights of missed trains, and I've come to the conclusion that Sad Schmidt is a contagious disease, a desolation, a pestilence, and a depraved liar. That is, provided somebody hasn't ended his blighting career with a rope or a gun by this time.

You'll notice how my paragraphs end with



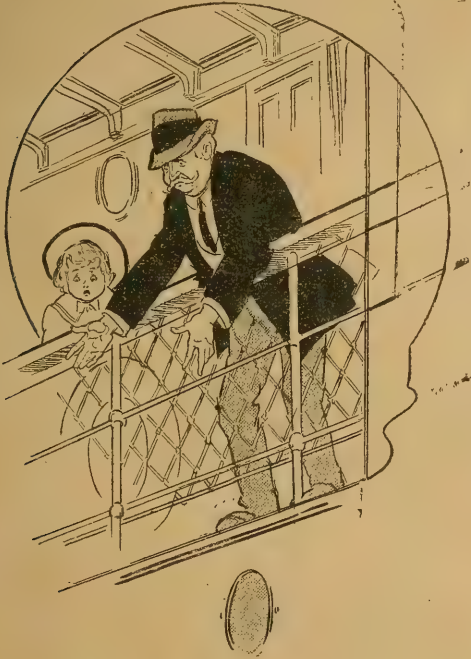
"AUNT JOHANNA  
THOUGHT THAT  
WAS HOW PEOPLE  
GOT ONTO  
STEAMBOATS."



talk about sudden death. Well, that's the morbid condition to which Sad Schmidt has driven me. You have probably gathered that I hate Sad Schmidt. I do. Likewise his present family an' his antecedents, unto the first generation. What did he do?

He told me a story. That's all. But, say, that story has laid across my haunted life like the ghost of a Welsh rarebit.

Wait, an' I'll tell it to you; not because I want to entertain you, but because I might



pass the hoodoo on an' be rid of it; and, as you'll observe, I'm a misanthrope with a grouch.

I was once a happy, care-free, genial-hearted man. I carried through life a lend-me-a-dollar expression. My temper was good, an' my morals quite unapproachable. If you had known me then you would have loved me.

To add atmosphere to my general character, I will add that I am a traveling salesman for a soap house. Our matchless cleansers were the envy and admiration of our competitors.

Well, two years ago I made Boolaboo, Texas, in the flush of youth an' optimism an' the confident belief that I would sell a bill of goods to a hypocritical Boolabooer named Job Jordan. I hadn't much time to do it and make the six-thirty out, but I'd

come half a day out of my route to sell things to Jordan—so I meant to do it.

I showed him samples of all our latest grease-eaters. I scoured all his pots an' pans, cleaned his filthy transom, polished the parlor mirror, an' then scrubbed down the counter. It was hard work, but he was as interested as a kid at a pig-killing, an' I expected to get my day's wage out of him.

Just as I was rolling down my sleeves, I heard the six-thirty at the whistling-post, but I only smiled philosophically. There was another train at eight o'clock, an' I knew by the pleased examination of Mr. Jordan that I was going to do business.

I whipped out my order-book an' flipped the perspiration from my brow.

"You shore have got a handy line o' goods," said the Boolabooer, "an' you shore are industrious at deemonstratin' 'em."

"Why, that's what I'm hired for, you know, Mr. Jordan," said I with a happy, modest smirk; an' I slipped the cap from my fountain pen.

"I suppose so," said Mr. Jordan, squinting admiringly along the counter. "Now, that there feller that peddles for the Snow Soap Syndicate came along last week, an' he didn't do more'n just polish up a Lincoln penny, an' doggone me if I didn't sign a contract to sell nothin' but their goods for ten years. What a fool I was!"

Nit! I saw that instant. He was no fool. It was me.

I slipped my pen an' book back in my pocket an' yanked out my watch.

"I reckon I've missed my train," I said, calm and resigned.

"That's a shame," droned Job, calm an' resigned likewise. "You'd orter watch that. But maybe you'd 'a' missed it, anyhow. Some folks miss trains an' boats by nature, no matter how they try. Now, there's Sad Schmidt there, sittin' on that bar'l. He never caught a train in's life. Did you, Sad?"

"Nor a boat," moaned out the mournfullest voice in the universe, an' I turned to see the forlorn an' haunting figure of the man who was to upheave my moral centers an' send me thudding down the road of life with three wheels on the rails an' the other scattering my fires of ambition as it bumped the ties of doom.

To call him sad was an insult to melancholy. Hecuba an' the Wandering Jew and the guy who never smiled again were cheerful playmates compared with him.

He was dressed in what were supposed to be clothes, but they looked like he'd got 'em too late to do any good. The coat-sleeves lacked a good four inches an' the pants a good seven. You could see he hadn't even a melancholy pride in his failings; but evidently Job was proud of 'em for him, else he was covering his own four-flushing.

"No, sir," said Job, pretending to be entertaining, "nor none of his family never caught a train. Did they, Sad?"

"Nor a boat," mused Sad.

"I shouldn't think they could miss any boats in Boolaboo," said I, dropping into a creaky chair an' discovering how hard I'd worked.

"We've traveled," said Sad, turning up another sod with his grave-digging voice.

"Sad nearly lost half a million dollars missin' boats one time," said Job, "him an' his family."

I wondered what Sad would have looked like if he'd lost that half a million right out, but I said nothing. I hadn't got my second wind yet.

"Tell him about it, Sad," urged the old Machiavelli. "It'll keep him from worryin' about his own train."

"It'll hoodoo him," droned Sad: "It allus does it to strangers. If he hears it, he'll never catch a train again without missin' one before he gets it."

Job laughed; an' if I'd known then what I know now, I'd 'a' choked him an' Sad Schmidt right there an' 'a' took my chances on hanging.

"That's the only joke that Sad ever makes," said he, "an' he's mighty fond of it."

"He looks like he's fond o' somethin' depressing," said I, and because I was sick of the sight an' sound of Job I turned to Sad Schmidt.

"Narrate the narrative," I suggested, reaching between his long legs an' pulling an apple out of the barrel.

He came right at it. He didn't cough, twitch his collar, clear his throat, smile, nor hitch his pants above the knee. He didn't make any of the customary introductions. He just slid into that yarn like I'd dropped a quarter in his gas-meter, an' he never raised the pressure. His voice had the exquisite changes produced by an angry child assaulting his father's wooden leg.

"It was all along o' my father's Uncle Naboth, who made half a million dollars

staying home to Germany while the rest of the family got poor coming to America, an' never got rich when they got here. Some five years since he felt he was beginning to get old, so he writ over, to my dad that he 'lowed it was his intention that I should heir his wealth, but he would like to see me before he died.

"However, he'd heeard that I wasn't fitten to travel alone an' was a hoodoo in company, so he reckoned he'd just ask his brother or one of his two sisters to run over to Germany an' take my picture along, an' then maybe he'd be content to die.

"Aunt Johanna 'lowed that he'd likely be more'n content to die after he'd seen it. She only feared that he might commit suicide, though I couldn't see no sense in what she said.

"Anyhow, she 'lowed she'd make the trip; an', as she'd been contemplating making a visit to the old country, she figured she'd take her whole family, seeing as Uncle Nabe was payin' the freight.

"I reckon it was one of them female aunts that must have driv' it into the old man about me bein' so ontrustworthy to travel, because them an' pop, too, being just as bad as me, I couldn't see why I sh'd be singled out, 'nless that was it.

"Of course, their reasons was to sour the old man on me in favor of their own offspring, which was all young an' childish, dad bein' ten years the aunts' seniors.

"Well, nobody objected. We 'lowed that if Aunt Johanna an' her husband an' her seven children could get to Germany, they was the only nine members of the family that could get there, barrin' them that'd never left, an' nobody c'd see what anybody c'd do about it.

"Dad said it was all right, an' so long as they were going to take a picture of me, they might as well take a good one, so he 'lowed he'd trust 'em with the big crayon portrait in a frame in the parlor. Aunt Johanna confessed that she didn't want the responsibility of that work of art, but dad said:

"'Johanna, I c'n see clear through you. You're not goin' over there with them seven offshoots o' yourn without takin' somethin' that'll do my boy justice in the eyes of Uncle Nabe, an' it's that or it's nothin'."

"Aunt Johanna took one look at the crayon, an' she said:

"'I reckon it just about does do him justice, Carl. It 'bout looks like him. I



hadn't thought about that before. I'll be mighty glad to take it along.'

"She laughed; but I couldn't see nothin' to laugh at. Neither could dad. He just pulled his whiskers an' 'lowed that barrin' an unfortunate looseness in catching trains, he was as smart as they made 'em, yet.

"Well, they got their tickets for land an' sea, an' they put the clock two days an'

"When they got to Washington, they found they'd left the crayon portrait of me somewhere, an' it took three hours to trace it. Then the feller said it'd take two more hours to get it, an' that there was a train to New York every hour, an' they c'd catch the second one.

"Aunt Johanna wanted to see the President an' the Congressman what had kissed



"THE OLD MAN CAME TO HIMSELF AND YANKED OUT HIS TIMEPIECE."

half an hour ahead, an' they started for the deepo in plenty of time.

"But on the way, Cousin Willie cast a shoe 'cos he'd developed an ingrowing nail, an' before they c'd persuade him to walk or be carried without him busting a blood vessel, doggone me if they didn't hear the engine whistle.

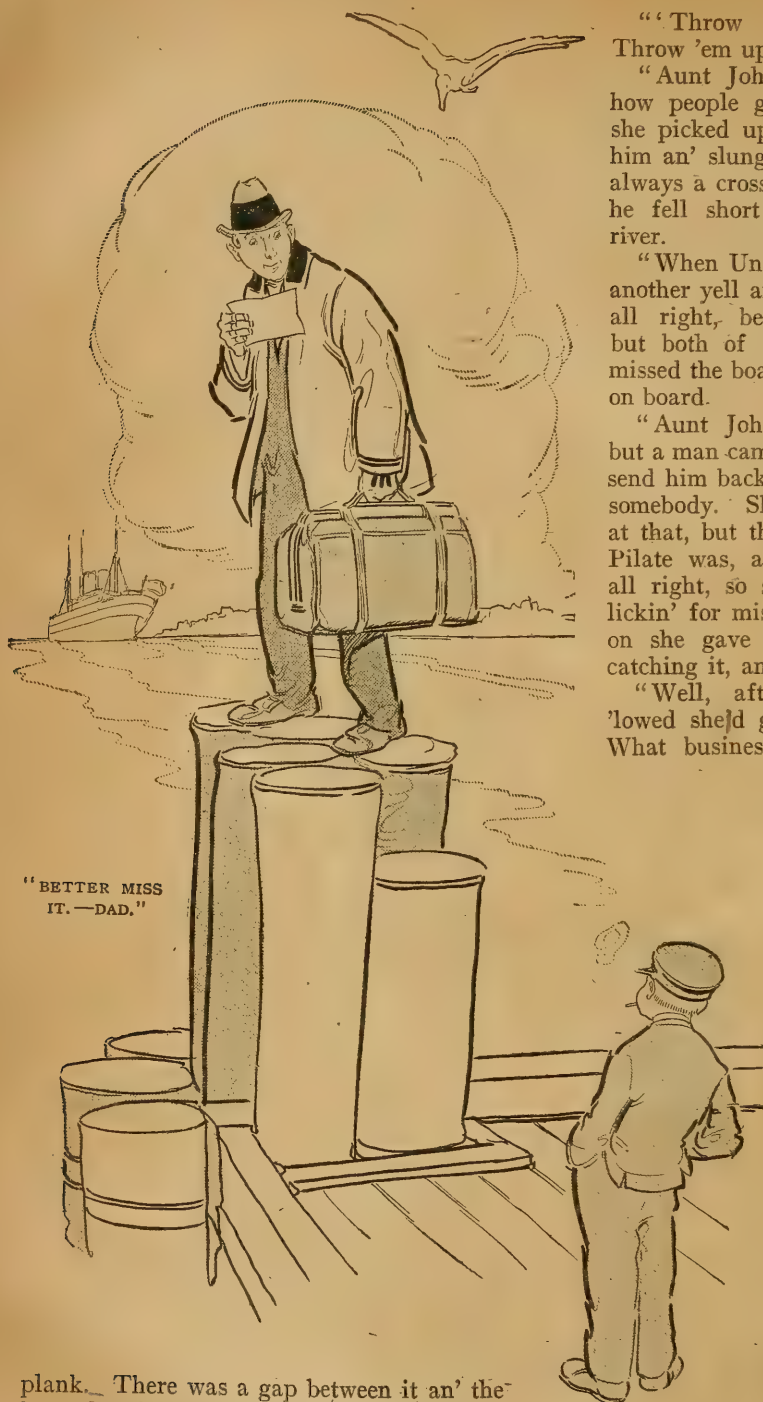
"Aunt Johanna grabbed an offspring under each arm, but one of 'em slipped out onto his nose, an' Uncle Ben tumbled over him, 'an they was all down to once. The train went away. They waited for the next, which was due four hours later, an' was four hours late, but they caught it.

little Freddie last year. They didn't see 'em, but they missed the train. They got the next.'

"The conductor told 'em they'd just make it from the ferry to the dock if the horse-cars was running all right. The cars was all right, but a horse died in the car they was in.

"The man said they often did that, though this horse had only one leg an' one ear dead that morning, an' he had trusted him to go right through the day. He seemed disappointed.

"Well, they rushed onto the dock just as the hands was starting to haul in the gang-



"BETTER MISS  
IT.—DAD."

plank. There was a gap between it an' the boat already, an' she was swingin' away.

"Uncle Ben gave a yell an' picked little Freddie up in his arms, ran up the gang-plank an' jumped. He landed all right. Then he turned an' sang out to Aunt Johanna:

"'Throw 'em up, Johanna! Throw 'em up!'

"Aunt Johanna thought that was how people got onto steamboats, so she picked up little William, swung him an' slung him. But Willie was always a cross-grained little cuss, an' he fell short an' dumped into the river.

"When Uncle Ben seen it, he gave another yell an' dove. He got Willie all right, being a good swimmer, but both of 'em was wet, an' they missed the boat, an' little Freddie was on board.

"Aunt Johanna began to scream, but a man came up an' told her they'd send him back with Pontius Pilate or somebody. She screamed some more at that, but the feller explained who Pilate was, an' she guessed it'd be all right, so she just gave Willie a lickin' for missin' the boat, an' later on she gave Freddie a licking for catching it, an' then they came home.

"Well, after that Aunt Frieda 'lowed she'd go to Germany herself. What business had two fools with

seven kids monkey-ing with time-tables an' upsetting everybody? She reckoned that her an' the twins an' Tommy was just the right size of a party, an' right appeal to sentimentalize Uncle Nabe to a frazzle.

"We never heered a great deal about Aunt Frieda's trip. We know she tried for two days to catch a train here, an' then she only got one by sleeping all night at the deepo. Anyhow her an' the twins an' Tommy slipped back into Boolaboo

before a week was gone. Everybody expected it, so nobody said nothin' to 'em, except ma went over to borrow a sad-iron, an' she said she noticed that little Tommy stood up all the time an' seemed to prefer it.



"Aunt Frieda brought the crayon portrait back in a day or two, an' handed in her resignation without explaining, but I bribed Tommy back of the woodshed to tell me all about it. I bribed him with the promise of a knife, but I reckoned afterward that he didn't need no knife.

"Well, it seemed that Tommy had been reading all 'bout New York, an' he 'lowed he wanted to see these streets what was made of tenderloin worse'n he wanted to go to Germany. So he stowed hisself away on a ferry-boat, an' they dragged most of the North River an' the bay for him, an' discovered nothin' but several other corpses that didn't belong to Tommy, an' one or two disused ballot-boxes, but nothin' of no value.

"Then Tommy went to sleep, an' when he woke up he had pins an' needles in his arm, an' he didn't know where he was, an' before he c'd remember he began to holler: 'Mommer! Mommer!' and they found him.

"The boat was just docking from the sixth trip since Tommy disappeared. Aunt Frieda yanked him out an' dashed up the gangway without delay. A man said she could make it if she run. She run. The twins floated, Aunt Frieda swinging 'em through the air an' only letting 'em touch the ground every hundred yards. Tommy brought up the rear, still looking for tenderloin.

"When they rushed onto the dock the distance to the steamer was too wide to jump, an' it was gettin' wider. Tommy found the tenderloin. He had it with him when he got home.

"Well, ma an' dad sat in front of that crayon portrait of me for a-long time that eve'ing—holding hands—dad pulling his whiskers an' ma crying soft.

"Ma, said dad, 'that there gem of art shall go to Germany to comfort Uncle Nabe, an' to do justice to our son.'

"I wish I c'd think so, dad,' said ma, 'but somethin' tells me the boy ain't goin' to heir that wealth. How can we get it there?'

"I will take it myself.'

"Ma screamed. 'You cannot go alone, dad,' she said.

"We will go together; you an' me,' said dad; an' they draped the crayon portrait of me an' went to bed.

"I reckon dad might have made it, if he'd left ma at home. First she discovered

that the train they were to leave Boolaboo on was No. 13, an' she wouldn't take it. It turned out after that it was the 32. They waited for the next, which was two hours late, but they'd given themselves lots of time, an' when they arrived at New York they had three hours to spare.

"They went for a walk, an' bimeby they came to a round building which everybody seemed to be goin' in free, so they went along, thinking to get their money's worth.

"Well, it was a fish orphanage, /or somethin'. There was fishes without noses, an' fishes with bottle noses, an' fishes with noses four feet long, an' fishes that changed color, an' some that'd stare at you all day without ever changing color or wincing.

"They were sure entertained, an' when the old man come to himself an' yanked out his timepiece, the boat had been due out some ten minutes, an' they were half an hour away from the dock.

"They didn't say a word to each other. They just turned right around an' come back to Boolaboo. Supper was ready for 'em, an' nobody said a word about it for three days.

"Then dad said to me: 'Son, it seems like heaven intends you should go yourself.'

"I asked the old man if he was sure of his authority, an' he claimed he was, so I bought me a new suit an' the family knitted me ties an' socks an' sewed my name an' address from my hat to my shoes, an' I started off with a suit-case an' the crayon portrait of me.

"Well, it was too bad. When I got half-way I remembered that I'd forgotten my pipe, but as I'd give myself plenty of time, I went back for it. I'd got nearly to the station again when I discovered that I put the crayon portrait down to pick my pipe up; so I had to go back again. I missed the train. I got one, though, later on.

"At Washington I had to change, an' somehow I got half-way to Florida before I found out I was in the wrong train. I got out an' went back.

"I had to wait an hour at Washington, but I did get a train, an' if I hadn't got on a tug instead of the ferry-boat, I 'low I'd a got that steamer.

"A feller asked me what I wanted, an' I 'lowed I wanted to go to Germany. He admitted they wasn't goin' any further than Staten Island—an' they didn't. He said the fare for passengers was ten dollars, but



"THE STEAMER WAS TOO WIDE TO JUMP, AN' IT WAS GETTIN' WIDER."

I 'lowed that fifty cents would do him, an' he said it would.

"Two policemen showed me how to get back. They bought tickets for me on the railroad an' another ferry. They said they c'd get 'em cheaper than me, an' they got me right across the island for two dollars.

"Well, I heard the boat tooting as I came up to the dock, an' I was determined by this time to get it. I jumped over two trucks an' a feller selling vi'lets an' dashed on as she was swingin' off.

"By this time Uncle Nabe had heeard of most of the attempts, an' I knew he'd be relying on me. The boat was slipping away, an' so was my chance at Uncle Nabe's half a million. There was just one way I might catch it. I climbed on a crowd of piles, thinking I might make the jump from them to the boat, but by the time I got there she was well out, an' I was just makin' up my mind to swim after her when a boy's voice hailed me.

"Hey, mister!" he yelled; 'are you Lemuel Schmidt?'

"I am," said I, waiting to dive.

"Here's a telegram for you!"

"It was from dad.

"Uncle Nabe says he'll bet me a hundred thousand dollars to a nickel you'll be only one to catch the boat. Better miss it. Dad."

"That's what it said, an' I sorter agreed with the old man that a hundred thousand here was better'n half a million hereafter. I came home."

Sad Schmidt paused.

"Did you get the hundred thou.?" I asked.

"I should've done, stranger, but there was one feller that didn't miss a boat. It went from Hamburg to Australia, an' the feller was the cashier in Uncle Nabe's bank. An' now we are takin' turns in keeping Uncle Nabe. There's the whistle of the eight-o'clock. I reckon you won't get it."

I didn't. I ran to the station, just like the whole Schmidt family had done, but I didn't get it. I have never got one since without first missing from one to ten.

I'm a hoodooed an' demoralized Ish-mael, but now that I've got this yarn out of my system, maybe the hoodoo is lifted.

## JAPANESE SMOKE-PREVENTER.

FROM Japan come particulars of the invention of a smoke-preventing furnace, in which compressed air is supplied to the fire through tubes forming an upper grate. The fuel is first deposited on this grate and partly consumed; the combustion gases pass downward

through the grate, meeting the supply of compressed air. By means of a reciprocating agitator, the partially consumed fuel is caused to fall then upon a second grate of the ordinary type, where combustion is completed. One of the "smoke-preventers" is being sent here for examination.





# LULLABY OF THE WHEELS.

BY J. EDWARD HUNGERFORD.

Written for "The Railroad Man's Magazine."

**W**HEN you hear us softly clickin',  
Don't it make your pulses quicken—  
Don't it make you want to hum a little tune?  
When you're feelin' sad and weary  
Ain't our music kind o' cheery,  
Ain't there somethin' kind o' restful in our croon?  
Don't our smooth and rhythmic meter  
Make the weary hours go fleeter,  
When we're puttin' miles behind you on the fly?  
Ain't our measure soft, poetic,  
Like a soothin' anesthetic—  
Don't it drowse you like a peaceful lullaby?

Oh, it's spin, spin, spin,  
And it's work like sin;  
For we're racing with the seconds and they've got a show to win;  
It's a swift old pace,  
And a reckless old race,  
But our only joy in being is to get some place!

Oh, our days are mighty busy,  
And our mode of living dizzy,  
But it's seldom that we ever lose our poise;  
For a little slip in action  
Is a serious infraction,  
And it makes a heap of trouble for the boys;  
If we're weary and want resting,  
Then our song is shrill, protesting,  
And we screech along until we get release;  
But there's seldom much the matter,  
After all our kick and clatter,  
And we're silenced by a daub or two of grease.

Oh, it's click, click, click,  
We're kept a-moving quick,  
There's no end of miles to cover and we've got to turn the trick;  
It's a swift old race,  
Yes, a dizzy old pace,  
But our only joy in being is to get some place!



# When the Con Was "Called."

BY SAM HENRY.

**THE TRUE STORY SERIES.** Nearly every raw recruit who joins the great army of railroaders has to take his share of ridicule from the old-timers. Sometimes, however, the fun goes a little too far, and unless some kind-hearted veteran steps in and takes sides with the new man, life is apt to prove anything but a bed of roses. That Mr. Henry is still a clerk in Uncle Sam's mail service was due to an eagle-eye "putting him wise" and helping him to call the bluff of a certain conductor. Turn about is fair play.

## TRUE STORY, NUMBER FIFTY-SIX.

**A Little Drama, Enacted in a Mail-Car by Several Trainmen and a Dog, Which Was Suddenly Brought to an Unexpected Climax.**

**I**T was not long after my appointment as a relief mail clerk, with headquarters at Houston, Texas, that one of Uncle Sam's mail-sorters running from Bremond to Cisco was suddenly taken with what the chief clerk called the "home fever," and I was sent to relieve him.

You have seen pictures of a Reuben coming to town? Well, such pictures might have been taken from real life of me at that time. About the only thing I had ever traveled on was a Texas bronco. Just eighteen years old, right from the forks of the creek. I was as green as they make 'em. In fact, I have often wondered how I ever got to Bremond, one hundred and fifty miles from Houston, without an escort.

When I started out from Bremond on my first run, I noticed at each station that the conductor and baggage-master kept holding a consultation of some sort, and often glanced in my direction. I was too guileless to suspect anything, however, though I made the trip to Cisco, wondering all the way what they had been talking about. Returning the next day, we were only about thirty minutes out when the conductor opened my partition door, and seeing me, apologized for intruding, saying that he thought his friend Edgar was on.

It seemed that some one had given the conductor a very valuable dog at Cisco, and he had come to ask Edgar to allow him to leave it by the stove on some mail sacks until we got to Waco, his division point. Wish-

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** All the stories published in this TRUE STORY SERIES have been carefully verified by application to officers or employees of the roads or companies concerned who are in a position to be acquainted with the facts. Contributors should give us the names of responsible persons to whom we may apply for such verification, in order that fruitless inquiries may be avoided. This condition does not imply any lack of confidence in the veracity of our contributors, but is imposed merely to give greater weight and authenticity to the stories.

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ing to be agreeable, I insisted that he bring his dog in anyhow, and I stopped my work to help him tie the animal, giving him every assurance that it would be well taken care of.

In about twenty minutes after the conductor left, the partition door was again opened—this time by a portly gentleman, well-dressed, in a Prince Albert coat, and having all the earmarks of a Western lawyer. He seemed greatly surprised, as the conductor had been, on seeing me there, and also made profuse apologies for disturbing me, saying that he had thought his friend Edgar was in the car.

### Don Has Several Masters.

Edgar, he said, was a fine fellow, and everybody liked him. Then his eye fell upon the dog.

"Why, that's not you, Don!" he cried. Whereupon the old dog got up and wagged his tail. "That is Don. How did that dog get there, Mr. Mail Clerk?"

He then told me that early that morning, and before starting to the train, he had sent this very dog, which belonged to him, to school with his little girl. As the dog was never known to leave her, he felt certain that something terrible must have befallen his child when the dog had been taken away.

"Mr. Mail Clerk," he concluded, "in Heaven's name tell me quickly, how do you come to have my dog?"

I explained how the conductor had brought him in to me. The man ripped and swore. He informed me that he was United States district judge, and that he would call the law down upon the one who had stolen his little daughter's protector.

I tried to pacify him, telling him that possibly the dog had strayed away, and that the conductor, knowing his value, wished to take care of him. He would not accept my explanation, however, saying that the conductor knew his dog, and he was certain that if he had seen him at the depot he would have sent him home instead of bringing him away. Finally he left, stating that he was going to have it out with the conductor.

I felt very uneasy, expecting serious trouble between them. Directly they came to my car together. The conductor seemed angry and denied knowing anything about the dog other than that he had seen me leading him down to the car, and he had noticed that I had a hard time getting him in. To

substantiate this remarkable story he brought in the baggage-master.

### Accused of a Crime.

The judge became angrier than before. He went into a long rignmarole about what the law would do to me, since I had been caught redhanded, with every witness against me, and ended with the cheerful information that he was a personal friend of President Arthur, and would see that I lost my job. He would leave the dog with me until we reached Waco, when an officer would take charge of me.

Knowing that I was innocent of wrongdoing, yet accused of a crime and with no one to defend me, I don't believe any one was ever more miserable than I at that moment. Rather than face the disgrace of arrest, I had about made up my mind to abandon the train at the Brazos River, when I heard a knock on the door next to the engine. I opened it and found the engineer standing outside.

He had a good-natured face that made me feel better at once. He came in and walked over to the stove where the dog lay.

"Well, Don," he said, "you are a great old rascal." Then he turned to me. "Say, buddy, don't look so downhearted. Them galoots are only playing a joke on you. That conductor and baggage-master are forever up to some monkey-shine. Now, buddy, if you will carry out my instructions we will give them a scare they'll remember, and maybe it will break them of playing jokes. Don belongs to that conductor, and he wouldn't take a thousand dollars for him.

"He can travel over the top of a string of box cars as good as any braky, and I don't believe he has missed a trip with that conductor in five years. Now, I am going to take Don up on the engine, where he is as much at home as he is here. You put a lump of coal in this old gunny-sack, and just as I slow down at the river, open the partition door and holler to the baggage-master: 'Here goes that dog.'

### The Eagle-Eye's Plan.

"It will be so dark he can't tell what it is you are throwing out; but when he looks around in your car and finds the dog is gone, he will run back to the coaches to tell the conductor. You had better bolt the door, because that con is going to be some mad.

Let them pound on it until they break it down, if need be, but don't let them in. I will be back as soon as I can get Don out of sight."

I could have hugged the engineer for telling me it was all a joke, and was only too glad to carry out his instructions.

As we slowed down for the river I opened the partition door and yelled to the baggage-master: "Here goes that dog; I'll get that much of the evidence out of the way."

The baggage-master came to my door, looked in, and, seeing Don was gone, ran back for the conductor. I bolted the door, as I had been told to do, and in about a minute I heard such a pounding as no door would stand very long. The engineer soon returned, however, and, telling me to stand aside, he jerked open the door. In rushed the conductor, the baggage-master, and the judge. The conductor made a jump for me, but the engineer caught him, and I never heard such a "rolling" as he gave all three of them.

"You ought to be clubbed," he said. "You have tantalized this kid all day until you have driven him to desperation, and now he's gone and thrown your dog into the river. I was looking back just now and I saw something go over, so I came to see what it was.

"The kid wouldn't tell me much about it; but as I am on to your pranks, I am certain it was Don. Don't you fellows know that this lad can have every last one of you arrested for interfering with the United States mails? That door is cracked where you tried to break in, and if he prefers

charges against you I will appear as a witness for him."

After this little speech the conductor cooled down considerably, and after further thought on the matter he became very pleasant, and even tried to get chummy with me. He was broken up over the loss of his dog.

At our next stop he wired back to the agent at Fowler to hunt up the section-boss, who was a friend of his, and to tell him that when the train hit the curve at Brazos River, Don, who had been standing close to the door, had fallen out. The section-boss was to go to the river and look for the dog. He should have five dollars for his trouble, and if he found him, ten dollars more.

When we arrived at Waco, the end of the division, the conductor came round to try to persuade me not to report him. While he was talking the engineer appeared with Don, and the expression on that conductor's face certainly was a surprised one.

He was so glad to get his dog back that he took both of us to a restaurant and bought us a fine dinner. He begged us to keep the story quiet, for he said that he had been guilty of so many pranks along his run that if this were found out everybody would have the laugh on him, so we promised not to give him away.

The tale got out somehow, in the course of time, and for quite a while, whenever this conductor would hit a station, he would be asked if he had found his dog yet. It even got to some of the officials, and a wag-gish despatcher, after issuing an order to him, would often supplement it with the question: "Have you found old Don?"

## DUTIES OF A FIREMAN.

THE fireman has certain duties to perform in connection with firing the engine besides the actual putting in of coal or feeding the boiler with water. On a great many railways these duties are specified by the working rules and regulations. The filling of oil-cans, getting stores, sweeping of the deck, and wiping off the engine or cab, though tending to show a man to be clean and tidy through attention to these duties, it is not always the case that such a man will prove a good fireman. Of course, the getting of stores, cleaning of lamps and torches, and the gathering up of tools, such as coal-pick, scoop, broom, etc., are all very necessary items that a fireman must look after or be up against trouble on the road. It is of no use giving advice on this part of his

duties, because if any failure of his to do these things was the means of lost time or complaint, his services would soon be dispensed with. The examination of dampers and grates on the modern locomotive is out of the question. On an engine turned out ready for the train, the dampers are no longer under the control of the fireman, as the engine gets its supply of air above the ashpan near the bottom of the fire-box. But there is no doubt that it would assist a fireman greatly in his work of firing if he were to make a pretty close examination of the coal on the tender, also note the condition of the fire to see whether it is clean or not, or if it is clinkered, and this before he begins to build a fire.—*Locomotive Firemen and Engineers' Magazine.*



# BAKER OF THE BAD LANDS.

BY W. T. PERCIVAL.

There Are Times When a Man Would Give  
His Kingdom for Much Less Than a Horse.

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

**B**AKER, a noted desperado, has held up the Pacific Coast Special, relieving it of bills amounting to \$20,000. He makes his escape from the posse following him, steering his way for the arid and desolate Bad Lands where he hopes to hide himself. Coming to a little settlement of deserted huts, he takes possession of one and, after investigating his surroundings, finds he can stay comfortably in seclusion there until the hunt for him has subsided. He is startled one morning, however, by seeing a man coming down the trail.

## CHAPTER V.

"Good Morning, Mr. Standish!"

**B**AKER stood his ground and let the stranger approach. Inwardly he cursed himself for having ventured away from his shack unarmed. It was a mighty foolish thing for a man in his predicament to do, but he had felt so very sure of himself that—

This was no time for pondering over errors made; it was a time for bluff. Baker was facing the approaching man, who, having gained the hillside that led down to the deserted camp, now started on a trot. Baker faced about and waited.

Not a muscle in his well-knit frame trembled. He waited until the stranger was within fifty yards of him, and then he whipped his right hand to his hip-pocket and let it remain there.

The action was not without its desired effect. Baker expected that his visitor would pull some sort of new-fangled weapon and let fly at him. Instead, he came to a sudden halt, threw up his hands, and cried:

"Don't shoot!"

Baker did not remove his hand from his hip-pocket.

"Don't shoot," repeated the stranger. "I mean you no harm."

"Then, come down easy like," commanded Baker, his right hand in the same position. "Come down easy like, and keep your hands where they are."

The stranger did as he was ordered.

Baker noticed that he was a youngish man—perhaps not more than six and twenty—with a sturdy frame, bright-blue eyes, and long, yellow hair. His face wore the queer brown tan that quickly marks the blond men who seek the out-of-door life. He seemed possessed of a pleasant manner—indeed, the sunny disposition of the easily contented rippled in smiles over his good-looking face, notwithstanding the stern demands of the desperate man who stood before him.

He came down until he almost faced Baker, and Baker said:

"Now, walk ahead of me. Go into that cabin at the foot of this path—and we will talk it over. Go ahead—don't turn around, or I will not be responsible for my actions."

He did exactly as the desperado ordered, walking straight ahead, looking neither to the right nor the left. With a lithe step he entered the *maison de Baker*.

The lord of the manor quickly followed—his trusty right hand on his hip—pulled up a chair to the table, and ordered the visitor to be seated.

This formality over, Baker lost no time in annexing his six-gun. The newcomer saw this operation and smiled.

"Only a bluff—that little game outside—eh?" he said.

"I'm taking no chances," replied Baker. "Keep your hands upon the table. That's it. Spread 'em out. Now, who are you?"

"How about your putting your hands on the table, too?" said the other. "Let's make it horse and horse."

"I've got the drop," replied Baker, with a calmness that was more forcible than any gun-play. "That's nine-tenths of the law. Now, who are you?"

At first Dick Standish was not prepared to say. He, too, was in deep disgrace. For a moment he pictured the card-room in Keeley's, the particularly brilliant café of Dunstan's Corners, some fifty miles back in the wilderness, where among the gold-diggers he was known as the slickest card-sharp of them all.

He saw the gold and silver and chips on the table; he recalled the card that he had deftly "palmed" from the discard to fill his hand; he remembered Big Decker jumping up and accusing him; he remembered having pulled his gun; the flash; the heavy thud of Decker's body as it struck the floor; the upturned table; the scattered cards and money—and the dash for freedom that he made through the back door with the smoking revolver still in his hand.

He could still hear the men shouting as he mounted the first horse he saw and rode into the night. The scurrying hoofs of his pursuers were still fresh in his ears. Just how he had finally outwitted them he did not know. All he hoped for was that he was safe from the clutches of the law.

"Who are you?" Baker repeated.

"Pardner, I wouldn't like to tell—not just now—if you don't care."

He smiled—and Baker seemed to begin to understand that smile. This man was either a fugitive from justice or a detective on his trail.

"I am unarmed," Standish went on. "I haven't so much as a cartridge on me. I am willing that you should search me."

"That's a queer way to be mousin' around these diggin's, ain't it?" asked Baker.

"Like as not," Standish replied. "But it just happens that I'm without irons."

"Usually carry 'em, eh?"

"I've owned some good ones."

"Why did you come here?"

Standish didn't answer. For a moment he looked at Baker keenly, and then said:

"I'll be perfectly square with you. Tell me who you are, and I'll tell you who I am."

Baker was too old a bird to be caught by such reasoning. His reply was this question:

"Posse after you?"

Standish looked quizzically.

Baker seemed to have waited an age before the young man answered:

"Not that I know of."

"He who hesitates falls into the trap" was writ large in the lexicon of Baker.

There was, or there had been, a posse after this man. Now to learn the reason why.

"What's your specialty—limited trains or grub-wagons?" asked Baker.

Dick Standish saw that it was useless to parley further.

He took a long breath and then purged his conscience with the awful truth.

"Murder," he said, with set features. "I killed—my man."

Oh, the great glory of being able to say, "my man!"

Standish leaned back as if he were a real hero. He had sprung a bond of sympathy, he thought, that would easily wind its tentacles in the heart of his inquisitor; but he had not reckoned the cold, calculating, keen, analytical Baker, in whom sympathy was the last sentiment to be aroused.

Just at that moment Dick Standish expected many things to happen. He did not anticipate, however, the bloodless question that was immediately hurled at him by Baker in the one word:

"Where?"

It was too much for Standish. He had looked for sympathy; he had been handed a stone.

He jumped to his feet. A deep furrow wrinkled his fair brow. Anguish distorted his face. He clenched his fists and stepped back. Baker did not move from the chair in which he was sitting. He just tapped the handle of his six-gun in the most idle, unconcerned manner, and let it go at that.

"Who are you? Why do you want to know? Come—this isn't fair!" shouted Standish.

"Don't get excited, my boy," said Baker, still unmoved.

"If you're a detective, out with it! I'm unarmed! I tell you, I haven't any shoot-in'-irons on me!"



He seemed to be working himself into a frenzy, and the calmer Baker remained, the more excited became the younger man.

"If you'll just cut that out, come down to facts, and tell me who you are, we will be able to reach an understandin' quicker," said Baker. "I'm not a detective—if that will do you any good."

"Oh, thank you—thank you!" the younger man cried in a great burst of anguish.

He would have thrown himself on Baker's body out of sheer joy had not that worthy rudely pushed him off.

"Sit down now," Baker said, with a sternness that brooked of no refusal. "Sit down and behave yourself, or I'll have you doin' a dance to the music of this harmonica," and he tapped his six-shooter with force.

Standish sat down. As he did so he wiped the tears from his eyes. They were there sure enough. Even the heart of the highwayman is bound to quake under the strain of trouble.

Baker waited until the young man had sniffled back a few sobs, and then he put his pointed question with all the cleverness and directness of a trained lawyer examining a witness:

"Who are you, and where did you come from?"

The other braced his back for the ordeal. He hesitated just a moment to decide whether he would tell the truth straight and untarnished or tinge the story with falsehood.

Perhaps it would be best to color the distressing narrative that the armed man across the table might not know that he was so desperate a character; but, as he looked straight into the eyes of Baker, he thought he saw a friendliness, a comradeship, that he had not observed before.

## CHAPTER VI.

### Baker's Greatest Problem.

**DICK STANDISH** told his story. He told it straight and true. He minced no words; he omitted no details; he made it as picturesque and dramatic as he knew how, and he did his best to let Baker think that he was not so much to blame—that the shooting was partly justifiable.

Baker listened without interruption. Not once during the recital of the narrative did

he ask a question, not once did he endeavor to help the young man when he came to a halting spot; but when Dick Standish had come to the last chapter—where he appeared on the horizon of the deserted camp—Baker wanted to know no more. With a suddenness that brought the young man up with a start he asked:

"Why did you come here?"

"This is where they all come to," said Standish.

If he had been very quick he would have seen a faint, a very faint, smile play around the corners of Baker's mouth. So, they all come here! Had he then found only a hovel that was known to every highwayman of the plain—had he put up at a deserted hole known to every outlaw as a safe place in which to hide?

No—it could not be. The young man must be mistaken. However, the words took root in Baker's mind. It brought a feeling of uneasiness to him many times that afternoon and night.

"So you are Dick Standish?" said Baker.

"Yes," replied the other. "Do you know me?"

"Aren't you the chap who tried to pull off a case down at Quincy's a year ago—the night they brought a shipment of gold from the East for the bank there?"

Standish hesitated long enough to give Baker a chance to answer for him. Baker did so in these words:

"You made a bull of that job all right."

"I should have got away with it," Standish answered.

"If you hadn't been a kid you would have got away with it. It was a fool trick for you to butt in where an older man would have made his getaway—and with the gold."

Standish did not answer. It was apparent that Baker knew him. The outlaw does not care to go into a history of his past or a recitation of his deeds of daring, no matter how clever they may be, unless he knows that the man who is listening is one of his kind.

He sat sullenly for some moments, the picture of sheer desperation. Now he would look at Baker with a despairing glance; now he would scan the distance through the open door of the cabin, as if wondering just how he could transform himself to the realms that lay beyond the serried whiteness of the Bad Lands.

At any rate, he and Baker could not remain in the same place unless it was to be on a plane of equality. He had told Baker the untarnished truth about himself, and now it was up to Baker to reveal his identity.

Standish was not a coward. He had not shed tears during the narrative of his life through fear or cowardice. He shed them because he was at the mercy of an armed man. If Standish had been in possession of the pistol—if he had even been armed as Baker was—we would have had a much different story to record.

Standish was the first to speak.

"Now, tell me who you are?"

He asked the question too abruptly—rather too seriously. He had adopted Baker's tactics of examination.

The question didn't worry Baker in the least. Instead of replying, he started to quiz Standish about the abandoned camp which both had selected as a refuge.

"What do you know about this place?"

"It's called Gull City," replied Standish.

"Ever been here before?"

"Many years ago—when I was a little fellow. My father came here with the gold fever. We settled in this place; but there was nothing doing."

"Where is your father now?"

The young outlaw smiled and shook his head.

"All I remember," he said, "was that we were loaded in a prairie wagon, and by the time that we came to some place out in Wyoming he left me to shift for myself. I haven't heard from him since."

Untouched still, Baker went on.

"You remarked that this place—Gull City—is pretty well known as a hiding-place for—such as you?"

"You don't mean to tell me that you have never heard of it?"

"I guess nobody knows these parts any better than I do," said Baker, "and I never heard of this place."

"Why," said Standish, "whenever any of the boys makes a getaway he usually hikes for Gull City. It was the first place that I thought of."

"If it's so well known," said Baker, "aren't the sheriffs wise?"

"They haven't found it yet. Why, them two fellers that robbed a bank down in the southern part of the State hung around here for two years before they appeared. Then they were forgotten."

Baker said no more. He only thought.

Again there was silence. Both men were occupied in some mental scheme. Baker was wondering just what he would do with Standish. It would not do to drive him from the place.

It was evident that he knew too much about it. And Baker was not so certain that Standish could be trusted. If he were sent abroad and captured, he might, in a spirit of revenge, tell where Baker was hidden—and Baker had to hide.

The shooting of a man in a mining-town over a card-game was of little consequence when compared with the hold-up of one of the fastest trains in the West. Standish's crime would blow over in a few months; Baker's would be the talk of keen-witted sleuths spurred on for months and years, perhaps, by the monstrous reward for his body—dead or alive.

No, he couldn't afford to send Standish away. Indeed, he couldn't even afford to let him go away of his own accord. He would have to keep him there—welcome or unwelcome, friend or foe.

If it were elected that Standish was to be his sole companion in that lonesome aggregation of huts and tin cans, what would he do with the twenty thousand dollars? Would it be safe? Could he trust Standish with his secret?

Would he dare to leave it out of his sight for even a second? Would—great thunder!—would he even dare to go to sleep at night? Might not Standish kill him and make away with that glorious fortune?

"And why shouldn't he?" thought Baker. "Wouldn't I do the same?"

Men had been killed for a less sum than that.

Yes, Standish was a problem. The more Baker thought it over—with his hand on his gun, and his eyes running the blond man's length from hair to toe—the more his problem narrowed down to two factors: First, he must make Standish his bosom pal; or, second, he must kill him.

By the code that guided him, Baker disliked more than all else to take a human life unless there was good and sufficient reason. He knew the art of maintaining his position and keeping the upper hand of a situation with a pistol within reach—just as he was doing at this particular moment—but he would rather have shared his twenty thousand with Standish and let him go his way than spill his blood.



The soul of Baker was not the soul of a coward. It was guided merely by certain psychological inconsistencies — phases of mental convolutions that are found in all criminals unto whom one crime is right and another crime is wrong.

While Baker was trying to solve this problem Standish was thinking of one thing only.

"Who was Baker?"

## CHAPTER VII.

### To Pass the Night.

**S**TANDISH arose and asked for a drink. Baker pointed to the tin bucket which he kept filled with water from the spring. Standish picked it up, and let a long draft trickle down his throat. He set the bucket on the floor, paced to and fro for a moment, went over to the door, and looked out. As he leaned against the door-jamb, with his hands stuck deep into his pockets, Baker took him in from a new angle.

There appeared to be a streak of kindness in the young man. Around his eyes and about his mouth were evidences of a better breeding than usually comes to the average outlaw. He had something of a kindly expression, something of genuine sincerity in his face and manner.

Perhaps if he had not been deserted by a God-forsaken, unlucky father—perhaps if he had had a chance to grow up among good men, and had not been left to the desperadoes of a forgotten country for his mental guidance—he might have become a good man with decent prospects. The more Baker studied him, the more he became convinced that he could trust him—to a certain point.

Standish's blue eyes took in the tiresome vista that he hated beyond words, until it all seemed a mockery. He wished that something might happen to blot it out of his sight forever. He wondered if beyond its creamy expanse, which the hot sun seemed to be making all the more disheartening, there wasn't some place where a man might live and be good—where he might go and wipe the sins from his soul and start life anew!

"Say, Standish."

Baker spoke. It was not in the sharp, brutal tone to which the other man had become accustomed. The words were rather pleasantly uttered—for Baker.

Standish turned quickly. The smile of boyish friendship played on his face. He looked inquiringly.

"Sit down, old man."

As Baker spoke, he picked up his gun and thrust it between his trousers and shirt.

Standish returned to the table. He felt that he would not have to ask the question that was uppermost in his mind again. His first impulse was to hold out his hand. He craved friendship then as he had craved it only once before—when his father had driven away and left him to the mercy of the world.

Standish took the seat across the table, and waited for Baker to proceed. Baker was ever ready to place himself on the defensive. He always managed to get in that position by asking questions instead of coming directly to the point.

"Did you ever hear of Baker of the Bad Lands?"

"Many times," replied Standish.

"Pretty bad record, eh?"

"He's considered a daring man. I would not like to come up against him."

"Well, you are!"

Baker almost jerked the words from his throat before Standish had time to think.

Standish, his mouth wide with surprise, looked into the face of the most noted outlaw of the time—the man whom he frequently had admired in secret, whom he wondered if it would ever be his good fortune to see. Little did he dream that the meeting would be in such a place and under such conditions.

"You haven't heard of me for some time?" Baker continued.

"No. It was thought that you were out of the country."

"I was—out of the country; but I am back again. It's a long story, Standish, and I am going to tell you all about it. You are here, and I can't afford to let you go. First of all, let us shake hands. We are both desperate men. I'm an old lad at the game.

"I've been through a score of battles, and have come out with two things to my credit: I am well over forty, and I have never killed a man—yet! Secondly, I have never been shot myself. There isn't a scar on my body.

"You are only a youngster—hot-headed, foolish, romantic, and you play for small stakes. Your kind stays a baby all through life, and you're in this game because—well, you gave the secret out yourself—your fa-

ther deserted you, and you were forced into it. You're brave, all right, but I wouldn't trust you, Standish.

"I'm giving it to you straight from the shoulder, and you must take it. I wouldn't trust you in the little scheme that I have in mind.

"While you and I are here it will be necessary for you to abide by certain restrictions—and always remember that this will never get beyond my eye or arm."

So said Baker as he again tapped the protruding handle of his six-gun.

Standish eyed him with mixed curiosity and pride.

"I've got twenty thousand dollars here," Baker continued. He walked to and fro, and spoke with slow and peculiar deliberation, now and then pressing his hand against that side of his body where the stolen money rested in its leathern case.

"You needn't worry where I got it. Think whatever you please. Some day I may make up my mind to tell you; but rest assured that it is here, and in the kind of currency that goes anywhere.

"I came here because I was driven here. I propose to stay here until the snow flies, unless I am ousted by some objectionable visitors. It is a comfortable place. It will be pretty hot in summer, but then we will take it easy and will have to look only for grub.

"I have fixed up all this," and Baker pointed with pride to the changes that he had made in the old cabin, and its comfortable appearance—"and there is a lot more that we can do to make it pleasant."

"Thank you—thank you!" said Standish, rising and holding out his hand.

Baker interrupted him with a short gesture.

"Not yet," Baker went on. "Wait till I have finished."

He went to the bucket, refreshed himself with a drink of water, and then continued:

"I have a proposition to make to you, Standish. If you are willing to stay here with me until the snow flies, if you will do as I say and obey me strictly, if you will play a square game, and act strictly on your honor, I will give you one thousand dollars when we separate, and you can go your way."

Standish made another effort to show his appreciation, but Baker's hand silenced him.

"There is one thing more—I will trust you to a certain limit, but beyond that you

must permit me to have my way. During the day I can keep you in sight, and, remember, I will.

"But I trust no man at night—not even my own father. No, I wouldn't even trust myself," and Baker brought his fist hard on the table to emphasize the importance of this assertion.

"I haven't the smallest grain of faith in the highwayman at night," continued Baker. "I don't care how honest he claims to be by daylight, or how good a pal—at night he'd steal the pennies off a dead man's eyes. I ain't mingled with 'em for years without knowing 'em from the ground up."

There was a touch of resentment in the face of Standish. Baker noticed it, and he drove home his argument all the more forcibly.

"Yes, I'd do it—and you'd do it. And there ain't a man who makes his living by his wits who wouldn't do it. In the daytime he is a good fellow—but at night I wouldn't trust him with a cent.

"Now, it comes to this, Standish. I've got to have sleep. I can't sit up all night watching you, and all you might say about being honest don't have any effect on me while I'm asleep.

"This is the thing that keeps you honest, my boy," and once more he sharply patted the butt of his gun—"but once you get this shootin'-iron in your possession I wouldn't give a cow's hoof for your honesty or my money or life."

"I promise—" broke in Standish.

"You promise nothing," interrupted Baker.

Standish was completely dumfounded. In his heart he was willing to be honest and withstand temptation; he would try hard to do so. But he couldn't help wondering just what Baker intended to do with him at night.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### Something Missing.

**B**AKER paced the floor of the cabin for some moments. His arms were folded, but his right hand was on the handle of the instrument that was the real master of the situation.

He was in deep thought—he was planning the manner in which his partner by force would be obliged to pass his nights.

Standish sat playing with his fingers, now



looking at the floor, now looking at the erect, lithe figure of the thinking man. He wanted to speak; he wanted to assure Baker with all the fervor he possessed that he would do just as Baker said—and that he would be a good little boy at night.

"Did you get away with any of that money in that poker mix-up?" Baker asked, with his customary abruptness.

"Not a cent," said Standish. "The table was knocked over, and I had just time to get away."

"How much was in the pot?"

"About three hundred."

"How much in cash?"

"Nearly all of it."

"And you were cheating?"

Standish didn't quite like or quite understand the force or the necessity of this cross-examination.

For a moment it angered him. One more question like that, he thought, and he would spring at the throat of Baker, bang his head against the wall, and get possession of the pistol and the money.

What right had this man, who would not account for his own ill-gotten gains, to be so inquisitive and lordly? But these were only flashes of thought. The diplomatic side of Standish quickly got the upper hand of him, and he replied:

"I admitted that when I told you my story."

There was a touch of irony in his voice that Baker liked. He sought no further information from the younger man, but after a few seconds of silence he faced Standish and said in measured tones, that there might be no misunderstanding:

"I am willing to carry out my part of the agreement that I have just made if you are willing to be tied up at night."

"How?" was all the surprised Standish managed to say.

"I don't know," Baker answered. "I haven't made up my mind yet. I have to figure that out. It ain't so easy as it seems."

Then he walked over to the door of the cabin and looked out on the vegetable garden.

"Standish," he said, "do you see that stuff growing over in that corner with the small white flowers?"

Standish walked over to the door and looked in the direction indicated by Baker's finger.

"That's potatoes," Baker went on. "It's a pretty good patch at that, but it's kind

of choked with weeds. You go over there and pull the weeds out and throw them well up the hill."

Standish sauntered out to the patch of potatoes, and looked at the weeds with a critical eye.

He smiled to think of being brought to such work; he had never done it before in all his life. If it hadn't been for the little white blossoms on the plants he doubted if he could have told which were potatoes and which were weeds.

Finally he got down on his knees and went at the work with a will.

Baker, sitting on the stoop, watched him intently for a while, but he soon returned to the question that was uppermost in his mind. Even if Standish declined his proposition, he would have to be made a prisoner at night until some disposition could be made of him.

It now seemed to be well toward the noon hour, and Baker knew that whatever he did would require the greater part of his time before darkness fell. Whatever happened, he began to realize that he did not care to sit up all night by the sleeping form of Dick Standish.

Baker arose and walked over to one of the deserted cabins, about a hundred feet from his own. It was one of the best of the array of rotting hovels of Gull City. Baker had given it second choice when selecting his abode. He opened the door and looked in. That would do pretty well.

Then he remembered that during his first tour of investigation about the place he had seen a rusty anvil in the middle of one of the streets. He recalled that when it first met his gaze he had said it might come in handy some day.

Now he wandered about until he found it again. He leaned over to pick it up. The sun had turned it too hot for immediate handling, so he dragged it to a shady place to let it cool. Finally he carried it without much effort to the cabin which he had selected as the "prison" in which Standish should spend his nights, and set it in the middle of the floor.

"There," he said to himself. "Now, if I had a chain that could be run through that hardy-hole and then fastened to Standish's leg, I would sleep at night—all right, all right."

"And if the hardy miners who tried to make Gull City a populous and prosperous center," thought Baker, "left anvils and

stoves and tin buckets and all the things that I have collected to make me comfortable, they must have left a piece of chain somewhere."

Standish would soon find out.

Returning to the vegetable garden, Baker called to Standish. The latter, who was still on his knees working with a will that surprised even himself, popped to his feet and smilingly responded.

"Standish," said Baker, "I want a piece of chain. Look around among these huts and see if you can find about ten feet or so—and not too heavy, Standish."

Standish looked in the direction of the dilapidated territory indicated by Baker's sweeping hand.

"And when you find it, Standish, bring it to me. I will be in that cabin," and the hand again indicated the objective point.

Standish ambled away lazily. Baker returned to the cabin. There he stood in the doorway and saw the younger man idly kicking the dust with his feet, now stooping, now picking up something, now looking about gingerly.

He roamed thither and yon and then disappeared behind one of the cabins. He must have been out of sight for some fifteen minutes. When he again appeared before Baker he had about four feet of rusty wagon-chain and a small dog-chain.

Baker's eyes gleamed with joy as Standish handed them over.

"Just the things!" exclaimed Baker. "Where did you find them?"

Standish was about to give a minute detail of the success of his quest, but evidently Baker did not care to hear.

He threw the chains to the floor.

"Now, Standish," he went on, "here is the point of my argument. Listen carefully, and let me know if you will agree."

He stopped as if to prepare the younger man for a life sentence.

"I will give you one thousand dollars, as I said under the previous conditions, if you will agree to remain in this cabin every night with that anvil chained to your leg. I am to see that you are made fast to it the last thing every night, and I will release you every morning."

"I couldn't drag that very far," said Standish as he viewed the makeshift Oregon boot with a smile. "Couldn't you make it a little easier, old man?" There was a tinge of sadness in his voice. "I will prom-

ise to live up to everything you ask; your money will be safe with me."

"Standish," said Baker, "I wouldn't trust my own father in a game like this. If he were here—and were a minister of the Gospel—I would treat him in the same way. I could not sleep at night unless you were chained up."

"Well," said Standish, "if I prove to you that I am honest, will you quit this game?"

"That remains to be seen," responded Baker. "But the chances are mighty slim. Remember, Standish—and I hate to keep telling you about it—I need my sleep."

For a moment there was silence. Standish, his hands on his hips, looked at the formidable array of anvil and chains; Baker looked at Standish.

"It's agreed," said Standish.

"Good!" replied Baker, and the two clasped hands to seal the deal.

As if guided by some hypnotic motive, Standish returned to the potato patch and bent over the weeds, and succeeded in pulling up a few tomato-vines in the bargain.

Baker turned his attention to the completion of the Oregon boot. The heavier chain he ran through the hardy-hole of the rusty anvil. Bringing the two ends together, he ran the dog-chain through the last link of each end. At the one end of the dog-chain was a ring; this served to form the end of a loop. Finally the boot was finished.

The two men had dinner as the sun was going down. Just as the last rays of twilight were fading to the far shores of the night, Baker ordered Standish to make ready. Some old bedding was gathered from the other cabins and placed on the floor. A bucket of water and a chair were placed hard by. All this was overlooked until the last moment, and in the fast approaching darkness it had to be done rather hurriedly.

When all was ready Standish was ordered to sit down on the chair. As he did so, Baker picked up the unattached end of the dog-chain in one hand and reached for Standish's leg with the other.

As he did so, a queer look came into his face. He drew back to the middle of the floor. He was suddenly puzzled.

Standish began to marvel at this change in his jailer's attitude.

Baker brushed the cold sweat from his brow. "I can't make this work! I must have a padlock!"

(To be continued.)



# A Family Railroad.

BY DENNIS H. STOVALL.

**W. S. Barnum and His Two Sons, John and William, Fill Every Position  
on the Rogue River Line, from President  
to Track-Walker.**



HERE is a family railroad out in southern Oregon—a railroad that pays big dividends, and which is not only owned by one family, but also operated by it in every department from section boss to general manager. It is called the “Rogue River Valley Line,” and it extends from Medford to Jacksonville. Medford is located on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and Jacksonville, the county seat of Jackson County, is six miles away.

Jacksonville is the pioneer city of that part of Oregon, and would have been a point on the Southern Pacific had the necessary bonus been forthcoming, but the inhabitants had got along for forty years without a railroad, and believed they could do quite as well for another forty without one. They refused to raise the bonus, and the Oregon and California Railroad, which later became a part of the Southern Pacific main line, missed Jacksonville by six miles, causing Medford to spring into existence, which soon became the metropolis of southern Oregon; but Jacksonville remains the county seat, in spite of every effort to remove it, and the “family” railroad thrives thereby.

The Rogue River Valley Railroad does a big business in passenger and freight traffic, besides carrying mail and express. W. S. Barnum and his two sons, John and William, supply the necessary brain and brawn to conduct the affairs of the entire line, and they have the business thoroughly systematized. The passenger-train—which consists of two cars, a passenger-coach and

a combination smoker, baggage and express, makes two round-trips daily, connecting with the overland trains at Medford.

The elder Barnum is engineer, William is fireman, and John is conductor, brakeman, expressman, baggageman, and mail clerk. It would appear, at first glance, that John has the hardest job on this train; but as the baggage is consigned straight through, and the express and mail is not distributed at way-points, the major part of his duties is that of punching tickets and collecting fares.

Between each trip of the passenger-train, which is called the “Barnum Flier,” a freight-train goes over the road, on which the family fills the same relative positions. Then there is still another “train” on this line. It is the “Benzine Special,” and consists of a gasoline motor-car. It is the first over the line in the morning, and the last in the evening. The motor-car was placed primarily to carry mail, but was soon found a convenient method of getting to the county seat at an early hour in the morning, and of leaving it in the evening after the regular train had left.

The construction department of this family line is conducted as simply and economically as is the operating department. At odd minutes the older boy is shot over the road on the motor-car, stopping here and there to slip a new tie under a rail or hammer down a loose spike. There is no wrecking-train to replace derailed cars, for whenever the “Flier” or the “Benzine Special” takes to the ditch the passengers are supposed to give assistance in clearing the blockade and getting traffic moving again.

There is a depot at each end of the line where you purchase your ticket thirty minutes before the departure of each train. You cannot get it earlier, because the ticket-agent is also the conductor of the train, and has not arrived yet. A local telephone takes care of all train despatching, the conductor merely yelling in the receiver, just before starting: "We're comin'!"

The office-work is done by the father and the boys in the evening after the trains are run in for the night, as there is no service after dark on this road. There are no idle moments for the Barnum family. Nowhere on earth is there a harder working crew of railroad men. The three of them work, not because of absolute necessity, for the line is a paying business, but because they find real enjoyment in it.

Not long ago, while the elder Barnum, clad in overalls, his face besmudged with soot and grease, was busy oiling the locomotive, just before the "Flier" made its regular trip, a curious passenger strolled up and asked him in an offhand way why he did not quit the railroad business and go to farming.

"There's more money in railroading," the engineer and general manager replied.

"Are you and your boys really making wages?" the curious one asked.

"Oh, yes, fair wages," was the answer; "we usually clean up five thousand a year."

It is doubtful if there is a railroad in America that gives better returns, in proportion to the investment, than this "family" line. The monthly balance-sheet would make some capitalists envious, and possibly lead them to the belief that they have not a complete monopoly on keeping the figures nearly all on one side of the ledger.

The Rogue River Valley Railroad was built in 1891, and has paid its owners from \$5,000 to \$6,000 every year. It has never been tied up by snow blockades, wash-outs, or strikes. Labor disturbances that are often the terror of other railroad systems do not interfere in the least with operations on the Rogue River Valley line.

Two things worry the Barnums, however. One is the fear that coal may get exorbitantly high, and the other that their road must ultimately become a central link in a chain of railways across the State.

## FREIGHT-CAR HELD FOR A BIRD.

### Pere Marquette Conductors Secure Permission to Side-Track Domicil of Mother Bird and Little Ones.

**F**IVE conductors of freight-trains in Michigan recently joined in a letter requesting the division superintendent at Saginaw to side-track car No. 12,270. They gave their reason.

When car No. 12,270 left the repair-tracks at Muskegon, after a period of enforced inactivity, and the "bad order" chalk-mark was removed from its side door, Night Switchman Patrick Hawkins told Conductor Stark of train No. 81 that he wished the car could have remained a little longer in the yard, for a sparrow had built a nest in the car, and had a family of little birds within. Conductor Stark had no discretion in the matter, so the car was hauled to Fremont.

When train No. 81 arrived at Fremont, the mother bird was found riding on the top of it. Sometimes flying above it, and sometimes riding upon the car, the sparrow followed to White Cloud, where the car became a part of train No. 101. But Conductor Stark told Conductor Battema about the bird; and at Big Rapids, where the car was dropped, Conductor Battema left word with the trainmen about the sparrow.

Conductor Burritt hauled the car back to White Cloud, leaving the door open a little so that the sparrow could get in to her nest.

By the time the car returned to White Cloud, half the men on the railroad knew about it, and Conductor Willoughby, who hauled the car to Baldwin in train No. 210, was on the lookout for it; and so was Conductor Hess, who brought the car to Saginaw in train No. 56. Every conductor on the line by this time knew the number of car 12,270 as well as a part of the freight it carried.

There was not a man in the employ of the railroad who would have hurt the mother-bird or one of the little ones. Still, it was a perilous life for the little mother and the young; for the mother never flew away for a worm with any certainty of finding her nest where she left it.

And so five railway conductors, Stark, Battema, Burritt, Willoughby, and Hess, joined in a written report concerning the car and the family it contained, and requested that the car be side-tracked until the little birds could fly.

Yardmaster Murray consulted the officers of the road, and issued an order that car No. 12,270 was not to be moved or molested until further orders. That order held good till the young birds were able to take flight.—*Pere Marquette Monthly Magazine.*



# 5 FEET 5 vs. 6 FEET 3.

BY LILLIAN BENNET-THOMPSON.

## Campbell Was Blessed with His Share of Courage, but Then He Was the Bigger Man.

 "YOU can't come in!"

Campbell raised his pre-occupied eyes to the burly figure of the yard boss, who stood blocking the doorway of the round-

house. And Campbell was really angry.

"Why?" he questioned in surprise.

"'Cause you can't, that's why," was the surly response. "We don't want no white-livers in these yards. I ain't keeping on half-baked apologies fer a man! And I ain't got no use fer cowards, neither." He spat out the words vindictively.

"That's all. You can git," he continued. "What's more, if I catch you hanging 'round my Nellie again, I'll break you in two—unless Jim Wheelock sees you first. She's given her word to him, and he won't stand fer no sect fellers as you trying to cut him out. It takes a man to do that. Beat it!"

Instinctively, Campbell clinched his fists. Then he thrust his hands into his pockets, pushed his cap onto the back of his head, and stared for a moment at the yard boss without speaking.

He was a small man, somewhat below medium height, with light hair and mild blue eyes. Just now one of the latter was badly discolored, and a large, livid bruise marred his forehead.

"I suppose I've got Wheelock to thank for this," he remarked slowly, looking the yard boss full in the face. "I knew he was pretty low down, but I didn't give him credit for being able to drag you to his level.

"I've done my work all right, haven't I? You know you haven't any kick about that, Healey. Just because I can't put up my fists with that great hulking brute of

a Bully, you call me a coward and fire me without a minute's notice.

"Come on, now, hit me if you like!" he taunted recklessly, as the other, with an inarticulate bellow, started toward him. "I'm not more than half your size—or Wheelock's. It's safe for either of you to hit me—I can't hurt you!"

Healey hesitated for a moment, then laughed contemptuously, yet somewhat shamefacedly.

"I wouldn't touch you," he sneered. "Wouldn't dirty my hands on no such carrion. Git out!"

"Yet you're willing to back Wheelock up in the dirty game he is playing," flashed Campbell.

"Git out!" reiterated Healey, turning from the door. "I ain't got no time to argue with you."

Campbell turned on his heel.

"All right," he flung over his shoulder. "I'm going; you're the boss—here. But if Nellie don't want to see me, she can tell me herself. I'm not going to quit on your say-so. I'll suit myself."

"You will, eh?" The doorway just vacated by Healey was suddenly filled by the huge form of Wheelock. "Well, you guess again! You keep away from Nellie, or I'll give you some more of the same dope I handed you last night.

"Ain't had enough yet? Nellie's my gal, see? She don't want nothing to do with no down-and-out—"

Here Campbell was informed in detail as to his pedigree, his present status, and his future destination.

He made no reply. Indeed, there is no adequate retort that five feet five can make to six feet three under certain circumstances, notably when the latter is only too

ready to back up his arguments with a pair of fists the size of hams.

Followed by a stream of abuse, Campbell left the yards and walked moodily down the track. In spite of the unmistakable threats conveyed by Wheelock and Healey, he was determined to hear at first hand what Nellie had to say about the matter. The girl had always been kind to him, and he did not for a moment suppose that she would concur in the estimate her father and the engineer placed upon him.

A few minutes brought him in sight of the pretty cottage where of late many of his evenings had been spent. Nellie was sitting on the top step of the porch, industriously peeling some apples.

Campbell opened the gate, and, at the click of the latch, the girl looked up. For an instant their eyes met. Then, without a word or a sign of recognition, she picked up the pan, rose, and entered the house.

"Nellie!" called Campbell as she vanished within.

The door slammed behind her, leaving the young man standing on the gravel path, cap in hand, speechless with astonishment and dismay.

Nellie, too! For an instant he could not believe it. Of course, her father had told her of the occurrence of the night before, but that she should credit his biased version of it, without giving Campbell a chance to justify himself—to condemn him without a word—was a severe blow to the young man. Replacing his cap upon his head, he slowly retraced his steps to the railroad, and, turning to the west, started along the ties.

Dully he wondered if fate had any more thrusts in store for him. He had received a good education, had been carefully brought up in a small town in the Middle West, and, at the age of twenty-four, had held a good position in the office of the E. and C. in the city to which he had gone from his Western home.

He had lost this position through persistent ill health, and somehow, since then things had never gone right for him. Everything seemed against him, in league to prevent his making a living. When his last cent was gone, he had applied for and secured the job of oiler in the freight-yards of the E. and C. road.

He had been ashamed to let his parents know of his misfortunes; and feeling that

their resources had been strained to the utmost to send him to the local high-school and business college, he had scorned to ask any help, but had plodded along alone, writing his usual cheerful weekly letter. There were times when he had gone hungry to bed, but this he kept to himself.

Nellie Healey had been the one bright spot in his dull and almost hopeless daily routine. How Sam Healey had ever reared such a daughter was beyond Campbell's power of comprehension. Pretty, gentle, and refined, the contrast between her and the big, blustering man she called father could hardly have been more pronounced.

A pleasant friendship had sprung up between her and the young oiler, and had flourished until it had grown into a deeper feeling on his part, at least. Then his visits had aroused the antagonism of Jim Wheelock, and he had stepped in and made this as unpleasant for Campbell as he could.

The yard boss much preferred to see his daughter receive the attentions of the best freight engineer on the road, and the man who would some day, in all probability, sit on the right side of No. 7, the crack passenger flier, than those of a penniless young man, holding one of the poorest-paid positions on the pay-roll of the company, with no prospects of anything better in the future.

Campbell had stubbornly refused to give in, with the result that Wheelock had picked quarrel after quarrel with him, and had announced his intention of "breaking his face," a threat which his superior size and strength would have enabled him to carry out with little exertion.

The bad feeling between the two men, fostered by Wheelock's covert sneers and open allusions to Campbell's lack of brawn and initiative, to say nothing of what Wheelock termed Campbell's "butting in" at Healey's, had culminated in a war of words, ending in Wheelock's planting a couple of smashing blows on Campbell's face, which had sent the smaller man reeling to the floor, dazed and bleeding.

Of course, Healey had understood the circumstances perfectly—had even egged Wheelock on—but that Nellie should prefer the brutal bully who called a man a coward because he was unable to cope with a fellow twice his size hurt Campbell's pride more than he cared to think. His mind was full of bitterness against the two men and the



girl—against the fate that seemed relentlessly bent on grinding him down into the gutter and starvation.

In his search for work there was, however, one last resort. At the head of a spur track branching off from the main line stood the factory of Mallon Brothers Company, manufacturers of boxes. It was just possible that he could secure a job there. It was not his intention to remain in the neighborhood longer than was necessary, but before he could leave it was essential that he save enough money to pay his railroad fare.

A shrill whistle sounded behind him, and he jumped from the ties to the other side of the deep gully bordering the track to wait until the train should have passed. It proved to be a long freight, bound for Mallon's, with Jim Wheelock in the engine-cab. As the locomotive puffed laboriously up the grade past the young man the big engineer leaned from the window, and, spying the waiting figure, burst into a jeering laugh.

"Having the time of yer life, ain't yer?" he remarked ironically. "Going far?"

Blind rage seethed up in Campbell's heart. He shook his fist after the vanishing locomotive as he yelled:

"I'll have the time of my life with you! I'll get you yet, do you hear? I'll get you yet!"

Another burst of laughter floated back from the engine, now almost hidden by the thick trees that lined the track. A cloud of black smoke slowly ascending the mountain spur, at the top of which the factory stood, showed Campbell the position of the freight.

He decided that it would be worse than useless to apply at the factory for work until Wheelock had made his return trip; the big engineer would only hold him up to ridicule and spoil whatever chances he might have. The one thing to do was to seek out some convenient spot near enough to the track to see the passing of the train, and await the return of the freight. Besides, it was some time after midday, and he felt hungry and tired.

His eye pained him a good deal, and his body was bruised and sore as a result of the unequal encounter of the night before. He started slowly along the track, keeping a lookout for a likely place to sit down. The trees grew thickly along the embankment, and in some places the low bushes and running vines were so thick that he had to tear a way through them.

There were no houses within a mile or two, and the homes of the factory employees were for the most part on the other side of the mountain.

Reaching the spur track, he observed a large flat rock, half hidden from where he stood, and wholly concealed from the view of any one passing on a train a short distance up the incline. It would make an excellent resting-place, and he decided to utilize it.

The gully was wide but shallow at this point. A little farther on and it disappeared altogether. Gaging the width of the gully with his eye, Campbell made a spring for the other side. As his feet struck, a stone moved under him—turned—rolled.

He made a frantic clutch for the overhanging bushes, but they slipped from his grasp, and he fell to the bottom of the embankment, one leg doubled cruelly under him. He heard a sharp snap, and a sickening pain shot through his right knee, his head struck a sharp stone, and he knew no more.

When his senses returned the October sun was sinking in a blaze of autumn glory in the cloud-flecked west. For a moment or two he lay still, trying to remember where he was and how he had come there. Then a twinge of pain in his leg brought realization of his plight.

He tried to move, and fell back, gasping in agony. Great beads of perspiration broke out on his brow. From the position in which he lay there was no doubt of the truth—his right leg was broken below the knee.

A sudden movement a few yards below him caught his ear. He opened his lips to cry for help, but with an uncontrollable impulse closed them again without uttering a sound.

"There!" said a low, husky voice, which he perceived came from the tracks of the main line a short distance away. "When No. 7 comes along here I guess there'll be doings!"

"She's due in half an hour," came the reply in a guarded tone. "Passes at 6.03. We'd better mosey along and come back later. I've got the spikes all right, and there's no trace of anything out of the way. No one'll notice, but it won't do for us to be seen hanging around here if any one should happen to pass. The track-walker's just gone. I seen him just before we come up. Come along."

The voices ceased, and Campbell could hear their owners moving off through the woods. With a thrill of horror, he realized that they had removed the spikes holding the rails to the ties—that they meant to wreck No. 7, the east-bound flier, due, as they supposed, in half an hour. Since the track-walker had passed, there was little fear of detection.

That the scoundrels were unaware of the change of schedule of No. 7, which would bring her along an hour later than their calculations, mattered little. There were no other trains due in either direction, and no one passed that way save an occasional tramp. Nothing could save the flier if she struck the frightful trap they had set for her.

Campbell shuddered. Must he lie there, powerless and helpless, unable to prevent the disaster? Shouting would avail him nothing. The factory was too far away for any one to be attracted by his cries, and it would serve only to bring down upon him the vengeance of the two wreckers who had just gone, and who would await the consummation of their plans at no great distance.

No! if anything were to be done, he must make his way up nearer the factory until he could make some one of the men hear him. Could he do it? Already the torture of his broken limb and wounded head was becoming almost unbearable.

He waited a moment, then took a long breath, turned over, and began to work himself along toward the track, dragging his injured leg after him.

The pain made him sick and dizzy, but after what seemed hours of unrelenting effort he had spanned the few feet that lay between him and the rails at the top of the wide, shallow gully.

Resting a moment on the narrow space beside the ties, he gritted his teeth and dragged himself doggedly on. A violent nausea seized him; his brain whirled. The trees beside the track swayed in a mad, uncanny dance. Foot by foot he won his tortured way upward.

There was a strange singing in his ears; lights flashed before his dimming eyes. For an eternity he dragged himself on in exquisite agony, then he sank beside the track. The western glory had faded; twilight was descending over the woods. Oh, just to be able to rest—to rest—

Suddenly a whistle shrilled. The sound penetrated his dazed senses; he raised his

head. The freight was coming down the spur!

Campbell knew what it meant. The freight, not the flier, would strike the track where the spikes had been removed. It would spread the rails and hurl itself into the ditch!

And Wheelock—Wheelock, his enemy—would go down with his engine, down to death and destruction.

Campbell laughed aloud in savage joy. Wheelock! The man who had called him a quitter—who had said he had a yellow streak, and struck him down. He would die—die beneath tons of twisted steel—crushed—mangled—

But Nellie? The thought of the girl stilled the delirious laughter on Campbell's lips. Nellie loved Wheelock, whatever he might be or might do. She had promised to marry him.

What would she say to the man who had let him go to his death—who had gloried in the suffering it had been in his power to avert? The young man shivered.

No! Wheelock mustn't die. He must save Wheelock for Nellie. She loved him—she wanted him. She didn't want a poor devil of an oiler, who couldn't hurt a man twice his size. Well, it didn't matter. Nothing mattered much, except that he wanted to rest. Perhaps he had better rest a little and then go on. His head drooped.

Above him the whistle screamed again. The freight was coming! He must hurry! Feverishly he began to crawl upward. His hands were torn and bleeding from the gravel and stones; jagged splinters gashed his palms as he pulled himself along by the edges of the ties; but he felt nothing, knew nothing but that he must stop the freight before she reached the main track.

The black bulk of the locomotive swept into view around the curve ahead, running slowly, but already beginning to gather speed. Campbell propped himself on his hands and raised a feeble shout. There was no sign from the oncoming monster. Another cry broke from his lips. Through a haze he could see a head poked through the cab-window.

"Stop! Stop! Danger!" he cried with all his strength, waving his handkerchief over his head.

The whistle sounded, but the engine did not slacken its pace.

Horror seized upon the man by the track. Wheelock could not stop! He must believe



that this was an attempt on Campbell's part to "get him," as he had promised. He would not stop!

Nothing could stop him now. He would go on to his death. And Nellie— If Wheelock should die—

Dully Campbell wondered if the engineer would stop for him dead, since he would not for him living.

With a last despairing effort he raised his bruised and battered body half upright.

"Main track—spikes out—wreckers! Danger!" he shrieked. Then he flung himself across the rails directly in the path of the oncoming train.

He heard a wild scream of the whistle, a grinding of brake-shoes—caught a glimpse of a great dark mass sweeping down upon him—and then a bottomless, black abyss.

When he opened his eyes again there were roses above him—red roses on a white background. He put out one groping hand; something felt soft beneath it. Where was he? He let his gaze wander about him, as his brain slowly shook off the mists of unconsciousness.

He was lying in a small white bed in a long, low room. Sunlight streamed in the windows. A smell of iodoform permeated the air, and beside the bed stood a table holding numerous bottles and small glasses.

At the window, her back turned toward him, stood a slender, white-gowned figure. He made an inarticulate murmur. The figure turned and came quickly to his side.

"Nellie!" he whispered incredulously.

"Hush! You mustn't talk!"

The soft voice seemed to him the epitome of all music.

"Where—how—" Somehow his tongue halted curiously.

"You are not to talk. The doctor said so." The girl took one of the emaciated hands that lay on the white counterpane and stroked it gently.

"How long have I been here?"

"Nearly two weeks. But you are better now. You must be quiet."

"I remember now." He was silent a moment, living over that terrible time. The door opened and a grave-faced man entered. Campbell glanced toward him with a faint smile.

"She won't let me talk," he complained. "Can't I? There are so many things I want to ask about."

The doctor bent over, feeling the patient's pulse with a practised touch.

"Miss Healey will tell you what you want to know, but you must be quiet and not talk to her," he said. He nodded to the girl and left the room.

"Wheelock?" Campbell murmured as Nellie turned to him again.

"Safe. The men were captured."

"And the flier—was any one hurt?"

"No one—but you." The girl's eyes filled with sudden tears.

"Don't cry, Nellie," Campbell begged her feebly. "Don't. I'm all right. Don't cry, please. I know you're sorry."

"Sorry! Sorry!" sobbed the girl. "Oh, if you had been killed! I—I—"

"Would you have cared if I had, dear? Cared?" he questioned anxiously.

She nodded, unable to speak.

"But, my dear, I'm down and out. I haven't a penny. I'm hurt—I've lost my job. I have nothing to offer you. I'm a failure—just a failure, Nellie."

"But it isn't true—none of it's true! The superintendent was on that freight, Jack. He had been up to see Mr. Mallon, and was coming down in the caboose. He saw what you did, and he says when you are well enough you are to have your old place in the office, with more money. Your salary began the day you stopped the freight. Jim said—he said you were a hero, Jack."

Campbell heaved a deep sigh of thanksgiving. Presently he said:

"The city will be awfully lonely, Nellie, without you."

The girl's head drooped a little, and a soft flush stole up over her cheeks.

"You needn't be alone unless you want to, Jack," she whispered.

"But Wheelock? He said you—"

"It was a lie!" she interrupted fiercely.

"I never cared for him—never said I did. He told me things you had said about me—told me you were a coward, and I—"

"You believed him?" Campbell's voice was wistful. She nodded again.

"But now I know it isn't true. You didn't, Jack! You couldn't!"

"Nellie! Nellie—dear!"

"Hush!" she said suddenly, remembering the doctor's injunction. "You are not to talk, you know."

Campbell looked up at her, a wonderful light in his sunken eyes.


"Nellie!" he whispered. His voice was so low that she bent over him to hear. He put up one arm and drew her down until his lips found hers.

# Ten Thousand Miles by Rail.

BY GILSON WILLETS,  
Special Traveling Correspondent of "The Railroad Man's Magazine."

## No. 12.—IN THE NEW SOUTHWEST.

Garcia, the Intrepid—Game Lillian McKnight—Sara Rooke, a Real Heroine—  
What One Nite Opr. Saw—Some Ghosts That  
Meant Business.

 I, señor, it was the most big, large sacrifice of a man's self for the most big, large purpose. Ah, but that Señor Jesus Garcia was the one locomotive aingineer with the one most big, large heart.

And when he save the whole town from the destroy by fire, he make the name as the savior of the town. Si, señor, the name of Garcia live forever as the most great hero among all these *hombres* and *señoritas* of the railroads in the Mexico."

Thus, my old friend, Florentino Romero, the veteran and scholarly telegraph operator for the Mexican Central Railroad, began his story while we sat in the office *el telegrafo* in the railroad station at Juarez, Mexico, on the Rio Grande, opposite El Paso, Texas.

"The Señor Garcia," Florentino continued, "he was the best aingineer on the narrow-gage railroad that run from the Pilares mine to the city of Nacozari. This Nacozari have the seventy thousand person, and is most close by the Rio Grande, and only one leetle way from that city of Douglas, in the Arizona.

"That day Garcia run his *tren de carga* (freight-train) into Nacozari and up to the smelter of the *Americanos* in the meedle of the town.

"He stop by the warehouse. Right behind his aingine he have the two cars of the dynamite. And behind the dynamite he

have many flat open cars of the straw for the burro-bed.

"Garcia he get off his engine to smoke the cigarito. Just then he see his brakeman light a cigarito also; and one moment, two moment, later Garcia see the spark from the brakeman's cigarito fly over the straw in the flat open car. And Garcia he speak in Inglis the cry:

"'Fire!'

"Garcia he then run to that straw on fire, and he begin beat out that fire with his hands and his feet. Also he call upon his brakeman to give the assistance; but the fire spread most quick. All Garcia can do is bleester the hand and foot, while the flames grow into most big, large fire, which soon reach those two cars of the dynamite and set them on blaze.

"By these time most three hundred of the miners, the smelter men, and the *Americanos* gather by the fire to fight it, and the *señoritas* stand by to do the watch.

"But preetty soon Garcia speak Inglis and shout:

"'Run! I have the two cars of the dynamite! The explode will keel mucha many. Run, señores and señoritas! Run, queek!'

"By these moment one thousand, two thousand, citizens have come to these place. When they see the two cars dynamite all on the fire, and hear Garcia speak Inglis with the most grand excite in his voice, they run away most fast.



"All except the one *señorita* who is mucha *bonita*, and who cry out in the grand distress to Garcia:

"Come, *Jesus mio*. Thou shalt come with us in order that thou shalt live."

"*Madre de Dios!* Garcia gather that *señorita* in his arms and keess her on the one cheek and then on the other cheek and say: '*Adios, señorita!*'"

"Then he leap into that aingine and push away the machinery that starts that aingine, and so, alone on his train, he take it away toward the country that is open and on the desert.

"What you think Garcia think when he pull that train on fire with the two cars of dynamite out of the Nacozari? Ah, he was the one brave man, Garcia! He think the whole town get the grand destroy unless he pull that dynamite into the country that is the desert.

"Garcia run that train on fire out from Nacozari, and come to the section-house where ces thirteen *hombres* of the section.

"And then there comes one big explode that dig the hole into the earth the thirty feet deep!

"The roar of the explode shake the city of Nacozari like the dog shake the rat. And the locomotive and the cars of that train of Garcia fly most everywhere through the State of Sonora, so that no one can find any two parts of that train of Garcia in any one place.

"And that section-house on the place of the explode! It is not to be seen at all after the big explode!. And the thirteen *hombres* of the Mexico that were in that house become all dead!

"One leetle *muchacho* the twelve year in age—son of the *Americano*, Señor Chisholm, who is the conduct of the train of Garcia—that *muchacho* was doing the play at two hundred feet from the section-house, when one rail-road-tie, flying the three hundred feet, hit the boy and kill him!

"And so, *señor*, that is all, except that the *bonita señorita* that gave the entreat to Garcia to run away with her in order to live—that *señorita* she polish her eyes with the tears for the one year, the two years, after that explode.

"The town was save and Garcia was the savior. And so I have come to the finish, *señor*."

"But what became of Garcia, the heroic engineer?" I asked.

"Ah, *señor*, there was no funeral for him, because there was no body of Garcia to lie in the service. They could not put him down in the sand of the desert to bury. Never, *señor*, did they find one most little small piece of that body of Garcia. We must entertain, *señor*, the suppose that Garcia was killed."

### The Girl Who Was Game.

There was revelry by night in Roswell, New Mexico, for the reason that the parents of one of Lillian McKnight's pupils were



"ALL EXCEPT THE  
ONE SEÑORITA WHO  
IS MUCHA  
BONITA."

giving a dance in honor of the engagement of the fair Lillian to Frank Miller, a locomotive fireman.

Lillian was the youngest and most popular school-teacher that Roswell had ever known; and Frank was the handsomest and best-dressed fireman on the Santa Fe system in New Mexico.

When they walked down the street together, people turned and took a second look at them—just because they were good to look at.

That night, as Frank waltzed with Lillian, his engineer, Ben Zieger, informed all the young folks at the party that Frank was a Beau Brummel and a Don Juan, and then declared that Frank should have been a dancing-master instead of a shoveler of coal for a railroad.

Before the revelry ceased that night Frank took Lillian aside and said to her:

"Let's surprise 'em, Lillian. Let's cut the engagement short. Let's marry on the q.t. to-morrow night. I've about a hundred and thirty dollars saved up, and I allow that's enough for a start at house-keeping."

"Let's," replied Lillian laconically, but with a world of meaning in her eyes.

"All right," said Frank. "I'll get in from my run to-morrow night around six o'clock. You meet me at eight—over at Judge Walter's. Meantime, keep the blinds drawn on that pretty mouth of yours."

The next evening, just as Lillian was about to slip out of the house to meet Frank at the judge's office, her father came in, saying:

"Bad news, Lillian. Frank was hurt to-day—over at South Springs station."

"The poor boy!" cried Lillian, taking off her "wedding" hat. "Where is he now?"

"In the hospital here."

"The poor boy!" repeated Lillian, again putting on her "bridal" hat with its "bridal" veil. "I'll go to him at once. How did he get hurt?"

"Fell between the engine and his train."

"Badly hurt, father?"

"Go see for yourself, my daughter."

Meantime, over at the station Engineer Zieger, Frank's cab comrade, made this remark to the railroad men who had gathered to hear the story of the accident:

"I reckon that the school-teacher will never again be seen dancing with Frank Miller, boys. Too bad, ain't it?"

"She'll never again be seen walking with him, neither," observed one of Frank's fellow firemen.

"Fact is," said a third railroader, "I reckon Lillian McKnight won't front up alongside of Frank Miller to get unionized in marriage nohow nor never."

"Maybe you're right and maybe you ain't—about the unionizing," spoke up Engineer Zieger with some heat. "Frank will be out of the hospital in less 'n seven weeks—and I allow that the school-teacher is some of a game girl and no piker."

Nearly eight weeks later Frank Miller was discharged from the hospital. Attendants helped him into a buggy that stood waiting at the gate. Frank took the reins, and with a "Thank you, boys! Giddap!" drove away.

Five minutes afterward a buggy pulled up in front of the domicile of a certain wool-grower and sheep-herder of Roswell. In the vehicle sat Frank Miller. He was whistling a merry tune. A man appeared on the front porch.

"Good evening, Mr. McKnight," said the man in the buggy. "Is Lillian there? Ask her to come out, please."

Lillian flew out to the buggy.

"Are you game?" asked Frank.

"Bet!" answered the school-teacher, but her expressive eyes threw Frank a look no less eager than on the night of the dance.

"Then get in," said Frank.

"I'll get my hat," she answered.

"No. Come along without a hat," insisted Frank.

Lillian stepped into the buggy, Frank again cried "Giddap!" and they drove away.

Half an hour later the strangest wedding ceremony ever witnessed in Roswell took place in front of the house of Judge Welter. A buggy stood by the curb, and in it sat Frank Miller and Lillian McKnight. By the side of the buggy stood Judge Welter reading the marriage-service. Round about stood a crowd of uninvited guests listening first to the judge's questions, and then to the responses of the two in the buggy.

"Amen!" finally said the judge.

"Giddap!" said Frank Miller—and he drove away with Mrs. Frank Miller sitting by his side.

A buggy rolled into the grounds of a pretty little cottage on the edge of the town and stopped at the front porch. A Mexican servant came out wheeling an invalid-chair.



He and the bride helped the groom out of the buggy and into the chair.

The groom was then wheeled into the house, and the electric lights in the cosily furnished living-room revealed this interesting spectacle:

The groom's legs ended at the knees.

But the groom's eyes were no less bright than they were at the dance on the night before he met with his accident.

"Frank!" cried Lillian, looking around the room with astonished eyes. "Why, here's more than a hundred and thirty dollars' worth of furniture right in this one room."

"Surest thing you know, Lil. It cost me hundreds to fit up this ranch."

The next morning the Mexican servant wheeled his employer down to the railroad station and into the railroad restaurant.

"Good morning, Mr. Miller," said the waiter behind the counter. "How's the boss this morning?"

"How's business?" said the boss. "Well, I'll be on the job myself every day now, and I'll run this business right. My wife will be here every day, too."

Frank Miller was the proprietor of the railroad restaurant at Roswell.

One of the first men to enter the restaurant that morning was Engineer Zieger.

"Congratulate you, Frank," he said, addressing his former fireman. "Well, I always did tell the boys that the school-teacher was some game of a girl and no piker. I hear you outfitted that honeymoon cottage something scrumptious on the very same day you bought this railroad hash-joint. It's now about first pie-time in the morning for me, Frank. Make it custard. Frank, the railroad must have settled with you liberal."

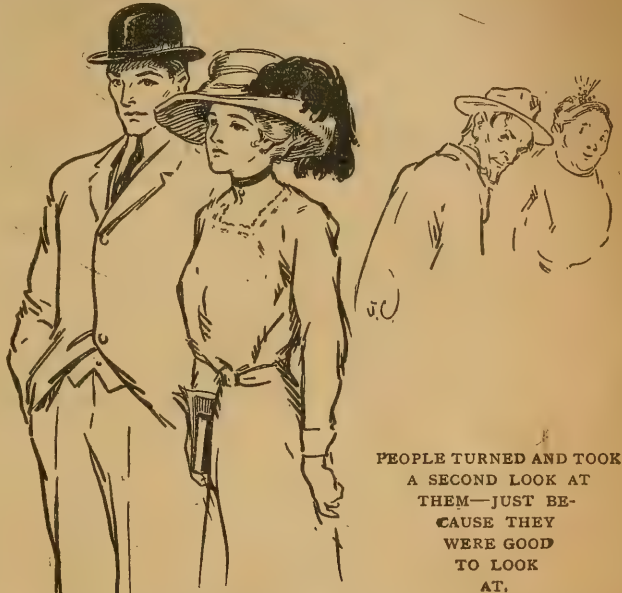
"Thirteen thousand spondulicks," replied Frank Miller. "Say, I ain't so worse!"

### The Disaster at Folsom.

At 11.55 one night, a Colorado and Southern train, an hour late, rushed past the  
10 R R

station at Grande, New Mexico, and continued northward toward Folsom, on the Colorado-New Mexico line.

Folsom was eighteen miles away. Engineer Walter Druid had a clear track and a fairly easy grade; as grades go in that mountainous region, and he allowed his



PEOPLE TURNED AND TOOK  
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iron steed to take the bit in its mouth, as it were, and race along to make up lost time.

About a mile north of Grande station, however, Druid's fireman suddenly shouted:

"Shut her off! Stop her!"

Druid's hands worked at air and throttle as he said quite calmly:

"What do you see?"

"A man waving a red lantern," answered the fireman.

The train, squeaking and grinding, came to a stop. The man with the red lantern—it was an ordinary farm lantern with a red bandanna tied around it—came to the side of the cab and said:

"My name's Cook. I'm a farmer. My land is down here in the valley. But I'm a son of a sea-cook if I know whether or not I'll own anything you can call a farm at sun-up to-morrow."

Conductor Nichols, in charge of the train, came running up asking breathlessly:

"What's all this fuss about?"

"Let me introduce Mr. Cook," replied the engineer.

"What's the matter?" asked Conductor Nichols, turning to the man with the bandanna-covered lantern.

"You're to go no farther toward Folsom," answered the farmer. "You're to stand still."

"Well! Well?"

"The night telephone operator at Folsom," the farmer said, "called me up 'bout half hour ago and told me to get quick upon high ground. She's all right, that gal is. I just naturally admire her spunk."

"You mean Sara Rooke?" asked Conductor Nichols. "Why, all we boys know her well. But how did you come to stop us?"

"She said I was to warn any up train," the farmer replied. "Said I was to warn you that all the bridges between here and Folsom are probably down, and for you to take no chances."

"But what's the matter? Great Scott, man! Why should the bridges be down, and why should you go to high ground in the middle of the night?"

#### Coming Down the Canon.

"Flood," answered the farmer, helping himself to a chew.

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?" expostulated the impatient conductor. "Big flood?"

"Reckon! That telephone-gal said that a wall of water thirteen feet high and a mile wide was sweeping down Cimarron Cañon and was wiping Folsom out of existence."

"But—hang it, man," exclaimed the conductor excitedly, "if that was the case then—great Cæsar! What about that telephone operator herself? How did she happen to be still at the switch? Haven't you done anything to save her life?"

"Don't frenzy up like that," said Farmer Cook. "You've got all night to wait here. What's the hurry? Well, that telephone-girl says to me:

"'Mr. Cook,' she says, 'you're probably the last subscriber I shall be able to warn. I've already warned over forty of our subscribers to get to high ground. I hear the water coming near. They told me an hour ago to leave this building—but I'm taking a chance in order to give notice to the folks in the valley.'"

"Well, is that all?" asked the conductor.

"Yep. Except I'm thinkin'."

"Thinking of what?"

"Well, that gal didn't say 'good-by.' She said 'Farewell!' And I'm just wonderin', that's all."

"Druid," said Conductor Nichols, speaking to the engineer, "guess we better back down to Grande station."

All the rest of that night and the following day and half the next night that Colorado and Southern train, with its hundred and more passengers, stood at Grande station. Almost hourly came more and more harrowing news of the disaster at Folsom.

Nearly all the buildings in the town had been carried away, many lives had been lost, hundreds of head of cattle had been swept away; crops in the valley had been cleared from the fields as closely as if burned off; the rails of the Colorado and Southern had been twisted like wire; the depot at Folsom had collapsed like pasteboard; Section Foreman Guerin and his seventeen-year-old daughter had been swept away, with their house, while spectators on the high ground listened to their agonized cries.

"And what about that plucky telephone operator at Folsom who called up so many folks and warned them to get out of the way?" asked Conductor Nichols of the telegraph operator at Grande. "Does the wire say anything of her?"

"You mean Sara Rooke? Sure thing! Hers was the most heroic stunt ever performed by a woman in the whole West country.

"A little before eleven o'clock last night she was warned that the wall of water coming down Cimarron Cañon would reach her building in less than an hour.

"Did she fly? No; she utilized that hour in calling up telephone subscribers in the valley and warning them. Forty persons have already publicly proclaimed that they owe their lives to her. Farmer Cook was the last man she called up just before the water struck her building."

"She's dead?" asked Conductor Nichols in an awed voice.

"No one knows. She hasn't been seen nor heard of."

At midnight on the second night, however, news came from Division Superintendent Shack saying that the last bridge had been repaired and that the train could proceed with extreme caution.

About four in the morning that train



pulled into stricken Folsom. One of the first sights that met the eyes of crew and passengers was two men carrying an improvised stretcher on which lay a body cov-

his bones froze stiff, his hair stood on end, and he thought that he was looking upon the ghost of Darwin's missing link.

At four o'clock in the morning the flier



"YOU'VE GOT ALL NIGHT TO WAIT HERE. WHAT'S THE HURRY?"

ered with a horse-blanket. Behind them came a long file of silent marchers, walking two by two with bowed heads.

One stepped aside and came close to the train-crew and whispered:

"It's the body of Sara Rooke, the telephone operator."

"Where are they taking her?" asked Conductor Nichols in a low tone.

"To the town hall. They're using it for a morgue."

"Where'd they find her?" asked Engineer Druid.

"Twelve miles down the cañon—with her headpiece still gripped to her ears."

Seen by the Nite Opr.

Job Morrow, night operator of the Rock Island station at Tulsa, Oklahoma, had an experience on an arctic night in February, when, for a moment or two, the marrow in

from St. Louis, bound for Oklahoma City, pulled into the station. Job went out into weather many degrees below zero, said "Howdy!" to the conductor, then retreated to the warmth of his office.

After the train had crawled away, leaving Tulsa once more in its usual condition of vast peace, Job sat close to the stove and read.

At four-thirty, however, he stepped to the table by the window to get his pipe. He happened to look out of the window.

"It's 'it,' for it's neither man nor woman," Job thought.

He tried to give vocal expression to the thought, but could not. The words congealed in his throat.

Standing outside the window, with its chalk-white face pressed close against the pane, stood a white-clad figure. Its eyes were fixed on the operator in a vacant stare.

Its lower jaw was dropped, leaving the

mouth wide open and giving to the ghastly face the appearance of boundless stupidity.

Job tried to step backward, but found that he had become mummified. He couldn't budge his feet; could not lift his hand to wave the thing away from the window; could not so much as avert his eyes so as not to see it.

Suddenly, however, the figure turned from the window and glided down the platform eastward.

Job as suddenly regained power of movement and speech. Thrusting his head over the table and close to the window, he peered out, hoping to catch a last glimpse of the retreating thing.

"It sure must be a ghost," he muttered, "because it moves as noiselessly as a rubber tire."

Still peering out with his face close to the pane, Job wondered why he hadn't felt the usual rush of wind and rattling of chains that he supposed always accompanied an apparition of the kind.

Just then the white horror reappeared, coming westward, and again stopped at the window to stare with hideous eyes at the night operator.

Job threw up his hand protectingly and side-stepped as if the thing outside were a highwayman threatening him with a gun.

Only for a brief moment the figure paused, then it glided down the platform westward.

Job wondered what he should do. A full two minutes he waited, expecting to see the thing again return to the window.

"It's gone," he finally said to himself.

He tiptoed to the door, opened it cautiously, and looked out. A rush of icy air came in. He peered eastward and saw the white figure standing immovable at the end of the platform, seemingly engaged in profound contemplation of a very crooked tree opposite the station that was outlined by the starlight.

Job put on his overcoat, seized a lighted lantern, stepped out, and stole down the platform toward the thing in white.

The thing now moved sideways, like a crab. It faced the approaching operator, however, who now, by the light of the lantern, perceived that it wore very thin white pajamas and was in its bare feet.

The thing, staring at the crooked tree, its mouth still wide open, moved its lower jaw. Out of its throat came the words:

"Tree, straighten thyself."

It extended its arm skyward, as if thus

further to command the crooked tree to shoot up straight.

The voice sounded muffled. The words were articulated rather than spoken. Job said to himself:

"It can't be a ghost, after all. It's too—too solid for a spook. It looks like a man. Maybe it's a drunk."

The figure turned and looked down at a tiny irrigation ditch that flowed past the platform.

"Stream," muttered the thing, "reverse thy current."

It waved its arm up-hill, to indicate the direction in which it wished the water to run.

Seeming bored, however, by the perversity of the stream in continuing to flow downhill instead of up, as commanded, the figure now started up the platform toward Job.

"No," murmured the operator as the thing glided along, "it's not a drunk. It walks too straight for that."

As the figure passed him, Job had the thought that perhaps it was a dope fiend.

"And yet, no," he murmured, contradicting himself. "Were he drugged, he would be lying down dead to the world."

As the figure continued on down the platform, Job further soliloquized:

"He's in a hypnotic trance. Some hypnotist, maybe a thousand miles away, is directing this man's movements."

The thing had come to a standstill, with one foot planted forward of the other, as if a marching soldier had suddenly become a statue.

Job hastened forward to take a closer look, and reached the thing's side just in time to see its lower jaw wagging again. It said:

"This train is running too fast. I can't sleep. Porter, open the window at my feet and throw me out onto a quiet strawberry bed."

"Rarebit fiend," Job softly assured himself. "He's riding a nightmare."

The figure now suddenly dignified to notice Job. Staring at the operator vacantly, as when it had peered through the window, it wagged its lower jaw to say:

"Porter, there's a mule walking around in my berth. Take him into the day-coach, where he belongs."

"Crazy man," thought Job. "He's mad. He's an escaped lunatic."

The figure now leaned against the wall of the station and threw back its head. The



mouth opened still wider, the eyes stared more vacantly than ever, and then—the yawning chasm in its face gave forth a sound like the tearing of a sheet; then a sound like the sawing of a plank; then a sound like the swan-song of a burro.

"I've got it," murmured Job excitedly. "He's a sleep-walker. He's a perambulating somnambulist."

The operator held the lantern close to the man's face and said in his natural voice:

"Aren't you awful cold, old sport, in that suit of gauze?"

But the figure in white snored on lustily.

Job, holding the lantern still closer to the figure, noticed that it wore no less than three diamond rings. Job began singing, "Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes."

All of a sudden the figure stopped snoring and ejected from his open mouth, "I wonder who's kissing her now?"

"The mule!" shouted Job Morrow.

The figure closed its mouth with a snap. It made a shuddering movement. It seemed to feel the thrill of cold air down its spine. It shivered. Its teeth began chattering. The light of human intelligence came into its eyes and it spoke, saying:

"Why are you poking that lantern into my face?"

"Search me," answered Job. "What you doing here?"

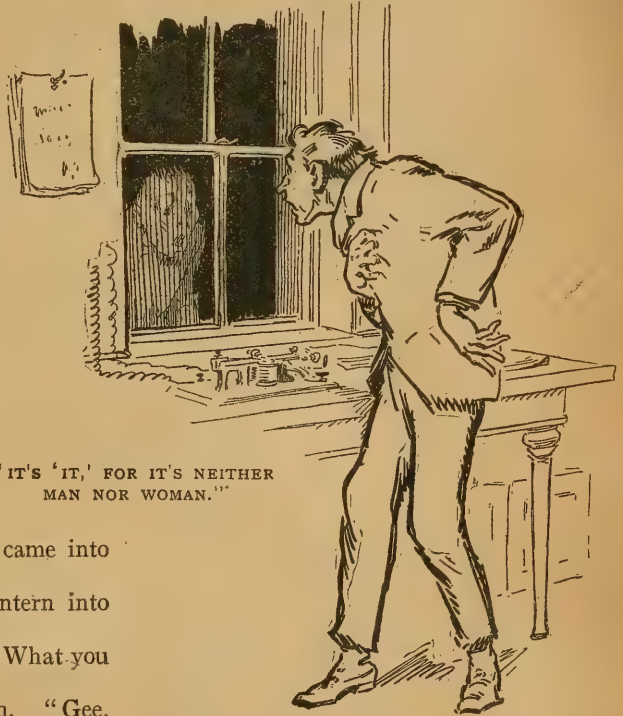
"Search me," replied the man. "Gee, but I'm cold! How'd I get here? What am I doing here?"

"Come inside," said Job Morrow.

Ten minutes later the erstwhile ghost was hugging the stove in the Tulsa station, now dressed in overalls, an ancient jumper and a pair of shoes that Job had cast off. He and the operator were laughing like boys.

"Tom Janson," said the night operator to the thing, "you may be a salesman traveling out of New York City, as you say; and you may be holding down a good job, as you tell me you are; but all the same, it's not safe for you to be traveling alone in Oklahoma. Know what you need? You need a keeper and a trained nurse and a night watchman."

"The last thing I remember," said the overalled Mr. Janson, of New York, "was undressing in my berth in the Pullman of the flier. I was bound for Oklahoma City. But when the train stopped here I must have arose and sleep-walked out of the Pullman and let the train go on, leaving me slumbering upright on your platform. The phenomenon is that while asleep I didn't feel a bit cold—though attired only in a suit of madras."



"IT'S 'IT,' FOR IT'S NEITHER MAN NOR WOMAN."

When the gray dawn began breaking through the window of Tulsa station a locomotive whistle was heard, and Job jumped up, saying:

"Here comes your train, Tom Janson. I wired ahead, ordering your clothes put off the flier at Oklahoma City. You'll find your raiment there in the railroad station. Don't fall asleep on the way over."

#### What the Southern Men Saw.

It was a starless, pitch-black night in August, the night following that on which the worst cyclone that ever swept through the middle West struck the yards of the Southern Railway at East St. Louis.

In the switchman's shanty in those yards, at the hour of twelve, there were gathered a number of the Southern's engineers, firemen, helpers, and switchmen, including Engineer Powell, a man who knew no fear except in the presence of a "ghost."

Present, also, was Harry Rigsby, now employed by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway at St. Joseph, Missouri, but at that time acting as a switchman for the South-

the door and soft-footed into the darkness of what was then perhaps the darkest railroad yard around St. Louis. At that time there were no electric lights in the yard, nor even switch-stand lights. As Powell crossed the tracks, nothing broke the gloom save the headlight of his own engine on track 10.

Moreover, the yard was strewn with the wreckage of cars, locomotives, and buildings representing the devastation wrought by the cyclone.



"THE SPACE IN WHICH WE HAD TO TURN WAS SO NARROW THAT WE ALL WENT DOWN—"

ern in the East St. Louis yard. It was Harry Rigsby who saw Powell's ghost with his own eyes and lived to tell me the tale.

In the switchman's shanty, Engineer Powell, after listening with wide-open mouth and bulging eyes to a ghost story that Harry Rigsby related, tiptoed to the door, opened it a crack, peered out, then closed it softly with a shudder.

"Gee!" he exclaimed. "It's spooky out there."

"It's time to bring out your engine, ain't it?" asked one of his fellow engineers.

"Yes," replied Powell. "But—say, there are a lot of dead men out there in the wreckage left by the cyclone, ain't there?"

"Well?"

"Well, I just can't—say, Jim." Here he turned to his helper. "You go bring out my engine to track 10, will you?"

The helper went away, to return ten minutes later, saying:

"She's ready for you on track 10, Powell."

Powell nervously and reluctantly opened

Cars were piled one upon the other, and in them, as Powell knew, lay the bodies of several men who had been killed.

Meantime, the railroaders in the switch shanty were talking about Powell and his fear of ghosts. One engineman said:

"Those corpses out there are sure on Powell's nerves."

"Yes," assented Switchman Harry Rigsby; "if he sees anything queer out in the yard to-night he'll sure think it's a ghost."

Just then something happened that made Rigsby's words seem prophetic. The door was almost knocked off its hinges by Powell falling against it trying to get inside. He reeled into the shanty and fell on the floor in a dead faint.

His clothes were torn in several places, his lantern-globe was broken, and he had a scalp wound from which the blood was running down his chalk-white face.

They poured water on his head till he revived.

"Boys!" he cried in awed tones. "I've seen a ghost for sure!"



"Nonsense!" answered Rigsby. "You're just nervous, that's all."

"Nerves nothin'! I know a ghost when I see one. At first I heard funny noises. I listened and heard the rattling of chains—just the kind of a noise that always goes with a ghost. Then I heard the tread of footsteps—very soft footsteps."

"I looked—and boys," he continued, "I tell you I saw a thing with bright eyes—and the thing itself was as big as a cow. It had a white face, and it said something to



—IN A BUNCH LIKE A FOOTBALL TEAM."

me in a shaky, shivery voice and in a language I didn't understand. I tell you, it was the ghastliest thing I ever want to see. It was a ghost. If you think I'm talking through the armholes of my vest, come out and see the thing for yourselves."

We decided to investigate. Armed with clubs, pokers, and rocks, we permitted Powell to lead the way toward his ghost.

Suddenly, as they reached the spot where the wreckage was piled highest, and under which five men were known to be lying dead, the crowd of ghost-chasers heard funny sounds. They listened and—yes, they distinctly heard the rattling of chains.

"There!" whispered Powell with chattering teeth. "Didn't I tell you? Listen!"

All hands stood stock-still with cocked ears. All plainly heard a voice—a hideous,

cracked voice, speaking a strange language. It sounded like the gibber of a female lunatic. The gibbering continued, too, till all of a sudden—they saw the ghost.

Yes, out from the wreckage forming the temporary sarcophagus of five railroad men, stepped the thing.

Rigsby said his heart seemed to stop beating.

Toward the men, who stood rooted in their tracks and all aghast, glided the ghost, dragging chains that clinked and clanked over rail and ties with frightful distinctness. It gibbered persistently, and it beckoned to the men, throwing out long, lean, lanky arms.

"Yes," Rigsby told me afterward, "it was as big as a cow, as Powell had said, and its eyes were as large as dish-pans. There were eight of us in that bunch—eight brave men ambushed by that ghost between two piles of wrecked cars. The eight of us, as if actuated by a single thought, turned to fly from the awful apparition."

"The space in which we had to turn, however, was so narrow that we all went down in a bunch like a football team. While each man tried to extricate himself from those on top of him, up came the ghost and walked round and round us, talking its gibberish and laughing in cracked tones—a cackle that was simply appalling."

"The first man to extricate himself from the football pile was Engineer Frank Wilson. He sat on the ground, and suddenly he exclaimed:

"Well, I'll be hanged if it ain't a hand-organ monk, dragging its chain!"

"Just then, too, into view came the Italian who owned the monkey."

"The meeting of that Italian and his monk was like that of a mother who has found her long lost child. It was only the pathos of it that restrained Powell from thumping that Italian good and plenty."

"Say," added Rigsby, "if ever you happen to meet Engineer Powell in the East St. Louis yards, don't breathe a word to him about monkeys. On his scalp, to this day, he carries a scar from the wound incurred when he butted a coal-car off the track while beating it away from that ghost."

If your wheels are slipping it's time to be using your sand. Grit is the secret of grip.—Diary of an Old Engineer.

# THE MAN WHO LISTENED.

BY BENJAMIN RUSH THORNBURY

**The Portly Gentleman's Sequel Was a Tale  
that Not Even the Superintendent Ever Heard.**



In the smoking-compartment of a Pullman on the west-bound train were three men. Two of them, one the Superintendent of the road and the other an Ex-Railroad Man, were engaged in conversation on the merits of railroaders in general, and concerning those who maintained their positions through official relationships in particular. The third, a well-groomed, Portly Gentleman, sat quietly in the corner, puffed a cigar, and listened.

"Railroading isn't a profession; it's a science," the Ex-Railroad Man was protesting. "I've always maintained that these relationship jobs are a detriment to the service, and it's been my observation that, as a rule, the incumbents never make good."

"I've known some exceptions to that rule; in fact, I have one in mind now."

"I'll admit that it sometimes mixes up the service, as it did in Tom Goodell's case; but, as I say, he was an exception to the rule."

He squinted reminiscently. The Ex-Railroad Man crossed his legs and settled back in his seat. The Portly Gentleman in the corner regarded the face of the speaker intently for a moment, then calmly resumed his smoking.

"It was in the old days on the M. I. and N.," continued the Superintendent, "before it came to be the fashion for general managers to have anterooms to their offices, with brass-buttoned boys to bring in calling-cards on a silver dish."

"Old Man Goodell had come down to Kensington from the Sea to take over the management of the road; and while he didn't have a great deal of style, he more than made up for it in a system of his own, that result-

ed in making the two streaks of rust and a right-of-way one of the best paying little roads in the country.

"He left the road when the Transcontinental took it up, and went into business for himself. I was a general utility clerk in his office at that time, my duties ranging from running down claims for dead stock to sorting the old man's mail."

"It was in the latter capacity that I came across a letter, one morning, from Tom Goodell. Tom was a brother of the old man, who had been in the lumber business up north, but who had taken a sudden notion that he wanted to be a railroad man. The letter was a request for a job."

"Joe Kelsoe was trainmaster up at Centertpoint at the time; and, having come up the ladder from a cub operator, naturally had some set notions, like yourself, about Tom's kind, and wasn't at all backward about expressing them. The boys said he cursed a blue streak when he got the old man's letter ordering him to send Tom out braking on the local to learn the road."

"Well, everybody knew at once what that meant, and there was a general howl all along the line among the trainmen, not official, of course, but a lot of talk, and, as usual, that's about where it ended."

"About three months after that, Ed Burton, a freight conductor with a through run, came within an ace of getting into a smash-up with an east-bound passenger on an order he misconstrued, and, of course, went on the carpet. The old man was always mighty square with the boys when they got into trouble, and was disposed to be lenient with Ed, though he had known for some time that Ed wasn't a man to be running a train."

"He was oversensitive on the subject, as



that kind usually are; so when the old man offered to compromise by giving him thirty days, and a gravel train when he got back, Ed flared up and quit, taking a pass back to Arlington, where he lived.

"That was the only time I ever saw Ed to know him; and when he came through the office, looking as black as a thundercloud, I surmised he had been having his troubles in the old man's little sanctum.

"Well, as everybody expected, two days later Tom Goodell got his train.

"I had been out on the road looking up a claim on some stock that had been killed, and after a muddy, ten-mile ride across country north of Seymour, I got back to the station too late for No. 6, which was the last passenger-train east; and there being no hotel in the place, I wired Kelsoe to stop the night freight for me.

"That's how I happened to be in Tom Goodell's caboose on his first run out. I altered my opinion of Tom that night and haven't changed it since, for he proved to be one of the exceptions I spoke about.

"He said he realized just how the boys felt, and hated to see them down on him simply because he happened to be a relative of the old man. He wanted to be square with them, and was trying not to step on anybody's toes. He wanted to learn the business and travel on his own merits.

"Well, after we had talked a while, he said he guessed I was tired and wanted to get some sleep. He piled a lot of cushions on one of the seats, and gave me his overcoat, remarking that I might catch cold.

"I found out afterward that the particular seat I occupied was the conductor's own bunking-place, and that Tom sat in the cupola all the way into Kensington.

"What occurred after that I did not learn until we reached the end of the division, for I did not awaken until we pulled into the yard, and then Tom only gave me the story in a general way.

"The night operator at Menden had given him orders to pick up some empty stock-cars at Arlington, and I guess that's all that saved us from about the worst wreck the road ever had, for we would have gone into that open switch at a forty-five-mile clip.

"They usually went through from Menden without stopping, that being a part of the run where they made up time. As it was, they had slowed down for the stop, and when they unexpectedly shot in on the

siding from the upper end, the engineer had his train pretty well under control; so the little-bump they gave that string of empties did no damage. The switch had been thrown, and the light changed so that it showed white."

The Superintendent paused to relight his cigar, and for a time the only sound was the rhythmic click of the wheels over the rail joints. The Ex-Railroad Man shifted his position uneasily. The Portly Gentleman got up and went to the water-cooler, then surveyed himself a moment in the long glass and returned to his seat in the corner.

"As a rule," went on the Superintendent thoughtfully, "trainmen are away above the average when it comes to points of honor, but there are exceptions to that rule too, human nature being pretty much the same in every department of life; and sometimes, when a man gets a deal that isn't conducive to brotherly love, he loses his senses.

"Anyway, when they found out about the changed switch-light, the crew laid it to every cause but the right one. As Tom jumped down from the caboose steps, however, his quick eye had caught sight of a man ducking around the end of the station that looked an awful lot like Ed Burton.

"He said nothing about this when he came up where the boys were talking, but sided with one of the brakemen who insisted that a tramp had done the work. The next morning, however, he and the old man were closeted for the better part of an hour. I could tell by his loud tone that the old man was considerably worked up about something, for he always was a quiet sort of a man. All the while Tom was talking in a low, pleading voice, and now and then I could hear Ed Burton's name.

"After a while they came out, and the old man took his pass-book from his desk and filled out a blank. I could see his hand tremble as he wrote. Tom took it, and hurried out, as I afterward learned, to catch No. 5. He dropped off at Arlington on the opposite side from the station, and when he came back on No. 6 that evening, Ed Burton was with him."

The Superintendent screened his eyes with his hand, and peered through the window to see the switch-lights of the Center-point-yard twinkling in the darkness.

"Here's where I get off," he said.

"I suppose Burton was a guest of the State for a term," pursued the Ex-Railroad Man, also rising.

"No, he wasn't," denied the Superintendent, putting on his overcoat. "The old man and Tom fixed it up between them to keep the matter quiet and give Burton another chance.

"He wrote to a friend of his somewhere out West that he wanted Ed placed, and in a week or so Ed packed up his wife and baby and followed the letter. I never heard of him after that. Well, good-by; I'm glad to have met you."

"Same to you. Guess I'll go to bed," returned the Ex-Railroad Man, following him out into the passage.

The Superintendent descended to the platform and walked toward the tall frame building that housed the division headquarters. At the foot of the long stair he halted a moment and looked at the big mogul that was standing on a siding attached to a long train of all sorts and conditions that made up No. 85, then turned and climbed to the office on the second floor.

"No. 85 going to get out on time?" he asked of the night despatcher, who was bending over the train-sheet at the long instrument-table.

"She's following No. 3 out on time, but I don't know how long she'll stay that way, with a green fireman trying to feed that ten-wheeler. Kelly says Gordon's kicking like a bay steer at the M. M. for turning his engine into a family kindergarten, and I don't blame him much, for John Sharkey was a good man and had been with Gordon going on three years.

"Kelly says it's open gossip down at the roundhouse that the old man let Sharkey out just to make a place for his brother."

"I can't say as to that." Officials can be supremely noncommittal at times. "Better give 85 a slow-up order past Camden; there's two cars of dynamite on the siding there," he concluded as he passed into his office.

No. 3 stopped at Camden long enough to permit the Portly Gentleman to alight from the rear Pullman, and then her red tail-lights went blinking away like two baleful eyes in the distance. The Portly Gentleman looked up at the darkened station, down the siding at the dim outlines of two box cars, then scanned, with a quick turn of his head, the few scattered houses that had managed to get close enough together on the hill behind the station to call themselves a town.

He picked up his grip and started toward them, when he noticed a dark form skulking

in the shadow of the building. He was well able to take care of himself, but he was curious to know what the fellow was up to.

Hastily crouching at the end of the high platform, he saw a man steal down to the track, cast a furtive glance about him, and then move cautiously to the switch-stand, where he deliberately smashed the lock with a coupling-pin.

He had thrown the switch, and was turning the light so that a white gleam flickered to the rails, when the Portly Gentleman leaped upon him and pinioned his arms in a powerful grasp.

The Portly Gentleman pushed him backward to the edge of the platform, where he lay moaning. He sat up presently and looked at his captor.

"I must have been mad to think of such a thing," he said brokenly, with a helpless wave of his hand toward the hill. "I've been slaving five long years to make good to that little woman up there who believed in me, and then to get shoved out to make room for the old man's relations—I—it—Oh, you can't understand! And now—now, I suppose I'll have to go over the road for it."

The strong arm that had held him in its viselike grip now stole gently across his shoulders, and the voice that spoke was unsteady with emotion.

"Oh, yes, I do, my boy. I know all about it, and I guess the only road you'll go over will be the Transcontinental, when you go back West with me. I have some mines out there, and a few miles of railroad that are all my own. I guess we can find a place for you where you can make good, all right. I'm visiting some friends here for a few days, and we can get together and talk it over."

The long, wailing shriek of a locomotive was heard far down the track, and the trembling gleam of a headlight transformed the rails into glistening ribbons of steel.

"Get down there quick and fix that switch, and then we'll go and find the little woman."

"My namè's John Sharkey," said the man, as they moved slowly toward the hill. "May I ask yours?"

"Burton," said the other shortly.

They turned and watched the train pull carefully by the station. The light from the open fire-box fell upon the begrimed face of a fireman shoveling in some coal. No. 85 was on time.



# The Sunny Side of the Track.

If You Think the Railroad Is Shrouded in the Seriousness of Hard Work,  
Look at These Rifts Where the Sun of Humor  
Shines Through.

## WANTED A CORKSCREW.

**JAMES J. HILL**, at one of the Conservation Congress banquets in St. Paul, told this railroad story.

"When sleeping-cars first came in," he said, "the bedclothes in the berths were very scanty. On one of these early cars, one night after everybody had turned in and the lights were low, a loud voice called from an upper berth:

"Porter, got a corkscrew?"

"The porter came hurrying down the aisle.

"Boss," he said, in a scandalized tone, "we don't allow no drinkin' in the berths. It's against the rules."

"Oh, it ain't that, porter," the voice answered. "I just want to dig out a pillow that's sort o' worked its way into my ear."—*Des Moines Capital*.

## TAKING NO RISK.

**VERY** skeptically the terrace landlord surveyed the prospective tenant.

"Do you play football?" he grunted.

The prospective tenant raised his eyebrows and replied in the negative.

"Nor referee?"

"No, nor referee," answered the P. T. "Why?"

"Cos I'm taking no risks," explained the landlord. "The last feller that took this house was a referee. Gave a wrong decision. Was thumped in the back. Swallowed the whistle. After that he couldn't breathe without shrieking like a good engine. Kept the neighbors awake all night. Had to give him notice."

"Bad luck on the referee," commented the P. T.

"I don't know," returned the landlord. "He got a good crib on a lighthouse. On foggy nights he puts his head out of the window and simply breathes. Noise enough to scare a navy off the rocks. Soft job."—*Ideas*.

## LEFT BEHIND.

**"FUNNIEST** thing I've seen lately," said the candy man on the Rock Island suburban trains, "was the other day, when a man rushed up to the Twenty-Second Street Station

and said to the agent: 'H'h'has the Joliet train g'g'gone?'

"Yes, there it goes up the road there."

"Does it s's's'top'p'p'p'p'—"

"Yes, it stops at Thirty-First Street."

"Does it s's's'top'p'p'p'p'a'a'ny—"

"Yes, it stops at Forty-Seventh, Fifty-First, Englewood, and Blue Island."

"Does it s's's'top'p'p'a'a'anywh'wh'—"

"Yes, it stops at all stations. But what difference does it make to you? You're not aboard."

"J'ust what I'm k'k'kicking about. Does it s's'top'p'p'anywh'wh'wh'where long enough so I could r'r'run and overt'a'ta'take it?"—*Lippincott's*.

## HORSE AND HORSE.

**"LOOK** here, sir, I've been standing before this window twenty-five minutes!" said the irate woman.

The agent, a gray, withered little man, answered gently:

"Ah, madam, I've been standing behind it twenty-five years."—*Boston Herald*.

## GETTING AT THE FACTS.

**DIRECTORY CANVASSER:** "What is your husband's occupation?"

Mrs. O'Hoolihan: "Sure, an' it's a shovel engineer on a railroad he do be."

Directory Canvasser: "You mean a civil engineer, don't you?"

Mrs. O'Hoolihan: "Faith, an' yez may be roight, sor. He's civil enough, O'i'm afther thinkin', but anyway, he shovels the coal into the engine."—*Exchange*.

## SERVED HIM RIGHT.

**A** LARGE and pompous person, wearing a high hat, a long coat, yellow spats, and a congenital sneer, who was about to leave Washington for New York City, walked over to the porter and said:

"Here, you; I am going to quit this town and go back to New York, where I can get some

decent service. I want you to buy me two seats in a parlor-car on the four o'clock New York train. Get me two seats, now, and meet me at the station with the tickets. I want one to sit in and one to put my feet in."

The tickets were delivered at the train just before it pulled out. One of the seats was in Car No. 3, and the other was located in Car No. 4.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

### THE DIFFERENCE.

"YOU'VE got a pretty lot of citizens to allow themselves to be charged at the rate of five cents a mile from here down to the Junction on a miserable one-horse branch road," said the shoe-drummer, biting.

"I'd like ter call yer attention ter one fact before you go on usin' any more sech language," answered the ticket-agent, calmly; "and that is, that while it may be five cents a mile, it's only thirty-five cents an hour."—*Post*.

### A WEIGHTY DIFFICULTY.

IT was on a suburban train. The young man in the rear car was suddenly addressed by the woman in the seat behind him.

"Pardon me, sir," she said, "but would you mind assisting me off at the next station? You see, I am very large, and when I get off I have to go backward, so the conductor thinks I am trying to get aboard and helps me on again. He has done this at three stations."—*Collier's*.

### NEW ONE ON HIM.

A YOUTH from Calhoun County, Illinois, which has nothing but steamboat transportation, came over to Elsberry, Missouri, the other day to catch a Burlington train to St. Louis. He had never seen a train, and when the Hannibal local came rolling in, he stood there gaping, watched it hiss and steam, and finally pull out.

"I thought you were goin' to St. Louis on that train?" shouted the station-agent, thrusting his head through the window.

"I was," answered the youth, "but they didn't put down the gangplank."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

### MAKING AN ENGINE.

SHE had visited the Baldwin locomotive works and, later, told some of her friends how a locomotive is made.

"You pour," she said, "a lot of sand into a lot of boxes, and you throw old stove-lids and things into a furnace, and then you empty the molten stream into a hole in the sand, and everybody yells and swears. Then you pour it out and let it cool and pound it, and then you put it in a thing that bores holes in it. Then you screw it together, and paint it, and put steam in it, and

it goes splendidly; and they take it to a drafting-room and make a blue-print of it. But one thing I forgot—they have to make a boiler. One man gets inside and one gets outside, and they pound frightfully, and then they tie it to the other thing—and you ought to see it go!"—*Exchange*.

### AGAINST ORDERS.

THE LADY: "It's funny, but I've worked in this railroad office three weeks now, and I haven't seen any of the men wearing these steel ties I've read about. Maybe, because they are hard to tie?"—*Erie Railroad Employees' Magazine*.

### LETTING HIM OFF EASY.

"GOOD morning!" said the claim-agent cheerfully to the patient with a broken leg and head in bandages.

"I have good news for you. Yes, sir. The company feels sorry for you. It is willing to forgive and forget. Soulless? Why, man, it's all soul."

"Ready to pay about five thousand?"

"N—no, not exactly that. But I am authorized to sign its agreement not to prosecute you for letting yourself get thrown on the right-of-way and blocking rush-hour traffic."—*Exchange*.

### JIM'S JOB.

"JIM'S got a job as a cobbler at the railroad shops."

"Cobbler? How the deuce do you make that out?"

"He fits brake-shoes."—*Seattle Times*.

### FEALEY MEETS HIS WATERLOO.

JIM FEALEY, transfer-agent, who has something of a reputation for quick and accurate replies to all queries, went down to defeat one day recently while checking No. 6, which had a large theatrical company from Denver to Chicago.

The company disbanded at Joliet, and each member had his own baggage to look after.

One handsome young woman, on being told her transfer would cost fifty cents, asked, "Or a kiss?"

Jim mildly replied, "No, just fifty cents, please."

"Well, after a second look," said the girl, "I guess you are right—fifty cents is the cheapest."

Jim silently retired amid the laughter of the whole car.—*Santa Fe Employees' Magazine*.

### WORSE THAN LATE.

"APPARENTLY," said Subbubs, "the 7.34 is late this morning."

"Worse than that," replied the station-agent. "I'm afraid it's the 'late lamented 7.34.' There's been a wreck up the road."—*Exchange*.



# Coddling the "Old Girl."

BY THADDEUS S. DAYTON.

IT is not difficult to understand why an engineer will pet and coddle his engine and speak affectionately of it as "she" or the "old girl." No other mechanism of steam and steel has ever been built that shows as many living, breathing, human characteristics as a giant locomotive, and constant association with one is apt to give rise to the feeling that maybe it has somewhere within its mighty make-up a will or spirit of its own.

It is only natural that the engineer's unconscious recognition of an engine's ego, or personality, should grow into something akin to a feeling of fondness for a machine that obeys every command, or that he should view with distrust and hate one that is always acting badly.

Mr. Dayton, who has gathered the views and experiences of a number of engineers on this subject, has left us to form our own opinions regarding the odd actions of "old girls." It is a subject on which there are many views.

## Strikingly Human Traits of Locomotives Frequently Cause the Wives of Throttle-Handlers To Become Jealous of the Place the Steel Giantesses Hold in Their Husbands' Affections.



ASK one railroad engineer, ask another a third—in fact, question a dozen if you like—and you will find that there is hardly among them one who does not acknowledge that an engine is more human and more full of the qualities and traits of a living human being than you ever imagined a mass of machinery could be.

Nobody can tell why this is. It is one of the great unsolvable mysteries of engine-building and of railroading. Among the thousands on thousands of engines in this country there is not one that does not possess its own individual characteristics, which are developed to a greater or less degree just as they are in human beings.

To the engineers who run them each has its own peculiar personality—something that distinguishes it from all the rest.

Every engineer expresses the idea in different words, but the substance is this: that

the engine he runs, trip after trip—his favorite—is a great big warm-blooded friend, powerful to the highest degree, with intelligence and affection, but sometimes whimsical, obstinate, and contrary—as full of moods as a pretty woman. Like her human prototype, she can be driven best when carefully watched over, petted, and cajoled.

Try to force her harshly to do something, and she bucks at once. That is why engines, since the days of Stephenson, have always been "she" or "her" to the men that run them. Another curious thing is that the better the engineer, the more care and affection he lavishes on his engine, and she appreciates it like a true woman.

This may sound a bit incredible to the casual observer of railroads, to him who rarely sees a locomotive, except at the station where he takes his train and the one where he leaves it.

His conception of an engine is vaguely something that puffs acrid smoke, makes a

noise, and drags a train across the rails. Another thing equally incredible and quite as worthy of investigation by societies for psychical research is this:

### No Two Engines Behave Alike.

Take ten new engines, fresh from the shops, gay with paint and brass and lacquer and shining steel. They are all of exactly the same pattern, cast in the same mold, precisely alike in every particular, with every pin and bolt and screw identical. And yet there is not one engine of the ten that will run exactly the same as any of the others.

Drive them each a hundred miles, with ten equally competent engineers, and you will find that each has a different individuality and character. One or more will be "rogues"—locomotives that the engineer's instinct will tell him are foreordained for some bad end.

Others will be sluggish, lazy, poor steamers, voracious in their appetites for coal; others will be so perfect, so amiable, so intelligent in every way, that the fortunate engineer to whom such an engine is assigned will lavish upon her untiring affectionate care, and will even spend hours away from his family watching over her if she comes into the roundhouse the least bit out of perfect mechanical health.

"When she is happy," said the driver of one of the engines that hauls a mile-a-minute train, "my 'old gal' is the sweetest thing you ever saw. She spins along so blissfully, nothing rattles, everything is in perfect harmony, and stays that way.

"Sometimes, though, she gets out of bed wrong foot foremost, and then I have to pat her on the back and humor her. Once in a while I get out of patience because everything goes wrong, I fume and cuss, but that doesn't help matters; and then, all of a sudden, she will come out of her sulks, and actually seem to grin at me and start in running the prettiest you ever saw.

"I've handled a good many engines in my over twoscore years of service, and when the time came to part with those I was fond of it always caused me a good deal of regret. When it comes to getting acquainted with a new engine I go about it cautiously.

"You have to treat her with a lot of deference and respect at first, until you win her confidence. Then, if she's the right sort, all goes well as long as you're together. If

she's not, you live in torment. It's as bad as being unhappily married, and it's about as hard to get a divorce from an engine that has been assigned to you as it is from an uncongenial wife.

"A bad engine will annoy you by starting or stopping hard or with a jerk. She will take a lot of steam—eat up a lot of coal—and be contrary in a thousand different ways. Some are treacherous.

"They will run along for days as pleasant as pie, and then all of a sudden, when you're least expecting it, they will fly into a tantrum that may land you in the ditch. Some will stay neat and clean with very little care, while others will be continually untidy, no matter how much you may work over them.

"My experience is that the engines with odd numbers—odd combinations of numbers, I mean—like 999, or the four ones, eleventy-leven, are unlucky. A good many others think the same way. I quit a Western road once where they made me run a 999, because she had such a mean disposition.

"An engineer who was running 992—same pattern—took out 999 next day because his own engine was being repaired, and 999 went off the track and killed him before he had gone twenty miles. I heard she had one accident after another after that, and finally they took her off and rebuilt her—gave her another number, too.

### She Had Some Temper.

"That didn't change her temper at all, though, and I'll bet that if she isn't completely smashed up by this time she's on her way doing mischief still."

"I know that 999 you are talking about," broke in another engineer who was standing by, listening to the conversation. "I had to take her out a few times when I was the swing man on that run, and I was always afraid of her.

"She's dead and gone now, glory be! I saw a man yesterday who told me that she was in a head-on collision last week. After she smashed, she toppled over and rolled down a high embankment. She was only fit for the scrap-heap when they picked her up, but she was wicked to the last. She scalded her engineer and fireman so badly that they'll be laid up for a long time.

"I've run a good many different engines, too," he went on, "and there has never been



two of them alike. Just like people. Lots of them I've thought so much of that when they were about used up from hard work, and I was running some new, natty-looking gal just out of the shops, I'd go over to the roundhouse or to the tracks where they were working, every day or so, just to give them a pat to show that I'd not forgotten them. Many's the time I've done that.

"I never cared to set eyes more than once on any of the man-killers I've known. You may believe it or not, but it's the truth that there are engines so evil-minded and dangerous there's no living with them. They're as treacherous as a man-eating tiger. They seem to take solid comfort in hurting people.

### Engine with Ideas of Her Own.

"I honestly believe that there's engines that are plumb crazy—engines that ought to be in lunatic asylums. I knew one once that seemed to have what the doctors call a homicidal mania—she was always murdering people.

"If that engine had been brought up for trial before a jury of engineers I'll bet they would have sentenced her to death on the scrap-heap without leaving their seats."

"My experience has been," announced a third engineer, who had joined the group—"my experience has been that if I start out on my run in bad humor my engine gets cranky, too. If I'm sick she acts just about as bad as I feel. You'd think that she would try to cheer me up by acting right; but she's just that sympathetic that she can't seem to enjoy herself a bit when I'm not feeling well.

"I used to think that this talk about engines having minds and moods was all nonsense. That was when I was a young man, though, and had my first engine. There was a pal of mine who had the run opposite me on the Rock Island in those days. He and I talked it over, and decided that we'd see if there was anything in it. So we agreed to make a trial of it with 468. He had his ideas about adjusting her, and I had mine.

"Each of us marked the adjustments he favored, and I tried running her on his way of fixing her, and he on mine. He couldn't do anything with her, and no more could I.

"She would buck all the time. Yet she'd run all right for him when he'd keyed her up to suit himself, and she was a hummer when I took her out on my adjustments.

The changes that either of us made were so trifling that no mechanical engineer would say that they would affect her running at all, but they did.

"That set me to thinking, and the way I experimented with 468 was cruel. It's a wonder she didn't lose her temper with me, but she seemed to know why she was being made to suffer the way she was, and she never whimpered.

"I gave it up after a while, and if I told you what I believe about engines now you'd think I was crazy."

The other engineers in the group nodded their heads gravely.

"I guess we've all been through pretty much the same thing," one of them remarked. "We don't talk about such matters very much, except among ourselves and our families, simply because other folks can't understand, and we'd hate to be laughed at.

"But there's a lot more to running an engine than knowing the mechanism perfectly and sitting in the cab and pulling the lever—a lot of things that a man learns on moonlight nights when the shadows on the track confuse one, or on the nights of fog when the signals aren't clear; lots of things a man can't put into words."

### Watch 'Em Like Children.

An engineer, especially one of the fast runners, is jealous in the extreme of his engine. Go into any roundhouse where the big hundred-tonners with seventy-nine-inch drivers are being cleaned up after their return home, or are being made ready for a trip out, and you will find engineers standing about, carefully watching every move of the wipers and machinists and occasionally taking a hand themselves.

An hour or two before she is ready to go out the engineer himself goes into executive session, and spends his time tightening a nut here or loosening a bolt there, inspecting with his own eyes every atom of the great mass of complex machinery that he loves.

His constant companion is an oil-can filled with his own especial kind of "dope," for few engineers are content with the quality of the oil that the company furnishes, and each has his own secret lubricant which he compounds himself, and which he guards as jealously as the alchemist used to guard the formula by which he hoped to transmute base metals into gold.

The passenger engineer generally runs only on alternate days. When he is at home and the man who runs opposite to him is out with his "old gal," he puts in his time as best he can until he hears her whistle. Standing in the doorway of his home, watch in hand, a mile away perhaps, he listens with strained attention.

"There comes Dick and the 'old gal.' Ninety seconds late! By George, she's coming in on one side! If folks knew what they were riding behind they'd quit traveling. It's a wonder to me that they ever let that man run an engine.

"Huh! didn't whistle for that crossing until he was almost onto it. Took her around that curve on one wheel. What's the use of fixing up the 'old gal' when they let a man take her out that don't know how to humor her?

"She'll be as mad and cranky as can be to-morrow. I'll go down to the roundhouse to-night as soon as Dick is out of the way and look her over, and see if I can't patch things up."

Dick, by the way, is probably just as competent and as experienced as the man that runs opposite to him. The next day it is Dick's turn to wait, watch in hand, for his favorite to come in. He, too, criticizes freely to himself the manner in which his rival for the "old gal's" affectionate regard is running her.

Occasionally, when she comes in on time to the second, and the engineer's keen senses are unable to pick any flaws, with a twinkle in his eye, he will slip his watch back in his pocket and remark to his wife as he goes into the house: "She's all right to-night. She's certainly a hummer, and no mistake!"

The engineer's wife shares with her husband the belief in the almost human qualities of the big engine that helps earn their bread, for she pays the unwilling compliment of being jealous of her.

"My husband thinks more of his engine than he does of me and the children," she remarks. "He's always worrying about her. If one of the children is sick he sleeps soundly enough, but when his old engine comes in with a sore throat or a tender toe he'll stay down to the roundhouse half the night tinkering with her or watching the machinists.

"There are lots of things he could do at home on his off-days, but there's no holding him when his 'old gal' comes in. He has

to hurry down to see if she is all right before he can think of anything else. Sometimes he will come back with a long face, as if some one was dead.

"If I don't ask him what is the matter—I used to at first—he will say: 'She's feeling pretty sick this morning. I'll be gone some little time fixing her up. Don't know how I'll ever get over the run with her unless I do. She's getting old, and I have to pat her on the back a good deal to keep her up to her work nowadays.'

"I feel sometimes like going down there and throwing stones at her. Yes, I am jealous of her. I wish my husband would quit railroading and get into some other business.

"It makes me laugh sometimes, though, to see how jealous my husband is of Dick, the man that runs opposite to him. Dick is just as jealous of my husband, too. They are friendly enough, of course, to each other's faces, but Dick's wife and I have often compared notes about how they talk about each other at home.

"Why, my husband has a lot of the bolts and things scored with tiny file marks to show just where he sets them—just how far they should be screwed up, in his judgment—and when he finds them disturbed in the slightest degree he growls like a big bear. Dick's wife says her husband is the same. Funny, isn't it?"

No engineer can explain the big machine's moods—why she runs smoothly, or why she is stiff, rheumatic, and contrary to the most vexatious degree on different days. The casual stranger may inquire, and will receive a gruff answer, "Weather," or "Don't know," but to the man who the engineer knows is in sympathy with him he will theorize by the hour, and all his ideas will be based on the foundation that there is something human about the machine. No engineer has gone so far as to assert that engines have souls, but most of them give their favorites almost every other human attribute.

The engine that consumes comparatively little coal and steams easily is the fireman's favorite. As soon as he becomes thoroughly familiar with the mechanism his discrimination between various locomotives grows keener, and by the time he is rated as an engineer he has joined the rest of the brotherhood in their settled likes and dislikes of the fickle or trustworthy giant-esses that he drives over the steel.



# AGAINST GREAT ODDS.

BY EARLE C. WIGHT.

## The Story of a Desperate Man of the Rio Grande Country.

**T**HE newly appointed vice-president drummed on the desk with his fingers, swung around on his chair until he faced the reporter, and smiled. The reporter smiled in return, for he was sufficient of a judge of human nature to know the vice-president's mind had gone way back in the past and that he was thinking of something decidedly pleasant.

When you strike a man in this sort of a mood the odds are that you will get something out of him. So the reporter took his notebook and pencil and prepared to write.

"The *Star* thinks its readers would be interested in learning how a man, once a section-hand at a dollar and two bits a day, rose to be vice-president and general manager of three thousand miles of railroad."

"It's mainly a question of opportunity," said Mr. West. "Opportunity and hunch. You know what a hunch is, I suppose."

The reporter, having played more than one game of poker, defined it as "a feeling that led one to stay in a pot with only a pair of trays."

Mr. West nodded.

"You have pretty nearly hit it, except that my

hunch led me to stay in the pot without any cards to draw to."

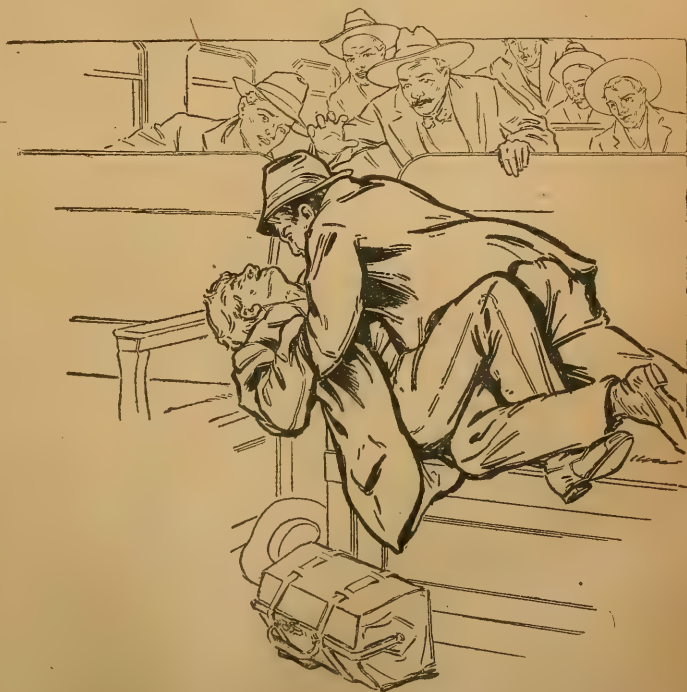
"Did you win?"

"If you call a bullet in the shoulder and saving fifty thousand dollars winning, then I won."

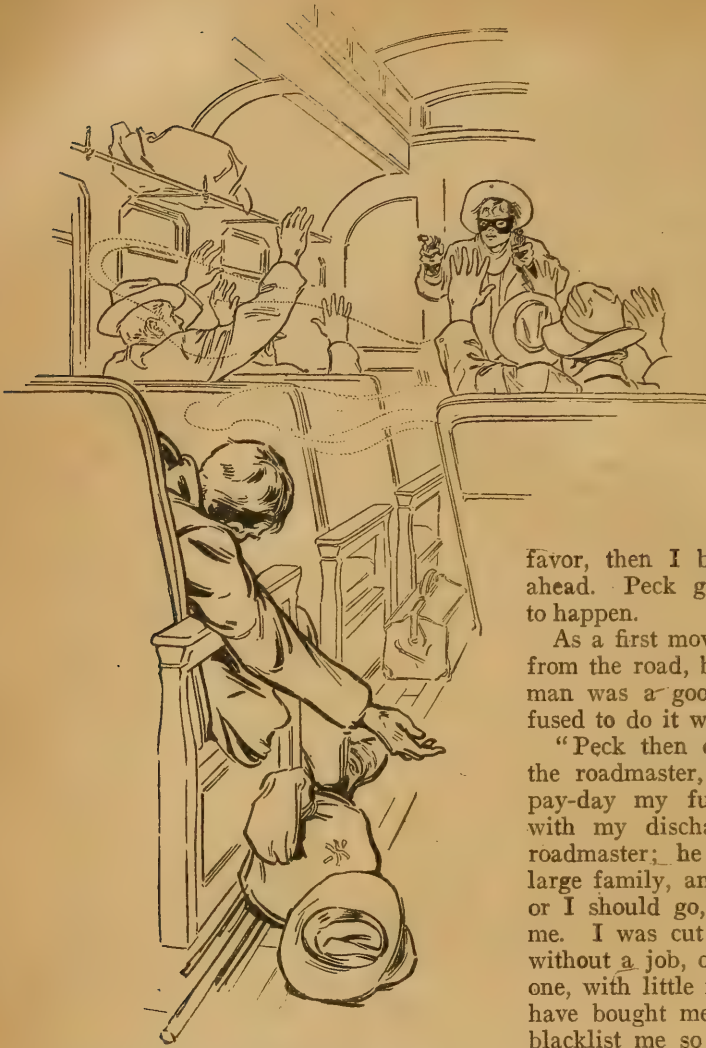
"That's the story I was told to ask you about," said the newspaper man.

The vice-president settled back in his chair. He was a big man with a bulldog hitch to his right shoulder that had given him the name of "Fighting Bob."

"Opportunity and hunch, my boy, and



"ACCEPT—YOU BLACKGUARD! I HAVE A NOTION TO KILL YOU!"



"IF ANY OF YOU WANT ANY OF THE SAME MEDICINE, LET HIM DROP HIS HANDS!"

something to fight. For a winning combination, those three are unbeatable. Usually the impelling force behind the other two is a desire for wealth, power, or a woman. In my case it was a woman, the rest have come, too, but if it hadn't been for the woman, God bless her, I'd still be a section-hand."

This is the story that the vice-president told:

A railroad man's life at best is pretty tough. There is room on top for just one to every thousand underneath, and if the man above takes a dislike to the one below, he has more ways of taking it out

on him than a cat has lives.

I always thought myself a pretty good snipe, as we called the section men out there, until I ran up against Superintendent Peck and the cause of our quarrel—the girl.

It might seem funny to you that two men in such different positions should be courting the same girl, but this was in the early days in the West when one man was as good as another.

At first it was a neck-and-neck race between Peck and me for her favor, then I began to draw a little bit ahead. Peck got sore, and things began to happen.

As a first move he tried to have me fired from the road, but failed because the foreman was a good friend of mine and refused to do it without some reason.

"Peck then quietly passed the word to the roadmaster, with the result that next pay-day my full time came in together with my discharge. — I don't blame the roadmaster; he was an old man with a large family, and Peck said that either he or I should go, but it was pretty hard on me. I was cut off in the dead of winter without a job, or any possibility of getting one, with little money. Ten dollars would have bought me, and I knew Peck would blacklist me so no other road would give me work.

Under these conditions, there was but one thing to do. I packed my grip, kissed the girl good-by, and went to San Antonio, the nearest large town. There were some shops there, and by changing my name I was able to secure work.

Everything was going nicely. I was putting money in the bank each month, getting a letter every day to show that one had not forgotten me, and there was some talk of making me foreman.

Then, one day, Peck happened to stroll in. A week later they informed me that my services were no longer required. No reason was given, mind you, no criticism of my work, nothing—they simply did not want me.



It looked as though Peck would not be satisfied until he had driven me out of the country. I had never done any work but railroad work, and with the superintendent able to get me discharged on every road in the State, I saw nothing but Mexico, where his influence did not extend. Before doing that, however, I wanted to go back to Red Oak, see my friends, and ask the girl to go with me as my wife.

My temper is hard to kindle, but once started is harder to stop. For the second time I packed my clothes because Peck had the whip hand of me.

If any train ever deserved the name of local, that train to Red Oak took first prize. It was composed of a switch-engine, a baggage-car that looked like a lumber-wagon, and two ancient day-coaches.

The last car was divided in half, the rear portion being used as a smoker. To the rear I went. Lighting my pipe, I began to smoke gloomily and cuss the superintendent.

I didn't want to go to Mexico. I wanted only to go back to Red Oak, marry, and settle down.

I hadn't been in the smoker long when Peck entered. You would think that after a man had caused you to be discharged twice he would keep away from you. But if he hadn't come in and sat down beside me just then, there would be another vice-president sitting in this office just now.

Peck had a sarcastic grin on his face. He pushed my grip over, lighted a big, fat cigar with a red band around it, to make me ashamed of my pipe, and after he had it going well, turned to me.

"I suppose," he said, between puffs, "you have been fired again."

"Yes, thanks to you."

"It is too bad a young man of your ability can't stay sober long enough to hold a job," he said, looking at me out of the corner of his eyes.

"So that's your game, is it?" I exclaimed. "You intend spreading it around Red Oak that I was discharged for drinking."

"It's what they told me at the shops in San Antonio," he replied.

"Then it's a lie!" I cried hotly. "I was discharged because you said so."

He edged away from me when he saw my anger. We sat in silence for some moments, then he said:

"Isn't there some way we can fix this

up? You are nearly broke and out of a job. Suppose I were to offer you any section on the line except No. 314."

This was the Red Oak section.

"On what condition?" I asked, suspiciously.

"Can't you guess?" he asked.

"No!" I snapped.

"It's easy enough to guess," he said, looking everywhere but at me. "You can have the yards at Forbestown, with a rake-off on feeding the men, sell all the old ties you take out, or, if that isn't enough, you can have an extra gang—all by keeping away from a certain person in Red Oak."

I think I would have thrown him out of the window then and there if my attention had not been attracted by three men who entered just then.

There was something about them—I can't explain to this day what it was—that made me watch them intently. They were different in face and dress from any other men in that part of the country.

Instead of wearing their guns where everybody could see them, they were hidden in their back pockets. What called my attention to them was a black mask sticking out of one man's pocket.

As they brushed past us, the one in the lead slipped a note into the superintendent's hand.

Call it hunch, premonition, or what you like, I had an aching desire to see that slip of paper. Somehow I knew it affected me and my future. Bending over with his back to me he pretended to take it from his pass-book. He read it carefully, and, instead of putting it back, he thrust it into his vest. When he turned to me expecting his answer I had it all planned out.

"Do you accept my proposition?" he asked briskly.

"Accept—you blackguard!" I yelled. "I have a notion to kill you!"

I threw my arms around him, bending him back on the arm of the seat until his bones cracked. The car was instantly in an uproar. Some of the men fought to get out of our way; others to separate us. Coming quickly in our direction were the three who had last entered; but before they could reach us my hand had slipped about Peck's body and into his vest pocket.

"Now you can go!" I said.

I gave him a shove that sent him sprawling into the aisle.

The car quieted down again. Peck did

not dare to lodge a complaint fearing that I would repeat the conversation that had brought on the trouble. I took the paper and went out on the platform.

It began without an address, nor did it have a signature. It read:

The stuff is on the train as you said. We do the job at McElvaney. Keep out and you get your share.

If there were any crooked work to be done—McElvaney was an ideal spot. It was at the top of a steep grade, and the road curved to within a hundred miles of the Mexican border. A hundred miles isn't much ground for a man to cover on a good horse, especially if he could start the trip with plenty of water—and McElvaney had a tank.

Neither was it difficult to guess what the "stuff" was. Red Oak and the adjoining town did not have banks, and on Saturdays they required considerable cash to take care of their cowboy and ranch trade.

This was Friday, so by putting two-and two together, I formed a pretty good guess of what was going to happen. Still I might be mistaken. There was a chance that the three men were railroaders; the "job" might be legitimate; and the "stuff" could easily be dynamite or tools.

I went back to my grip, found my revolver, and slipped it into my pocket. Then I went through the other car, but could find no more suspicious characters. This rather upset my calculations, as it hardly seemed possible that three men would attempt to hold up two cars filled with cattlemen, nine-tenths of whom were armed.

The more I thought of it the more foolish it seemed, after calling myself an old woman with a bad attack of nerves.

Three hours later it was night, but so bright outside that you could have read a paper. The moon was full, throwing its light over the gray desert like a silver cloth. A slinking coyote barked at us from the shadow of a mesquit tree. Cactus and sage-brush glided by like ghostly shadows. Presently we began to slow up as we climbed the grade of which McElvaney was the summit.

Suddenly the three men, as though by some preconceived signal, rose and walked toward the engine. Two continued on while the third stopped and turned his back to the door as if he were guarding it.

I stood up, intending to follow, when a hand was laid on my arm. It was Peck.

"I want to apologize," he said quite frankly, holding out his hand. "We all make mistakes, and mine was a bad one. Here, sit down," he pulled me into a seat beside him. "Now if you are willing to let bygones be bygones, I'm in earnest about offering you a section any place you want, not even barring Red Oak. We will fight it out squarely from now on."

There was such a change in the man and in the proposition he made that I was dumfounded. It should have put me on my guard. After all the injury he had done me, to have him turn around and act like a white man was too much.

"Who were those three men?" I asked, still thinking of the paper in my pocket.

"What three men?"

I pointed to the one leaning against the door.

"Oh!" he said, and paused just a fraction of a second. "They are linesmen. There is a telegraph-wire broken at McElvaney, and the company has sent them out to repair it."

There was just a flicker to his eyelid that told me he lied. Before I could more than brush him aside and step into the aisle, the train came to a stop with a grinding crash.

Many of the passengers were thrown out of their seats, and before any of us were aware, the man at the door, his face now covered by a black mask, had drawn two revolvers.

"Stand where you are!" he ordered. "Any man who moves gets a bullet! Put your hands up—quick!"

The hands of every man in the car were thrust in the air—all except one.

The shock of the train when it stopped had thrown me forward with such violence that it rendered me partially unconscious. As from a long distance I heard the orders of the bandit and the scramble of the men trying to obey him.

When I came to, the car was absolutely quiet, but for an occasional nervous cough. I quickly took note of my surroundings. My fall had wedged me in between two seats so tightly that I could scarcely move. My feet were the only part of my body visible from the end of the car. Above me was a fat drummer and a farmer boy, both pasty white.

As quietly as possible I told the drummer



to move over so as to give me room to get my gun from my pocket. Holding my breath, I began to squirm slowly around.

It was not bravery on my part—simply self-defense. I had worked too hard for that money, it meant too much to me, to give it up to the first man who wanted it.

A commotion opposite me helped my movements. An old white-haired man, unaccustomed to the tiring position, dropped his arms. At the same instant a shot resounded through the car, and the old man toppled over, a crimson stain dyeing his shirt front.

"If any of you want any of the same medicine, let him drop his hands!" roared the bandit.

Previous to this I had no intention of doing anything but save my money, but with this brutal outrage committed without any reason before my eyes, I found myself seeing red.

So as not to attract the bandit's attention, I twisted myself around until my head was where my feet had been.

Revolver in hand, I leaned out. The robber saw me—but a fraction of a second too late.

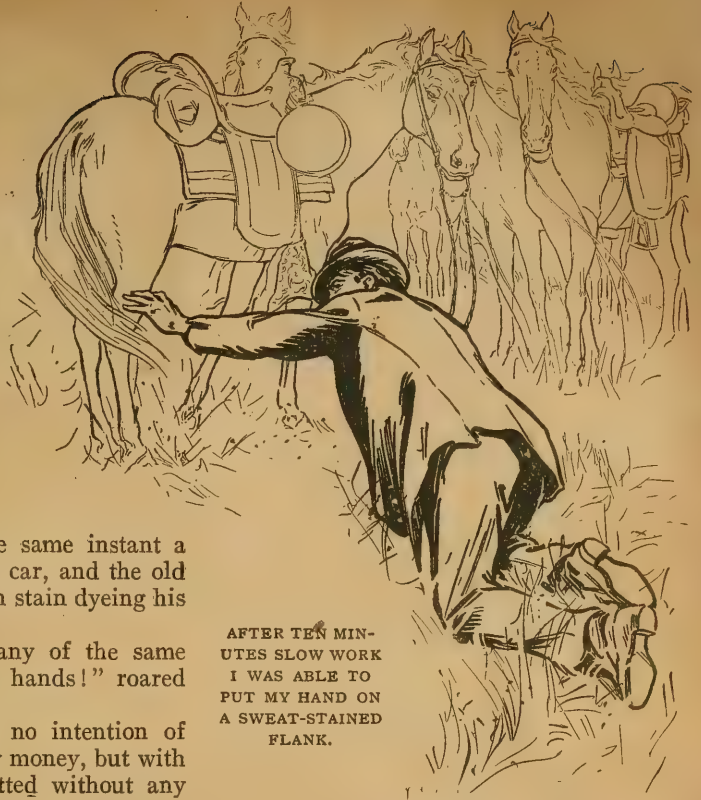
My bullet reached him just as squarely as his had reached the old man.

I jumped to my feet, and ran out at the rear of the car.

As I did so, one bullet, then another, whistled close to my head. Behind me some one was shouting "Hands up!" Several more shots were fired. I jumped nimbly over the railing and ran straight to a pile of ties.

Crouching behind these I had the whole train in full view. Ahead by the engine was a group composed of the conductor, engineer, fireman, and two brakemen, guarded by a bandit.

There were two more in the baggage-car, one at either end of the first coach, another standing at the forward end of the rear car, and—could I believe my eyes?—there was Peck himself, holding up the passen-



AFTER TEN MINUTES SLOW WORK I WAS ABLE TO PUT MY HAND ON A SWEAT-STAINED FLANK.

gers in place of the robber that I had just wounded.

So he had thrown off the mask! There could be no doubt now that the baggage-car held more than the usual amount of money.

The superintendent had learned this, and staking all on one throw, was risking not only his reputation but his life.

If I had not caught him robbing his own company, I would have been content to get away in safety with my money, but with the memory of those bullets whistling so close to my head and of all the other injuries suffered at his hands, I determined that I would pit my strength and courage against his.

It was not longer a question of the railroad; but Peck and I had a little fight of our own to settle—with the odds seven to one in his favor.

One hundred yards away stood the water-tank—lonely and desolate—its water dripping into the desert sand.

On every side as far as the eye could reach stretched the prairie, broken only by the dwarfed mesquit.

I saw what I had been searching for—a dark figure that moved ever so slightly. Dropping on my knees and keeping the pile of ties between me and the train, after ten minutes slow work I was able to put my hand on a sweat-stained flank. Seven

Another followed, and another, until there were five strung out.

The rear door opened, and Peck, with the revolver still in his hand, lightly vaulted the railing and joined the procession.

They seemed to realize there were only two horses left, and the retreat became a foot-race for life or death. The man with the bag and Peck reached the horses first. Without touching the stirrups, they sprang into the saddles, and without even casting a look backward at the comrades they were deserting, turned their horses' heads and galloped away.



EXCEPT FOR OUR  
CLOTHES, THERE  
WAS VERY LITTLE  
DIFFERENCE  
BETWEEN US.

horses, saddled and bridled, were standing patiently with their bridle reins on the ground.

Four of them were still blowing hard, showing in what manner the bandits had received their reinforcements. One by one, I threw the bridles over their heads and slapping them hard, sent them back over the route they had come. Three remained—two that had been ridden and one fresh one. Mounting the latter, I followed the four that had gone ahead.

As I jogged slowly along, I saw what I had expected. A bandit with a heavy grip in his hand dropped off the baggage-car and raced for the horses.

From one end to another the train began to blaze with shots. Two of the four remaining men fell at the first volley, the others had little chance against that train-load of infuriated victims. Leaving them to their fate, I drummed on my horse's ribs with my heels and, swinging westward, started in pursuit of Peck and the man with the bag.

There was no danger of being unable to overtake them, for their horses were already half-blown, while mine was comparatively fresh.

What I would do when I came alongside the two desperate, armed men, I did not know. I was simply following my hunch.

One hundred miles doesn't look much on a map, a mere pin-length at most, a couple of hours ride on a train; but try it some time at night, the moon high in the heavens, through an unknown country, where every tall cactus appears like a desperado awaiting your approach with a death-dealing gun, and every shadow a shapeless terror!

We followed a sort of trail, where the sand was packed hard as macadam, and my horse's hoofs rang loud in my ears. I rode on and on without a sight of the fugitives. My horse was a good one and needed little



urging, yet by the time the moon had gone down he could scarcely go faster than a trot.

What condition the other two were in was made plain by the marks of their dragging footsteps and the drops of blood from their sides; where the spurs had been brutally used.

Several times there were marks where one of the horses had fallen. I also found in the middle of the road a hat with the initials "R. H. P." inside.

As the moon sank below the horizon and the dawn broke, my horse stopped his shambling gait so suddenly that it almost threw me from the saddle. He stood trembling in every limb, and refused to move until I dismounted and led him forward by the bridle.

Then I saw the reason. Barring our path was a horse outstretched on the sand and breathing heavily.

Close by was the sprawling figure of a man. It wasn't Peck. As I went forward, he sat up straight, staring at me stupidly. I disarmed him, taking two revolvers and a mask.

"Well," I said, when the fellow was able to talk, "how did this happen? That isn't your horse? Where is Peck?"

"I was waiting for him like a pal should when he comes up behind me and hits me over the head with his gun, then he takes my horse and rides on. A nice pal he is," the man said.

There was only one thing to do. Peck still had the money, and it was my duty to follow him.

The odds were now cut from two against one to even. As for the other robber, after studying him a few minutes, I hit upon a plan. He was about my build, both of us were clean shaven, and except for our clothes, there was little difference between us.

"Get up and take off that coat and your trousers," I ordered.

He drew sullenly back, doubtful of my intentions. I had to thrust my revolver close to his face to emphasize my meaning. We made the change in silence. There was little doubt the man would be there when I returned. A posse was already on his track, ahead were Peck and myself, on either side lay the desert. He was as good as caught.

It took but little riding to catch up with Peck. His mount was in a bad way, staggering from side to side with every step.

On seeing me Peck forced the poor brute into a feeble trot, which, however, lasted only a few hundred yards.

In the distance we could see the green foliage of the trees marking the Rio Grande—the border line of Mexico—and Peck's destination.

Seeing that he could not reach the line before I caught up with him, he drew his gun and took a shot at me.

The bullet whistled uncomfortably close. I was half minded to shoot in return, but the desire to capture him alive overcame my fear, and I waved the bandit's sombrero about my head so he would think my intentions were not hostile.

Luckily the hat was of a conspicuous color, white, with a red band around the crown, and this and my clothes gave Peck the idea I had intended—that I was the companion he had rapped over the head with his gun.

He permitted me to get close, but kept his hand on his hip ready for trouble should I prove vindictive. I rode up behind him, the hat pulled low over my face, my chin sunk on my chest, as though in pain.

"That was a nice trick you played on me," I growled, "hitting a pal on the head and taking his horse away from him."

"It's all in the game," he said, shifting the satchel from one hand to the other. "Where did you get the horse?"

"The same way you did. Took it from another man."

I could see him looking at it with speculative eyes, and knew he was meditating some plan to make an exchange. He must have made a quick decision, for he motioned me to ride alongside.

"And give you a chance to hit me another crack on the head? Not much." I protested.

He shrugged his shoulders, and without looking backward, rode on.

Here was my opportunity. Gradually, foot by foot, inch by inch, I drew nearer. My horse's head was on a line with his horse's tail. It drew up to the other's cante; it crept beside the girth; on to the pommel—and my hands were stretched out to seize the superintendent.

Just at the critical moment he happened to turn and saw my white face not two feet from his own.

With an oath he jerked out his revolver. Before I could withdraw my hands there came a stunning report like a dozen peals of thunder rolled into one.

A terrific blow, and I reeled in my saddle. Through a maze of smoke I saw his face

wrinkle into its old sarcastic smile. His thumb was busy with the hammer, which seemed to be caught in some way. Between me and eternity were only a few seconds.

I flung myself toward him. My right arm encircled his neck. The horses pulled apart and we crashed heavily to the ground.

He lay flat on the ground, arms and legs extended to their fullest extent, scarcely breathing. A trickle of blood from a gash in his forehead, showed the extent of his injury.

It was what caused the cut that made me laugh. A fall from a horse on the soft sand is not a dangerous thing, but Peck



BETWEEN ME AND ETERNITY WERE  
ONLY A FEW SECONDS.

When my senses returned, the sun was high in the heavens, my shoulder burned like liquid fire, and it was only by using the stirrup of one of the patient horses that I was able to regain my feet.

I stared dumbly wondering how I had escaped, and then in spite of my suffering, I laughed out loud. For once in his life the superintendent had overstepped himself.

had struck his head on the lock of the satchel containing the stolen money.

"And so," said the reporter, snapping shut his book, "you recovered fifty thousand dollars for the railroad; they, in gratitude, made you road-master, and from that you worked up to your present position."

"You left out the most important part," said the vice-president, "I got the girl."

**If you don't see a stop or a slow signal once in a while, better suspect the signaling system. There might be a wreck and you might be in it. No man's luck is insured against interruption.**

—Sayings of the Supervisor.



# Record Runs of Millionaires.

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN.

**W**HEN the average individual is in a hurry to get from one part of the country to another, he generally has to content himself with a Pullman berth on a limited train. If, however, he is sufficiently endowed with dollars to consider the spending of a few thousands with the same degree of equanimity with which he might contemplate buying an ordinary mileage book, it is not unlikely that he will charter a special train and strive to break all records between his starting point and destination.

In recent issues of *THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE* the record runs of the Jarrett & Palmer Special and Scotty's Coyote Special were described at length, but since these mad dashes across the continent other fast runs have been made which have made distances shorter than ever before.

Not all of these runs were the result of mere whims. Many were made to reach the bedside of a dear relative before the arrival of the Grim Reaper. Whatever the cause, these contests with time are always interesting, and many of them have added dramatic chapters to the history of the great steel ways.

## No Matter How Thick the Traffic, a Clear Track Can Generally Be Secured for the Man in a Hurry Who Can Foot the Bill.



**W**HEN a man has the price and finds it necessary to be whisked across the country at the fastest possible speed, then look out for new records! During recent years, a number of rich Americans have found the regular schedules and the fastest trains too slow, or the importance attending their journey too great, and have engaged special trains to have the right of way over everything to get them to their destination. The most recent case on record is that of Charles G. Gates, a New York broker, who was suddenly taken ill in San Diego, California, and wanted to get home to New York as fast as steam could carry him—or faster.

Mr. Gates hurried to the telephone and rang up the Southern Pacific Company's office at San Diego. A special train could

not be procured immediately, but the Sunset Limited was leaving in a few hours and the railroad officials agreed to attach the "Ranger," Mr. Gates's private car.

Arrangements were then completed for a special train to be made up and waiting on his arrival at Yuma, Arizona, which would make the run across the continent in the fastest time that schedules would allow.

### A Long Run to the Doctor.

An engine, buffet car, and three coaches for ballast, were standing on a side-track at Yuma, and no time was lost coupling the "Ranger" to them.

At half past five o'clock on Thursday, February 16, the special pulled out of the little Western town on its three-thousand-mile journey, while the wires beside the

track hummed with messages arranging a special right of way over all the roads it would traverse.

It switched from the Southern Pacific to the Rock Island at El Paso, Texas, and left that city at 7 A.M. on the following day for the run to Chicago.

Just out of El Paso, it made one hundred miles in one hundred minutes. At Hutchinson, Kansas, the special had gained six hours and forty-six minutes on the Golden State Limited, which left Yuma forty-six minutes later.

Near Volland, Kansas, just west of Topeka, it had its first set-back. A train ahead had been derailed, and the special was forced to wait two hours for the blockade to be lifted. Mr. Gates fretted until they were under way again. Nevertheless, when the train reached Topeka, at 2.22 P.M. on Saturday, February 18, its speed had averaged forty-five miles an hour since the departure from El Paso. At every stop John W. Gates, who was in Port Arthur, Texas, was informed by telegraph of the condition of his son, and Mrs. Charles G. Gates, at her home in Madison Avenue, New York, also received bulletins.

### Without a Stop.

The special drove through Topeka without a stop, and got to Kansas City at 4.51 P.M. A fresh locomotive was ready, and the train was off again at 4.52. The officials at El Paso had calculated that the train would be in Chicago between four and five o'clock on Sunday morning. True to their predictions, it arrived on time, and left for New York on the Lake Shore at five o'clock.

The nine hundred and seventy-four miles from Chicago to New York were covered in sixteen hours and twenty-seven minutes; the final lap of one hundred and forty-three miles from Albany being made in one hundred and forty-one minutes. This is the record from Chicago to New York, but it is twenty minutes slower than the time made by Frank A. Vanderlip's train running west from New York to Chicago, in 1909.

The five hundred and thirty-five miles from Chicago to Buffalo were reeled off in five hundred and twenty-three minutes, while the four hundred and forty miles from Buffalo to New York were covered in four hundred and sixty-four minutes.

Twenty-one minutes were lost on the Mohawk Division of the New York Central between Syracuse and Albany, because of a local train ahead getting into trouble.

### Record of the Run.

The engineer who brought the train from Albany to High Bridge was E. A. Clemens, and the fireman was E. A. Cooper. A change of engines was made at High Bridge, when the electric locomotive in charge of George Snyder picked up the train and brought it into New York.

This is the time-table of the train from Chicago to New York, as given out at the offices of the New York Central:

Arrived at Chicago 4.50 A.M. Sunday.  
 Left Chicago, 5 A.M. Arrived Elkhart, 6.45 A.M. (100 miles in 105 minutes).  
 Left Elkhart, 6.48 A.M. Arrived Toledo, 9.02 A.M. (143 miles in 134 minutes).  
 Left Toledo, 9.04 A.M. Arrived Cleveland, 10.41 A.M. (108 miles in 97 minutes).  
 Left Cleveland, 10.45 A.M. Arrived Buffalo, 1.52 P.M. Central time, 2.52 P.M. Eastern time. (183 miles in 187 minutes).  
 Left Buffalo, 2.55 P.M. Arrived Syracuse, 5.29 P.M. (149 miles in 154 minutes).  
 Left Syracuse, 5.32 P.M. Arrived Albany, 8.21 P.M. (148 miles in 169 minutes).  
 Left Albany, 8.28 P.M. Arrived New York, 10.49 P.M. (143 miles in 141 minutes).

When Mr. Gates paid his bills he found that the trip from coast to coast had cost him six thousand dollars, at the rate of about two dollars a mile. The cost of the run from Chicago to New York was one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five dollars, which figures up to a charge of two dollars for every minute that the special was on the rails.

### New York to Chicago in Sixteen Hours.

Few runs have proved more thrilling than that participated in by Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank of New York, who during the early part of 1909 started from New York in a vain effort to beat the Grim Reaper to Chicago, where his aged mother lay dying.

When at the point of retiring for the night, Mr. Vanderlip received a telegram from his brother-in-law in Chicago, saying that his mother had been prostrated by a sudden and serious attack of pneumonia. Seizing the telephone, Mr. Vanderlip noti-



fied the New York Central authorities that he wanted a special made up for him at once.

Fifty minutes later the train pulled out of the Grand Central Station. It was composed of four cars, Mr. Vanderlip's private car and three empties for braking purposes. Six of the most powerful locomotives of the New York Central and Lake Shore roads were subsequently used, and the crews were shifted at Albany, Syracuse, Buffalo, Toledo, and Elkhart, Indiana.

### Run Made History.

The train-despatchers had received blanket orders to give the special right of way over everything, and several passenger-trains were side-tracked during the run. Every change of locomotives but one was accomplished in less than a minute. At Elkhart three minutes were lost through an unavoidable delay.

The Vanderlip race against death should live in the history of railroading. It established the fastest time between New York and Chicago, the train reaching the La Salle Street Station at seven minutes after three o'clock the next afternoon, sixteen hours and seven minutes from New York, almost an hour better than the previous record of seventeen hours, and two hours faster than the schedules of the Twentieth-Century Limited and the Pennsylvania Special. The entire run of 965 miles was made in exactly 907 minutes, making an average of 1.06 miles a minute.

The special was brought into Chicago by Engineer Mark Floyd and Conductor James Wisher.

Throughout the race Mr. Vanderlip kept begging the engineer for more speed. He received no messages as to his mother's condition *en route*, and lived in constant fear that death would beat him to the bedside.

### Death Wins the Race.

When the train reached Englewood Station he jumped into a waiting automobile and started at top speed for his mother's home in Madison Avenue.

"Mother?" he asked as the door opened.

"She died at ten minutes to three," was the reply—which was the very time the special had pulled into the Englewood Station.

The detailed schedule of the Vanderlip special's race with death follows:

Left New York at midnight, Eastern time.  
Arrived in Buffalo, 6.39 A.M.—440 miles in 339 minutes.

Arrived in Cleveland, 9.27 A.M.—183 miles in 168 minutes.

Arrived in Toledo, 11.23 A.M.—108 miles in 116 minutes.

Arrived in Elkhart, 1.23 P.M.—133 miles in 120 minutes.

Left Elkhart, 1.26 P.M.—3 minutes lost in changing locomotives.

Arrived in Englewood, 2.58 P.M.—95 miles in 92 minutes.

Arrived at La Salle Street Station 3.07 P.M.

A railroad race with death that takes rank with the above occurred several years ago when Dr. W. Meyer and two nurses started from New York in a record-breaking run to the scene of a wreck on the New York Central near Lyons, New York, in which Mrs. Newman Erb, wife of the vice-president of the Pere Marquette Railroad, had been seriously injured.

Accompanied by Mr. Erb's son-in-law and his wife, the physician and nurses left the metropolis on a special, composed of the fastest engine available, three day-coaches, and a private car. The special was ordered at seven o'clock in the morning, when the news of the disaster arrived, and pulled out at ten minutes to eight. It was given a clear track and whirled up the Hudson at the rate of a mile a minute.

### 81 Miles in 74 Minutes.

At Albany, Dr. Meyer appealed to the engineer and Conductor William Lewis for more speed, and from Albany to Syracuse all records were broken, the distance to the latter city from New York being made in four and one-half hours. After a quick change of engines, the train hurried on to Rochester, the eighty-one intervening miles being covered in seventy-four minutes. The run was all the more remarkable in view of the fact that the engineer was compelled to slow down six successive times.

The special covered the 373 miles from New York to Rochester in 344 minutes, breaking the record of the Empire State Express by one hour; but Death had beaten the flying train by twenty minutes, and Mrs. Erb had succumbed to her injuries. The race was the best piece of record work in the history of the New York Central to that date.

Late in March, a year ago, George W. Perkins and his wife figured in a spectacular railroad dash from Stuart, Florida, to Cleveland, Ohio, where Mr. Perkins's aged mother lay dangerously ill. Receiving word by telegraph of the latter's critical condition while sojourning in Florida, Mr. Perkins ordered a special to be made up for him at once, and within an hour the train, with himself and his wife on board, pulled out of Stuart.

Chattanooga, Tennessee, was reached at seven o'clock of the same evening, and Cincinnati at four o'clock the following morning, the night run of 337 miles between the two cities having been made in 530 minutes.

It took four minutes to effect a change of locomotives at Cincinnati, and Mr. Perkins implored the new engineer to do all in his power to make better time, with the result that the distance of 263 miles to Cleveland was covered in 288 minutes. A waiting automobile carried Mr. Perkins to his mother's bedside, where he found that his race from the South had not been in vain.

### He Wouldn't Wait for a Special.

On September 28, 1908, Frederic Thompson received word in New York that his wife was dangerously ill in Chicago. He immediately telephoned C. F. Daly, one of the vice-presidents of the New York Central, to prepare a special for his use.

After a short delay, Mr. Daly notified him that it would be impossible to get up a special for several hours at the very least, and advised Mr. Thompson to take the Empire State Express, which was scheduled to leave within the hour. Mr. Thompson, fearing that even the slightest delay might prove costly, told the official that he would leave on the express, but asked to have a special in readiness for him at Buffalo.

The vice-president assured him the special would be waiting, and the race began. On reaching Buffalo, Mr. Thompson learned by wire that his wife's condition was even more aggravated than when he left New York. He boarded the special, which was made up of a locomotive and a single Pullman, and bade the engineer make the run of his life.

Chicago was reached at the rate of a mile a minute, and when Mr. Thompson got to his wife's side, the turn for the better in her condition was already marked.

Ralph Modjeska's successful train-dash from Montreal to the Pacific coast, to reach

his mother before she died, was another feat which has attracted wide attention. Although he did not have a special, the crews of the regular trains exerted themselves to their utmost in his behalf, news received along the line of his mother's steady decline spurring them on to their best efforts.

### Hurrying to the Doctor.

Last year the country was startled by the dramatic endeavor of Charles Talmadge, a Los Angeles millionaire, to reach Chicago from Santa Fe in order to place himself under the care of a specialist. Mr. Talmadge believed himself to be dangerously ill, and was positive that his one hope for life rested in an operation.

Mr. Talmadge was in Santa Fe on business when he became suddenly ill. He dropped an important real-estate deal that he had under way, ordered a special consisting of two cars and a locomotive, and pleaded with the engineer to break every railroad record in history on the run to Chicago.

The train-despatchers along the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe were ordered to give the special a right of way, and the crew of the latter were instructed by the officials of the road to annihilate time in a way they had never done before. The race started, and the distance from the starting point to Kansas City was covered at a rate that made a new record for the road.

When Kansas City was reached, however, Mr. Talmadge's condition had improved so materially that the special was dismissed and the rest of the journey was made on a regular train.

Mr. Talmadge's race with what he believed to be death attracted unparalleled attention in the West, and particularly in towns that lay along the line of the railroad. The news of the special's record-breaking run was flashed ahead, and great throngs of people gathered at the stations to cheer on its rapid flight.

### To the Bedside of His Son.

Of all the long-distance contests with the Grim Reaper, one that stands out from among the others is the run made by Henry J. Mayham.

While in New York on business, in February, 1897, Mr. Mayham received a telegram stating that his son was dying in Denver. He left immediately on the Penn-



-sylvania Limited for Pittsburgh, and, on arriving there, telegraphed Division Superintendent Howland, of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, in Chicago, asking for a special car and engine to carry him on to Denver.

Arriving in Chicago at ten minutes after nine o'clock on the morning of February 15, he left fifty minutes later from the Union Station in General Superintendent Hessler's private car, coupled to a special locomotive for the anxious father's use.

A second wire that reached him a few moments before the train pulled out informed Mr. Mayham that his son was sinking rapidly. He tearfully begged the officials to get him to Denver in time to see his boy before the end came, and told them to spare no expense to aid him in his race.

Affected by his grief, the railroad men promised to get him to his destination within twenty-four hours, although the fastest regular trains took thirty-two hours.

A clear track was ordered for the special all along the line, and during the course of the run fully half a dozen passenger-trains were side-tracked. The only person on the special with Mr. Mayham was Conductor Murray.

At Lincoln, Nebraska, a traveling engineer named Dixon entered the cab and remained during the rest of the run, urging each successive engineer to greater speed, and infusing him with sympathy for the father whose heart was breaking in the car behind.

Burlington, 206 miles west of Chicago,

was reached in 231 minutes, and Albia, Iowa, 100 miles farther West, in 347 minutes. Red Oak, Iowa, a distance of 447 miles, was reached in 507 minutes. On the straight stretches of track the rate of speed was a mile a minute and better; and even in Colorado, during the one-hundred-and-eighteen-mile climb from Akron, almost as high a rate was maintained.

Colorado was entered at twelve minutes to two o'clock the next morning, and Denver at eight minutes to four Tuesday, February 16. But Death had won. Mr. Mayham's son had died soon after midnight.

During the course of the run Mr. Mayham had sent numerous telegrams to his son, telling him that he was coming, and asking him to keep up his hope. Two of those telegrams were sent after the young man had passed away.

When the special left Chicago a snow-storm was raging, and the rails were wet and slippery. General Manager Brown, of the railroad, said subsequently that the run might have been made in half an hour less time had this not been the case. As it was, the distance of 1,026 miles between Chicago and Denver was covered in 1,132 minutes, or eight minutes less than nineteen hours.

The previous record for the fastest long-distance run had been made on October 24, 1895, when the Lake Shore "Special Flier" made the 948 miles from New York to Chicago in seventeen hours and twenty minutes. The race with death from Chicago to Denver cost Mr. Mayham \$1,000.

## STEEL MAIL-CARS ONLY.

A PROVISION was inserted in the post-office appropriation bill, prior to its passage by the House of Representatives, on January 24, that the Postmaster General shall not hereafter enter into contracts for other than steel, or non-combustible railway mail-cars. The stipulation that after January 1, 1916, no wooden car shall be used in any way for the railway mail service was

also added. This gives the department five years within which to "work off" the cars now in use, but it requires that the introduction of the steel cars shall begin immediately. These amendments were adopted after a long debate, repléte with statistics and accounts of fatalities to railway mail clerks resulting from the type of cars now used by the mail service.

## GOOD MILEAGE RECORD.

SANTA FE locomotive 1415 has a remarkable record for service. It is of the Atlantic type passenger-engine and operates out of Albuquerque, New Mexico, on the first district. It was received from the Baldwin Locomotive Works in April, 1906, and on May 1 went into service, being in charge of Engineer G. W. Shade, and Fireman I. L. Fouch. It was used continuously

till October 22, 1910, four years and almost six months, before being sent to the shops for general repairs. During this time it had only one set of flues, and traveled 241,335 miles. Considering the rough territory and the feed-water conditions of that section, it is an exceptionally good record. The engine was in charge of Mr. Shade all this time.

# VANISHING RAILROADERS.

BY JOHN W. SAUNDERS.

## The Thousand-and-One Nights' Tales of the Early Days of Railroading as Related by Old-Timers

### CHAPTER XV.

#### In the Trunk.

**P**ETE PERKINS paid out so much of his wages for spectacles trying to make out the numbers on the checks, that he gave up the job soon after his eyesight failed, and I got it," said Dell Hawkins, the old baggage man.

"Before the old man died he used to come down here quite frequent to sit with me. Old Perk was fond of his pipe, and never could enjoy it so well as among the trunks."

"Well, one cold and stormy night in the middle of winter, when it was about time for the lightning express to put in a show, I took my lamp and went to find out how she was."

"I was not long finding out, for, as I stood there, I heard an awful smash."

"The lightning express had run into a switching engine at the east end of the yard."

"That made things lively for a little time; but the wrecking gangs got the damaged engines clear, threw the broken baggage-car on one side, coupled another engine on, and the train, with a very short delay, went on west, leaving the baggage piled up in this room, to be sent on by the morning train."

"As I said before, it was a cold night, and when the work was through, I was only too glad to get near the stove and have another smoke with old Perk. He had made up his mind not to go home that night for fear of losing his way in the drifts."

"Did you ever hear that story about that trunk?" said old Perk.

"I said, 'What trunk?'"

"Oh, 'shaw! I'll tell you all about it."

"And old Perk told how one of the night hands, named Tim, was always coming into the baggage-room to keep him company, as he said. But Perk used sometimes to fall asleep, and dream that Tim was 'going through' the trunks."

"Tim had a sneaking kind o' way."

"Well, one night, when old Perk was part asleep and part awake, he thought he saw Tim try to open a box."

"What are you doing, Tim?"

"Tim said he was just tightening the ropes round that trunk."

"A few minutes after, old Perk was aroused by a piercing shriek."

"Tim, the trunk pilferer, had unlocked a trunk and raised the lid, and while stealthily feeling inside in the dim light for what he could get, had drawn out a ghastly human hand and arm, while a skeleton sat grinning at him in the box."

"Poor Tim! He could not drop the cold hand he held in his; it seemed to hold him like a vise. He fell on his knees, shivered, and swooned away on the floor."

"The medical student's box nearly cost poor Tim his life. The fright threw him into a fever, but I guess it cured him of opening other people's trunks."

"When old Perk had finished, he fell asleep. I began to feel uncomfortable. The room smelled close. My imagination was excited."

"I looked at the trunk suspiciously, and had a vague idea that all the lightning express baggage contained grinning skeletons."



"Old Perk snored. To drive away unpleasant fancies I began counting how many times he would snore before three o'clock.

"He had snored just one hundred and seventy-three times when I thought I heard a groan.

"You might have knocked me down with a pick—I mean a tooth-pick—I felt so scared!

"I shook old Perk rudely.

"Was that you, Perk? Did you moan?"

"I guess so," he cried, and went to sleep again.

"Again I heard the same sound, only longer.

"My hair stood up like bristles.

"I felt a clammy moisture oozing through my pores.

"Perk," I said, 'say that you groaned! Didn't you, Perk? If you did, say so, Mr. Perkins!'

"I shook him so that there was no fear he would go to sleep again.

"Don't make a noise like that, Perk," I said; 'it's enough to frighten a man to death! You shouldn't do it! Let's have another smoke!'

"I had not time to light up. A cry, quick and awful, knocked pipe, tobacco, and matches out of my hand.

"I darted toward old Perk. His face was blanched, and his limbs trembling with fright.

"The box! The box!" he said, and fell heavily to the floor, scared out of his senses.

"Remembering I had a bottle of spirits in the lock-up, I put it to Mr. Perkins's mouth, and then, desperately seizing a hammer, began to burst open the box on which Perk had sat.

"Between each blow was a stifled groan.

"It was a hard box to open.

"Perk, hurry up! Get that iron bar!"

"The old man came to like a shot. Between us we loosened the lid.

"The moment we had done so, it flew open!

"I expected a horrible sight—a grinning skeleton with a spiral-spring backbone, or something of that sort. But, bless you, there sat in the trunk the loveliest young girl, her long blond hair streaming over her neck and shoulders, her large blue eyes beaming with tears of thankfulness for deliverance. She tried to throw her arms round my neck.

"Lend a hand, Perk!" I said. To-

gether we lifted the poor, stiffened young lady out of her prison.

"Let me hold the dear creature on my knee," said Perk.

"No," I said, 'I'm going to hold her on my knee!'

"Let me warm her, then," he said.

"No," I said; 'I'm baggage-master, and I'm going to do all the warming necessary on this occasion.'

"So I petted her fondly, and old Perk ran for water. Soon she began to talk a little. You should have heard her. She was so full of gratitude."

"How came she in the trunk?"

"She was an orphan—the adopted child of a rich, miserly old uncle. He wanted to get her through to Cliff Valley without paying her fare. He thought he could do it by putting her in that box with a few air-holes, as he was allowed one hundred pounds of baggage free."

"Did he claim his baggage?"

"Well, I guess not, sir. He must have been so scared when he found the box did not reach Cliff Valley that he dared not ask for it."

"What became of the young woman?"

"Well, stranger, that young woman is my wife, and as it's getting toward morning, I guess I'll just ask you to go and sit in the waiting-room. I want to go home and hold the baby while she gets up and cooks breakfast."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### Old-Time Passes.

"MY train was approaching the Suspension Bridge near Niagara, some years ago," said the old con, when it came his turn to talk. "I found a young man aboard who could not pay his fare. The poor fellow was evidently in the last stages of consumption. He sat by himself, and his eyes were red, as if he had been weeping. The laws of the company could not be transgressed, and, as he had no money, he must leave the train. No conductor knows when a detective may be watching him, so I led him with a heavy heart from his seat.

"He was shivering with the cold, and no one moved or spoke until we reached the door. Then a pretty girl arose from her seat, and with bright, sparkling eyes, demanded the amount of the invalid's fare.

"I told her eight dollars, and she took

that amount from her pocket-book, and kindly led the sick youth back to his seat.

"The action put to shame several men who had witnessed it, and they offered to pay half, but the whole-souled girl refused the assistance. When our train arrived at the next station, the girl gave him sufficient money to keep him overnight, and send him to his friends the next morning."

"What was her name?" asked the hind shack.

"Well, as I said before, I felt a little cheap over the part I was forced to play in the affair, so I hunted her up, and on the first leisure evening, called to return the eight dollars. This she indignantly refused, but I subsequently persuaded her to accept of a suitable present."

"Well, what else?"

The old con hesitated—and blushed before he replied:

"I finally persuaded her to take me, too, and she's just the best wife and mother on the road."

Watson, the "country conductor," was the next to talk.

"I was running a train that was freight one day and passenger the next. I was brakeman and switchman besides. A couple living at Le Mars, Iowa, a station on our road, were anxious to have their child baptized. One day I had a minister aboard, and seeing him on the platform as we came into Le Mars, this couple got on the train, and the child was baptized while we were going at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The happy couple got off at the next station, and took the first train home."

"You remember Pete Littlejohn, don't you, boys?" asked Neal Ruggles.

"Yes; he's running somewhere in California," said the old con.

"Littlejohn was coming down the grade pretty fast one trip, with his sweetheart aboard, when the engine ran into a lot of solid beef, throwing her off the track temporarily, but doing no other damage. Fragments of one of the animals came through the window or door and lodged in sweetheart's lap.

"Oh, Pete's killed!" she screamed, jumping frantically to her feet, and surveying the bloody reminders. "Oh! Pete's killed! He's killed!" and she refused to be comforted until Littlejohn made his appearance and took her in charge."

"Tell us some more, Rug," the boys yelled in unison.

Rug went on as the boys relit their pipes, and took easy attitudes for a long siege.

"There was a station in Pennsylvania named Hanna," said Ruggles. "When we stopped there one day, my brakeman thrust his head inside the door, as usual, and called out 'Hanna!' loud and long. A young lady, probably endowed with the poetic appellation of Hannah, supposing he was addressing her, and shocked at his familiarity on so short an acquaintance, frowned like a thunder-cloud and retorted, 'Shut your mouth!'"

"He shut it.

"There was a brakeman on the old Erie who was called Ned. He thought he would turn in a joke on his conductor. The con was collecting tickets one day from his passengers, and all handed over their pasteboard, save one old lady who sat next the door, near where Ned stood.

"She seemed to be reaching down to get something she had dropped on the floor. When her time to pay came, she raised her head, and thus addressed the blushing conductor:

"'I always, when I travels, carry my money in my stockin', for, you sees, nothin' can get at it there; and I'd just thank you, young man, just to reach it for me, as I'm so jammed in that I can't get to it. I forgot to git a ticket at the depot.'"

"The con glanced at the other passengers, some of whom were laughing at his plight. One or two young ladies among them blushed scarlet. He hesitated, and finally beat a sudden retreat, muttering something about not charging old ladies. Anyhow, he was called on the carpet for letting that passenger get by.

"My run leads into a temperance town, which I will call Alesburg, division headquarters. Nobody drinks there, and every man, woman, and child is an apostle of temperance. Every citizen is a temperance lecturer, and the bibulously inclined wayfarer must get a prescription before he can get a drink.

"Prairie colic prevails there to an alarming extent, and some men go about armed with blank prescriptions ready for immediate service the moment the first symptom comes on.

"Not long ago a well-known citizen of Alesburg, somewhat noted for his crusades against saloons, hunted me up in Chicago, which was several hundred miles from the temperance town. He wanted to know if



I intended to take the train to Alesburg that night.

"I told him that I did, and noticed that the symptoms of prairie colic were rapidly developing. He had come with some of the boys, he said, and, staying longer than he had intended, his money had run out and his friends had left him.

"'Very bad predicament, indeed,' I said, 'for a respectable temperance man of Alesburg; but I don't see what I can do for you—the rules are very strict.'

"He replied that if he was made acquainted with our general superintendent, he could secure a pass.

"What entitled him to a pass I never knew; but I told him I would introduce him to the super at once, for I feared the colic had him full force. He left me, and returned in about fifteen minutes with at least two more colics aboard. I accompanied him to the super's office and introduced him. I noticed that my colicky friend handed the super his card.

"The super seemed much perplexed in his examination of that card. Finally he returned it, remarking with a peculiar smile: 'Sir, there is some mistake. This seems to be a prescription from Dr. Stigmole, asking a certain druggist of Alesburg to give the bearer one quart of what I suppose stands for whisky—for colic.'

"I left my fellow citizen searching nervously in his pockets for his card—but I never learned how he got home.

"I want to tell you about the fellow that couldn't put it over Jack Stow. We had a very energetic tallow-pot named Spielman, who got in the bad habit of doubling on his pass. The boys on the main-line passenger resolved to stop it by punching the pass every time it was shown.

"The consequence was, Spielman had to make application for a new one. The boys, not at all discouraged, soon punched up pass No. 2. When Spielman got his third pass, he procured a piece of sole-leather the same size as the pass and about a quarter of an inch thick. On this he pasted his pass.

"It so happened that he got on Jack Stow's train. Our conductor, intent on ruining Spielman's pass, asked to see it. The weighty article was brought forth, and the conductor's countenance dropped. The tallow-pot saw his discomfiture, and said with a smile:

"'I think I have stopped that punching

business, Mr. Stow. There's been a conspiracy against me.'

"'Yes, I see,' replied Stow, scratching his head. 'Please raise that window a moment, Spielman, and I'll punch your pass.'

"Spielman raised the window. The train was in full motion. Stow, drawing a small pocket pistol, put a hole through the center of the pass.

"'How's that for a punch?' he said as he went on down the car.

"On the same division on which the last incident occurred we had a telegraph operator named Billy Echart in the Burnett House at Cincinnati. Billy was very popular with railway men, many of whom stopped at that establishment. Different influences were brought to bear, and he finally got a passenger-train on the old Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton, without going through the usual apprenticeship.

"Ira A. Wood was general superintendent, I think, though Echart had never seen him. John Lincoln, who 'learned' Echart the road, told him the company was a new one, and very particular about its rules.

"Nothing would advance him so rapidly in official favor, he was told, as strict adherence to and enforcement of all rules. Billy was unusually proud of his conductor's badge; and when he stepped on his first train at the Cincinnati depot, he felt that he owned considerable stock in the C., H. and D.

"As he approached Glendale, he ran into his first obstruction. This was a corpulent individual seated modestly in the rear end of a car, without pass or ticket. Echart told him the rules were very strict, and that the conductor had no alternative.

"'How long have you been on the road? Have you a card, sir?' asked the passenger.

"'Yes.' Billy had a fresh bunch of cards, just printed. He gave the fat man one, adding that this was his last trip.

"'Ah, I thought as much! Well, sir, my name is Wood; I am the general superintendent of this road. Sometimes I carry a pass, but left it to-day in another coat at my office.'

"'Sorry, indeed, sir. But there are so many with the best of excuses who are put off. The company assures me that every one entitled to a pass will have one with him. Excuses will not balance my account. I do now know you, sir, and have no right to know you without your pass.'

"'Young man, you are right. I am only

going to Hamilton, twenty miles. The agent there is my brother. When we get in, we'll go together and see him. Here is my fare.'

"Echart took the fare with a trembling hand, with a vague idea that he had gained a victory, though what sort of a one he did not know.

"Now, everybody in Hamilton knew old Yank Wood, six feet five in his stockings, weighing three hundred pounds; with a nasal twang that could be heard for miles.

"He was the agent. When they got to Hamilton, Yank was on the platform, talking to Ferd Jones, the ticket agent.

"Billy's passenger stuck to him; and as soon as he got out, Yank and Jones rushed up to him with friendly greeting. Another moment, and Billy was formally introduced to the general superintendent.

"From that time on Echart rose rapidly in the estimation of the company, and was gradually promoted to a high position. Lincoln, for like 'fidelity to rules and regulations, was appointed superintendent of a branch line.

"This was at a time when railway men looked upon superintendents as a species of deity to be worshiped and feared, and Echart's adventure was considered remarkable in its way."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### Good for Life.

"I WAS running on the old Cincinnati and Indianapolis road, when I came across a queer customer—a tall, awkward Hoosier, who got on at Lawrenceburg with a heavy valise. I had not been on the road very long, and, as Hoosiers were something of a novelty, I watched my passenger with more than usual interest.

"He took his valise to a double seat, and, sitting down in one, emptied the valise in the other. There were yellow-covered novels enough on that seat to have started an Indiana bookstore.

"He found room somewhere for his feet, and, taking up one of the books, was fixed for the trip. When I called for tickets he showed me a life-pass from the general superintendent, written in the form of a letter, and, of course, I thought my passenger was a man of some consequence. All railway superintendents in those days wrote illegible hands; they seemed to look upon such an

accomplishment as an evidence of genius, but the general superintendent of that road beat them all.

"When I came out of Indianapolis on the return trip, my Hoosier friend was on the train in a double seat, books and all. So it was for ten or a dozen trips. He was the first to board the train and the last man to leave. One day I said to him:

"'Stranger, which way?'

"'Any way,' he replied, without taking his eyes off the book. 'Any way, hang the odds!'

"'I mean, which way are you traveling—ain't you in the wrong train?'

"'Indianapolis road, isn't it?'

"'Yes,' I answered.

"'Wal, that's my road; drive on.'

"Being a constant customer, I got acquainted with him. This was his explanation:

"'You see, this road runs through the old man's farm, down there near Lawrenceburg. When the fellers was buildin' on it, the old man he fit 'em. He sued 'em, and the general super sent him a family pass for life, and I'm a-ridin' it out.'

"I couldn't get it through me at all; and when we got to Cincinnati, I persuaded him to accompany me to headquarters, when I assured him the general superintendent would do the fair thing. An expert there translated his life-pass, which read as follows:

J. VAN BUSKIRK, Lawrenceburg:

Don't disturb the men, as you value your life; let them pass through. Come or send one of your family to this office, and the matter will be satisfactorily arranged.

Conductors will recognize this as a pass.

GEN'L SUPT.

"As nobody could read but a word here and there of this scrawl, the fellow would have been riding to this day if I had not brought about that translation.

"Many funny scenes occur in a tunnel, only you can see nothing at all for the darkness. At the same time, I am satisfied that such scenes do occur. Once a gentleman, for some unexplained reason, undertook to change the lower portion of his apparel during those dark seconds, but made a wrong calculation as to time.

"But kissing seems to be the choice sport. Kissing in a tunnel, think of that! I have been told that the charm is in the novelty of the thing. It is the darkness, the rank bur-



glary; the nice calculation as to time; the sudden assault and desperate defense; the acute agony of the skirmish-line hairpins; the carrying of the outer works; the fierce struggle, the sweetness of the surrender; the questionable honor of the victory.

"Then the horrid repairs, and the impossible attempt to appear serene before the other passengers. There's a short lifetime in the kissing of a girl in a tunnel!

"I had a newly married couple out with me on the Cincinnati Express. I have had a great many just such couples in my time, but somehow or other these youngsters attracted my attention.

"Young man, curly hair, of course; young lady, blonde, you know, with that sort of hair that when you and I were young used to be called tow. Rosy cheeks, full lips; well, I should say, a very sweet girl.

"He was awful 'gone on her,' and she—well, I thought I could hear her saying: 'James, be still! Everybody's looking at you.'

"We were coming to the cavernous grove, and James became fidgety. It was plain that there was a conspiracy, and that the tunnel was to be made a party to it.

"The girl was thoughtful and evidently unconscious. Then the wheels rattled and whirled louder and louder. In another second we were in the tunnel—James, his bride, and all of us!

"We came through all right. James was through, too—but the bride not quite. The wreck was fearful! There was very little of James's hair left on his head. The color had faded from one of her cheeks, and lodged on his nose. His necktie was swinging from her brooch.

"She commenced the work of reconstruction, looking up at him under her uplifted arms, as if to say, 'See what you have done before these people.'

"James went for a drink of water. I saw him with one hand on the nozzle of the cooler and the other on a flask. Half the hairpins were gone, and when she sat up straight, looking so wobegone and friendless, I was rude enough to smile. I couldn't help it. She saw it, and smiled in return, as if to say, 'You know how it is yourself.'

Sandy Burrell, of the I., B. W. and R. road, was the next.

"I had a baggage-smasher running with me once," he said, "who had his old-fashioned idea of running baggage exploded in

a peculiar way. Jim had ruined two or three trunks for a certain commercial traveler whose route lay along our line, and who resolved to teach him a lesson.

"This gentleman, who was in the hardware line, packed a carpet-bag full of loaded revolvers, and handed it to Jim, who took it and, as the owner went away, threw it against the wall of the car savagely, then drew it on the floor and stamped on it as usual.

"At about the fourth jump, firing began. Forty-two revolvers went off in rapid succession, distributing bullets around the car with disgusting carelessness, the smasher's legs running against six of them before he could get out of the car.

"He rode upon the platform during the whole of that trip; and when he did enter the car he encased his legs in stove-pipe, and ran an iron-clad snow-plow in front of him to push the baggage out. He is running on our main line now, and I believe he smashes fewer carpet-bags than he did in the blissful past—much fewer—and he wears a melancholy air."

A freight-train with a passenger caboose attached is called on some lines an "accommodation." It "accommodates" the company rather than the public, and derives its chief recommendation from the fact that it "stops at all stations." This particular train has been sidetracked for the night; we find a number of the boys gathered in its caboose.

"As I was going through the car on my run to-day," said Sayre, the con, "I saw a lady smoking a pipe very industriously in the rear seat.

"'Madam,' said I as courteously as I knew how, 'we don't even allow men to smoke in this car.'

"'That is an excellent rule, sir,' she replied with the utmost coolness; 'if I see any man smoking in here, I'll inform you at once.'

"Last fall," said Sayre, "Tom Holdsworth had an extra stock, east, on the main line. He stopped on the grade and Len Bassett, a brakeman, went back to flag. In starting up, the train broke in two. Bassett, seeing that he could not stop the train that was following, and gaining rapidly upon them, rushed for his own train, woke up his drovers, and jumped them out, saving a number of lives. He then put on brakes and stopped his train, the result being but a slight damage to the

way-car. This was an exhibition of nerve that you don't see every day."

"Oh, I don't know as it beats Lucas much," said Lowry. "Brakeman Charlie Lucas saw a headlight one night coming pretty close. He took his torpedoes and red light and went back. Arriving at the proper distance, he found he was flagging a belated farmer who was hunting up stray stock. There were no signs of any other pursuing train. Charlie's name has since been changed from Lucas to looseness, though he never gets tight."

"Do you know how near Bill Power came to getting his foot in it?" asked "Pigeon."

"Didn't think there was anything big enough to hold it!"

"Yes, about ten years ago, he applied to Hammond for a passenger-train."

"All right, sir," replied the colonel, 'only one objection.'

"What's that?" asked Power.

"Require an extra coach to carry your feet."

"Doc Merriman says he was coming down grade once to side-track for some train, when he saw obstructions on the track ahead. There were two or three inches of snow on the track, which made them more visible, of course."

"He reversed, called for brakes, and sent his fireman down to clear the way. Fireman returned, and said there was nothing there. 'Doc' swore, and went himself. After surveying the obstacles a moment, he looked over to the switch, and there stood Patch."

"Patch," yelled 'Doc,' 'the next time you cross the track in front of my engine, I want you to pick up your tracks. There ain't an engine on the road can git over 'em in three inches of snow.'"

"I think I can couple on to that," said Richardson, "and get ahead. Sam Young, who was well known in Truckee, Nevada, is conductor on a freight running to Visalia on the Southern Pacific road. One night when the moon was full his train was steaming over the broad plain near Visalia, just as the orb of night was rising."

"The moon appeared like a locomotive headlight in front of the train, apparently at considerable distance ahead. The instant he saw the light, Sam yelled to the engineer to stop the train."

"The alarm was given, the brakes whistled down in a jiffy, and the train

stopped. The conductor jumped off and ran on ahead a few hundred yards as rapidly as possible on the track, and commenced swinging his red lantern as a signal of danger to the supposed approaching train."

"After worrying himself out in running and swinging his light, he stopped a moment, completely out of breath, and took a square look at the fancied monster in front. Sam Young saw 'the man in the moon,' and the truth flashed upon him that he was awfully bilked."

"He hastened back to his train, and told the engineer to go ahead, as the danger of a collision was more remote than he had calculated. The engineer, fireman, and brakeman discovered the mistake before the conductor did. Sam promised to stand treat for the next six months if the parties who witnessed the blunder would agree not to make it public, but the joke was too broad and too good to keep, and, in spite of the promises made, it leaked out."

"Cook, of the P., P. and J., went into Chicago and paid a visit to the Dollar Store. After making some trifling purchases, he offered the pretty saleswoman a dollar for a kiss. The lady agreed and delivered the goods."

"Now," says she, with a pretty foreign accent, 'give me another dollar, and you may kiss my mother.' Cook was delighted with the adventure and paid over the dollar. The girl went out and returned, leading in a wrinkled old bleary-eyed female, hobbling on crutches."

"Here she is!"

"Not any, if you please, miss. The fact is, I never mix drinks. I am a freight conductor on the P., P. and J. Send her to the depot, and I'll bill her through at special rates!"

"Dutch" Cooper was coming west on 25, and wanted to stop in the hollow near Wyagnet for water. Frank Avery, the brakeman, proposed to give him a lightning stop right there, all by himself."

"It was a down grade, and coming from Princeton to Wyagnet, Frank fell asleep and failed to get out. The consequence was they ran by the tub, clear into Wyagnet, and Cooper was just screaming for brakes. He was mad, and backed up to the tub, swearing like a streak."

"In the meantime, Frank was scratching his head and studying how he was to



get out of the scrape. While Cooper was taking water, Avery walked over on the engine and said:

"Cooper, I like to broke my leg back there."

"How is that?" asked 'Dutch.'

"Well, I got out on top and tried to set the brake, but the derned dog broke and threw me off. It nearly killed me."

"Is that so? Well, I was pretty mad. You broke your leg? Yes? I feel better now."

"We had a smash-up down near Du Quoin on the Illinois Central once," said Old Pop Davidson, the veteran eagle-eye. "I don't know how much stock was killed, but the next day the supe got the following letter:

"I want you to cum yer at oncet theres bin a smashup i want you to bring six dollars to pay for mi hog. The hog squeeled, but the engine wouldn't stop. J. CERAMPLE."

Then Dick Hammond, an old Chicago railroader, brought the Arabian Nights to a close with this one:

"About the only thing a conductor fears is the dense fog. I remember the day we were caught in one, and if you will let me spit it out in my own way, maybe you can understand.

"Hank," says I to the brakeman, 'you go over and tell Smith—our engineer—to keep a wild-eye. Second extra on No. 18 left Leland about five minutes ago. Look back pretty often, see if they're coming. Tell Smith to side-track at Sandwich and let No. 4 by.

"Tell him to get in out of the way quicker than lightning, for No. 4 will be whooping 'em up by the time she strikes the whistling-post. I don't want to drop any torpedo on her to-night.' Si Honner was at the throttle, and his engine, No. 28, had just come out of the shops and he wanted to make a record with her.

(To be continued.)

"Hank says, 'All right,' and rushes up the ladder and over onto the engine. Fog! No, I guess not!"

"On arriving at the switch, Smith whistles down brakes. I calls out from the way-car and asks:

"What's the matter?"

"Hank says, 'Extra ahead on one side-track; engine disabled on the other.'

"About that time I could hear No. 4 coming over the iron bridge, about a mile away. I picked up the red light and ran back with the flag. I ran as far as I dared; slapped down two torpedoes. Ran a little farther, and could just see No. 4's headlight.

It seemed about forty feet in the air. Could almost feel her hot breath, as she came tearing along, anxious to make up every lost minute.

"Si Honner was behind her, anxious for the reputation of his better half, as he styled his engine.

"He was peering through the fog. When he saw the red flag waved across the track he whistled down brakes, and, without waiting to shut her off, hauled her over.

"The rail being wet, she slipped, and as he struck the torpedoes, he slipped out between tender and engine, and took a look at things.

"About that time his headlight shone on the hind end of a way-car. You could have jumped from the pilot to the back platform without much exertion. For a minute Si looked like animated *rigor mortis*.

"A miss is as good as a mile, and Si felt greatly relieved when he discovered that the only damage done was the wetting of the 28 all over with that peculiar mixture of coal-dust and water, for which the boys have an appropriate name. Believe me, I don't like those fogs. When I look back through all these years, and think how near 28 came to hitting us—it makes me wince."





## The Railroad Man's Brain Teasers.

**H**ERE is a nifty nut to crack. It is from F. T. Montgomery, King City, California.

(25) Three trains of different lengths and speed were traveling on adjacent tracks. At a certain time the tail-lights of all three trains were abreast. Ten seconds later, during which time Train No. 1 traveled her length, the headlights were abreast, and in another ten seconds the headlight of No. 1 (the longest) and tail-lights of No. 2 were abreast, and the headlight of No. 2 and tail-lights of No. 3 (the shortest) were abreast. At what speed was No. 3 traveling, assuming all speeds constant and that of No. 1 to be 36 miles an hour?

From P. M. Monckton, Powell River, British Columbia, we have received the following juicy pippin. Go to it, boys:

(26) Two cities, Boomville and Hustle City, are connected by two competing railroads. A train on each line leaves Boomville at noon, and reaches Hustle City by the B line in two-thirds of the time taken by the A line, since the latter's train runs only half as fast as the former's. On the return journey, again, both companies start a train from Hustle City at the same hour, but this time the train on the A line runs twice as fast as that on the B. The result is that A beats B by 5 hours, also the speed run by A in the second case is the same as that run by B in the first case. What is the distance between the two cities by each route?

One more good one by Fritz Gannon, Fort Collins, Colorado.

(27) A conductor on a fast run, being asked at what speed the train was traveling, replied: "For the twenty-fourth time since midnight the hour and minute hands of my watch are at right angles to one another, and when they are next opposite, the train will have traveled 54 miles farther."

At what speed per hour was the train traveling, and what was the time of day when the conductor made the remark?

### ANSWERS TO APRIL TEASERS.

(23) Sixty-three empties picked up 31 loads.

(24) At 2.10 ten-elevenths P.M., No. 1 is 34 two-elevenths miles east of B, and No. 2 is 32 eight-elevenths miles west of B. Therefore, the trains are 66 ten-elevenths miles apart.



# ON THE EDITORIAL CARPET.

Where the M. M. of the Magazine Talks  
With His Readers—and They Talk to Him.

**W**E have just received our running orders for June. We hope they will look as good to you in the finished product of the magazine as they do to us just now. Every inch of the train, from the very tip of the pilot to the platform of the observation-car, has been carefully gone over and put through the polishing process of our editorial system, and, in short, it seems to be just the thing in prize specials.

The switch-targets of our fiction division shine with particular brightness. After a long absence, our old friend Spike Malone will again be with us—and all you boys know that a Spike Malone story bubbles with fun like a bu'sted steam-chest.

Sumner Lucas will contribute another yarn about that interesting bo, Fate Johnson, and Augustus Wittfeld will be aboard with another of his humorous stories.

"Curtis the Coward" is calculated to make people think who are attempting to invest their money foolishly.

There will be the concluding part of Harry Bedwell's thrilling drama of the desert, which begins in this number.

Lloyd Kenyon Jones will make his initial appearance as a short-story writer in the June number with a particularly interesting railroad story.

Honk and Horace, having settled in Valhalla, are again in some of the old mix-ups that made them and the little town of the mystic hills so famous.

Then there is a story about an engineer who tried to turn his locomotive into a flying machine.

And there are others.

Among the special articles we will publish the life story of George Stephenson, whose name will live as long as steam is applied to motion. June is the one hundred and thirtieth anniversary of Stephenson's birth, and no doubt there are many who do not know the terrible obstacles against which he had to fight before gaining the slightest recognition. If you do know his story, it will be worth reading again.

The efforts of the railroads to look after the welfare of their employees is told in an article by Charles Frederick Carter.

Why some railroads and railroad men are always getting in trouble is the subject of another interesting paper.

The pioneers of the overland telegraph system

and their hardships, told by George Hyde, will be of particular interest to all operators.

"Help for Men Who Help Themselves," a department which has always been looked for with eagerness by our readers, will be started anew in our June number. We have secured some excellent articles for this department. The first will describe the inner workings of the claim office.

Aside from these more practical features, there will be the usual quota of articles dealing with the funny side of railroading, such as "Tales in the Roundhouse," "Ten Thousand Miles by Rail," and "Queer Things on the Line," all new and fresh and just the sort of stuff that one wants to read when the day's work is over and he needs a few hours of recreation before hitting the hay.

We have the "19" order for June. All aboard!

## WHAT DO YOU THINK?

**A**CCORDING to the prominent technical journals of the country, there is a strong movement on foot to abolish the time-honored "Johnson bar" in favor of some more easily controlled apparatus—one which will permit of more refinement in the adjustment of the valve-gear. From the birth of the locomotive in this country, as we all know, the reverse has been effected through the reverse-lever working in a notched quadrant and requiring purely manual effort for its manipulation.

For many years, at least half a century, during which period there was practically no development in the size and weight of the American locomotive, this appliance effectually served the purpose for which intended. The weight of the various parts making up the valve-gear, links, eccentric-straps, rods, rockers, and valves was light, and no difficulty was experienced in pulling the lever over. When unlatched, even with the locomotive at the highest speed, the engineer was not at all alarmed that it would get away from him, and, consequently, it was used, as it was expected that it would be, to adjust the cut-off to meet the requirements of load and grade.

In 1895, or thereabouts, began the revolution which has taken place in locomotives. Previous to that time the heaviest freight-engine weighed scarcely 120,000 pounds, but with the advent of the compound system this weight increased to

145,000 pounds. Cast steel began to take the place of cast iron for frames, driving-boxes, rockers, and wheel centers, and in a very few years, say about 1902, a locomotive was not considered worthy of special comment regarding size unless it tipped the scales at 200,000 pounds.

This advance in general weight implied, of course, a proportionate advance in the weight of the component parts. Eccentric-straps, links, etc., parts of the valve-gear which must be lifted by the reverse-lever, became doubly heavy. No matter what counterbalancing features were resorted to in order that the movement of the lever might be assisted, it became realized in a vague sort of way that it would no longer fill the bill.

The engineers, especially on heavy locomotives at the head of high-speed trains, became rather afraid of their old friend. Many of them learned rather unpleasantly that it had better be let alone when once hooked up into the running-notch. Often when they would attempt to make a nicer adjustment, pull her up or drop her down a notch, the lever would have an awkward knock of twisting out of their hands, and whipping down into the corner with a bang, occasionally to the accompaniment of a shower of notches pulled out of the quadrant, and maybe a broken eccentric-strap. So, gradually, the situation resolved into one notch for the lever, and it was let severely alone, thereby defeating the adjustable feature of all valve-gears.

After the gradual appreciation of this fact, motive-power management was impelled to look across the sea for a solution to the problem. There they use the screw reverse-gear, in which the links are raised and lowered by means of a hand wheel operating a threaded screw connected to the reach-rod, and which unquestionably operates with the minimum of effort at whatever speed the locomotive may be working. It appears to be more and more apparent every day that this arrangement must be incorporated in American practise.

Screw-reversing mechanism takes up little room in the cab. It can be wound to full reverse with three turns of the wheel by one hand whether steam is being used or not, and it permits of the very finest adjustment of the gear to meet the varying conditions which are at all times arising.

It is enthusiastically indorsed by the foreign roads on which it is used; the engineers are loud in their praise. The only possible objection which might be urged would be slow movements in switching, but it is not intended to advocate its use for switch-engines.

What is specifically desired is a valve-gear controlling mechanism which can be operated on high-speed locomotives without danger to the engineer; in which he will have sufficient confidence to attempt to work. As we have said, the present reverse-lever largely defeats the purpose of valve-gears, whether shifting-link or radial, because, if it must be said, many engineers fear it. The screw-gear offers an easy solution to this. We

would be glad if some enterprising motive-power chief would give it a fair trial.

### LET THE HEADLIGHT ALONE.

WE have noticed that the tendency exists on some roads to transfer the headlight from its well-known position above the smoke-box in front of the stack to the front of the smoke-box door. We do not enthuse greatly over the change. In some cases it is necessary with new and larger locomotives to preserve the proper overhead clearance. In the face of such conditions no objection can be urged, but we have particularly in mind instances where headlights are being relocated on old engines where an abundance of clearance always existed.

In explanation it is said that lowering the headlight about to the center line of the engine serves to illuminate the track to better advantage, but when it is remembered that the oil-lamp is practically valueless to the engineer as an illuminating agent, the argument does not seem logical. All it amounts to at the best is to give warning that the engine is approaching.

In its old position the headlight is protected. It is so high up that it cannot be struck by an object, and arranged on a board supported by columns there is a free circulation of air between it and the hot smoke-box at all times, thoroughly protecting it from burning.

As it is now, after relocation, it seems almost inconceivable how it can be protected either from fire or damage. The smoke-box door is opened every trip for netting examination and other well known routine roundhouse features, and it will take considerable care to work a wrench on the door button-nuts without doing some harm to the headlight. The fact should also be recalled that all doors are not in perfect condition. Many of them are cracked, and it is no unusual sight to see a red-hot door resulting from a fire in the smoke-box—which, of course, would mean no headlight in a very few miles.

On the whole, we think that this is one of the things which had better be let alone. It can have no other result than a positive increase in expense, not to mention a sad blow to the symmetrical appearance of the locomotive. If an electric headlight were under consideration, this comment might not apply, but the oil-light is far better off in its present position in front of the stack.

### A WORTHY INSTITUTION.

NOTICES have been sent out by superintendents of the various divisions of the Pennsylvania Railroad calling attention to the St. John's Orphanage, No. 1722 Rittenhouse Street, Philadelphia. The privileges of this orphanage are for the daughters of men who have been killed



while in the discharge of their duties in the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and affiliated lines. The St. John's Orphanage was endowed by John Edgar Thomson, late president of the company. It is for girls who are taken under agreement with the mother or guardian, and, free of charge, are given a plain education, including household work, cooking, and sewing.



### IN EVERY TROOP LIBRARY.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

**T**HE November RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE has just reached this far corner of Uncle Sam's possessions, and I take pleasure in congratulating you on the versatile make-up of this number. There is just enough of the technical in the stories to pique the interest of a layman, and, like Oliver Twist, ask "for more."

I have never been connected in any way with railroads, but in some twenty-three years' service in the army I have had the pleasure of riding a few miles on them, and, somehow or other, I have always entertained a fellow feeling for railroad men the world over.

I assure you that the readers of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE is by no means confined to railroad men alone, as it can be found in every troop library of the regiment.—E. S. R., Troop "L," 2d Cavalry, U. S. A., Jolo, Jolo, Philippine Islands.



### ANSWERS TO CERTAIN SIGNALS.

**E.** E. T., Independence, Iowa.—If, as you say, you have been a reader of this magazine for the past three years, you certainly could not have missed "Casey Jones," which appeared in our issue of July, 1910.



**W.** R. M., Monessen, Pennsylvania.—Under the conditions given, in which it is stipulated that the man got on the caboose when the latter was a mile above Belle Vernon, and alighted from the engine when the latter was at Monessen, he therefore walked one mile, the length of the train, and rode four miles, the distance between stations.



**F.** G. H., Pitmau, New Jersey.—Richard Trevithick was the real inventor of the locomotive. This worthy man was born in England, April 13, 1771, and died at the age of sixty-two. He was an engineer and inventor, and was called "The Father of the Locomotive Engine." He was the man who introduced the high-pressure steam engine in 1802. He effected improvements in the plunger-pump, an indispensable adjunct to mining; this was later developed by him into a double-acting water-pressure engine. In 1803 he constructed the first steam locomotive ever used on a railway. This engine was a marked advance on all previous types, and it is on the strength of its performance that Trevithick was hailed as

the "real inventor of the locomotive." Don't you remember the verse in that stirring poem, "The Engine-Driver to His Engine," by William J. MacQuorn Rankine, which runs:

Put forth your force, my iron horse, with  
limbs that never tire;  
The best of oil shall feed your joints, and the  
best of coal your fire;  
Like foaming wine it fires my blood to see  
your lightning speed—  
Arabia's race ne'er matched your pace, my  
gallant steam-borne steed!  
My blessing on old Trevithick! let his fame  
forever last!  
For he was the man who found the plan to  
make you run so fast;  
His arm was strong, his head was long, he  
knew not guile nor fear;  
When I think of him, it makes me proud that  
I am an engineer!

George Stephenson was the perfecter of this wonderful invention. He constructed his first locomotive in 1814. It traveled six miles an hour. In the April and current issue of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, in the articles "The First Fight for a Railway," you will read of the remarkable efforts that were made to prevent Stephenson from carrying out his plans. And in our June number, to celebrate the one hundred, and thirtieth anniversary of Stephenson's birth, we will publish the graphic story of his life—one of the most interesting chapters in the great romance of human achievement. We hope that you will not miss it.



**F.** LANGBRYD, Kampsville, Illinois.—Thomas Davenport, an American inventor, constructed, in 1835, the first electric railway at Brandon, Vermont. It was driven by an electromagnetic engine. He was born July 9, 1802, and died July 6, 1851.



### AMONG THE MISSING.

**M**R. CHARLES I. ROMAINE, Third and Marion Streets, Leavenworth, Kansas, is very anxious to hear from his son, who was a former railroad man. Any one knowing of this man's whereabouts will please notify his father.

Mrs. Susan J. Chandler, Soldiers' Home, Lafayette, Indiana, asks for news of her son, Ben Chandler. He was employed as lineman for a telephone company in Oakland, California, about two years ago.



### HEROES OF THE FOREST FIRES.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

**I**N a recent number of a certain monthly, I read an article, describing the devastation by fire of the National Forest Reserves in Montana and Idaho, and, also, picturing deeds of bravery and life saving in the Bitter Root Mountains.

This article is not at all exaggerated in the description of the fire, but when the author tells of the "heroes" it made he is certainly overstepping the line.

I am not writing these lines in malice toward those would-be heroes, for they are more to be pitied than scorned. I am simply going to give to the world the truth through THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE of what actually occurred during the fire in the Bitter Root Mountains, furthermore, the names of the men who honestly deserve credit.

On the night of August 20, 1910, word reached Avery, Idaho, that the little town of Grand Forks, twelve miles east, was burning, also, the C. M. and P. S. depot at Falcon close by. There were several hundred men, women, and children gathered on the platform of the burning depot when engineer Johnnie Mackedon, returning from the top of the mountain with his helper engine, was stopped by the frantic people.

They climbed on his engine, and hung on wherever they could get a grip.

The cars on the side-track were burning, yet Mackedon switched an empty from them and left Falcon with a load of human freight. Each person was clinging to some little keepsake from his burning home. Mackedon carried those people to safety.

Conductor Vandercook and Engineer Blondell also deserve credit for their bravery.

To these two men, a well-known official of the C. M. and P. S. Railroad owes his life. This official, in his zeal to get all the people out of Falcon, was left behind himself. When Conductor Vandercook missed him from the many who sought refuge in one of the tunnels, he and Engineer Blondell decided to go back down the mountain for him. The huge timbers of the bridges were burning beneath them, but still they kept on until they had rescued the official from certain death.

Their return trip up the mountain to the tunnel was terrible. The bridges were all ablaze. After crossing them, they were compelled to stop and extinguish the flames that threatened to demolish their caboose.

They remained in the tunnel *eight days*, until the bridges were rebuilt.

Where were the government officials all this time? They had beat it to safety.

When Engineer Blondell was asked about his experience he replied:

"Why, all that you could see of a bridge was a wall of flame—but we crossed it. I hooked her up, threw her wide open, and then we lay down on the deck to protect ourselves from the heat. We expected that every minute would be our last on earth."

Those are the men who deserve credit for life-saving on the C. M. and P. S. Railroad in Idaho and Montana.

The women and children were taken to Teoka, Washington, where they were taken care of by the good people of that town.

Ralph W. Anderson, the roundhouse foreman, deserves the credit of saving the town of Avery, and thousands of dollars worth of property belonging to the C. M. and P. S. Railroad.

One of the forest rangers was asked about "back firing" to save the town. He replied that he would give orders to shoot the first man that

set a back fire, but he was too timid to stay and see that his orders were carried out.

Mr. Anderson summoned all of the Japanese employed at the roundhouse, and with Johnnie Mackedon, who had returned to Avery; Charles Swanson, engine despatcher; Mr. Delmire, the operator at Avery, and Tom Huff, blacksmith helper, they started under Anderson's orders to back fire on both sides of the St. Joe River. They soon had the fire eating its way up the mountainsides, and Avery was saved. These are the heroes who deserve the credit for saving life and property in the Bitter Root Mountain fires.

Most of the men are now in Avery, and will verify these statements.—HARRY RUSCH, Avery, Idaho.

## AN OLD ORDER.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

**A**LTHOUGH I am not a subscriber, I never miss a copy of your magazine, as I am interested in railroading. My father was an engineer on the Old Colony Railroad in the States a number of years ago, also engineer on the Union Freight Railroad, in 1876. His name was John H. Jennings. I grieve to say that he was called to the home beyond a few months ago, but I would deem it an honor to hear from any one who knew him.

I treasure carefully an order he received while on the U. F. R. R., of which I enclose a copy:

UNION FREIGHT RAILROAD,

S. C. Putnam, General Freight Agent.

A. H. GROVENOR, Agent,

Office No. 3 Old State House.

BOSTON, June, 19, 1876.

To the Conductors and Engineers of the Union Freight Railroad:

It is ordered, that in all cases before crossing a horse railroad track the engine will come to a full stop at least thirty feet distant from the crossing. The conductors will see that the flagman is on the crossing ahead of the engine and the engineer will not start his engine until he receives a signal from the flagman that the way is clear and free from danger.

A. H. GROVENOR, Agent.

I trust that I have not taken up too much of your valuable space. If any one who knew my father sees this, and wishes to write, my address is:

MRS. GEORGE W. MOORE,  
Cluny, Alberta, Canada.

## OLD TIME POEMS.

**E**VER since we started this little corner of "The Carpet," which we call "Old-Time Poems," we have relied largely on our readers to supply us with its contents. To those of you who have taken from your old scrap books the tender and heroic memories of the rail which we have already published, we extend our sincere thanks. We know you agree with us that it is well to perpetuate such golden gems of thought in THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE.

Perhaps there are others of our readers who have old-time songs or poems hidden away, which



they can send us. Just at present we have had requests for the following: "Song of the K. C.," "What is the Matter with the Mail?" "The Song of George Allen," "The Face in the Locket He Wore," "The Oscillator Branch," "Killed on the Line by the Night Express."

Of course our readers know that only poems relating to railroads go into this corner. Have you an old song which you would like us to publish? Do you remember an old song which you would like to see here? If so, let us know.

### THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN.

**A**CROSS the dull and brooding night  
A giant flies with demon light,  
And breath of wreathing smoke;  
Around him whirls the reeling plain,  
And with a dash of dim disdain,  
He cleaves the sundered rock.

In lonely swamps the low wind stirs  
The belt of black funeral firs,  
That murmur to the sky,  
Till, startled by his mad career,  
They seem to keep a hush of fear,  
As if a god swept by.

Through many a dark, wild heart of heath,  
O'er booming bridges, where beneath  
A mighty river brawls;  
By ruin, remnants of the past,  
Their lives trembling in the blast;  
By singing waterfalls.

The slumb'rer on his silent bed  
Turns to the light his lonely head,  
Divested of its dream;  
Long leagues of gloom are hurried o'er,  
Through tunnel sheaths, with iron roar,  
And shrill night rending scream.

Past huddling huts, past flying farms,  
High furnace flames, whose crimson arms  
Are grappling with the night,  
He tears along receding lands,  
To where the kingly city stands,  
Wrapt in a robe of light.

Here, round each wide and gushing gate,  
A crowd of eager faces wait,  
And every smile is known.  
We thank thee, O, thou Titan train,  
That in the city once again,  
We clasp our loved, our own.

### ONLY THE BRAKEMAN.

**O**NLY the brakeman killed!" Say, was that what they said?

The brakeman was our Joe; so then—our Joe is dead!

Dead? Dead? Dead? But I cannot think it's so;  
It was some other brakeman—it cannot be our Joe.

Why, only this last evening I saw him riding past;

The trains don't stop here often—go rushing by as fast

As lightning—but Joe saw me, and waved his hand; he sat

On the very last coal-car—how do you 'count for that—

That he was killed alone and the others saved, when he

Was last inside the tunnel? Come, now, it couldn't be.

It's some mistake, of course; 'twas the fireman, you'll find;

The engine struck the rock, and he was just behind—

And the roof fell down on him—not on Joe, our Joe! I saw

That train myself, the engine had work enough to draw

The coal-cars full of coal that rattled square and black

By tens and twenties past our door along that narrow track

On into the dark mountains. I never see those peaks

'Thout hating them. For much they care whether the water leaks

Down their sides to wet the stones that arch the tunnels there

So long, so black—they all may go, and much the mountains care!

I'm sorry for that fireman! What's that? I don't pretend

To more than this. I saw that train, and Joe was at the end,

The very end, I tell you? Come, don't stand here and mock—

What! It was there, right at this end the tunnel caved—the rock

Fell on him? But I don't believe a word—yes, that's his chain,

And that's his poor, old silver watch; he bought it—what's this stain

All over it? Why, it's red! Oh, Joe, my boy, oh, Joe,

Then it was you, and you are dead down in that tunnel. Go

And bring my boy back? He was all the son I had; the girls

Are very well, but not like Joe. Such pretty golden curls

Joe had until I cut them off at four years old; he ran

To meet me always at the gate, my bonnie little man.

You don't remember him? But then you've only seen him when

He rides by on the coal-trains among the other men,

All of them black and grimed with coal, and circles round their eyes,

Whizzing along by day and night, but you would feel surprise

To see how fair he is when clean on Sundays, and I know

You'd think him handsome then; I'll have—God! I forget! Oh, Joe,

My boy! my boy! and you are dead? So young, but twenty—dead

Down in that awful tunnel, with the mountain overhead!

They're bringing him? Oh, yes, I know; they'll bring him, and what's more  
 They'll do it free, the company! They'll leave him at my door  
 Just as he is, all grimed and black. Jane, put the irons on,  
 And wash his shirt, his Sunday shirt; it's white; he did have one  
 White shirt for best, and proud he wore it Sunday with a tie  
 Of blue, a new one. Oh, my boy, how could they let you die, for oh—

Only the brakeman! And his wage was small.  
 The engineer  
 Must first be seen to there in front. My God! it stands as clear  
 Before my eyes as though I'd seen it all—the dark—the crash—  
 The hissing steam—the wet stone sides—the arch above—the flash

Of lanterns coming—and my boy, my poor boy lying there,  
 Dying alone under the rocks; only his golden hair  
 To tell that it was Joe—a mass all grimed that doesn't stir;  
 But mother'll know you, dear; 'twill make no difference to her

How black with coal-dust you may be, your poor, hard-working hands  
 All torn and crushed, perhaps; yes, yes; but no one understands  
 That even though he's better off, poor lad, where he has gone,  
 I and the girls are left behind to stand it and live on

As best we can without him! What? A wreath?  
 A lady sent  
 Some flowers? Was passing through and heard—felt sorry—well, 'twas meant  
 Kindly, no doubt; but poor Joe'd been the very first to laugh  
 At white flowers round his blackened face. You'll write his epitaph?

What's that? His name and age? Poor boy! Poor Joe! His name has done  
 It's work in this life; for his age, he was not twenty-one,  
 Well-grown, but slender, far too young for such a place, but then  
 He wanted to "help mother," and to be among the men;

For he was always trying to be old; he carried wood  
 And built the fires for me before he hardly understood  
 What a fire was—my little boy, my darling baby Joe—  
 There's something snapped within my breast; I think, it hurts me so,

It must be something broken. What is that? I felt the floor  
 Shake; there's some one on the step. Go, Jeanie, set the door

Wide open, for your brother Joe is coming home.  
 They said  
 "Only the brakeman"—but it is my only son that's dead!



## A RAILROAD DREAM.

BY MRS. F. D. GASE.

**S**ITTING in a rail-car, flying on by steam,  
 Head against the casement, dreamed a curious dream;  
 Yet I could not think it a thing all ideal,  
 For though very monstrous, it was very real.

First there came a gentleman in his patent leather—  
 Collar, bosom, wrist-bands, overcoat for weather;  
 In the height of fashion, watch-key, hat, and glove,  
 And with air professional—spit upon the stove.

Near him sat a parson, telling how the Lord  
 Sent the great revivals, blessed the preached word;  
 But my dream discovered that he was not above  
 Honey-dew or fine-cut—spitting on the stove.

Next came a trader—pockets full of cash—  
 Talked about the country going all to smash;  
 "War and Abolition did the thing, by Jove"—  
 Tipped his wicker bottle—spit upon the stove.

Then a jolly farmer, bragging of his wheat,  
 Thought his hogs and horses nowhere could be beat;

"Like to sell his Durhams by the head or drove"—  
 Kept his jaws a wagging—spit upon the stove.

Paddy thought it was "quare" like to be setting still,

All the whole goin' over bog and hill;  
 'Twas a glorious country, sure, as he could prove—  
 Equal to his betters—spitting on the stove.

Witness, perfumed dandy, putting on his air—  
 Flourished diamond breastpin, smoked in forward car;

Talked about our army, " 'Twas too slow by Jove"—

Twirled a carrot mustache—spit upon the stove.

Little boy in short coat, wants to be a man,  
 Following example as the surest plan;  
 Watches gent and parson—copies every move,  
 And with Pat and trader—spits upon the stove.

Soon, the flying rail-car reeks with nauseous steam  
 Ladies almost fainting—children in a scream;  
 Husband asking lady: "What's the matter, love?  
 Have a glass of water?"—spits upon the stove.

On we go, still flying—not a breath of air  
 Fit for Christian people in a crowded-car;  
 Sickening, fainting, dying, ladies make a move—  
 Gent throws up the window—spits upon the stove.

Talk of ladies' flounces, ribbons, jewels, flowers,  
 Crinolin and perfume, gossip, idle hours;  
 Put all faults together which men can't approve  
 And they are not a match for—spitting on the stove.

Men will call us "angels"—wonder if they think  
 Such nauseous vapor angel meat and drink?  
 Wonder if they'll do so when they get above?  
 Below it would be handier—spitting on the stove.



# Vacation thoughts on heating

Don't have your vacation marred by the spectres of old-fashioned heating methods. Don't put it off longer, but settle *at once* and for all time this most important matter of home heating and hygiene. The savings in fuel, repairs, doctor bills, labor, etc., will pay for your annual vacation, and you will put balmy Summer warmth throughout the whole house on the most tempestuous of Winter days by using an outfit of



## AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

gases are unknown in the living rooms; carpets, hangings and furniture are thereby given longer life; housework is reduced one-half, and the whole house is made a far better, happier, healthier place to live in.

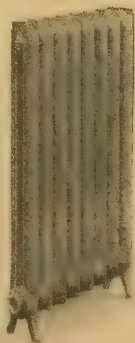


A No. A-241 IDEAL Boiler and 461 sq. ft. of 38 in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing owner \$216, were used to heat this cottage. At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra and vary according to climatic and other conditions.

Public Showrooms  
in all large cities

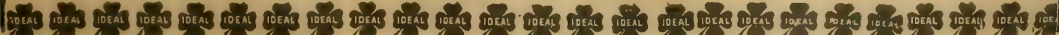
AMERICAN Radiators are made in a multitude of sizes and forms—to go alongside open stairs; to fit into corners, curves and circles; between windows and under window seats; with brackets to hang upon the walls—off the floor; with special feet to prevent cutting carpet; with smoothest surfaces for decorating in any color or shade to match woodwork, wall coverings, furniture, etc.; thin radiators for narrow halls and bathrooms; with plate-warming ovens for dining-rooms; big radiators for storm vestibules; with high legs for cleaning thereunder; with ventilation bases so air of room may be changed 1 to 4 times per hour—and other splendid features which it would pay you big to know. Our free book tells all about them (and all about IDEAL Boilers). You will need it to choose the models from.

Be ready at the turn of a valve to flood the house with invigorating, genial warmth for the vacation-returning family. Prices in Spring usually rule the lowest of the year. In these less-hurried months you are sure to get the best workmanship. Put your property into right heating condition now, ready for best living, renting or selling. Don't wait until you build, but investigate *today* this big-paying building investment. Ask for free book—puts you under no obligation to buy.



## AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write to Dept. J  
Chicago



# BULLETIN BOARD

Certificate No. 10

## South Bend Watch Company Railroad Watch Insurance

For "Studebaker" Railroad Watch, No. 329  
Serial No. 521049

This watch, sold this 16th day of Feb., 1911, to  
John D. Y Z

now employed upon the \_\_\_\_\_ R. R.  
is sold to him for railroad service and under the following agreement, to-wit:

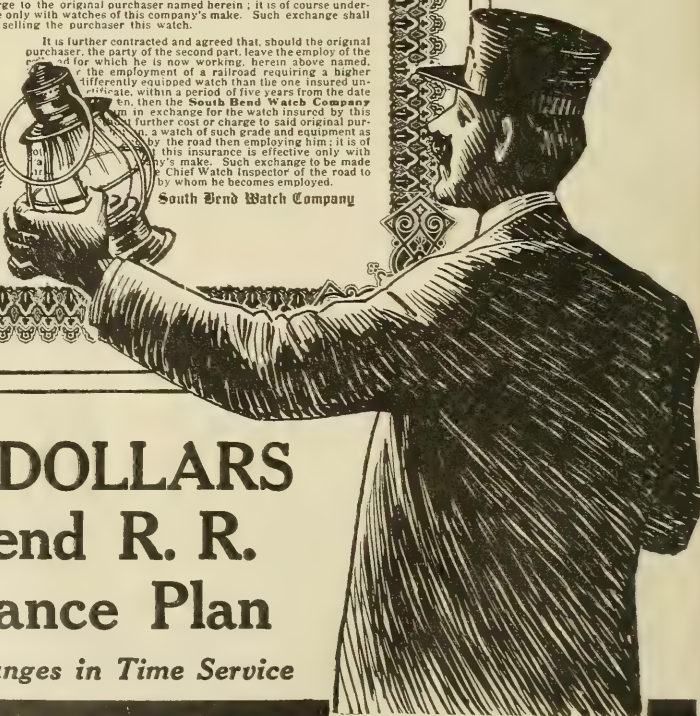
The South Bend Watch Company, makers of the same, and party of the first part in this agreement, hereby

insures This "Studebaker" Watch, No. 521049, to the  
purchaser or party of the second part for a period of Five  
Years, from date of sale written in this certificate, in the following manner  
and upon, and under the following terms:

Should there be any change whatever in the general equipment or standard of watches required for the use of employees upon this road, where the party of the second part, the purchaser, is now employed as \_\_\_\_\_, or should his promotion to some other position upon the road require him to now employed, require a watch of different equipment or higher grade, then the South Bend Watch Company hereby contracts and agrees to furnish him, in exchange for the above watch, a watch of such grade and character as shall then be required, without extra cost or charge to the original purchaser named herein; it is of course understood that this insurance is effective only with watches of this company's make. Such exchange shall be made through the local dealer selling the purchaser this watch.

It is further contracted and agreed that, should the original purchaser, the party of the second part, leave the employ of the \_\_\_\_\_ for which he is now working, herein above named, or the employment of a railroad requiring a higher differently equipped watch than the one insured under this insurance, within a period of five years from the date of purchase, then the South Bend Watch Company shall, in exchange for the watch insured by this insurance, furnish him, without further cost or charge to said original purchaser, a watch of such grade and equipment as shall then be required by the road then employing him; it is of course understood that this insurance is effective only with watches of this company's make. Such exchange to be made through the local dealer selling the purchaser this watch.

South Bend Watch Company



# YOU SAVE DOLLARS By South Bend R. R. Watch Insurance Plan

*We Bear the Burden of Changes in Time Service*



# You Save Dollars By South Bend R. R. Watch Insurance Plan

*We Bear the Burden of  
Changes in Time Service*

Every Railroad Man in the country will welcome our *Watch Insurance Plan*—for it means a saving of dollars to you all.

From the time R. R. Watch Inspection was installed, there has been a drain on the purse of the R. R. man, because of the changes in requirements of the time service.

These changes have been necessary to keep in step with the closer running schedules of R. R. trains and for the protection of life and property—but, unfortunately, it has been you who paid the bill.

This hardship unavoidably imposed upon the R. R. men was brought forcibly to us when investigating conditions of the R. R. Watch business.

And now, when you buy a South Bend R. R. Watch, we insure you against any further cost coming as a result of any change in time service within five years from the date of purchase, regardless of whether the new requirements demand a higher priced watch than the one you carry.

The Studebaker Passed By All Chief Inspectors.

## South Bend Watch Co.

**MAKERS OF RAILROAD WATCHES**

**South Bend, Indiana**

*Think of It!*

Grasp the Meaning of Our Great  
**WATCH INSURANCE PLAN**

If you go from one road to another—if the least change is made in the requirement of R. R. Watches—we give you a new watch that will meet the requirements, on presentation of our *Watch Insurance Certificate*, which goes with every South Bend R. R. Watch.

There are no strings to this *Watch Insurance Plan*—it is an unequivocal guarantee to protect you against any changes in the requirements of the time service.

Every new man in R. R. service—every man now in service who must buy a new Standard R. R. Watch—should look ahead and provide for the future. *The South Bend is absolutely the only watch which will protect you against the cost of a new watch, if the time service is changed.*

Cut out the Coupon and send NOW for illustrations of our "Studebaker" R.R. models and detailed information.

R. R.  
5-11

**SOUTH  
BEND  
WATCH CO.**  
South Bend, Ind.  
Send me all details  
on your **WATCH  
INSURANCE PLAN**

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Town & State \_\_\_\_\_

Name and Address of my Watch  
Inspector \_\_\_\_\_

UNION SUITS  
SHIRTS AND DRAWERS  
ALL STYLES FOR MEN AND BOYS

THE unique "Porosknit" fabric is knit and cut to give a true fit with not the slightest bulkiness. Absorbent and ventilated for health and coolness. Elastic for freedom of movement. Firmly sewed, durable, best trimmings, easily washed.

"Porosknit" Union Suits do away with double thickness at the waist, and the downward "pull" of the drawers. No other union suits that fit without binding have the lightness of "Porosknit." They fit the hard to fit.

Buy and wear a suit of "Porosknit" today. That's the best way to know what real underwear comfort is.

For Men	All Styles	For Boys
<b>50c</b>	Shirts and drawers per garment	<b>25c</b>
For Men	Union Suits	For Boys
<b>1.00</b>	Any Style	<b>50c</b>

On sale in practically all stores. Write us for illustrated booklet showing all styles.

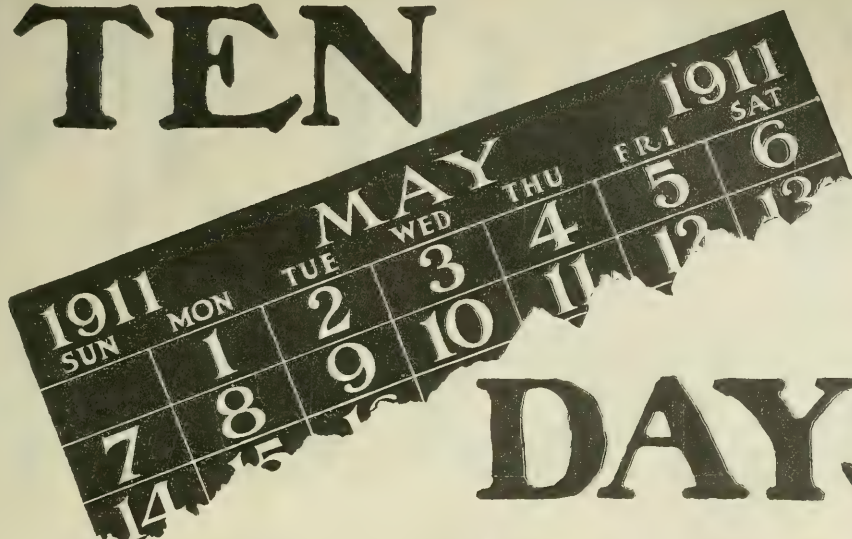
CHALMERS KNITTING CO.  
43 Washington St., Amsterdam, N. Y.

Look for this Label on "Porosknit"





# TEN



# DAYS

## The Art of Being Certain

The successful man doesn't guess—he knows because he takes the trouble to find out.

When he is a bit "out of fix" he says, "Something may be wrong with my food."

Then he proceeds to know by a ten days' trial—leaving off greasy meats, pasty, sticky and starchy half-cooked cereals, white bread and pastry, and adopting a plain, nourishing diet.

Many men who really know use the following breakfast: Some fruit, a saucer of Grape-Nuts and cream, soft-boiled eggs, some nice crisp toast, and a cup of Postum—nothing more.

The result is certain gain toward health.

## "There's a Reason"

Get the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages of

# Grape-Nuts

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited,  
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,  
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

*The only TALKING MACHINE made by*  
**EDISON**  
*is the*  
**PHONOGRAPH**



### Just loud enough for the home

The Edison Phonograph has just the right volume of sound for the home—*your* home. It is not brassy or strident; not loud enough for a concert hall or a neighborhood. When you hear it demonstrated it will not echo throughout the store. The Edison reproduces *sound*—not noise.

There is an Edison Phonograph at a price to suit everybody's means, from the Gem at \$15 to the Amberola at \$200.

### The Sapphire Reproducing Point

This is the secret of the Edison Phonograph's lifelike purity of tone. The highly polished, button-shaped sapphire exactly fits the thread on the sensitive wax record in which it travels. It does not wear, does not scratch or wear the record and never needs to be changed.

The sapphire point is a feature of both Amberol and Standard Reproducers.



### Amberol Records



These Records, playing more than twice as long as ordinary records, (4 to 4½ minutes), render *all* of every character of entertainment, *completely* as in the original, and have opened the way to a vast amount of the very best of music and other entertainment hitherto impossible to obtain in record form. The Edison also plays Edison Standard two-minute Records.

Amberol Records, 50 cents; Standard Records, 35 cents; Grand Opera Records, 75 cents to \$2.

### Making Records at home

On the Edison Phonograph you, *anyone*, can make records in your own home—talk, sing or play—and reproduce it immediately, just as clearly as the Records which you buy. With this great feature, the Edison gives more than double the entertainment of any other sound reproducing instrument.

Ask the nearest Edison dealer to demonstrate this feature of the Edison Phonograph. Also ask your dealer for the latest catalogs of Edison Phonographs and Records, or write us.



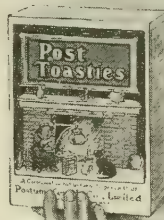
**THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc., 92 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.**

Thomas A. Edison, Inc., is the new corporate name by which the National Phonograph Co. will hereafter be known.



**“Yes Ma’m,  
we sell  
quantities  
of**

# **Post Toasties**



**—they’re fine with cream and sugar.”**

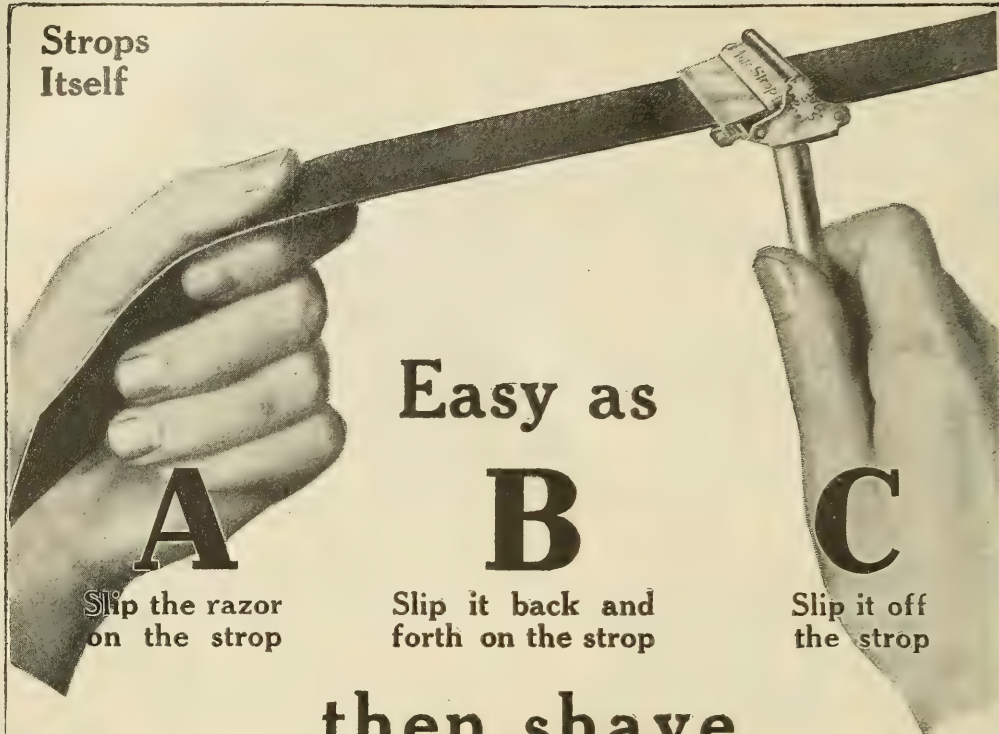
**CRISP—FLAVOURY—DISTINCTIVE**

**“The Memory Lingers”**

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited,  
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,  
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

**Strops  
Itself**



**A**  
Slip the razor  
on the strop

**Easy as**

**B**  
Slip it back and  
forth on the strop

**C**  
Slip it off  
the strop

**then shave**

**W**ITH the AutoStrop Razor you don't have to detach the blade or take anything apart or adjust anything. It's always as ready for shaving as the head barber's razor.

The most awkward can use it with his skill. The most wide-awake everywhere *do* use it.

Are you one of the wide-awake? If so, you'll get an AutoStrop Razor on trial today. If you don't like it, dealer will give you back your money. He doesn't care, for our contract protects him.

\$5 buys you one silver-plated self-stropping razor, 12 good blades and strop in handsome case. One blade will often last six months to a year. That makes your \$5 pay for years of shaves.

It's easy as A B C to get an AutoStrop Razor, if you'll phone or post a card for one to any dealer—now.

**AutoStrop Safety Razor Company, 361 Fifth Ave., New York;  
233 Coristine Building, Montreal; 61 New Oxford Street, London**

**AutoStrop**  
**SAFETY**  
**RAZOR**



# "17 Cents a Day" Offer Stirs the Nation!

## The Whole Country Applauds the "Penny Purchase Plan"

From a thousand different directions comes a mighty chorus of approval, voicing the popularity of The Oliver Typewriter "17 Cents a Day" Purchase Plan.

The liberal terms of this offer bring the benefits of the best modern typewriter within easy reach of all. The simple, convenient "Penny Plan" has assumed national importance.

It opened the floodgates of demand and has almost engulfed us with orders.

Individuals, firms and corporations—all classes of people—are taking advantage of the attractive plan and endorsing the great idea which led us to take this radical step—

To make typewriting the universal medium of written communication!

### Speeds Universal Typewriting

The trend of events is toward the general adoption of beautiful, legible, speedy typewriting in place of slow, laborious, illegible handwriting.

The great business interests are a unit in using typewriters.

It is just as important to the general public to substitute typewriting for "long-hand." For every private citizen's personal affairs are his business.

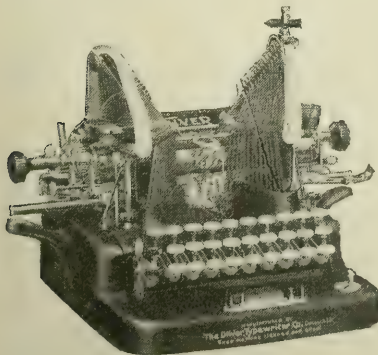
Our popular "Penny Plan" speeds the day of Universal Typewriting.

### A Mechanical Marvel

The Oliver Typewriter is unlike all others.

With several hundred less parts than ordinary typewriters, its efficiency is proportionately greater.

Add to such basic advantages the many time-saving conveniences found only on The Oliver



The **OLIVER**  
Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

Typewriter, and you have an overwhelming total of tangible reasons for its wonderful success.

### A Business Builder

The Oliver Typewriter is a powerful creative force in business a veritable wealth producer. Its use multiplies business opportunities, widens business influence, promotes business success.

Thus the aggressive merchant or manufacturer can reach out for more business with trade-winning letters and price lists. By means of a "mailing list"—and The Oliver Typewriter—you can annex new trade territory.

Get this greatest of business aids—for 17 Cents a Day. Keep it busy. It will make your business grow.

### Aids Professional Men

To the professional man the typewriter is an indispensable assistant.

Clergymen, Physicians, Journalists, Writers, Architects, Engineers, and Public Accountants have learned to depend on the typewriter.

You can master The Oliver Typewriter in a few minutes' practice. It will pay big daily dividends of satisfaction on the small investment of 17 Cents a Day.

### A Stepping-Stone to Success

For young people, The Oliver Typewriter is a stepping-stone to good positions and an advancement in business life.

The ability to operate a typewriter counts for more than letters of recommendation.

Start now, when you can own The Oliver Typewriter for pennies.

### Join the National Association of Penny Savers!

Every purchaser of The Oliver Typewriter for 17 Cents a Day is made an Honorary Member of the National Association of Penny Savers. A small first payment brings the magnificent new Oliver Typewriter, the regular \$100 machine.

Then save 17 Cents a Day and pay monthly. The Oliver Typewriter Catalog and full details of "17 Cents a Day" Purchase Plan sent on request, by coupon or letter.

Address Sales Department  
**The Oliver Typewriter Co.**  
679 Oliver Typewriter Bldg.  
(91) Chicago.

#### COUPON

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.  
679 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

Gentlemen: Please send your Art Catalog and details of "17-Cents-a-Day" offer on The Oliver Typewriter.

Name.....

Address.....



Will  
Sharpen  
Every  
Razor—  
Safety or  
Old Style

### The Never-Fail Automatic Razor Strop

is absolutely perfect and positively guaranteed to sharpen any and all kinds of safety and old style razors. Everything is automatic—self-adjusting—perfect. Anyone can operate it. Anyone can obtain perfect results without experience. Guaranteed for life.

# WANTED

## AGENTS SALESMEN MANAGERS

I want a good man in every territory of the United States—as local agent for one county, or as general agent for a number of counties. This is a new proposition, and offers an opportunity for you to make from \$45 to \$90 a week and on up to \$8,000 or \$10,000 a year. I am organizing my selling force now and I want you to begin at once. Write for information today.

## \$45.00 TO \$90.00 A WEEK

This is the opportunity I offer to a good man in every territory in the United States. No experience is necessary. **The Never-Fail Strop** sells on sight. I want agents, general agents and managers. Anyone can do the work. No charge for territory. Grand, free advertising special introductory plan for agents on the most sensational selling article of the day. Every man a buyer—quick, every call a sale. Send for reports of our men who are out in the field. Listen to their words of success. Learn of the money they are making. Get out of the rut. Young men, old men, farmers, teachers, carpenters, students, bank clerks—everybody makes money. *One man (Hiram Purdy) took 27 orders first day out (sworn statement); profit \$40.50.* 26 orders the next day. Once our agent, always a money maker. A. M. Clark, of Kansas, wrote: "I was out of town the other day—did not go with the intention of doing any soliciting. Just got to talking and sold 6 before I knew it." Profit \$9.00. Sales roll up every day.

## 400,000 IN FOUR MONTHS

I want general agents and managers to handle big territories, employ sub-agents, look after deliveries, advertise and distribute. I will offer you too per cent profit. I am organizing my selling force now, and I want you, if you want to make money honestly and rapidly. Exclusive territory given—no charge made. Protection against others running over your field. Co-operation, assistance, personal attention to each man. Complete information free. Investigate.

This is a new proposition. **A positive automatic razor strop—absolutely guaranteed.** A thing all men have dreamed about. Perfect in every detail, under every test. With it you can sharpen to a keen, smooth, velvety edge any razor—**safety or old style**—all the same. Handles any and every blade automatically. Just a few seconds with the Never-Fail Strop puts a razor in better shape to give a soothing, cooling, satisfying shave, than can an expert operator, no matter how carefully he works. New idea. Men are excited over this little wonder machine—over its mysterious accuracy and perfection. They are eager to buy. Women buy for presents to men. Agents and salesmen coining money. Field untouched. Get territory at once. I want a thousand men—young or old—who are honest and willing to work, to start in this business at once. Act today. Exclusive territory.

One of our men started in selling in Louisiana. Became general agent, controlling extensive territory. At a single time he ordered 50 agents outfits. This man started without any experience as a salesman; but the Never-Fail Strop caught on so tremendously that he made more money than he ever dreamed of making in his life. No talking is needed. Just show the machine to men and they want it immediately. No modern invention has received such open-armed welcome. Please remember the machine is absolutely guaranteed. It is positively successful under every test and trial. It answers the razor-stropping problem of ages. It is a modern invention for modern times, modern perfection and modern men. A half-minute demonstration is all that is necessary.

## SEND NO MONEY

Just your name and address upon a postal card and I will mail you complete information, details, description of the business, sworn-to proof from men out in the field. I want you to know what this advertisement means to you. I want you to take a territory and make more the biggest year you have ever lived. All that I require is that you stay on the job, keep things moving, and that you keep your promise to me and to your customers. The possibilities are unlimited. Millions will be sold this year. We teach you what to say, and how, when, where to say it. **INVESTIGATE.** It costs you absolutely nothing to learn about this opportunity. Don't delay. Territory is going fast. Write today, and give the name of your county.

ADDRESS SECRETARY

**THE NEVER FAIL COMPANY, 998 Colton Bldg., TOLEDO, O.**



# “KODAK”

Is our Registered and common-law Trade-Mark and cannot be rightfully applied except to goods of our manufacture.

If a dealer tries to sell you a camera or films, or other goods not of our manufacture, under the Kodak name, you can be sure that he has an inferior article that he is trying to market on the Kodak reputation.

*If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.*

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,  
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Just hark back to some of those sultry, hot days of last summer when your underwear was sticky and uncomfortable, then you will be in a proper attitude to consider the newest advance in underwear making—



## Conductive Underwear

The "DRYSKIN" fabric acquires a fineness and linen-like-texture that is 50% more absorbent than any other underwear in the market.

"DRYSKIN" Underwear is more than merely porous—it is "conductive." It does more than merely absorb the moisture—it gets rid of it and keeps the skin always dry, even in raging hot weather.

Every pair of "DRYSKIN" drawers is equipped with the new Adjusta-Slide, which affords instant adjustment of the waistband—no draw-cords necessary.

Enjoy the utmost of summer comfort. Equip yourself with "DRYSKIN" Underwear—you'll be cool and fresh during the hottest days.

Yet "DRYSKIN" Underwear costs no more than the commonplace—50c the garment and \$1.00 for union suits—in all forms, athletic, half-sleeve, regular, etc. Boys' sizes 25c single garment and 50c union suits.

If your dealer doesn't carry "DRYSKIN" Underwear we'll send it direct. State size in ordering.

**NORFOLK HOSIERY & UNDERWEAR MILLS CO.,**

Norfolk, Va., and 366 Broadway, New York.

# Ever-Ready

## Safety

If you don't say it's the greatest razor ever made, we'll give your money back.

Extra Blades, 10 for 50c—all stores

**AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO. NEW YORK**



# Razor

With 12 \$

# Blades





## On Which Side of the Desk Are You?

The man before the desk works with his hands and is paid for his *labor*.

The man behind the desk works with his head and is paid for his *knowledge*. It is merely a question of **KNOWING HOW**.

The first step in "knowing how" is simply a matter of cutting out, filling in and mailing us the coupon shown below.

In return we show you how to improve your position or to secure a more congenial occupation and better salary, without loss of time, without neglecting your present work or obligating yourself to pay more than you can comfortably afford.

No text-books to buy—no requirements beyond the ability to read and write, and the ambition to succeed.

Thousands of men, and women, too, in nearly every trade and profession date the beginning of their *success* to the day they *filled in this coupon*. Why not you?

It costs nothing to find out. Take your first step in *your own* advancement.

### Mark This Coupon To-day

**INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS**  
**Box 1003, Scranton, Pa.**

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position, trade or profession before which I have marked **X**

General Foreman  
R. R. Shop Foreman  
R. R. Traveling Eng.  
R. R. Trav'g. Fireman  
Locomotive Engineer  
Air-Brake Instructor  
Air-Brake Inspector  
Air-Brake Repairman  
Mechanical Engineer  
Mechanical Draftsman  
R. R. Construction Eng.  
Surveyor  
Civil Engineer  
Banking

Electrical Engineer  
Machine Designer  
Electrician  
Mining Engineer  
Mine Foreman  
Foreman Machinist  
Chemist  
Assayer  
Architect  
Book keeper  
Stenographer  
Advertising Man  
Automobile Running  
Concrete Construction

Name.....  
Employed by..... R. R.  
Employed as.....  
Street and No.....  
City..... State.....

You can get a substantial, reliable camera, which makes good pictures, for \$1.50



## The New No. 0 Premo Jr.

It makes  $1\frac{3}{4} \times 2\frac{3}{8}$  pictures—a very pleasing proportion.

It can be loaded in daylight instantly with a Premo Film Pack.

It has automatic shutter for time or snap shot exposures, meniscus lens and two finders—a thoroughly complete camera, providing anyone with a practical, inexpensive, simple means of making good pictures.

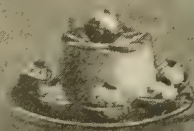
Same camera for  $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$  pictures, \$2.00;  $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ , \$3.00;  $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ , \$4.00;  $4 \times 5$ , \$5.00.

Our handsome new catalogue is just off the press. It describes fifty different styles and sizes of film and plate cameras and the simple Premo Film Pack System. Free at the dealer's or mailed on request. **IMPORTANT**—In writing, be sure to specify Premo Catalogue.

**Rochester Optical Division**

Eastman Kodak Co.

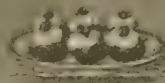
Rochester, N. Y.



Cox's Instant Powdered Gelatine is the gelatine grandmother used—and the gelatine used by the famous chefs and French cooks to-day. It's been good for 80 years.

# Cox's

## INSTANT POWDERED Gelatine



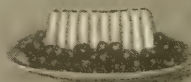
Cox's is concentrated food. It makes soups rich and sauces tempting. It can be used with milk. This makes it invaluable food for children, invalids and elderly folks.

Cox's makes desserts that are nourishing without being too rich, heavy and "stuffing." Desserts that everybody likes and that suit everybody. You should know more about it.



When buying, always look for the famous checker-board box.

Cox's Manual of Gelatine Cookery—205 ways of using Cox's Gelatine—mailed free for the asking.



**THE  
COX GELATINE  
COMPANY**

U. S. Distributors for  
J. & G. COX, Ltd.,  
Edinburgh, Scotland.

Dept. O

109 Hudson Street  
New York







## *The only Solution:* **Get a better job**

Are you "trying to make both ends meet" on a small, unsatisfactory salary? Are you one of the thousands of energetic, capable men whose days are spent in work not suited to their natural talents?

**Then read this wonderful offer. We mean it and there is a fine chance for you if you improve it.**

If you lack the time and the means to stop work and take a course of training, the American School will **lend you the cost of the training** you need and let you make your own terms for repaying us.

**This is the greatest offer ever made to men who have "got it in them to rise," and we are prepared to help everyone who comes to us in earnest.**

Check the coupon, mail it to us, and we will explain fully our "**Deferred Tuition**" plan, how we will lend you the cost of the tuition, and allow you to pay us back when the increase in your yearly income equals the amount of the loan.

**No Promotion — No Pay** — that's what our "**Deferred Tuition**" Scholarship means. Send the coupon today and prepare for a better job.

**AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE**  
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

### **Opportunity Coupon**

**American School of Correspondence, Chicago, U. S. A.**

Please send me your Bulletin and advise me how I can qualify for the position marked "X."

R. E. Man's, 5-11

.....Book-keeper	.....Draftsman
.....Stenographer	.....Architect
.....Accountant	.....Civil Engineer
.....Cost Accountant	.....Automobile Operator
.....Systematizer	.....Electrical Engineer
.....Certified Public Acc't	.....Mechanical Engineer
.....Auditor	.....Moving Picture Op'r
.....Business Manager	.....Steam Engineer
.....Commercial Law	.....Fire Insurance Eng'r
.....Reclamation Engineer	.....College Preparatory

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

**Ask the Salesman to Explain**  
the meaning of the two most important words in the  
whole history of shoe making—

# GOODYEAR WELT

Shoes made on Goodyear Welt Machines are marked by comfort, durability and style.

They are *Smooth Inside*, because no thread penetrates the insole to tantalize the foot.

They are equal to shoes sewed by hand in the essential qualities you require,  
and can be bought at one-third the price.

Only good material can be used in shoes made on the rapid  
machines of the Goodyear Welt System.

**Write Today for the following Booklets which will be  
Sent You Without Cost:**

1. Contains an alphabetical list of over  
five hundred shoes sold under a special  
name or trade-mark, made by the Good-  
year Welt process.

2. Describes the Goodyear Welt proc-  
ess in detail and pictures the sixty  
marvelous machines employed.

3. "The Secret of the Shoe—An Industry  
Transformed." The true story of a great  
American achievement.

4. "An Industrial City." Illustrated—  
descriptive of the great model factory of  
the United Shoe Machinery Company  
at Beverly, Massachusetts.

**UNITED SHOE MACHINERY COMPANY  
BOSTON, MASS.**

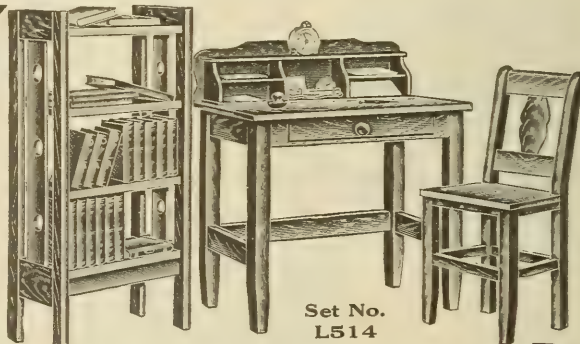


## This 3 - Piece Mission Library Set

—Desk, Book-Rack and Chair,  
made of selected solid oak—either  
Early English or Golden finish.  
Desk has 32x20 inch top, with large  
drawer for stationery and back  
shelves. Book-rack 44 inches high  
with shelves 17x11 inches. Chair  
extra solid, with 20x20 inch seat.

Sent to your home on receipt of **\$1.50**. If,  
after 30 days' trial, you find it at least **twice**  
the value you could get anywhere else, pay  
the balance of the **special direct-from-factory**  
price of **\$9.85** at the rate of 75 cents a month.

And remember, this is not a special value—  
it is merely a sample of the **wonderful bar-  
gains** we offer in everything for the home—  
bargains only made possible by our tre-  
mendous business.



Set No.  
L514

**Sent to Your Home for \$1.50**

This Mission set is made with the same taste and style as distinguish  
all Hartman furniture. We have furnished thousands of the best city  
homes through our 22 great retail stores in the large cities—we have  
800,000 customers scattered throughout the country.

Today, after 56 years of business life, we are selling to people whose  
grandparents, when first married, started housekeeping with Hartman  
furniture. You can furnish your home in just the way you want it, at  
prices you'd hardly think possible for such quality goods, and on terms  
to suit your convenience. So send today for your copy of our great

**FREE BOOK "Everything for  
the Home"** 300 pages  
of interest-  
ing ideas

about home-fitting, illustrated with pictures of the articles themselves—many in color. Tells you how and  
why we can furnish homes better and more cheaply on our liberal open-account credit system. The most  
beautiful and comprehensive book on artistic home-furnishing ever issued. Write today for your free copy.

## HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.

Dept. 7, 223 Wabash Ave.

Chicago, U. S. A.

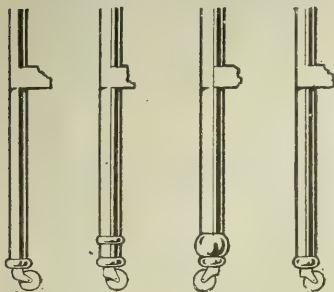
Largest, oldest and best known home-furnishing concern in the world  
Established 1855—56 years of success—22 great stores—800,000 customers





# Barcalo Beds

## Stand The Hammer Test



**Malleable Iron  
Corners**

**Absolutely  
Unbreakable**



## See This Test—

### And the Barcalo 35-Year Guarantee

**B**ARCALO Brass and Iron Beds are unbreakable. The Hammer Test proves that the corner—the weakest point in ordinary beds—is the strongest part of the Barcalo Bed. The Barcalo 35-year Guarantee means that if your Barcalo breaks you get a new bed. A twelve-ply English lacquer finish makes Barcalo beauty permanent—fresh and glossy for years. See the comprehensive Barcalo line—so complete that you're sure to find the style and price you're looking for.

Choose springs as you do beds—inspection and test prove the quality of Barcalo Imperial Springs.

The trade-mark "Barcalo-Buffalo" is a positive identification of Barcalo Beds. Insist upon its being on the bed you buy. Send for the Barcalo Style Book. We'll send it free—also the name of your Barcalo dealer.

**Barcalo Manufacturing Co.**

**Dept. E21, Buffalo, N. Y.**



**Barcalo**



**Buffalo**

## Send a postal for our big new Style Book—FREE

### It Tells You How to Save Half Your Clothes' Money

That's interesting— isn't it? And it is as true as it is interesting. We have established here, the largest custom tailoring business in this country—and it has taken us twelve years to do it. During all those twelve years, our motto has been—"Make better clothes and save every penny of your customer's money that you possibly can." Adherence to this principle has been rewarded—and we are now able, because of increased buying and tailoring facilities, to offer even a greater saving than ever before. We tailor clothes **only** to your individual measure at

**SUIT TO ORDER \$1250 to \$3000 We Pay the Express**

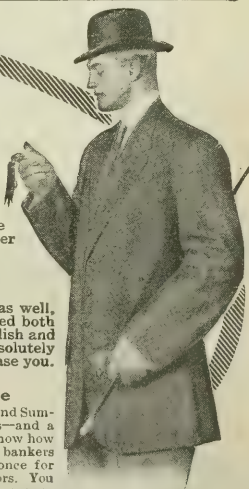
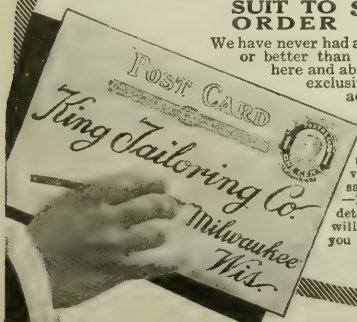
We have never had a stock garment in our establishment. We guarantee to fit you as well, or better than the highest priced metropolitan tailor. Our woolsens are selected both here and abroad by the best judges known to the trade. They are ultra stylish and exclusive. Our self-measuring system is extremely simple and absolutely accurate, and we guarantee not only to fit you, but to entirely please you. Money back without a murmur if you ask for it.

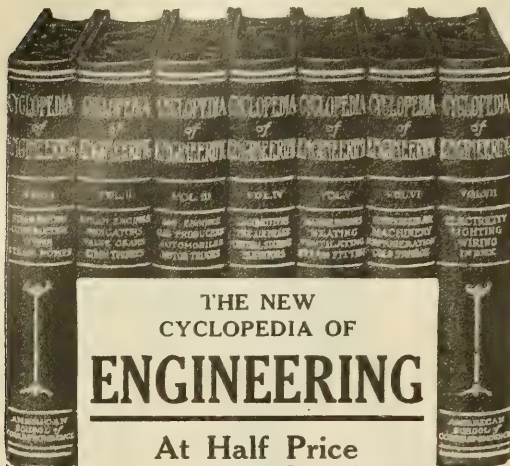
### New Edition of the Style Book is Ready—It's Free

If it you will find cloth samples of the very latest weaves for spring and Summer—also fashion plates showing the latest London and New York Styles—and a volume of commendatory letters from men who know our clothes and know how satisfactory they are. The **First National Bank of Milwaukee** (our bankers—Resources, \$22,000,000.00) will tell you of our responsibility. Write at once for detailed information and Style Book, which is **Free**. Let us be your tailors. You will be surprised at the real beauty of our offerings—delighted at the money you will save. Send a postal now

**KING TAILORING COMPANY**

408 W. Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.





## THE NEW CYCLOPEDIA OF ENGINEERING

**At Half Price**

Every Engineer must read if he would progress—the biggest men in the field can't go around telling what they know—but they can write it. And you can read it—in our New Cyclopedia of Engineering—the most valuable set of books on this subject ever offered to Engineers. This Cyclopedia has just been revised—it's right up to the minute.

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Please send set Cyclopedia of Engineering for 5 days' free examination. Also Technical World for 1 year. I will send \$2.00 within 5 days and \$2.00 a month until I have paid \$18.80 for books and magazine, or notify you to send for the books. Title not to pass until fully paid.

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## From Darkest Africa

WENTWORTH MILITARY ACADEMY  
LEXINGTON, MISSOURI

February 16, 1911.

Mr. Frank A. Munsey, New York.

Dear Sir:

I was a delegate to the Presbyterian Synod of Missouri, which met last November at Fulton, Mo. At this meeting Dr. Revis, one of the secretaries of our Foreign Missionary Board, who had recently been sent to Africa to inspect our missions there, made an address.

In this address he stated that he had visited one of the tribes far removed from the missionary station, and from civilization.

The people were very ignorant concerning all the arts of civilization and had never seen but one specimen of printing. This specimen was carefully cherished by the chief, and on rare occasions he would bring it out and let his subjects get a glimpse of it. It was a copy of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. I thought you might be interested in knowing what a wide circulation your publication had reached.

Yours truly,

SANFORD SELLERS.

WE reprint this letter as a matter of interest—not because there is any particular value to circulation in the Dark Continent, but because it emphasizes a remarkable phase of THE MUNSEY'S distribution.

One advertiser of neckwear in THE MUNSEY has just turned over to us inquiries from China and Germany; another, an inquiry from Greece; another from South Australia. Our records contain instances of THE MUNSEY'S productiveness from virtually every habitable country on the globe. A financial advertiser received a query from a mountain fastness of India; many manufacturers have been enabled to establish profitable selling agencies through their foreign inquiries from THE MUNSEY.

All of which leads up to this deduction—a periodical of such world-wide influence must be powerful through the length and breadth of its own land.

The Frank A. Munsey Company  
175 Fifth Avenue, New York



# Ten Girls Ten Smiles and a box of Colgan's Chips

Sing a song of five cents  
A packet full of gum  
Ten wafer chewing chips  
In a tiny drum.

When the drum is opened  
Catch the fragrance neat  
My! what a dainty bit  
To offer maidens sweet.



Ten pretty maidens  
All in dainty frocks  
Each takes a Colgan Chip  
That leaves an empty box.

A box full of emptiness  
The treat is worth the while  
Each little Colgan Chip  
Has turned into a smile

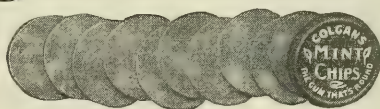
**Ten  
Chips  
5 cents**

## COLGAN'S MINT or VIOLET CHIPS

**In a  
handy  
metal box**

**Mint Chips**—Flavored like good, old-fashioned peppermint stick candy.  
**Violet Chips**—Like the perfume wafted from sweet violet meadows.  
If they're not sold near you, send us 10c in stamps for a full box of each.

**COLGAN GUM CO., Inc., Louisville, Ky.**



## MULLINS Steel Motor Boats

Simply can't sink—air chambers like life-boats. Hulls of puncture-proof steel plates—can't warp, waterlog, crack, split, dry out or open at the seams. Unlike wooden boats, they cannot leak. Can't be gnawed by worms. Have light, simple, powerful motors, that won't stall at any speed—start like an automobile engine—ONE MAN CONTROL and famous Mullins Silent Under Water Exhaust. **12 models**—16 to 26 ft., 3 to 30 horse power.



### Handsome Boat Book—Free

Send to-day for handsomest boat book ever printed. Illustrated in colors. Details of famous Mullins line. Amazing prices this year. Investigate. Get free book.

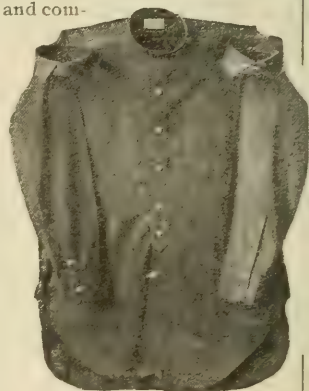
**THE W. H. MULLINS CO., 324 Franklin St., Salem, Ohio**

### Complete Line of Row Boats and Duck Boats—\$22 to \$39



# For Semi-Dress or Service

One of these Signal Coat Shirts will appeal to you. They are strong and comfortable to work in and nice enough for dress wear. Made in a range of neat patterns in tested shrunk percales, light or dark colors, with one soft attached collar or two detached hand turned double band collars. Every shirt has two pockets and is cut coat style, making the



Union Made



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## SIGNAL COAT SHIRT

the easiest shirt to take off or put on—a big advantage when you are sweaty, tired or hurried. You have a pleasant surprise coming if you have never worn these shirts. Many extra comfort features not found in highest priced dress shirts: Extra button at bottom of breast plait, 3-inch overlap to flaps, reinforced rip-proof sleeve slit, and many other advantages

### Try a Couple at Our Risk

Price \$1.00 and \$1.50 according to quality. (\$1.00 shirts are \$1.25 if expressed West of Missouri River.)

Ask your dealer. If he hasn't Signal Coat Shirts, tell us his name and your size, also which grade you want, \$1.00 or \$1.50, and we will express you a couple. Or write for folder showing styles.

If you like them, pay express man. If not satisfied, return at our expense.

**HILKER-WIECHERS MFG. CO., 1252 Mound Ave., RACINE, WIS.**

# Rémoh Gems

## Not Imitations

A marvelously reconstructed gem—the greatest triumph of the electric furnace. **Looks like a diamond—wears like a diamond—will cut glass**—stands filing, fire and acid tests like a diamond—guaranteed to contain no glass. Rémoh Gems have no paste, foil or artificial backing—their brilliancy is guaranteed forever. One thirtieth the cost of a diamond. These remarkable gems are set only in 14 Karat Solid Gold Mountings. Sent on approval—your money cheerfully refunded if not perfectly satisfactory. It will be well worth your while to get our De-Luxe Jewel Book—yours for the asking. Cut out and mail the coupon below—write a postal. Address

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549 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.  
Send your De-Luxe Jewel Book.

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**Sign  
And  
Mail This  
Coupon Today**



## HAY'S HAIR HEALTH

### RESTORES COLOR

To Gray or Faded Hair

Removes dandruff, invigorates the scalp, and stimulates a healthy growth of hair. Is not a dye. Satisfaction promised or money refunded.

\$1.00 and 50c at drug and department stores or direct upon receipt of price and dealer's name. Send 10c for sample bottle.

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**REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES**

## HAY'S HARFINA SOAP

is unequalled for the complexion, toilet, bath, red, rough, chapped hands and face. Preserves and beautifies and keeps the skin soft and healthy. 25c drug and department stores.





No. 185

# DIAMONDS—WATCHES ON CREDIT

*Gifts for the June Bride*

No. 185—Dinner Ring, fine 14k solid gold, platinum top, open work, encrusted with 9 fine diamonds. Very stylish and popular. **\$90**  
Credit Terms: \$9.00 a Month

No. 160—14k solid gold hunting case, O size, extra heavy hand carved, finest quality Diamond; Elgin, Waltham or Rockford movement. **\$43**  
Credit Terms: \$4.30 a Month



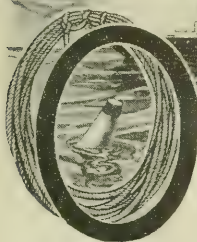
No. 160

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BROS & CO. ESTD. 1858

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Write for our Handsome 100-page Catalog containing over 2,000 illustrations of Diamonds (new exclusive mountings, our own designs), Watches, Artistic Jewelry, Silverware, Novelties. Every article priced 10 to 20 per cent lower than others charge for equal value. We are direct importers, and give our customers every advantage. Let us send you a fine Diamond or Watch on approval, all charges prepaid. If satisfactory, keep it and send us one-fifth of the price, balance in eight equal monthly amounts. Write today.



**F COURSE** you buy an Indestructo for *strength and safety*. But you also buy it for *individuality*.

The Indestructo is the *one* trunk that bears the individual, distinguishing name of the *product*—your protection.

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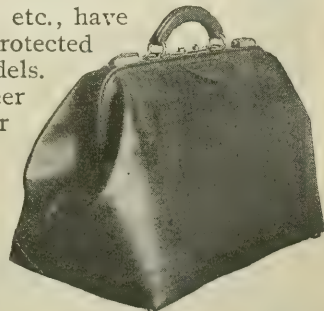
# INDESTRUCTO Guaranteed Luggage

The new Indestructo Trunk is *one year better* than it was a year ago. Corners are doubly reinforced—more bands around the body. Government Bronze finish trimmed—rust-proof. Silk canvas covered. Cedar lined. Five years' guarantee covers *every* part that possibly can break—not just the hardware. The same price *everywhere*.

Like the Trunks, Indestructo Bags, Suit-cases, etc., have five years' guarantee. Registered against loss—protected against theft. Exclusive designs—imported models. Bottoms made of three-ply Indestructo veneer mean unbreakable corners. If your dealer doesn't sell Indestructo Leather Goods, write us. We will supply you direct.

Write for the Indestructo Trunk and Bag Book and your dealer's name.

**National Veneer Products Company**  
Station E 35, MISHAWAKA, IND.



No. 451 Deluxe Men's Bag

# GET \$1200 OF THIS \$500,000.00

**NEXT MONTH  
\$500,000.00 to change hands**

One cent starts you. Any honest, industrious man or woman can enter.

**HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!**

Thousands of dollars already distributed—going on daily. Listen!

**10 people receive over \$40,000**

\$2,212 in two weeks went to Kortland (a farmer)  
\$1,200 one month, \$1,100 another to Stoneman (an artist)  
\$13,245 in 110 days credited to Zimmerman (a farmer).  
\$3,000 in 30 days to Wilson (a banker)  
\$1,655 in 73 days received by Rasp (an agent)  
\$2,800 in 11 days and \$1,000 to date, received by Oviatt (a minister)  
\$2,800 to Rogers (a surveyor)  
\$6,800 to Juell (a clerk)  
\$2,200 to Hoard (a doctor)  
\$5,000 to Hart (a farmer).

These are just a few—hundreds sharing similar prosperity. Reads like fiction, yet it's the gospel truth. Proven by sworn statements—addresses—investigation—any proof you want.

**Don't envy these people—join hands—Win a fortune.**

Do as they are doing. Let us give you the same high grade opportunity, supplying 8 out of 10 homes with Allen's Wonderful Bath Apparatus.

**New, Different, Grand.**

Wonderful but true—gives every home a bath room for only \$45.50; exceeds others costing \$200. Abolishes tubs, bowls, buckets, wash racks and sponges. Turns any room into a bath room with hot or cold running water. Think of it! No energizes water—one gallon ample; cleanses almost automatically; no plumbing—no water works; self heating. Gives cleansing, friction, massage and shower baths. Makes bathing 5 minute operation. Operates wherever water is obtainable. Easily carried from room to room or packed in grip when traveling. So simple a child can operate. Truly marvelous! A modern home-bathing without the drudgery, inconvenience, annoyance, mess of lugging water, filling tubs, emptying, cleaning, putting away. Could anything be more popular, easier to sell? Agents, it's simply irresistible. Think of millions who want bath rooms. Unquestionably best thing ever happened for agents. What a winner—at sight people exclaim—"There, there, that's what I've been longing for." **No competition.** Patent new—field unworked—demand enormous—price insignificant—fascinating, dignified, exciting work—everything just right for an overwhelming business. A demonstrated, gigantic success. You see what others are making—why not yourself? **Used by U. S. Government.** No wonder Beem writes: "I averaged \$164.25 WEEKLY FOR 3 MONTHS. 102 in 14 days; Hart 16 in 3 hours; Langley \$115 worth the first day; Reese solicited 60 people—sold 55. Why shouldn't Cashman say: "Men who couldn't sell your goods couldn't sell bread in a famine," and Lodewick, "Lucky I answered ad; it's great; money coming fast: 17 orders to-day."

## \$500,000.00

worth will be sold easily this season. 75 per cent. profit to you. Experience unnecessary.

**FREE SAMPLE AND CREDIT TO  
ACTIVE AGENTS**

Be first—get exclusive rights—own a rip-roaring business. Show the world that all you need is a real opportunity. Investigate for your own use anyhow.

**Make \$2,000 this year.** Spare time means \$15 daily. One cent starts you—a mere postal, containing your name and address—that's all. Send money—investigate first. Send to-day for amazing offer—it's free. You will forever associate this act with abundant prosperity.



Sectional View

ALLEN MFG. CO., 3314 Allen Bldg., Toledo, Ohio

## Too Much Florida Land Has Been Sold

to people who have never seen it. Write Brooksville Board of Trade for BOOK OF FACTS, describing different kinds of Florida soil. We have no land to sell, but want settlers and

investors to develop richest district in Florida, according to the State Dept. of Agriculture; not pine land, not sand, but high and rolling with rich dark top soil and clay subsoil. No fertilizer, irrigation or drainage necessary. Raises 80 bu. of corn per acre. Best for citrus fruits, truck and staple crops. An industrious man with \$500 to \$1,000 capital can be independent here. 300 ft. above sea, no swamps or marshes. Ideal climate, schools, churches, towns, good roads, all conveniences. Home-seekers and investors please investigate. We need you and will help you.

### Board of Trade

Box 273

Brooksville, Florida

## Crooked Spines Made Straight



**Use the Sheldon Method  
30 Days at Our Risk.**

YOU need not venture the loss of a penny. No matter how serious your case, no matter what else you have tried, the Sheldon Method will help you and probably wholly overcome your affliction. We are so sure of this that we will make a Sheldon Appliance to suit your special condition and let you decide, after 30 days, whether you are satisfied. We make this unusual offer simply because the 16,000 cases we have treated absolutely prove the wonderful benefit the Sheldon Method brings to spinal sufferers, young and old.

There is no need to suffer longer or to bear the torture of old-fashioned plaster, leather or steel jackets. The Sheldon Appliance gives an even, perfect and adjustable support to the weakened or deformed spine and brings almost immediate relief even in the most serious cases. It is as easy to put on or take off as a coat, does not chafe or irritate, is light and cool. The price is within reach of all who suffer. You owe it to yourself, or the afflicted one in your family, to find out more about it. Send for our book free at once.

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you the new 1911 edition of our famous Camp Guide, absolutely free. The most practical book on camp life ever written. Gives you practical information written by experienced men who have spent years in camps in every part of the country. **This camp guide tells you everything you need to know about camping—** it tells you how to camp successfully and enjoyably—gives you the information that you could not possibly secure otherwise except by actual and often disagreeable experience.

**Get Ready NOW for Your  
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The time for planning is growing short. **Go camping.** You cannot find a more healthful or enjoyable way of using the time at your disposal.

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**This 7x7 ft. Wall Tent,** made of the very best quality 8-oz. Single Filling Duck, cut and made with the most extreme care.

**A simply astounding bargain at only \$5.45**



**Family Compartment Tent, 9x16½ ft.** Made of the best selected quality of 10-oz. Double Filling Duck. May be divided into rooms for eating and sleeping to suit convenience. Insures absolute privacy. The ideal tent for family or small party. **Specially priced at only \$22.50**

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An absolutely first-class high-grade watch at a price within the reach of the people—The Burlington Special Anti-Trust Watch.

The World's Masterpiece of watch manufacture—the Burlington Special—now sold direct to the public at its rock-bottom, anti-trust price (and besides without middlemen's profits.

**We do not care what it costs—**we will uphold our independent line and so we are making the most sweeping, baffling offer ever made on watches.

Some trusts are legal and some are not. **We do not say that the watch trust is illegal;** but we do say that the methods of the giant factories in making "contracts" with dealers to uphold double prices on watches is very unfair—unfair to us and unfair to you. Hence our direct offer on the Burlington at the very same price the Wholesale Jeweler must pay.

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Send a postal or letter or simply mail coupon without sending a letter and get the free book.

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Please send me without obligation and prepaid your free book on watches and copy of your \$1,000.00 challenge with full explanations of your cash or \$2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.  
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# ELGIN WATCHES ON CREDIT

**Special This Month \$16.50**

**17-Jewel Genuine ELGIN** IN 20-YEAR GOLD FILLED CASE **only \$16.50**  
Sent PREPAID On **Free Trial** at Our Special **ROCK BOTTOM WHOLESALE PRICE.**

**Let me send you this Beautiful Genuine 17-Jewel Elgin Watch Complete in 20-Year Gold Filled Case—the BIGGEST BARGAIN Ever Offered!**

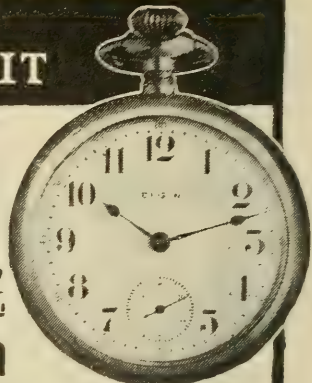
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**You Assume No Risk Whatever in Dealing With Us**

because before you buy or pay one cent, we place the watch right in your own hands and let it do its own talking. We ask **NO SECURITY and NO INTEREST**—just plain honesty among men. Our Elgin Watches are so well known and our CREDIT PLAN so easy, that no matter where you live or how small your wages, **WE WILL TRUST YOU**, so that you and every honest man and woman can own a **DIAMOND or High-Grade Elgin Watch** in a beautiful Guaranteed 25 year Gold Filled Case and wear it while paying for it in such small payments that you never miss the money. **Write today for our Big Free Watch and Jewelry Catalog**, it tells all about our easy credit plan and how we send **Elgin 19-Jewel B. W. Raymond** and **21 and 23-Jewel Elgin Veritas** everywhere on Free Trial, without security or one cent deposit, positively Guaranteed to Pass Any Railroad Inspection. **HARRIS-GOAR CO.** Dept. 95 **KANSAS CITY, MO.**  
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All the above movements are warranted to stand a rigid railroad test or money refunded. A SAVING of 50 per cent of regular prices is assured.

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We need a good live man right now in your territory to handle real estate deals for us. No experience or capital necessary. I will teach you the Real Estate Business. Also Commercial Law and Business Methods, then appoint you representative in your locality. Easy work! large profits. Write for free book.

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Flash Like Genuine

ANY STYLE at 1/40 the cost—IN SOLID GOLD RINGS

Stand acid test and expert examination. We guarantee them. See them first—then pay. Special Offer—14k Tiffany ring 1 ct. \$5.98. 6 cents ring 1 ct. \$6.98. 14k Stud 1 ct. \$4.98. Sent C.O.D. for inspection. Catalog FREE, shows full line. Patent ring gauge included. 10c. The Baroda Co., Dept. A12 Leland & Dover St., Chicago

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These Gems are chemical white sapphires. Can't be told from diamonds except by an expert. Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So hard they can't be filed and will cut glass. Brilliance guaranteed 25 years. All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud on approval—all charges prepaid—no money in advance.

Write for Free Illustrated booklet, special prices and ring measure.

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## NO-SMEL FRYING PAN ATTACHMENT

By attaching to any frying pan it does away with all small-smoke-smut. One of the greatest little inventions of the century. A simple attachment that revolutionizes the cooking art. Send 25 cents for one to-day. Agents wanted everywhere.

**ARNAN MFG. CO.**

No. 29, City National Bank Building, Utica, N. Y.



# IVER JOHNSON

## AUTOMATIC

# SAFETY



### The Hammer Never Touches the Firing Pin

When our patents expire, every revolver in the world will have the famous Iver Johnson Safety Action. Our catalog tells why.

**IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS**  
172 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

## HAMMER THE HAMMER

## No Hard Pedalling on a Racycle Motorcycle



**THIS 4 H. P. beauty** has abolished hard pedalling starts. Equipped with V Belt and Free Engine, you start in the stand. With clutch disengaged, the engine runs free, you mount and get away smoothly and easily—just like an automobile is started.

Controlled from the handle bar grip, you can start and stop anywhere—uphill or level ground—without taking hands from bars. Equipped with Musselman Armless air-cooled brake—surest, strongest and simplest motor brake made. Anti-vibratory spring seat post makes riding over rough roads pleasurable.

A Flat Belt 1911 Model, with Idler, enables rider to have tightener for belt constantly at command. Both Battery and Magneto models can be furnished. Materials and workmanship are fully guaranteed.

Write for our 1911 FREE Illustrated Catalog. It explains the simplicity and perfection of the Racycle clutch, and other safety and comfort features which make the Racycle Motorcycle the one really desirable machine.

**THE MIAMI CYCLE & MFG. CO.**  
24 Grand Avenue,  
Middletown, Ohio  
U. S. A.



**STARTS IN THE STAND**



## 30 Days Free Trial

and if we haven't an agent in your city, we will sell you at wholesale agents' prices.

### AMERICAN Motorcycle or Bicycle

and prepay the freight. Write for our introducing offer and catalog, and say whether you want motorcycle or bicycle. Do it now.

**American Motor Cycle Co.** 785 American Bldg, Chicago


## Fish Bite

like hungry wolves and keep you busy if you go after them with my wonderful fish-luring bait

### MAGIC-FISH-LURE.

Best fish bait ever invented. You catch a big string of fish while the other fellows are waiting for a bite. Price 25c. a box. Positively guaranteed. Write for Free Booklet and my special offer of one box to help introduce it.

**J. F. GREGORY, Dept. G, St. Louis, Mo**

## 30 Days' FREE Trial!

**You Don't Pay Us a Penny if Not Pleased With Your "America" Bicycle! New Special Offer!**

### GUARANTEED 10 YEARS!

The double-strength "America Truss Frame Bicycle" and "America Coaster-Brake Diamond Bicycle," the greatest values in the history of the bicycle, are now sold only from factory direct to rider **AT MANUFACTURER'S PRICES**—all jobbers', wholesalers', distributors', and dealers' profits being knocked off! Shipped fully equipped—**NO EXTRAS** to buy—on approval for free examination and free trial! Money refunded if not satisfied. Manufacturers' factory-to-rider prices allow you to own the world's biggest bicycle value at less cost than other wheels! "America" Bicycles are insured. (See catalog.) A postal or letter brings special offers with catalog by return mail. It costs but a penny, but saves dollars on your wheel. Write today to

(3) **AMERICA CYCLE MFG. CO., Dept. 103**  
319 Michigan Ave. (The Old-Reliable Bicycle House), Chicago, Ill.



# WANTED—RIDER AGENTS

Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. Write at once for full particulars and special offer. **NO MONEY REQUIRED** until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere in the U. S. without a cent deposit in advance, prepay freight, and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL** during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle you may ship it back to us at our expense and you will not be out one cent.

## LOW FACTORY PRICES

We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above the actual factory cost. You save \$10 to \$25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price** until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of factory prices and remarkable special offer.

## YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED

when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the wonderful low prices we can make you. We sell the highest grade bicycles at lower prices than any other factory. We are satisfied with \$1.00 profit above factory cost. **BICYCLE DEALERS**, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

## SECOND HAND BICYCLES

a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at \$3 to \$8 each. Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

## TIRES, COASTER BRAKE

rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at half usual prices. **DO NOT WAIT**—write today for our Large Catalogue beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it now.

## MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. W 31 CHICAGO, ILL.





2317  
\$25.

2315  
\$35.

## DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

**20% DOWN—10% PER MONTH**

Why wait for your Diamond until you have saved the price? Pay for it by the Lyon Method. Lyon's Diamonds are guaranteed perfect blue-white. A written guarantee accompanies each Diamond. All goods sent prepaid for inspection. 10% discount for cash. Send now for catalog No. 97

**J. M. LYON & CO., Established 1843 71-73 Nassau St., New York**

2189  
\$50.

2113  
\$50.

2162  
\$50.

2158 \$30

2110 \$35

2306 \$60

2198 \$25

2160 \$40

2380 \$25.

## \$27<sup>00</sup> PROFIT In One Day

Machine a sure money-getter—better than a mint. That's what Mr. J. R. Gray, of Pickens, Miss., writes.

### The Wonder Cannon Camera

will do the same for you. It is the biggest outdoor money-maker to-day. Makes photo buttons at the rate of 8 a minute. No experience needed. Write at once for

## Free Catalog

Be your own boss. Be independent on only a \$25.00 investment. This buys a complete outfit—Wonder Cannon Camera, Tripod and Supplies to make 400 finished photo buttons. Will ship outfit upon receipt of \$5.00 deposit—balance C. O. D.

Don't waste valuable time getting started in this Big Money - Getting Business. Fairs, street corners and all outdoor attractions offer big opportunities to hustlers.

Chicago Ferrottype Co.  
Dept. A 26 Chicago, Ill.



## "DON'T SHOUT"

"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. How? Oh, something new—THE MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right."

The Morley Phone for the

## DEAF

makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust

it. Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.  
**THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 768, Perry Bldg., Phila.**

## YOU \$5 TO \$10 A DAY



### This Is Your Chance to Make Money.

We sell suits from \$3 to \$10 less than other houses, give better tailoring, make better fitting clothes, with absolute guarantee. You can undersell others; no work to take orders for us. You can not fail—our line is the only line where you can give satisfaction or money refunded. It is a snap to sell Regal Tailoring.

### BIG MONEY—EASY WORK.

**We start you Free.** Send for samples. We will back you with our capital and experience—you do not need money—we will instruct you and you can commence making money at once. Send us your name and address now and an outfit larger than all others with newest samples, large fashion plate, tape measure and everything necessary will be sent you Free.

**You Can Get Your Own Clothes At Inside Price** to advertise us. Write today and receive exclusive territory. If not interested show it to your friends as this is too good a thing to miss. The biggest chance to make money.

### REGAL TAILORING COMPANY

191 Market Street, Dept. 635, CHICAGO  
We use the Union Label on all our garments.

## YOU CAN BE A SALESMAN

### EARN WHILE YOU LEARN

We have Salesman's Positions open in which you can secure **Practical Training** and **earn good money** while studying our course. Men equipped with our system of Practical Training earn from \$1,200 to \$5,000 a year. Positions now open. Address: **C. J. Brown, President,**  
**THE PRACTICAL SCHOOLS OF SALESMANSHIP, Box**  
B-24 Cleveland, O., Box 124 Ft. Worth, Tex., or Box B-24 N. City

An advertisement of this size would cost you \$85.55 net in the six Munsey Magazines, reaching 1,708,000 magazine reading homes monthly. Send to-day for an interesting, illustrated booklet which tells about the extraordinary advertising service rendered by these magazines.

### The Frank A. Munsey Company

175 Fifth Avenue New York



**\$18**



**Bennett**  
MADE IN U.S.A.

*Weights but 4½ lbs.*

*Standard Keyboard 84 characters. Guaranteed fully.*

**Sent on 10 Days FREE Trial.**

## A Practical, Portable Typewriter, only **\$18**

No excuse to *ever* be unbusiness-like in your correspondence, when you can *always* have the **Bennett Typewriter** with you. No larger, case and all, than a book. Takes a space only 2x5x11 in. Writes letters or orders neatly and swiftly, and provides an extra copy. 84 characters same as big machines, with only a tenth as many parts—hence, its low price. Quality guaranteed. Made in the Elliott-Fisher Billing Machine Factory.

### 10 Days FREE Trial

You need the Bennett for use on the train, at hotels, home or business—every time you have 100 pages typed, you spend the price of a Bennett. Own a **Bennett**, be business-like and save money. Write us today that you are ready to let the **Bennett** prove to you in person its practicability, neatness and speed. We will send you our catalog, samples of Bennett work, and explain fully our 10 day trial offer.

**B. R. Bennett Typewriter Co.**  
366 Broadway, New York City

*Slips into grip or pocket like a book*



## An Anchor to Windward

THE man who saves with an eye to future need must eliminate all risk as far as possible and investigate thoroughly his proposed investment.

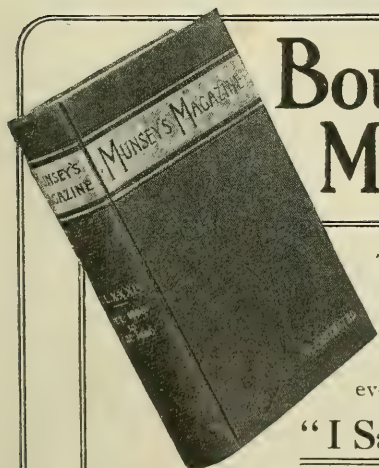
A good investment to investigate is the six per cent Realty Bond of the New York Central Realty Company issued in denominations of \$1000, \$500 and \$100. It offers a high grade of security, a liberal cash availability and an interest earning of 6%.

Write for booklet illustrating the methods of the Company, describing its bonds, their redemptive privileges and advantages over other Realty securities.

EVERYBODY KNOWS US

**New York Central Realty Co.**  
Suite 1185, 1328 Broadway, New York

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$1,527,706.81



# Bound Volumes of \$100 Munsey's Magazine

Those volumes contain from 800 to 950 pages of text and illustration. They are beautifully bound in green cloth and stamped in black and gold-leaf. They form a record of contemporary thought and literary achievement, replete with the best serials and short stories obtainable in the world of fiction. Their informative special articles cover every department of human endeavor.

## "I Saw It in MUNSEY'S Years Ago"

How often you hear this comment passed upon some notable article or some famous story. Why not have these volumes in your library? No other dollar's worth of reading can be so rich in entertainment, in information, in beauty of illustration. Let us know what year you want, and send us check or money-order for \$1.35 (35c. to pay for carriage) and a bound volume will be sent you at once. If you have any old favorite story in mind, let us trace it for you, and send the volume containing it. These volumes are invaluable for schools and libraries.

The Frank A. Munsey Company, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York

# This Inch Advertisement in *Munsey's Magazine* Produced a Profit of \$290.99

An advertisement of this size in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE would cost you \$29.69. In all six of the Munsey Magazines, reaching 1,700,000 magazine reading homes monthly, \$85.55. Write for full particulars and free booklet.

**The Frank A. Munsey Company**  
175 Fifth Avenue New York

WE inserted this one-inch advertisement in a recent issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. It filled an inconspicuous place on a page of small advertisements. We charged our advertising department with \$29.69—just what the space would cost any other advertiser.

There is nothing particularly clever about this announcement. It is a bare statement of our rates, but doubtless its plainness recommended it—for up to this date we have made a profit of \$290.99 on the business received from this insertion.

If we demanded any concrete demonstration of the "pulling power" of space in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, this instance would convince *us*.

Certainly, it is pretty conclusive evidence of the *productiveness* of space in THE MUNSEY MAGAZINES.

Write for rates and literature

THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY  
175 Fifth Avenue, New York

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**Confess:—Don't YOU feel a preference for the faces with the clean, clear complexion?**



# POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

gives people a fresh, wholesome, *attractive* appearance because it produces *complete* facial cleanliness by taking the dirt out of the pores—soap simply removes surface grime.

*No one* need have a sallow skin—*no one* need feel the embarrassment caused by a *dull, lifeless* complexion, which robs the features of their natural beauty. Having a clear, fresh complexion is merely a matter of *getting* it with Pompeian's help. In other words



**“Don't Envy a Good Complexion; Use Pompeian and Have One”**



All Dealers  
50c., 75c.  
and \$1

**Trial Jar and Art Picture, both sent for 10c.** (stamps or coin) for postage and packing. For years you have heard of Pompeian's merits and benefits. To get you to act now we will send a “Pompeian Beauty” Art Picture in exquisite colors, with each trial jar. This is a rare offer. This “Pompeian Beauty” is very expensive and immensely popular. Clip coupon now.



Cut along this line. Fill in and mail today

The Pompeian Mfg. Co.

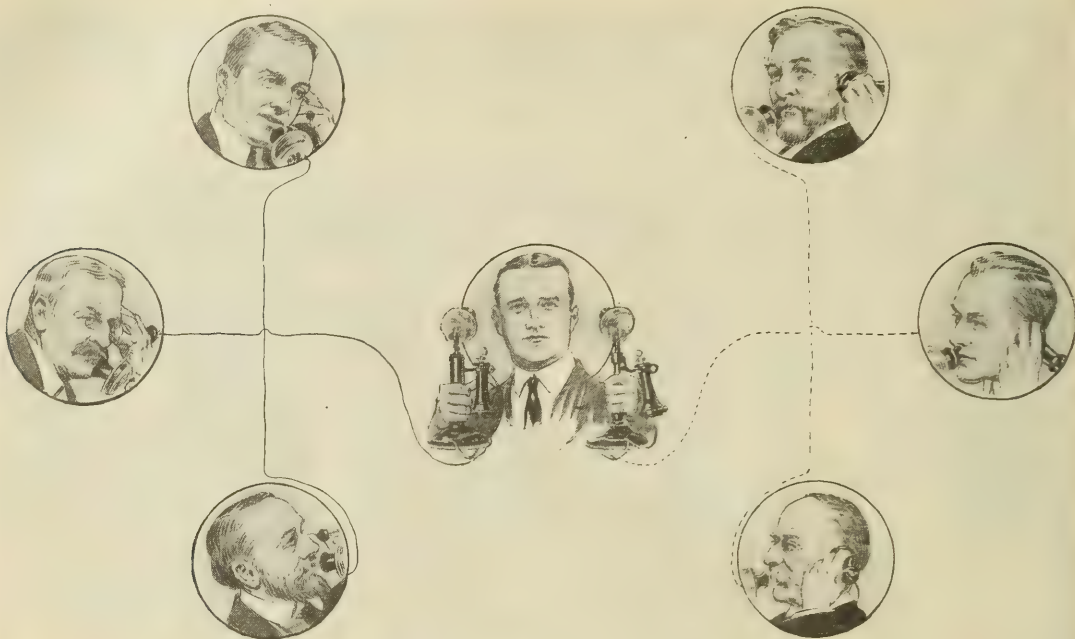
171 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen—Enclosed find 10c. (stamps or coin) for postage and packing, for which please send me a trial jar of Pompeian and a “Pompeian Beauty” Art Picture.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



# Half Service Or Double Expense

**T**WO telephone systems in one town mean a divided community or a forced duplication of apparatus and expense.

Some of the people are connected with one system, some are connected with the other system; and each group receives partial service.

Only those receive full service who subscribe for the telephones of both systems.

Neither system can fully meet the needs of the public, any more than a single system could meet the needs of the public if cut in two and half the telephones discontinued.

What is true of a single community is true of the country at large.

The Bell System is established on the principle of one system and one policy, to meet the demands for universal service, a whole service for all the people.

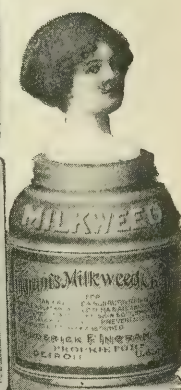
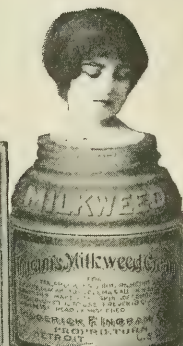
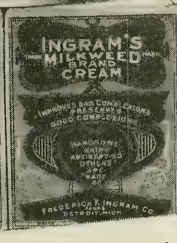
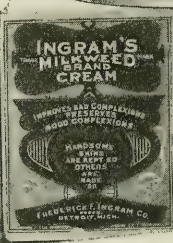


**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**



There Is Beauty  
In Every Jar

Improves Bad Complexions  
Preserves Good Complexions



"Beauty is only skin deep." Then all the more need to give your complexion the attention it deserves. The first requisite for beauty is a healthy skin. Spots and blemishes, no matter how small, disfigure and mar the complexion. Loose skin, crow's feet and wrinkles (due to unnecessary rubbing) are also serious complexion faults. A sallow or colorless skin, as well as undue redness, are Nature's danger signals.

## MILKWEED CREAM

gives relief from these and all other complexion ills. For a decade it has been recognized as the best face cream and skin tonic that skill and science can produce.

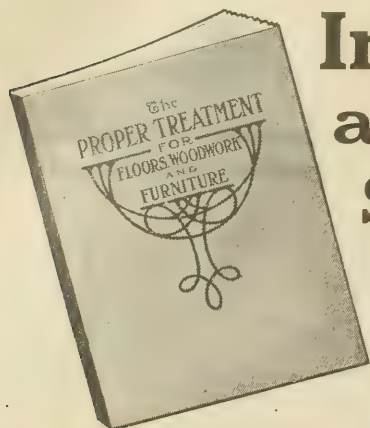
Milkweed Cream is a smooth emollient, possessing decided and distinct therapeutic properties. Therefore, excessive rubbing and kneading are unnecessary. Just apply a little, night and morning, with the finger tips, rubbing it gently until it is absorbed by the skin. In a short time blemishes yield to such treatment and the skin becomes clear and healthy, the result—a fresh and brilliant complexion.

To prove to you the advisability of always having Milkweed Cream on your dressing-table, we shall be glad to send a sample free if you write us.

Price, 50c—Large Size, \$1.00

F. F. INGRAM CO., 82 Tenth Street, Detroit, Mich.

# MILKWEED CREAM



# Instruction Book and Wood Finishing Samples FREE

HERE'S the best book ever published on artistic wood finishing, the work of famous experts, illustrated in five colors. For a limited time, we will mail it FREE, postage paid, together with samples of

**Yes!** You — yourself — can beautifully finish or refinish all furniture, wood-work or floors in the latest and most artistic shades—in little time—at small expense—with

## Johnson's Wood Dye and Prepared Wax

If you are interested in craftsmanship—if you want the correct finish on a new piece of furniture—if you are *building or re-modeling*—if you want to brighten up or change the color of any piece of furniture or of woodwork or floors—either hard or soft wood—if interested in basketry—get this expert Instruction Book and **FREE SAMPLES AT YOUR LEADING PAINT DEALERS.**

Johnson's Wood Dye is made in many beautiful greens, browns, reds, etc. It is not a mere stain but a penetrating dye which colors the wood so deeply that if it becomes scratched or marred the natural color is not disclosed. It brings out the beauty of the grain without raising it, giving a soft, rich, permanent color. A coat of Johnson's Prepared Wax over the dye gives that beautiful, dull, artistic finish so much admired today. If you prefer a higher gloss than the wax gives apply a coat of UNDER-LAC over the dye and then one coat of Prepared Wax.

**Under-Lac** is a thin, elastic spirit finish very much superior to shellac or varnish. It dries hard in less than an hour. Under-Lac is just what you want for your linoleum and oil-cloth; it brings out the pattern, making it bright and glossy like new, protects it from wear and makes cleaning easy. It dries so the floors may be walked on in an hour.

Go to your leading paint dealer for Free Instruction Book and Free Samples of Johnson's Wood Finishes, which we supply to him for his customers' use. If your dealer hasn't samples of our Wood Dye, Under-Lac and Prepared Wax, and the Books, we'll send them to you postpaid for the name of your dealer in paint. In writing mention shade of Dye wanted and Instruction Book, Edition No. RM 5.

**S. C. Johnson & Son, "The Wood Finishing Authorities," Racine, Wis.**







## Children Like Fairy Soap

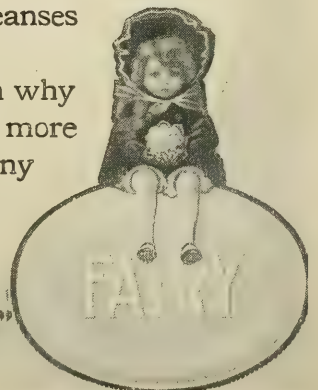
Its whiteness suggests its purity — and appeals to them. It floats always within easy reach — the youngster doesn't have to dive for it. The shape of the cake is oval — it fits the hand to a nicety.

Being made from edible products, Fairy Soap agrees with even the tender skin of a babe, and cleanses thoroughly without irritating.

Try Fairy Soap in your nursery and learn why — though its price is but 5c — it possesses more soap virtues than any other soap at any price.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY  
CHICAGO

**“Have You  
a little ‘Fairy’ in Your Home?”**



If  
Venus  
Had  
Arms



NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE

*W. K. Kellogg*





